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## STATE PROSECUTIONS.

THE Englishman who, however well inclined to defer to the wisdom "of former ages," should throw a glance at the stern realities of the past, as connected with the history of his country, will be little disposed to yield an implicit assent to the opinions or assertions of those, who maintain the superiority of the past, to the disparagement and depreciation of the present times. Maxims and sayings of this tendency have undoubtedly prevailed from periods of remote antiquity. The wise monarch of the Jewish nation ever forbade his people to ask "the cause that the former days were better than these;" "for," he adds, "thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this." Far different would be the modern precept of a British monarch. Rather let the English subject "enquire diligently concerning this," for he cannot fail to enquire wisely. Let him enquire, and he will find that "the former days" of England were days of discord, tyranny, and oppression; days when an Empson and a Dudley could harass the honest and well-disposed, through the medium of the process of the odious star-chamber; when the crown was possessed of almost arbitrary power, and when the liberty and personal independence of individuals were in no way considered or regarded; days when the severity of our criminal laws drew down from each philosopher the sneer, that a story of England was a history of

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the executioner; when the doomed were sent out of the world in bands of twenty, and even thirty, at a time, at Tyburn or at "Execution dock;" and when, in the then unhealthy tone of public morals, criminals famous for their deeds of violence and rapine, were regarded rather as the heroes of romance, than as the pests and scourges of society. Let him enquire, and he will find that all these things have now long since passed away; that the rigours of the criminal law have been entirely mitigated, and that the great charters of our liberties, the fruits of accumulated wisdom and experience, have now been long confirmed. These facts, if universally known and duly pondered over, would go far to banish discontent and disaffection, and would tend to produce a well-founded confidence in the inherent power of adaptation to the necessities of the people, possessed by the constitution of our country. Thus, the social wants of the outer man having been in a great measure supplied, the philanthropy of modern times has been chiefly employed on the mental and moral improvement of the species; the wants of the inner man are now the objects of universal attention, and education has become the great necessity of the age. Hitherto, the municipal laws and institutions of this country have been defective; inasmuch as they have made little or no provision for the adequate instruction of the people. Much is done,

been already done, and education, which sheds her benignant light over a large portion of the population; the children of the ignorant are to instruct their parents, to those who gave them a share in the new-found light of modern times. Much, however, remains still to be done, and the splendid examples of princely munificence which a great minister of the crown has recently shown the wealthier classes of this wealthy nation, may, in the absence of a state provision, have the effect of stimulating private exertion and generosity. In spite, however, of the moral and intellectual advancement of the present age, the passions and evil designs of the vicious and discontented are still able to influence vast masses of the people. The experience of the last few years unfortunately teaches us, that increased knowledge has not yet banished disaffection, and that though, during the last quarter of a century, the general standard of the nation's morality may have been elevated above its former resting-place, that education, in its present state of advancement, has not as yet effectually disarmed discontent or disaffection, by showing the greater evil which ever attends the endeavour to effect the lesser good, by violent, seditious, or seditious means.

Within the last thirteen years, the government has been compelled, on several occasions, to curb the violence and to repress the outbreaks of men who had yet to learn the folly of such attempts; and the powers of the executive have been frequently evoked by those who, of late years, have wielded the destinies of this country. Several state prosecutions have taken place during this period. They never occur without exciting a lively interest; the public eye is critically intent upon the minutest detail of these proceedings; and the public attention is concentrated upon those to whom is confided the vindication of the public rights and the redressing of the public wrongs. It has been often asked by some of these critical observers, How is it that, when great crimes or misdemeanours are to be punished, when the bold and daring offender is to be brought to justice, when the body

politic is the offended party, when the minister honours a supposed offender with his notice in the shape of criminal proceedings, and the government condescends to prosecute—how is it, it has been asked on such occasions, when the first talent, science, and practical skill, are all arranged against the unfortunate object of a nation's vengeance, that the course of justice should be ever broken or impeded? Is the machinery then set in motion in truth defective—is there some inherent vice in the construction of the state engine? Is the law weak when it should be strong? Is its boasted majesty, after all, nothing but the creation of a fond imagination, or a delusion of the past? Are the wheels of the state-machine no longer bright, polished, and fit for use as they once were? or are they choked and clogged with the rust and dust of accumulated ages? Or, if not in the machine, does the fault, ask others of these bold critics, rest with the workmen who guide and superintend its action? Are the principles of its construction now no longer known or understood? Are they, like those of the engines of the Syracusan philosopher, lost in the lapse of time? Is the crown less efficiently served than private individuals? and can it be possible, it has even been demanded, that those who are actively employed on these occasions have been so long removed from the practice of what is often deemed the simpler portion of the law, and so long employed in the higher and more abstruse branches of the science, that they have forgotten the practice of their youth, and have lost the knowledge required in the commencement of their professional career? Lesser criminals, it is said, are every day convicted with ease and expedition—how is it, therefore, that the cobweb of the law holds fast the small ephemera which chance to stray across its filmy mesh, but that the gaudy insect of larger form and greater strength so often breaks through, his flight perhaps arrested for a moment, as he feels the insidious toll fold close about him? It is, however, only for a moment; one mighty effort breaks his bonds—he is free—and flies off in triumph and derision, trumpeting forth his victory, and proclaiming

his escape from the snare, in which it was hoped to encompass him. The astute and practised gentlemen thus suspected, strong in the consciousness of deep legal knowledge, and ready practical skill and science, may justly despise the petty attacks of those who affect to doubt their professional ability and attainments. Some in high places have not hesitated to hint, on one occasion, at collusion, and to assert, that a certain prosecution failed, because there was no real desire to punish.

Such is the substance of the various questions and speculations to which the legal events of the last thirteen years have given rise. We have now collected and enumerated them in a condensed form, for the purpose of tracing their rise and progress, and in order that we may demonstrate, that, though there may possibly exist some reasons for these opinions, founded often on a misapprehension of the real circumstances of the cases quoted in their support, that they have, in fact, little or no substantial foundation. With this view, therefore, we shall briefly notice those trials, within the period of which we speak, which form the groundwork of these charges against the executive, before we proceed to state the real obstacles which do, in fact, occasionally oppose the smooth and rapid progress of a "State Prosecution."

The first of these proceedings, which occurred during the period of the last thirteen years, was the trial of Messrs O'Connell, Lawless, Steel, and others. This case perhaps originated the opinions which have partially prevailed, and was, in truth, not unlikely to make a permanent impression on the public mind. In the month of January 1831, true bills were found against these parties by the Grand Jury of Dublin, for assembling and meeting together for purposes prohibited by a proclamation of the Lord Lieutenant; and for conspiring to do an act forbidden by the law. By every possible device, by demurrers and inconsistent pleas, delays were interposed; and though Mr O'Connell withdrew a former plea of not guilty, and pleaded guilty to the counts to which he had at first demurred—though Mr Stanley, in the House of Commons, in reply to a

question put by the Marquis of Chandos, emphatically declared, that it was impossible for the Irish government, consistently with their dignity as a government, to enter into any negotiation implying the remotest compromise with the defendants—and that it was the unalterable determination of the law-officers of Ireland to let the law take its course against Mr O'Connell—and that, let him act as he pleased, judgment would be passed against him—still, in spite of this determination of the government, so emphatically announced by the Irish Secretary, the statute on which the proceedings were founded was actually suffered to expire, without any previous steps having been taken against the state delinquents. There has ever been that degree of mystery about this event, which invariably rouses attention and excites curiosity; the escape of those parties was a great triumph over the powers, or the expressed inclinations of the government, which was well calculated to set the public mind at work to discover the latent causes which produced such strange and unexpected results. After an interval of seven years, another case occurred, which was not calculated materially to lessen the impression already made upon the public; for although, in the following instance, the prosecution was conducted to a successful termination, yet questions of such grave importance were raised, and fought with such ability, vigour, and determination, that the accomplishment of the ends of justice, if not prevented, was certainly long delayed.

On the 17th December 1838, twelve prisoners were brought to Liverpool, charged in execution of a sentence of transportation to Van Diemen's Land, for having been concerned in the Canadian revolt. Here the offenders had been tried, convicted, sentenced, and actually transported. The prosecutors, therefore, might naturally be supposed to have got fairly ~~into~~ out of port, when they saw the objects of their tender solicitude fairly out of port, on their way to the distant land to which the offended laws of their country had consigned them.

If justice might ~~not~~ account her work as done, at a time when her



victims had already traversed a thousand leagues of the wide Atlantic, when could it be expected that the law might take its course without further let or hindrance? On the 17th of December, as has been observed, the prisoners arrived at Liverpool, and were straightway consigned to the care and custody of Mr Batchelor, the governor of the borough jail of Liverpool; by whom they were duly immured in the stronghold of the borough, and safely placed under lock and key. Things, however, did not long continue in this state. In a few days twelve writs of *habeas corpus* made their sudden and unexpected appearance, by which Mr Batchelor was commanded forthwith to bring the bodies of his charges, together with the causes of detention, before the Lord Chief Justice of England. Mr Batchelor obeyed the command in both particulars: the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench met; counsel argued and re-argued the matter before them, but in vain—the prisoners were left in the governor's care, in which they remained, as if no effort had been made to remove them from his custody. All, however, was not yet over: for, as though labouring under a strange delusion, four of the prisoners actually made out that they had never been arraigned, tried, convicted, or sentenced at all, either in Canada or elsewhere! Upon this four more writs of *habeas corpus* issued, commanding the unhappy Mr Batchelor to bring the four deluded convicts before the Barons of the Exchequer. This was done; arguments, both old and new, were heard with exemplary patience and attention; the play was played over again; but the Barons were equally inexorable with the Court of Queen's Bench, and the four prisoners, after much consideration, were again remanded to the custody of the governor of the jail: and, together with their eight fellow-prisoners, were, in course of time, duly conveyed to the place of their original destination.

The next of these cases, in chronological order, is that of the Monmouthshire riots in 1839. This case, also, might tend to corroborate the opinion, that the service of the state, in legal matters, is attended with

much difficulty and embarrassment. It will, however, be seen, upon examination of the facts of the case, that the difficulty which then arose, proceeded solely from the lenity and indulgence shown to the prisoners by the crown. On New-Year's day 1840, John Frost and others were brought to trial, on a charge of high treason, before a special commission at Monmouth. The proceedings were interrupted by an objection taken by the prisoners' counsel, that the terms of a statute, which requires that a list of witnesses should be delivered to the prisoners *at the same time* with a copy of the indictment, had not been complied with. The indictment had, in fact, been delivered five days before the list of witnesses. This had been done in merciful consideration to the prisoners, in order that they might be put in possession of the charge, to be brought against them, as early as it was in the power of the crown to give them the information, and probably before it was possible that the list of witnesses could have been made out. The trial, however, proceeded, subject to the decision of the fifteen judges upon the question, thus raised upon the supposed infirmity, which nothing but the *ancient mercy* of the crown had introduced into the proceedings; and the parties were found guilty of the offence laid to their charge. In the ensuing term, all other business was, for a time, suspended; and the fifteen judges of the law, with all the stately majesty of the judicial office, were gathered together in solemn conclave in Westminster Hall. A goodly array, tier above tier they sat—the heavy artillery of a vast legal battery about to open the fire of their learning, with that imposing dignity which becomes the avengers of the country's and the sovereign's wrongs. Day after day they met, heard, and deliberated upon arguments, which were conspicuous from their consummate learning and ability. At length these learned persons delivered their judgments, and, amid much diversity of opinion, the majority thought, upon the whole, that the conviction was right, and that the terms of the statute had been virtually complied with. The criminals, however, probably in consequence of the

doubts and difficulty of the case, were absolved from the most highly penal consequences of their crime, and were, by a sort of compromise, transported for life to one of the penal settlements.

The doubt which some have entertained of the real insanity of Oxford, and others who have recently attempted the same crime which he so nearly committed, has caused these cases also to be brought forward in confirmation of the opinions, which we contend rest upon no real foundation. The insanity of a prisoner is, however, a fact, upon which it is the province of the jury to decide, under the direction of the presiding judge. In each case the law was luminously laid down by the judge for the guidance of the jury, who were fully instructed as to what the law required to establish the insanity of its prisoner, and to prove that "lesion of the will" which would render a human being irresponsible for his acts. These verdicts, undoubtedly, gave rise to a grave discussion, whether the law, as it now stands, was sufficiently stringent to have reached these cases; and though this question was decided in the affirmative, the mere entertaining of the doubt afforded another specious confirmation of the impression, that a singular fatality was attendant upon a state prosecution. This idea received another support from the case of Lord Cardigan, who, about this period, was unexpectedly acquitted, on technical grounds, from a grave and serious charge. This, however, was no state prosecution, and we do but notice it, *en passant*, in corroboration of our general argument.

We now come to the case of the Chartists in 1842. For some time previous to the summer of 1842, great distress, it will be remembered, prevailed among the manufacturing population of the northern and midland counties. The misery of the preceding winter had been dreadful in the extreme; emaciated, haggard beings might be daily seen wandering about the country half naked, in the coldest weather; sufferings, almost without a parallel, were borne with patience and resignation. Despair there might be in the hearts of thousands, but those thousands were mute and passive in

their misery; all was dark, all was hopeless; the wintry wind of penury blew untempered, keen upon them, but still they cried not; hunger preyed upon their very vitals, but they uttered no complaint. Let us not, even now, refuse a passing tribute of honour and respect to the passive heroism which in many an instance marked the endurance of the hopeless misery of those dreadful times. At length, however, evil and designing men came among the sufferers—remedies for the pressing evil, and means of escape from the wretchedness of their condition, were darkly hinted at; redress was whispered to be near, and they, the hungry fathers of famished children, lent a greedy ear to the fair promises of men whom they deemed wiser than themselves. The tempter's seedtime had arrived, the ground was ready, and the seed was sown. Day by day, nay, hour by hour, was the land of disaffection fostered with the greatest care; and, day by day, its strength and vitality increased. When, at length, the people were deemed ripe for action, the mask was thrown off, treasonable schemes and projects were openly proclaimed by the leaders of the coming movement, and echoed, from a hundred hills, by vast multitudes of their deluded followers. Large meetings were daily held on the neighbouring moors, where bodies of men were openly trained and armed for active and offensive operations. At length the insurrection, for such in truth it was, broke forth. Then living torrents of excited and exasperated men poured down those hill-sides; the peaceful and well-affected were compelled to join the insurgent ranks, busy in the work of destruction and intimidation; when each evening brought the work of havoc to a temporary close, they laid them down to rest where the darkness overtook them. The roads were thus continually blockaded, and those who, under cover of the night, sought to obtain aid and assistance from less disturbed districts, were often interrupted and turned back by bodies of these men. Authority was at an end, and a large extensive district was completely at the mercy of reckless multitudes, bent on avenging the sufferings of the past, and bent on preventing, as they thought, a recur-

rence of them in future. The very towns were in their hands; "in an evil hour" a vast body of insurgents was "admitted" into one of the largest mercantile towns of the kingdom, where they pillaged and laid waste in every direction. In another town of the district a fearful riot was put down by force, some of the leaders of the mob being shot dead while heading a charge upon the military. The ascendancy of the law was at length asserted; many arrests took place; the jails were crowded with prisoners; and the multitudes without, deserted by those to whom they had looked up for advice, their friends in prison, with the unknown terrors of the law suspended over them, probably then felt that, miserable and lost as they had been before, they had now fallen even lower in the scale of human misery. Criminal proceedings were quickly instituted. Several commissions were sent down to the districts in which these disturbances had taken place, in order that the offenders might meet with *speedy* punishment. The law officers of the crown, with many and able assistants, in person conducted the proceedings. Temperate, mild, dignified, and forbearing was their demeanour: in no case was the individual the object of prosecution: it was the *crime*, through the person of the criminal, against which the government proceeded. No feelings of a personal nature were there exhibited; and a mild, but firm, as it were, a parental correction of erring and misguided children, seemed to be the sole object of those who then represented the government. Conviction was heaped upon conviction—sentence followed sentence—the miserable tool was distinguished from the man who made him what he was—the active emissary, the secret conspirator, also received each their proportionate amount of punishment. True, a few of the more cautious and crafty, all included in our indictment, eventually escaped the penalty due to their crimes: but, among the multitude of cases which were then tried, this was, we believe, the only instance even of partial failure. In spite of this single miscarriage of the government, the great object of these proceedings was completely answered; the end of all

punishment was attained; the vengeance which the law then took had all the effect which the most candid punishment of these few men could have accomplished; the constitutional maxim of "*pœna ad paucos, metus ad omnes*," has been amply illustrated by these proceedings; Chartism has been suppressed, by the temperate application of the constitutional means which were then resorted to for the correction of its violence, and the prevention of its seditious schemes.

We must not quit to mention the instances of signal and complete success which have been, from time to time, exhibited in other prosecutions against Feargus O'Connor and different members of the Chartist body, within the period of which we speak. On none of these occasions has the course of justice been hindered, or even turned aside; but the defendants have, we believe, without exception, paid the penalty of their crimes by enduring the punishments awarded by the court.

The recent trials of the Rebecca rioters were also signally successful and effective; and the prejudices of a Welsh jury, which some feared would prove a fatal stumbling-block, were overcome by the dispassionate appeal to their better judgment then made by the officers of the crown.

From a review of the cases, it therefore appears, that the failures of a state prosecution have been comparatively few; and that the crown has met with even more than the average success which the "glorious uncertainty of the law" in general permits to those who tempt its waywardness, and risk the perils of defeat. The welfare and interest of the nation, however, lie in the *general* results of these proceedings, rather than the *particular* event of an individual trial. Therefore, though we should assume that a part only of what was intended has been accomplished, still if that portion produces the same general results as were hoped for from the successful accomplishment of the whole, the object of the government has been attained. Now, it may be observed, that, with perhaps the single exception of the case of Mr O'Connell in 1831, the end and object of all state prosecution has been uniformly and completely accomplished, by the suppression of the evil

which the crown in each instance was anxious to put down. When this has taken place, there can have been no failure. Beyond what is necessary for the welfare of the state, and the general safety and security of the persons and property of individuals, the crown has no interest in inflicting punishment; it never asks for more than is required to effect *these objects*, and it can scarcely be content with less.

There are, however, difficulties almost peculiar to the more serious offences against the state, but which are entirely different, in their nature, from those imaginary difficulties which have formed the subject of so much declamation. A passing glance at the proceedings now pending in Ireland, will give the most casual observer some idea of what is sometimes to be encountered by those to whom is entrusted the arduous duty of conducting a state prosecution. Look back on the "tempest of provocation," which recently assailed the Irish Attorney-General, on the vexatious delays and frivolous objections which sprang up at every move of the crown lawyers, called forth by one who, though "*not valiant*," was well known to the government to be "most cunning of fence" ere they challenged him, but who, "despite his cunning fence and active practice," may perhaps find, that this time the law has clutched him with a grasp of iron. In ordinary cases, criminals may, no doubt, be easily convicted; and in the great majority of the more common crimes and misdemeanours, the utmost legal ingenuity and acumen might be unable to detect a single error in the proceedings, from first to last. Still it must be remembered, that even among the more common of ordinary cases, in which the forms are simple, the practice certain, and in which the law may be supposed to be already defined beyond the possibility of doubt, error, or misconception - even in such cases, questions occasionally arise which scarcely admit of any satisfactory solution—questions in which the fifteen judges, to whom they may be referred, often find it impossible to agree, and which may therefore be reasonably supposed to be sufficiently perplexing to the rest of the world. State offences, such as treason and sedition,

which are of comparatively rare occurrence, present many questions of greater intricacy than any other class of crimes. In treason especially, a well-founded jealousy of the power and prerogatives of the crown has entrenched the subject behind a line of outposts, in the shape of forms and preliminary proceedings; the accused, for his greater security against a power which, if unwatched, might become arbitrary and oppressive, has been invested with rights which must be respected and complied with, and by the neglect of which the whole proceedings are rendered null and void. At this moment, in all treasons, except attempts upon the person of the sovereign, "the prisoner," in the language of Lord Erskine, "is covered all over with the armour of the law;" and there must be twice the amount of evidence which would be legally competent to establish his guilt in a criminal prosecution for any other offence, even by the meanest and most helpless of mankind. Sedition is a head of crime of a somewhat vague and indeterminate character, and, in many cases, it may be extremely difficult, even for an acute and practised lawyer, to decide whether the circumstances amount to sedition. Mr East, in his pleas of the crown, says, that "sedition is understood in a more general sense than treason, and extends to other offences, not capital, of a like tendency, but without any actual design against the king in contemplation, such as contempts of the king and his government, riotous assemblies for political purposes, and the like; and in general all contemptuous, indecent, or malicious observations upon his person and government, whether by writing or speaking, or by tokens, calculated to lessen him in the esteem of his subjects, or weaken his government, or raise jealousies of him amongst the people, will fall under the notion of seditious acts." An offence which admits of so little precision in the terms in which it is defined, depending often upon the meaning to be attached to words, the real import of which is varied by the tone or gesture of the speaker, by the words which precede, and by those which follow, depending also upon the different ideas



which men attach to the same words, evidently rests on very different grounds from those cases, where actual crimes have been perpetrated and deeds committed, which leave numerous traces behind, and which may be proved by the permanent results of which they have been the cause. Technical difficulties without number also exist: the most literal accuracy, which is indispensable—the artful innuendoes, the artistic averments, which are necessary, correctly to shape the charge ere it is submitted to the grand jury, may be well conceived to involve many niceties and refinements, on which the case may easily be wrecked. It must also be remembered that the utmost legal ingenuity is called into action, and the highest professional talent is engaged in the defence of the accused. The enormous pressure upon the accused himself, who, probably, from the higher or middle classes, with ample means at his command, an ignominious death perhaps impending, or, at the least, imprisonment probably for years in the threatening prospect close before him: his friends active, moving heaven and earth in his behalf, no scheme left untried, no plan or suggestion rejected, by which it may, even in the remotest degree, be possible to avert the impending doom: the additional rabour which politics sometimes infuse into the proceedings, the partisanship which has occasioned scenes such as should never be exhibited in the sacred arena of the halls of justice, antipathies which give the defence the character of a party conflict, and which cause a conviction to be looked upon as a political defeat, and an acquittal to be regarded as a party triumph—all these circumstances, in their combined and concentrated force, must also be taken into consideration. In such a case every step is fought with stern and dogged resolution: even mere delay is valuable, for when all other hope is gone, the chapter of accidents *may* befriend the accused; it is our chance more; and even one chance, however slight, is not to be thrown away. Such is a faint picture of the defensive operations on such occasions: how is this untiring, vigorous energy met by those who represent the crown?

“Look on this picture and on that.”

Here all is calm, dignified, generous, and forbearing; every consideration is shown, every indulgence is granted, to the unfortunate being who is in jeopardy. The crown has no interest to serve beyond that which the state possesses in the vindication of the law, and in that cool, deliberate, and impartial administration of justice which has so long distinguished this country. Nothing is unduly pressed against the prisoner, but every extenuating fact is fairly laid before the jury by the crown; it is, in short, generosity, candour, and forbearance, on the one side, matched against craft, cunning, and the resolution *by any means* to win, upon the other. Such are the real difficulties which may be often felt by those who conduct a state prosecution. Surely it is better far that these difficulties should, in some instances, be even wholly insuperable, and that the prosecution should be defeated, than that any change should come over the spirit in which these trials are now conducted; or that the crown should ever even attempt to make the criminal process of the law an instrument of tyranny and oppression, as it was in the days of Scroggs and Jeffries, and when juries, through intimidation, returned such verdicts as the crown desired. Our very tenacity of our liberties may tend to render these proceedings occasionally abortive; and the twelve men composing a jury of the country, though possibly all their sympathies would be at once enlisted in behalf of a wronged and injured subject, may, unconsciously to themselves, demand more stringent proof, in cases where the sovereign power appears before them as the party; and more especially, when the offence is of an impersonal nature, and where the theory of the constitution, rather than the person or property of individuals, is the object of aggression. In the olden time such was the power of the crown, that, whenever the arm of the state was uplifted, the blow fell with unerring accuracy and precision: but now, when each object of a state prosecution is a sort of modern Briareus, the blow must be dealt with consummate skill, or it will fail to strike where it was meant to fall. On this account, perhaps, in addition to their own intrinsic

paramount importance, the proceedings now pending in Ireland, have become the object of universal and absorbing interest throughout the whole of the United Kingdom. Under these circumstances it has occurred to us, that a popular and accurate review of the several stages of a criminal prosecution, by which the general reader will be able, in some degree, to understand the several steps of that proceeding which is now pending, might not be unacceptible or uninteresting at the present moment. It must, however, be observed, that it is scarcely possible to divest a subject so technical in its very nature from those terms of art which, however familiar they may be to many of our readers, cannot be understood by all without some explanation, which we shall endeavour to supply as we proceed.

The general importance of information of this nature has been well summed up by a great master of criminal law. "The bearing touching these subjects," says Sir Michael Foster, "is a matter of great and universal concernment. For no rank, no elevation in life, and, let me add, no conduct, how circumspect soever, ought to tempt a reasonable man to conclude that these enquiries do not, nor possibly can, concern him. A moment's cool reflection on the utter instability of human affairs, and the numberless unforeseen events which a day may bring forth, will be sufficient to guard any man, conscious of his own infirmities, against a delusion of this kind."

Let us suppose the minister of the day, having before been made aware that, in a portion of the kingdom, a state of things existed that demanded his utmost vigilance and attention, to have ascertained the reality of the apparent danger, and to have procured accurate information as to the real character of the proceedings, and to find that acts apparently treasonable or seditious, as the case may be, had been committed. Suppose him, charged with the safety of the state, and responsible for the peace, order, and well-being of the community, to set the constitutional process of the law in motion against the offending individuals; his first step, under such circumstances, must be to procure

full and satisfactory evidence of the facts as they really exist. For this purpose agents must be employed, necessarily in secret, or the very end and object of their mission would be frustrated, to collect and gather information from every authentic source, and to watch, with their own eyes the proceedings which have attracted attention. This is a work of time, perhaps; but suppose that it is complete, and that the minister having before him in evidence, true and unmistakable, a complete case of crime to lay before a jury; what, under these circumstances, is the first step to be taken by the crown? Either of two distinct modes of procedure may be chosen: the one mode is by an *ex officio* information, the other is by indictment. An indictment is the mode by which all treasons and felonies must be proceeded against, and by which ordinary misdemeanours are usually brought to punishment. An *ex officio* information is an information at the suit of the sovereign, filed by the Attorney-General, as by virtue of his office, without applying to the court where filed for leave, and without giving the defendant any opportunity of showing cause why it should not be filed. The principal difference between this form of procedure and that by indictment, consists in the manner in which the proceedings are commenced: in the latter case, the law requires that the accusation should be warranted by the oath of twelve men, before he be put to answer it—or in other words, that the grand jury must give that information to the court, which, in the former case, is furnished by the law officer of the crown. The cases which are prosecuted by *ex officio* information, are properly such enormous misdemeanours as peculiarly tend to disturb and endanger the government, or to molest or afflict the sovereign in the discharge of the functions of the royal office. The necessity for the existence of a power of this nature in the state, is thus set forth by that learned and illustrious judge, Sir William Blackstone. "For offences so highly dangerous, in the punishment, or prevention of which, a moment's delay would be fatal, the law has given to the crown the power of

an immediate prosecution, without waiting for any previous application to any other tribunal: which power, thus necessary, not only to the ease and safety, but even to the very existence of the executive magistrate, was originally reserved in the great plan of the English constitution, wherein provision is wisely made for the preservation of all its parts."

The crown, therefore, in a case such as we have imagined, must first make choice between these two modes of procedure. The leniency of modern governments has of late usually resorted to the process by indictment; and the crown, waiving all the privileges which appertain to the kingly office, appears before the constituted tribunals of the land, as the redresser of the public wrongs, invested with no powers, and clothed with no authority beyond the simple rights possessed by the meanest of its subjects. We shall, for this reason, take no further notice of the *ex officio* information; and as treasons form a class of offences governed by laws and rules peculiar to itself, we shall also exclude this head of crime from our consideration, and confine ourselves solely to the ordinary criminal process by which offenders are brought to justice.

In general, the first step in a criminal prosecution, is to obtain a warrant for the apprehension of the accused party. In ordinary cases, a warrant is granted by any justice of the peace upon information, on the oath of some credible witness, of facts from which it appears that a crime has been committed, and that the person against whom the warrant is sought to be obtained, is probably the guilty party, and is a document under the hand and seal of the justice, directed generally to the constable or other peace-officer, requiring him to bring the accused, either generally before any justice of the county, or only before the justice who granted it. This is the practice in ordinary cases; but in extraordinary cases, the warrant may issue from the Lord Chief Justice, or the Privy Council, the Secretaries of State, or from any justice of the Court of Queen's Bench. These latter warrants are, we believe, all tested, or dated England, and extend over the whole kingdom. So far the proceedings have

been all *ex parte*, one side only has been heard, one party only has appeared, and all that has been done, is to procure or compel the appearance of the other. The warrant is delivered to the officer, who is bound to obey the command which it contains. It would seem, however, that, as was done in a recent case in Ireland, it is sufficient if the appearance of the accused be virtually secured, even without the intervention of an actual arrest.

When the delinquent appears, in consequence of this process, before the authorities, they are bound immediately to examine into the circumstances of the alleged crime; and they are to take down in writing the examinations of the witnesses offered in support of the charge. If the evidence is defective, and grave suspicion should attach to the prisoner, he may be remanded, in order that fresh evidence may be procured; or the magistrate, if the case be surrounded with doubt and difficulty, may adjourn it for a reasonable time, in order to consider his final decision. The accused must also be examined, but not upon oath; and his examination also must be taken down in writing, and may be given in evidence against him at the trial. For although the maxim of the common law is "*nemo tenetur prodere seipsum*," the legislature, as long ago as the year 1555, directed that, in cases of felony, the examination of the prisoner should be taken; which provision has recently been extended to misdemeanours also. Care must be taken that his examination should not even appear to have been taken on oath; for in a very recent case, in which all the examinations were contained upon one sheet of paper, and under one general heading— from which they all purported to have been taken upon oath, the prisoner's admission of his guilt contained in that examination, was excluded on the trial, and the rest of the evidence being slight, he was accordingly acquitted. Now, if upon the enquiry thus instituted, and thus conducted, it appears, either that no such crime was committed, or that the suspicion entertained against the accused is wholly groundless, or that, however positively accused, if the balance of testimony be strongly in favour of his

innocence, it is the duty of the magistrate to discharge him. But if, on the other hand, the case seems to have been entirely made out, or even if it should appear probable, that the alleged crime has in fact been perpetrated by the defendant, he must either be committed to prison, there to be kept, in safe custody, until the sitting of the court before which the trial is to be heard; or, he may be allowed to give bail—that is, to put in securities for his appearance to answer the charge against him. In either of these alternatives, whether the accused be committed or held to bail, it is the duty of the magistrate to subscribe the examinations, and cause them to be delivered to the proper officer, at, or before, the opening of the court. Bail may be taken by two justices in cases of felony, and by one in cases of misdemeanour. In this stage of the proceedings, as the commitment is only for safe custody, whenever bail will answer the same intention, it ought to be taken, as in inferior crimes and misdemeanours; but in offences of a capital nature, such as the heinous crimes of treason, murder, and the like, no bail can be a security equivalent to the actual custody of the person. The nature of bail has been explained, by Mr. Justice Blackstone, to be “a delivery or bailment of a person to his sureties, upon their giving, together with himself, sufficient security for his appearance, he being supposed to continue in their friendly custody, instead of going to gaol.” To refuse, or even to delay bail to any person bailable, is an offence against the liberty of the subject, in any magistrate, by the common law. And the Court of Queen’s Bench will grant a criminal information against the magistrate who improperly refuses bail in a case in which it ought to have been received. It is obviously of great importance, in order to ensure the appearance of the accused at the time and place of trial, that the sureties should be men of substance; reasonable notice of bail, in general twenty-four or forty-eight hours, may be ordered to be given to the prosecutor, in order that he may have time to examine into their sufficiency and responsibility. When the bail appear, evidence may be heard on oath, and they may them-

selves be examined on oath upon this point; if they do not appear to possess property to the amount required by the magistrates, they may be rejected, and others must be procured, or the defender must go to prison. Excessive bail must not be required; and, on the other hand, the magistrate, if he take insufficient bail, is liable to be fined, if the criminal do not appear to take his trial. When the securities are found, the bail enter into a recognizance, together with the accused, by which they acknowledge themselves bound to the Queen in the required sums, if the accused does not appear to take his trial, at the appointed time and place. This recognizance must be subscribed by the magistrates, and delivered with the examinations to the officer of the court in which the trial is to take place. With this, the preliminary proceedings close; the accused has had one opportunity of refuting the charge, or of clearing himself from the suspicion which has gathered round him; but as yet, there is no written accusation, or written statement of the offence which it is alleged he has committed. True, he has heard evidence—he has heard a charge made orally against him—but the law requires greater particularity than this before a man shall be put in peril upon a criminal accusation. The facts disclosed in the evidence before the magistrates must be put in a legal form; the offence must be clearly and accurately defined in writing, by which the accused may be informed what specific charge he is to answer, and from which he may be able to learn what liability he incurs; whether his life is put in peril, or whether he is in danger of transportation or of imprisonment, or merely of a pecuniary fine. This is done by means of the indictment. The indictment is a written accusation of one or more several persons, preferred for and presented upon oath by a grand jury. This written accusation, before being presented to the grand jury, is properly termed a “bill;” and, in ordinary cases, it is generally prepared by the clerk of the arraigns at the assizes, and by the clerk of the peace at the quarter sessions; but, in cases of difficulty, it is drawn by counsel. It consists of a formal technical state-



ment of the offence, which is engrossed upon parchment, upon the back of which the names of the witnesses for the prosecution are indorsed. In England it is delivered to the crier of the court, by whom the witnesses are sworn to the truth of the evidence they are about to give before the grand jury. In the trial now pending in the Court of Queen's Bench in Ireland, a great question was raised as to whether a recent statute, which, on the ground of convenience, enabled grand juries in Ireland themselves to swear the witnesses, extended to trials before the Queen's Bench. This question was decided in the affirmative: therefore, in that country, the oath, in every case, must be administered by the grand jury themselves; whereas, in this country, the witnesses are sworn *in court*, and by the crier, as we have already mentioned. The grand jury, ever since the days of King Ethelred, must consist of twelve at least, and not more than twenty-three. In the superior courts they are generally drawn from the magistracy or superior classes of the community, being, as Mr. Justice Blackstone expresses it, "usually gentlemen of the best figure in the county." They are duly sworn and instructed in the articles of their enquiry by the judge who presides upon the bench. They then withdraw, to sit and receive all bills which may be presented to them. When a bill is thus presented, the witnesses are generally called in the order in which their names appear upon the back of the bill. The grand jury is, at most, to hear evidence only on behalf of the prosecution; "for," says the learned commentator already quoted, "the finding of an indictment is only in the nature of an enquiry or accusation, which is afterwards to be tried and determined: and the grand jury are only to enquire upon their oaths, whether there be sufficient cause to call upon a party to answer it." They ought, however, to be fully persuaded of the truth of an indictment as far as the evidence goes, and not to rest satisfied with remote probabilities: for the form of the indictment is, that they, "upon their oath, present" the party to have committed the crime. This form, Mr. Justice Coleridge observes, is perhaps

stronger than may be wished, and we believe that the criminal law commissioners are now seriously considering the propriety of abolishing it.

After hearing the evidence, the grand jury endorse upon the bill their judgment of the truth or falsehood of the charge. If they think the accusation groundless, they write upon it, "not found," or "not a true bill;" in which case the bill is said to be ignored: but, on the other hand, if twelve at least are satisfied of the truth of the accusation, the words "true bill" are placed upon it. The bill is then said to be found. It then becomes an indictment, and is brought into court by the grand jury, and publicly delivered by the foreman to the clerk of arraigns, or clerk of the peace, as the case may be, who states to the court the substance of the indictment, and of the indorsement upon it. If the bill is ignored, and no other bill is preferred against the party, he is discharged, without further answer, when the grand jury have finished their labours, and have been themselves discharged. To find a bill, twelve at least of the jury must agree: for no man, under this form of proceeding at least, can be convicted even of a misdemeanour, unless by the unanimous voice of twelve-four of his equals: that is, by twelve at least of the grand jury assenting to the accusation, and afterwards by the whole petit jury of twelve more finding him guilty upon the trial.

This proceeding is wholly *ex parte*. As the informal statement of the crime brought the supposed criminal to answer before the inferior tribunal, so does the formal accusation call upon him to answer before the superior court. The preliminary proceedings being now complete, and every step having been taken which is

necessary to put the accused upon his trial, the *ex parte* character of the proceedings is at an end. The time approaches when the accused must again be brought face to face with his accusers; and when, if he has been admitted to bail, his sureties must deliver him up to the proper authorities, or their bond is forfeited: in which case, a bench warrant for the apprehension of the delinquent may issue: and if he cannot still be found, he may be

pursued to outlawry. It may be here mentioned, that the proceedings may be, at any period, removed from any inferior court into the Queen's Bench, by what is called a writ of *certiorari*. When the offender appears voluntarily to an indictment, or was before in custody, or is brought in upon criminal process to answer it in the proper court, he is to be immediately arraigned. The arraignment is simply the calling upon the accused, at the bar of the court, to answer the matter charged upon him in the indictment, the substantial parts, at least, of which are then read over to him. This is indispensable, in order that he may fully understand the charge. So voluminous are the counts of the indictment recently found against Mr O'Connell and others, that the reading of the charges they contained was the work of many hours. The accused is not always compelled immediately to answer the indictment: for if he appear in term-time to an indictment for a misdemeanour in the Queen's Bench, it is sufficient if he plead or demur within four days; the court has a discretionary power to enlarge the time; but if he neither pleads nor demurs within the time prescribed, judgment may be entered against him as for want of a plea. If he appear to such an indictment, having been committed or held to bail within twenty days before the assizes or sessions at which he is called upon to answer, he has the option of *traversing*, as it is termed, or of postponing his trial to the next assizes or sessions. He is also always entitled, before the trial, on payment of a trifling charge, to have copies of the examinations of the witnesses on whose evidence he was committed or held to bail; and at the trial he has a right to inspect the originals gratuitously. In prosecutions for misdemeanours at the suit of the Attorney-General, a copy of indictment must be delivered, free of expense, if demanded by the accused. These seem to be all the privileges except that of challenge, which we shall explain hereafter, which the accused possesses, or to which the law gives him an absolute indefeasible claim as a matter of right. The *practice* of different courts may possibly vary in some degree on points such

as those which have been recently mooted in Ireland; for instance, as to whether the names of the witnesses should be furnished to the accused, and whether their address and description should also be supplied. In such matters the practice might vary, in a considerable degree, in the superior courts of England and Ireland; and yet each course would be strictly legal, in the respective courts in which it was adopted; for, as it was clearly said by one of the Irish judges on a recent occasion, the practice of the court is the law of the court, and the law of the court is the law of the land.

When the time has arrived at which the accused must put in his answer to the indictment, if he do not confess the charge, or stand mute of malice, he may either plead, 1st, to the jurisdiction, which is a good plea when the court before whom the indictment is taken has no cognizance of the offence, as when a case of treason is prosecuted at the quarter sessions; or, 2dly, he may demur, by which he says, that, assuming that he has done every thing which the indictment lays to his charge, he has, nevertheless, been guilty of no crime, and is in no wise liable to punishment for the act there charged. A demurrer has been termed an issue in law—the question to be determined being, what construction the law puts upon admitted facts. If the question of law be adjudged *in favour* of the accused, it is attended with the same results as an acquittal in fact, except that he may be indicted afresh for the same offence; but if the question be determined *against* the prisoner, the law, in its tenderness, *will not* allow him, at least in cases of felony, to be punished for his misapprehension of the law, or for his mistake in the conduct of his pleadings, but will, in such case, permit him to plead over to the indictment—that is, to plead not guilty; the consequences of which plea we will consider hereafter.

A third alternative is a plea of abatement, which is a plea praying that the indictment may be quashed, for some defect which the plea points out. This plea, though it was recently made use of by the defendants in the case now pending in Ireland, is of

very rare occurrence in ordinary practice—a recent statute having entirely superseded every advantage formerly to be derived from this plea, in cases of a misnomer, or a wrong name, and of a false addition or a wrong description of the defendant's rank and condition, which were the principal occasions on which it was resorted to.

The next alternative which the prisoner may adopt, is a special plea in bar. These pleas are of four kinds: 1. a former acquittal; 2. a former conviction; 3. a former attainder; 4. a former pardon, for the same offence. The first two of these pleas are founded on the maxim of the law of England, that no man is to be twice put in jeopardy for the same offence. A man is attainted of felony, only by judgment of death, or by outlawry; for by such judgment, the prisoner being already dead in law, and having forfeited all his property, there remains no further punishment to be awarded; and, therefore, any further proceeding would be superfluous. This plea has, however, been practically put an end to by a recent statute. A plea of pardon, is the converse of a plea of attainder: for a pardon at once destroys the end and purpose of the indictment, by remitting that punishment which the prosecution was calculated to inflict.

All these pleas may be answered by the crown in two ways—issue may be joined on the facts they respectively set forth; or they may be demurred to; by which step, the facts, alleged in the plea, are denied to constitute a good and valid defence in law. In *felony*, if any of these pleas are, either in fact or in law, determined against the prisoner, he cannot be retried or concluded by the adverse judgment; and for this reason. Formerly all felonies were punishable with death, and, in the words of Mr. Justice Blackstone, “the law allows many pleas by which a prisoner may escape death; but only one plea in consequence whereof it can be inflicted, viz., the general issue, after an impartial examination and decision of the facts, by the unanimous verdict of a jury.” The prisoner, therefore, although few felonies remain still capital, is nevertheless still allowed to plead as before. In misdemeanours, however, which are

never capital, and in which, therefore, no such principle could ever have applied, the judgment on these pleas appears to follow the analogy of a civil action. Thus, if, upon issue joined, a plea of abatement be found against the accused, the judgment, on that indictment, is final; though a second indictment may be preferred against him; but if, upon demurrer, the question of law is held to be against him, the judgment is, that he do answer the indictment. If a plea in bar, either on issue joined, or on demurrer, be determined against the defendant, the judgment is in such case final, and he stands convicted of the misdemeanour.

The general issue, or the plea of “not guilty,” is the last and most usual of these answers to the indictment which we have enumerated, the others being all of extremely rare occurrence in the modern practice of the criminal law. By this plea, the accused puts himself upon his county, which county the jury are. The sheriff of the county must then return a panel of jurors. In England the jurors are taken from the “jurors’ book” of the current year. It must be observed, that a new jurors’ book comes into operation on the first of January in each year, having previously been copied from the lists of those liable to serve on jury made out in the first instance between the months of July and October, both inclusive, by the churchwardens and overseers of each parish, then reviewed and confirmed by the justices of the peace in petty sessions, and, through the high constable of the district, delivered to the next quarter sessions. If the proceedings are before the Queen’s Bench, an interval is allowed by the court, in fixing the time of trial, for the impaneling of the jury, upon a writ issued to the sheriff for that purpose. The trial in a case of misdemeanour in the Queen’s Bench is held at *non proce*, unless it be of such consequence as to merit a trial at bar, which is invariably had when the prisoner is tried for any capital offence in that court. But before the ordinary courts of assize, the sheriff, by virtue of a general precept directed to him before-hand, returns to the court a panel of not less than forty-eight nor more than seventy-two persons, unless the judges

of issue direct a greater or smaller number to be summoned. When the time for the trial has arrived, and the case is called on, jurors; to the number of twelve, are sworn, unless challenged as they appear; their names being generally taken promiscuously, one by one; out of a box containing a number of tickets, on each of which a juror's name is inserted. Challenges may be made, either on the part of the crown or on that of the accused, and either to the whole array or to the separate polls. The challenge to the array, which must be made in writing, is an exception to the whole panel, on account of some partiality or default in the sheriff, or his officer, who arrayed the panel, the ground of which is examined into before the court. Challenges to the polls—*in capita*—are exceptions to particular persons, and must be made in each instance, as the person comes to the box to be sworn, and before he is sworn; for when the oath is once taken the challenge is too late.

Sir Edward Coke reduces the heads of challenge to four. 1st. *propter honoris respectum*: as if a lord of Parliament be impannelled. 2d. *propter defectum*: as if a jurymen be an alien born, or be in other respects generally objectionable. 3d. *propter affectum*: for suspicion of bias or partiality: and 4th. *propter delictum*: or, for some crime that affects the juror's credit, and renders him infamous: In treason and felony, the prisoner is allowed the privilege of a limited number of *peremptory* challenges: after which, as in misdemeanours, there is no limit to the number of challenges, if the party shows some cause for each challenge to the court. This cause is tried by persons appointed for that purpose by the court, when no jurymen have been sworn: but when two jurymen have been sworn, they are the parties who must adjudicate upon the qualifications of those who are afterwards challenged, who, except when the challenge is *propter delictum*, may be themselves examined upon oath. The crown, also, we have seen, can exercise this privilege, but with this difference, that no cause for challenge need be shown by the crown, either in felonies or misdemeanours, till the panel is exhausted,

and unless there cannot be a full jury without the persons so challenged.

When twelve men have been found, they are sworn to give a true verdict "according to the evidence," and the jury are then ready to hear the merits of the case. To fix their attention the closer to the facts which they are impannelled and sworn to try, the indictment, in cases of importance, is usually opened by the junior counsel for the crown—a proceeding, by which they are briefly informed of the charge which is brought against the accused. The leading counsel for the crown then lays the *facts* of the case before the jury, in a plain unvarnished statement; no appeal is made to the passions or prejudices of the twelve men, who are to pronounce upon the guilt or innocence of the accused: but every topic, every observation, which might warp their judgment, or direct their attention from the simple facts which are about to be proved before them, is anxiously deprecated and avoided by the counsel for the prosecution. The witnesses for the crown are called one by one, sworn, examined, and cross-examined by the accused, or his counsel. When the case for the crown has been brought to a close, the defence commences, and the counsel for the defendant addresses the jury. It is the duty of the advocate, on such an occasion, to put forth all his powers in behalf of his client: to obtain acquittal is his object: he must sift the hostile evidence, he must apply every possible test to the accuracy of the testimony, and to the credibility of the witnesses; he may address himself to the reason, to the prejudices, to the sympathies, nay, even to the worst passions of the twelve men whose opinions he seeks to influence in favour of his client. He may proceed to call witnesses to disprove the facts admitted on the other side, or to show that the character of the accused stands too high for even a suspicion of the alleged crime; he has the utmost liberty of speech and action. He may indefinitely protract the proceedings, and there seems to be scarcely any limit, in point of law, beyond which the ultimate event of the trial may not be, by these means, deferred. Whenever the defence closes, in those cases in which the govern-



ment is the real prosecutor, the representative of the crown has the general reply; at the close of which the presiding judge sums up the evidence to the jury, and informs them of the legal bearing of the facts, on the effect and existence of which the jury has to decide. This having been accomplished, it becomes the duty of the jury to deliberate, decide, and pronounce their verdict. If the verdict be "Not guilty," the accused is for ever quit and discharged of the accusation; but if the jury pronounce him guilty, he stands convicted of the crime which has been thus charged and proved against him, and awaits the judgment of the court. In felonies and ordinary misdemeanours, judgment is generally pronounced immediately upon, or soon after, the delivery of the verdict; in other cases, when the trial has been had before the Queen's Bench, the judgment may, in England, be pronounced either immediately or during the ensuing term. But whenever this event occurs, the prisoner has still one chance more for escape: he can move an arrest of judgment, on the grounds either that the indictment is substantially defective, or that he has already been pardoned or punished for the same offence. These objections, if successful, will, even at this late stage of the proceedings, save the defendant from the consequences of his crime. But if these last resources fail, the court must give the judgment, or pronounce the measure of that punishment, which the law annexes to the crime of which the prisoner has been convicted.

By the law of this country, the *species* of punishment for every offence is always ascertained; but, between certain defined limits, the measure and degree of that punishment is, with very few exceptions, left to the discretion of the presiding judge. Treasons and some felonies are, indeed, capital; but, in the mercy of modern times, the great majority of felonies, and all misdemeanours, are visited, some with various terms of transportation or imprisonment, which, in most cases, may be with or without hard labour, at the discretion of the court. In these cases, the punishment is prescribed by the statute law: but there are some misdemeanours the punish-

ment of which has not been interfered with by any statute, and to which, therefore, the common law punishments are still attached. The case of Mr O'Connell, which is now in abeyance, seems to range itself under this head of misdemeanours. Such cases are punishable by fine or imprisonment, or by both; but the amount of the one, or the duration of the other, is each left at large to be estimated by the court, according to the more or less aggravated nature of the offence, and, as it is said, also according to the quality and condition of the parties. That a fine should, in all cases, be reasonable, has been declared by Magna Charta; and the Bill of Rights has also provided, that excessive fines, or cruel and unusual punishments, should not be inflicted: but what may or may not be unreasonable or excessive, cruel or unusual, is left entirely to the judgment of the executive.

For crimes of a dark political hue, which, by their tendency to subvert the government or destroy the institutions of the country, necessarily assume a character highly dangerous to the safety and well-being of the state, it might be difficult to say what degree of punishment would be excessive or unusual. It seems probable, that in cases of this nature, which include crimes, so varied in their circumstances that there appears no limit to the degree of guilt incurred—crimes, the nature and character of which could not possibly be foreseen or provided for, in all their infinite multiplicity of detail; it seems probable that, in such cases, a large discretion may have been purposely left by the framers of our constitution, in order that the degree of guilt, on each occasion, should be measured by an expansive self-adjusting scale of punishment, applied, indeed, and administered by the judges of the land, but regulated, and adjusted, in each succeeding age, by the influence of public opinion, and by the spirit and temper of the times.

Even at this latest stage of criminal prosecution, in the interval which must necessarily elapse between the pronouncing and the infliction of the sentence, the convicted delinquent is not without a remedy for any wrong he may sustain in the act which tr-

minutes the proceedings. If any judgment not warranted by law be given by the court, it may be reversed upon a *writ of error*, which lies from all inferior criminal jurisdictions to the Queen's Bench, and from the Queen's Bench to the House of Peers. These writs, however, in cases of misdemeanour, are not allowed, of course, but on probable cause shown to the Attorney General; and then they are understood to be grantable of common right, and *ex debito justitiæ*. The crown, if every other resource has failed the prisoner, has always the power of exercising the most amiable of its prerogatives. Though the sovereign herself condemns no man, "the great operation of her sceptre is mercy," and the chief magistrate, in the words of Sir William Blackstone, "holding a court of equity in his own breast, to soften the rigour of the general law, in such criminal cases as merit an exemption from punishment," is ever at liberty to grant a free, unconditional, and gracious pardon to the injured or repentant convict.

We have now rapidly traced the progress of a criminal prosecution from its commencement to its close, and we have given a summary of the *ordinary* proceedings on such occasions. Although it may be possible that the practice of the courts in Ireland, on minor points, should occasionally differ in some degree from the practice of the English courts, we may, nevertheless, have rendered the proceedings now pending in the sister isle, more intelligible to the general reader, who may now, perhaps, be enabled to see the bearing, and understand the importance of many struggles, which, to the unlearned, might

probably appear to be wholly beside the real question now at issue between the crown and Mr O'Connell. Whatever be the result of that prosecution, whether those indicted be found guilty, or acquitted, of the misdemeanours laid to their charge: we feel assured, on the one hand, however long and grievous may have been the "provocation," that while there will be "nothing extenuate," neither will there be "set down aught in malice;" but that the measure of the retribution now demanded by the state, will be so temperately and equitably adjusted, that while the very semblance of oppression is carefully avoided, the majesty of the law, and the powers of the executive, will be amply and entirely vindicated. On the other hand, if Mr O'Connell, and his companions, in guilt or misfortune, should break through the cobwebs of the law, and hold a *retrospective* defiance at the Government: we feel the utmost confidence, that the learning, foresight, and ability, of the eminent lawyers who represent the crown, together with the firmness and integrity of the Irish bench, "*sans peur et sans reproche*," will demonstrate to the millions who look on, that the constitutional powers of the state still remain uninjured and unimpaired in all their pristine and legitimate energy and vigour: and that neither in the machinery now set in motion, nor with those who conduct or superintend its action, but with others on whom, in the course of these proceedings, will be thrown the execution of a grave and all-important duty, must rest the real blame, if blame there be, of the failure of this "State Prosecution."

## ADVENTURES IN TEXAS.

## No. III.

## THE STRUGGLE.

I HAD been but three or four months in Texas, when, in consequence of the oppressive conduct of the Mexican military authorities, symptoms of discontent showed themselves, and several skirmishes occurred between the American settlers and the soldiery. The two small forts of Velasco and Nacogdoches were taken by the former, and their garrisons and a couple of field-officers made prisoners: soon after which, however, the quarrel was made up by the intervention of Colonel Austin on the part of Texas, and Colonel Mejia on the part of the Mexican authorities.

But in the year '33 occurred Santa Anna's defection from the liberal party, and the imprisonment of Stephen F. Austin, the Texian representative in the Mexican congress, by the president, Gomez Farias. This was followed by Texas adopting the constitution of 1824, and declaring itself an independent state of the Mexican republic. Finally, towards the close of 1835 Texas threw off the Mexican yoke altogether, voted itself a free and sovereign republic, and prepared to defend by arms its newly asserted liberty.

The first step to be taken was, to secure our communications with the United States by getting possession of the sea-ports. General Cos had occupied Galveston harbour, and built and garrisoned a block-fort, nominally for the purpose of enforcing the customs laws, but in reality with a view to cut off our communications with New Orleans and the States. This sort it was necessary to get possession of, and my friend Fanning and myself were appointed to that duty by the Alcalde, who had taken a prominent part in all that had occurred.

Our whole force and equipment wherewith to accomplish this enterprise, consisted in a sealed despatch, to be opened at the town of Columbia, and a half-breed, named Agostino, who acted as our guide. On reaching

Columbia, we called together the principal inhabitants of the place, and of the neighbouring towns of Bolivar and Marion, unsealed the letter in their presence, and six hours afterwards the forces therein specified were assembled, and we were on our march towards Galveston. The next day the fort was taken, and the garrison made prisoners, without our losing a single man.

We sent off our guide to the government at San Felipe with news of our success. In nine days he returned, bringing us the thanks of congress, and fresh orders. We were to leave a garrison in the fort, and then ascend Trinity river, and march towards San Antonio de Bexar. This route was all the more agreeable to Fanning and myself, as it would bring us into the immediate vicinity of the *haciendas*, or estates, of which we had some time previously obtained a grant from the Texian government: and we did not doubt that we were indebted to our friend the Alcalde for the orders which thus conciliated our private convenience with our public duty.

As we marched along we found the whole country in commotion, the settlers all arming, and hastening to the distant place of rendezvous. We arrived at Trinity river one afternoon, and immediately sent messengers for forty miles in all directions to summon the inhabitants. At the period in question, the plantations in that part of the country were very few and far between, but nevertheless by the afternoon of the next day we had got together four-and-thirty men, mounted on mustangs, each equipped with rifle and bowie-knife, powder-horn and bullet-bag, and furnished with provisions for several days. With these we started for San Antonio de Bexar, a march of two hundred and fifty miles, through trackless prairies intersected with rivers and streams, which, although not quite so big as the Mississippi or Potomac, were yet

deep and wide enough to have offered serious impediment to regular armies. But to Texian farmers and backwoodsmen, they were trifling obstacles. Those we could not wade through we swam over; and in due time, and without any incident worthy of note, reached the appointed place of rendezvous, which was on the river Salado, about fifteen miles from San Antonio, the principal city of the province. This latter place it was intended to attack—an enterprise of some boldness and risk, considering that the town was protected by a strong fort, amply provided with heavy artillery, and had a garrison of nearly three thousand men, commanded by officers who had, for the most part, distinguished themselves in the revolutionary wars against the Spaniards. Our whole army, which we found encamped on the Salado, under the command of General Austin, did not exceed eight hundred men.

The day after that on which Fanning and myself, with our four and thirty recruits, reached headquarters, a council of war was held, and it was resolved to advance as far as the mission of Santa Espada. The advanced guard was to push forward immediately; the main body would follow the next day. Fanning and myself were appointed to the command of the vanguard, in conjunction with Mr Wharton, a wealthy planter, who had brought a strong party of volunteers with him, and whose mature age and cool judgment, it was thought, would counterbalance any excess of youthful heat and impetuosity on our part. Selecting ninety-two men out of the eight hundred, who, to a man, volunteered to accompany us, we set out for the mission.

These missions are a sort of picket-houses or outposts of the Catholic church, and are found in great numbers in all the frontier provinces of Spanish America, especially in Texas, Santa Fe, and Cohahuila. They are usually of sufficient strength to afford their inmates security against any predatory party of Indians or other marauders, and are occupied by priests, who, while using their endeavours to spread the doctrines of the Church of Rome, act also as spies and agents of the Mexican government.

On reaching San Espada we held a discussion as to the propriety of remaining there until the general came up, or of advancing at once towards the river. Wharton inclined to the former plan, and it was certainly the most prudent, for the mission was a strong building, surrounded by a high wall, and might have been held against very superior numbers. Fanning and I, however, did not like the idea of being cooped up in a house, and at last Wharton yielded. We left our horses and mustangs in charge of eight men, and with the remainder set out in the direction of the Salado, which flows from north to south, a third of a mile to the westward of the mission. About half-way between the latter and the river, was a small group, or island, of muskeet trees, the only object that broke the uniformity of the prairie. The bank of the river on our side was tolerably steep, about eight or ten feet high, hollowed out here and there, and covered with a thick network of wild vines. The Salado at this spot describes a sort of bow-shaped curve, with a ford at either end, by which alone the river can be passed, for although not very broad, it is rapid and deep. We resolved to take up a position within this bow, calculating that we might manage to defend the two fords, which were not above a quarter of a mile apart.

At the same time we did not lose sight of the dangers of such a position, and of the almost certainty that if the enemy managed to cross the river, we should be surrounded and cut off. But our success on the few occasions on which we had hitherto come to blows with the Mexicans, at Velasco, Nacogdoches, and Galveston, had inspired us with so much confidence, that we considered ourselves a match for thousands of such foes, and actually began to wish the enemy would attack us before our main body came up. We reconnoitred the ground, stationed a picket of twelve men at each ford, and an equal number in the island of muskeet trees; and established ourselves with the remainder amongst the vines and in the hollows on the river bank.

The commissariat department of the Texian army was, as may be supposed, not yet placed upon any very



regular footing. In fact, every man was, for the present, his own commissary-general. Finding our stock of provisions to be very small, we sent out a party of foragers, who soon returned with three sheep, which they had taken from a *ranchito*, within a mile of San Antonio. An old priest, whom they found there, had threatened them with the anger of Heaven and of General Cos; but they paid little attention to his denunciations, and, throwing down three dollars, walked off with the sheep. The priest became furious, got upon his mule, and trotted away in the direction of the city to complain to General Cos of the misconduct of the heretics.

After this we made no doubt that we should soon have a visit from the worthy Dons. Nevertheless the evening and the night passed away without incident. Day broke—still no signs of the Mexicans. This treacherous sort of calm, we thought, might forbode a storm, and we did not allow it to lull us into security. We let the men get their breakfast, which they had hardly finished when the picket from the upper ford came in with news that a strong body of cavalry was approaching the river, and that their vanguard was already in the hollow way leading to the ford. We had scarcely received this intelligence when we heard the blare of the trumpets, and the next moment we saw the officers push their horses up the declivitous bank, closely followed by their men, whom they formed up in the prairie. We counted six small squadrons, about three hundred men in all. They were the Durango dragoons—smart troops enough to all appearance, capitally mounted and equipped, and armed with carbines and sabres.

Although the enemy had doubtless reconnoitred us from the opposite shore, and ascertained our position, he could not form any accurate idea of our numbers, for with a view to deceive him, we kept the men in constant motion, sometimes showing a part of them on the prairie, then causing them to disappear again behind the vines and bushes. This was all very knowing for young soldiers such as we were; but, on the other hand, we had committed a grievous error, and sinned against all established military rules, by not pla-

cing a picket on the further side of the river, to warn us of the approach of the enemy, and the direction in which he was coming. There can be little doubt that if we had had earlier notice of their approach, thirty or forty good marksmen—and all our people were that—might not only have delayed the advance of the Mexicans, but perhaps even totally disgusted them of their attempt to cross the Salado. The hollow way on the other side of the river, leading to the ford, was narrow and tolerably steep, and the bank at least six times as high as on our side. Nothing would have been easier than to have stationed a party, so as to pick off the cavalry as they wound through this sort of pass, and emerged two by two upon the shore. Our error, however, did not strike us till it was too late to repair it; so we were fain to console ourselves with the reflection that the Mexicans would be much more likely to attribute our negligence to an excess of confidence in our resources, than to the inexperience in military matters, which was its real cause. We resolved to do our best to merit the good opinion which we thus supposed them to entertain of us.

When the whole of the dragoons had crossed the water, they marched on for a short distance in an easterly direction; then, wheeling to the right, proceeded southward, until within some five hundred paces of us, where they halted. In this position, the line of cavalry formed the chord of the arc described by the river, and occupied by us.

As soon as they halted, they opened their fire, although they could not see one of us, for we were completely sheltered by the bank. Our Mexican heroes, however, apparently did not think it necessary to be within sight or range of their opponents before firing, for they gave us a rattling volley at a distance which no carbine would carry. This done, others galloped on for about a hundred yards, halted again, loaded, fired another volley, and then giving another gallop, fired again. They continued this sort of *manège* till they found themselves within two hundred and fifty paces of us, and then appeared inclined to take a little time for reflection,

We kept ourselves perfectly still. The dragoons evidently did not like the aspect of matters. Our remaining concealed, and not replying to their fire, seemed to bother them. We saw the officers taking a deal of pains to encourage their men, and at last two squadrons advanced, the others following more slowly, a short distance in rear. This was the moment we had waited for. No sooner had the dragoons got into a canter, than six of our men who had received orders to that effect, sprang up the bank, took steady aim at the officers, fired, and then jumped down again.

As we had expected, the small numbers that had shown themselves, encouraged the Mexicans to advance. They seemed at first taken rather aback by the fall of four of their officers; but nevertheless, after a moment's hesitation, they came thundering along full speed. They were within sixty or seventy yards of us, when Fanning and thirty of our riflemen ascended the bank, and with a coolness and precision that would have done credit to the most veteran troops, poured a steady fire into the ranks of the dragoons.

It requires some nerve and courage for men who have never gone through any regular military training, to stand their ground singly and unprotected, within fifty yards of an advancing line of cavalry. Our fellows did it, however, and fired, not all at once, or in a hurry, but slowly and deliberately; a running fire, every shot of which told. Saddle after saddle was emptied; the men, as they had been ordered, always picking out the foremost horsemen, and as soon as they had fired, jumping down the bank, to reload. When the whole of the thirty men had discharged their rifles, Wharton and myself, with the reserve of six and thirty more, took their places; but the dragoons had almost had enough already, and we had scarcely fired ten shots when they executed a right-about turn, with an uniformity and rapidity which did infinite credit to their drill, and went off at a pace that soon carried them out of reach of our bullets. They had probably not expected so warm a reception. We saw their officers doing every thing they could to check their

flight, imploring, threatening, even cutting at them with their sabres, but it was no use; if they were to be killed, it must be in their own way, and they preferred being cut down by their officers to encountering the deadly precision of rifles, in the hands of men who, being sure of hitting a squirrel at a hundred yards, were not likely to miss a Durango dragoon at any point within range.

Our object in ordering the men to fire slowly was, always to have thirty or forty rifles loaded, wherewith to receive the enemy should he attempt a charge *en masse*. But our first greeting had been a sickener, and it appeared almost doubtful whether he would venture to attack us again, although the officers did every thing in their power to induce their men to advance. For a long time, neither threats, entreaties, nor reproaches produced any effect. We saw the officers gesticulating furiously, pointing to us with their sabres, and impatiently spurring their horses, till the fiery animals plunged and reared, and sprang with all four feet from the ground. It is only just to say, that the officers exhibited a degree of courage far beyond any thing we had expected from them. Of the two squadrons that charged us, two-thirds of the officers had fallen; but those who remained, instead of appearing intimidated by their comrades' fate, redoubled their efforts to bring their men forward.

At last there appeared some probability of their accomplishing this, after a most curious and truly Mexican fashion. Posting themselves in front of their squadrons, they rode on alone for a hundred yards or so, halted, looked round, as much as to say—"You see there is no danger as far as this," and then galloping back, led their men on. Each time that they executed this manœuvre, the dragoons would advance slowly some thirty or forty paces, and then halt as simultaneously as if the word of command had been given. Off went the officers again, some distance to the front, and then back again to their men, and got them on a little further. In this manner these heroes were inveigled once more to within a hundred and fifty yards of our position.

Of course, at each of the numerous halts which they made during their advance, they favoured us with a general, but most innocuous discharge of their carbines; and at last, gaining confidence, I suppose, from our passiveness, and from the noise and smoke they themselves had been making, three squadrons which had not yet been under fire, formed open column and advanced at a trot. Without giving them time to halt or reflect—"Forward! Charge!" shouted the officers, urging their own horses to their utmost speed; and following the impulse thus given, the three squadrons came charging furiously along.

Up sprang thirty of our men to receive them. Their orders were to fire slowly, and not throw away a shot, but the gleaming sabres and rapid approach of the dragoons hurried some of them, and firing a hasty volley, they jumped down the bank again. This precipitation had nearly been fatal to us. Several of the dragoons fell, and there was some confusion and a momentary faltering amongst the others; but they still came on. At this critical moment, Wharton and myself, with the reserve, showed ourselves on the bank. "Slow and sure—mark your men!" shouted we both. Wharton on the right and I on the left. The command was obeyed: rifle after rifle cracked off, always aimed at the foremost of the dragoons, and at every report a saddle was emptied. Before we had all fired, Fanning and a dozen of his sharpest men had again loaded, and were by our side. For nearly a minute the Mexicans remained, as if stupefied by our murderous fire, and uncertain whether to advance or retire; but as those who attempted the former, were invariably shot down, they at last began a retreat, which was soon converted into a rout. We gave them a farewell volley, which eased a few more horses of their riders, and then got under cover again, to await what might next occur.

But the Mexican caballeros had no notion of coming up to the scratch a third time. They kept patrolling about, some three or four hundred yards off, and firing volleys at us, which they were able to do with per-

fect impunity, as at that distance we did not think proper to return a shot.

The skirmish had lasted nearly three quarters of an hour. Strange to say, we had not had a single man wounded, although at times the bullets had fallen about us as thick as hail. We could not account for this. Many of us had been hit by the balls, but a bruise or a graze of the skin was the worst consequence that had ensued. We were in a fair way to deem ourselves invulnerable.

We were beginning to think that the fight was over for the day, when our videttes at the lower ford brought us the somewhat unpleasant intelligence that large masses of infantry were approaching the river, and would soon be in sight. The words were hardly uttered, when the roll of the drums, and shrill squeak of the fifes became audible, and in a few minutes the head of the column of infantry, having crossed the ford, ascended the sloping bank, and defiled in the prairie opposite the island of muskeet trees. As company after company appeared, we were able to form a pretty exact estimate of their numbers. There were two battalions, together about a thousand men; and they brought a field-piece with them.

These were certainly rather long odds to be opposed to seventy-two men and three officers; for it must be remembered that we had left twenty of our people at the mission, and in the island of trees. Two battalions of infantry, and six squadrons of dragoons—the latter, to be sure, disheartened and diminished by the loss of some fifty men, but nevertheless formidable opponents, now they were supported by the foot soldiers. About twenty Mexicans to each of us. It was getting past a joke. We were all capital shots, and most of us, besides our rifles, had a brace of pistols in our belts; but what were seventy-five rifles, and five or six score of pistols against a thousand muskets and bayonets, two hundred and fifty dragoons, and a field-piece loaded with canister? If the Mexicans had a spark of courage or soldiership about them, our fate was sealed. But it was exactly this courage and soldiership, which we made sure would be wanting.



Nevertheless we, the officers, could not repress a feeling of anxiety and self-reproach, when we reflected that we had brought our comrades into such a hazardous predicament. But on looking around us, our apprehensions vanished. Nothing could exceed the perfect coolness and confidence with which the men were cleaning and preparing their rifles for the approaching conflict; no bravado—no boasting, talking, or laughing, but a calm decision of manner, which at once told us, that if it were possible to overcome such odds as were brought against us, those were the men to do it.

Our arrangements for the approaching struggle were soon completed. Fanning and Wharton were to make head against the infantry and cavalry. I was to capture the field-piece—an eight-pounder.

This gun was placed by the Mexicans upon their extreme left, close to the river, the shores of which it commanded for a considerable distance. The bank on which we were posted was, as before mentioned, indented by caves and hollows, and covered with a thick tapestry of vines and other plants, which was now very useful in concealing us from the artillerymen. The latter made a pretty good guess at our position however, and at the first discharge, the rammer whizzed past us at a very short distance. There was not a moment to lose, for one well-directed shot might exterminate half of us. Followed by a dozen men, I worked my way as well as I could through the labyrinth of vines and bushes, and was not more than fifty yards from the gun, when it was again fired. No one was hurt, although the shot was evidently intended for my party. The enemy could not see us; but the motion of the vines, as we passed through them, had betrayed our whereabouts: so, perceiving that we were discovered, I sprang up the bank into the prairie, followed by my men, to whom I shouted, above all to aim at the artillerymen.

I had raised my own rifle to my shoulder, when I let it fall again in astonishment at an apparition that presented itself to my view. This was a tall, lean, wild figure, with a face

overgrown by a long beard that hung down upon his breast, and dressed in a leather cap, jacket, and moccasins. Where this man had sprung from was a perfect riddle. He was unknown to any of us, although I had some vague recollection of having seen him before, but where or when, I could not call to mind. He had a long rifle in his hands, which he must have fired once already, for one of the artillerymen lay dead by the gun. At the moment I first caught sight of him, he shot down another, and then began reloading with a rapid dexterity, that proved him to be well used to the thing. My men were as much astonished as I was by this strange apparition, which appeared to have started out of the earth; and for a few seconds they forgot to fire, and stood gazing at the stranger. The latter did not seem to approve of their inaction.

"D—— yer eyes, ye starin' fools," shouted he in a rough hoarse voice, "don't ye see them art'illerymen? Why don't ye knock 'em on the head?" •

It certainly was not the moment to remain idle. We fired; but our astonishment had thrown us off our balance, and we nearly all missed. We sprang down the bank again to load, just as the men serving the gun were slewing it round, so as to bring it to bear upon us. Before this was accomplished, we were under cover, and the stranger had the benefit of the discharge, of which he took no more notice than if he had borne a charmed life. Again we heard the crack of his rifle, and when, having reloaded, we once more ascended the bank, he was taking aim at the last artilleryman, who fell, as his companions had done.

"D—— ye, for laggin' fellers!" growled the stranger. "Why don't ye take that 'ere big gun?"

Our small numbers, the bad direction of our first volley, but, above all, the precipitation with which we had jumped down the bank after firing it, had so encouraged the enemy, that a company of infantry, drawn up some distance in rear of the field-piece, fired a volley, and advanced at double-quick time, part of them making a small *détour* with the intention of cutting us off from our friends. At this

moment, we saw Fanning and thirty men coming along the river bank to our assistance; so without minding the Mexicans who were getting behind us, we rushed forward to within twenty paces of those in our front, and taking steady aim, brought down every man his bird. The sort of desperate coolness with which this was done, produced the greater effect on our opponents, as being something quite out of their way. They would, perhaps, have stood firm against a volley from five times our number, at a rather greater distance; but they did not like having their mustaches singed by our powder; and after a moment's wavering and hesitation, they shouted out "Diabolo! Diabolo!" and throwing away their muskets, broke into a precipitate flight.

Fanning and Wharton now came up with all the men. Under cover of the infantry's advance, the gun had been re-manned, but, luckily for us, only by infantry soldiers; for had there been artillerymen to seize the moment when we were all standing exposed on the prairie, they might have diminished our numbers not a little. The fuse was already burning, and we had just time to get under the bank when the gun went off. Up we jumped again, and looked about us to see what was next to be done.

Although hitherto all the advantages had been on our side, our situation was still a very perilous one. The company we had put to flight had rejoined its battalion, which was now beginning to advance by *échelon* of companies. The second battalion, which was rather further from us, was moving forward in like manner, and in a parallel direction. We should probably, therefore, have to resist the attack of a dozen companies, one after the other; and it was to be feared that the Mexicans would finish by getting over their panic terror of our rifles, and exchange their distant and ineffectual platoon-firing for a charge with the bayonet, in which their superior numbers would tell. We observed, also, that the cavalry, which had been keeping itself at a safe distance, was now put in motion, and formed up close to the island of muskeet trees, to which the right flank of the infantry was also extending itself.

Thence they had clear ground for a charge down upon us.

Meanwhile, what had become of the twelve men whom we had left in the island? Were they still there, or had they fallen back upon the mission in dismay at the overwhelming force of the Mexicans? If the latter, it was a bad business for us, for they were all capital shots, and well armed with rifles and pistols. We heartily wished we had brought them with us, as well as the eight men at the mission. Cut off from us as they were, what could they do against the whole of the cavalry and two companies of infantry which were now approaching the island? To add to our difficulties, our ammunition was beginning to run short. Many of us had only had enough powder and ball for fifteen or sixteen charges, which were now reduced to six or seven. It was no use desponding, however; and, after a hurried consultation, it was agreed that Fanning and Wharton should open a fire upon the enemy's centre, while I made a dash at the field-piece before any more infantry had time to come up for its protection.

The infantry-men who had re-manned the gun were by this time shot down, and, as none had come to replace them, it was served by an officer alone. Just as I gave the order to advance to the twenty men who were to follow me, this officer fell. Simultaneously with his fall, I heard a sort of yell behind me, and, turning round, saw that it proceeded from the wild spectre-looking stranger, whom I had lost sight of during the last few minutes. A ball had struck him, and he fell heavily to the ground, his rifle, which had just been discharged, and was still smoking from muzzle and touchhole, clutched convulsively in both hands; his features distorted, his eyes rolling frightfully. There was something in the expression of his face at that moment which brought back to me, in vivid colouring, one of the earliest and most striking incidents of my residence in Texas. Had I not myself seen him hung, I could have sworn that *Bob Rock, the murderer*, now lay before me.

A second look at the man gave additional force to this idea.

"Bob!" I exclaimed.

"Boh!" repeated the wounded man, in a broken voice, and with a look of astonishment, almost of dismay. "Who calls Boh?"

A wild gleam shot from his eyes, which the next instant closed. He had become insensible.

It was neither the time nor the place to indulge in speculations on this singular resurrection of a man whose execution I had myself witnessed. With twelve hundred foes around us, we had plenty to occupy all our thoughts and attention. My people were already masters of the gun, and some of them drew it forwards and pointed it against the enemy, while the others spread out right and left to protect it with their rifles. I was busy loading the piece when an exclamation of surprise from one of the men made me look up.

There seemed to be something extraordinary happening amongst the Mexicans, to judge from the degree of confusion which suddenly showed itself in their ranks, and which, beginning with the cavalry and right flank of the infantry, soon became general throughout their whole force. It was a sort of wavering and unsteadiness which, to us, was quite unaccountable, for Fanning and Wharton had not yet fired twenty shots, and, indeed, had only just come within range of the enemy. Not knowing what it could portend, I called in my men, and stationed them round the gun, which I had double-shotted, and stood ready to fire.

The confusion in the Mexican ranks increased. For about a minute they waved and reeled to and fro, as if uncertain which way to go; and, at last, the cavalry and right of the line fairly broke, and ran for it. This example was followed by the centre, and presently the whole of the two battalions and three hundred cavalry were scattered over the prairie, in the wildest and most disorderly flight. I gave them a parting salute from the eight-pounder, which would doubtless have accelerated their movements had it been possible to run faster than they were already doing.

We stood staring after the fugitives in perfect bewilderment, totally unable to explain their apparently causeless panic. At last the report of several

rifles from the island of trees gave us a clue to the mystery.

The infantry, whose left flank extended to the Salado, had pushed their right into the prairie as far as the island of musket trees, in order to connect their line with the dragoons, and then by making a general advance, to attack us on all sides at once, and get the full advantage of their superior numbers. The plan was not a bad one. Infantry and cavalry approached the island, quite unsuspecting of its being occupied. The twelve riflemen whom we had stationed there remained perfectly quiet, concealed behind the trees; allowed squadrons and companies to come within twenty paces of them, and then opened their fire, first from their pistols, then from their rifles.

Some six and thirty shots, every one of which told, fired suddenly from a cover close to their rear, were enough to startle even the best troops, much more so our Mexican dons, who, already sufficiently inclined to a panic, now believed themselves fallen into an ambuscade, and surrounded on all sides by the incarnate *diabolos*, as they called us. The cavalry, who had not yet recovered the thrashing we had given them, were ready enough for a run, and the infantry were not slow to follow them.

Our first impulse was naturally to pursue the flying enemy, but a discovery made by some of the men, induced us to abandon that idea. They had opened the pouches of the dead Mexicans in order to supply themselves with ammunition, ours being nearly expended; but the powder of the cartridges turned out so bad as to be useless. It was little better than coal dust, and would not carry a ball fifty paces to kill or wound. This accounted for our apparent invulnerability to the fire of the Mexicans. The muskets also were of a very inferior description. Both they and the cartridges were of English make; the former being stamped Birmingham, and the latter having the name of an English powder manufactory; with the significant addition, "for exportation."

Under these circumstances, we had nothing to do but let the Mexicans run. We sent a detachment to the musket island, to unite itself with the



twelve men who had done such good service there, and thence advance towards the ford. We ourselves proceeded slowly in the latter direction. This demonstration brought the fugitives back again, for they had, most of them, in the wild precipitation of their flight, passed the only place where they could cross the river. They began crowding over in the greatest confusion, foot and horse all mixed up together; and by the time we got within a hundred paces of the ford, the prairie was nearly clear of them. There were still a couple of hundred men on our side of the water, completely at our mercy, and Wharton, who was a little in front with thirty men, gave the word to fire upon them. No one obeyed. He repeated the command. Not a rifle was raised. He stared at his men, astonished and impatient at this strange disobedience. An old weather-beaten bear-hunter stepped forward, squirting out his tobacco juice with all imaginable deliberation.

"I tell ye what, captin!" said he, passing his quid over from his right cheek to his left; "I calkilate, captin," he continued, "we'd better leave the poor devils of dons alone."

"The poor devils of dons alone!" repeated Wharton in a rage. "Are you mad, man?"

Fanning and I had just come up with our detachment, and were not less surprised and angry than Wharton was, at this breach of discipline. The man, however, did not allow himself to be disconcerted.

"There's a proverb, gentlemen," said he, turning to us, "which says, that one should build a golden bridge for a beaten enemy; and a good proverb it is, I calkilate—a considerable good one."

"What do you mean, man, with your golden bridge?" cried Fanning. "This is no time for proverbs."

"Do you know that you are liable to be punished for insubordination?" said I. "It's your duty to fire, and do the enemy all the harm you can; not to be quoting proverbs."

"Calkilate it is," replied the man very coolly. "Calkilate I could shoot 'em without either danger or trouble; but I reckon that would be like Spaniards or Mexicans; not like Americans—not prudent."

"Not like Americans? Would you let the enemy escape, then, when we have him in our power?"

"Calkilate I would. Calkilate we should do ourselves more harm than him by shootin' down his people. That was a considerable sensible commandment of yourn, always to shoot the foremost of the Mexicans when they attacked. It discouraged the bold ones, and was a sort of premium on cowardice. Them as lagged behind escaped, them as came bravely on were shot. It was a good calkilation. If we had shot 'em without discrimination, the cowards would have got bold, seein' that they weren't safer in rear than in front. The cowards are our best friends. Now them runaways," continued he, pointing to the Mexicans, who were crowding over the river, "are jest the most cowardly of 'em all, for in their fright they quite forgot the ford, and it's because they ran so far beyond it, that they are lust to cross the water. And if you fire at 'em now, they'll find that they get nothin' by bein' cowards, and next time, I reckon, they'll sell their hides as dear as they can."

Untimely as this palaver, to use a popular word, undoubtedly was, we could scarcely forbear smiling at the simple *naïve* manner in which the old Yankee spoke his mind.

"Calkilate, captin," he concluded, "you'd better let the poor devils run. We shall get more profit by it than if we shot five hundred of 'em. Next time they'll run away directly, to show their gratitude for our generosity."

The man stepped back into the ranks, and his comrades nodded approvingly, and calculated and reckoned that Zebediah had spoke a true word; and meanwhile the enemy had crossed the river, and was out of our reach. We were forced to content ourselves with sending a party across the water to follow up the Mexicans, and observe the direction they took. We then returned to our old position.

My first thought on arriving there was to search for the body of Hob Rock—for he it undoubtedly was, who had so mysteriously appeared amongst us. I repaired to the spot where I had seen him fall; but could discover no signs of him, either dead or alive. I went over the whole scene of the

fight, searched amongst the vines and along the bank of the river; there were plenty of dead Mexicans—cavalry, infantry, and artillery, but no Boh was to be found, nor could any one inform me what had become of him, although several had seen him fall.

I was continuing my search, when I met Wharton, who asked me what I was seeking, and on learning, shook his head gravely. He had seen the wild prairieman, he said, but whence he came, or whither he was gone, was more than he could tell. It was a long time since any thing had startled and astonished him so much as this man's appearance and proceedings. He (Wharton) had been stationed with his party amongst the vines, about fifty paces in rear of Fanning's people, when just as the Mexican infantry had crossed the ford, and were forming up, he saw a man approaching at a brisk trot from the north side of the prairie. He halted about a couple of hundred yards from Wharton, tied his mustang to a bush, and with his rifle on his arm, strode along the edge of the prairie in the direction of the Mexicans. When he passed near Wharton, the latter called out to him to halt, and say who he was, whence he came, and whither going.

"Who I am is no business of yours," replied the man; "nor where I come from neither. You'll soon see where I'm goin'. I'm goin' agin' the enemy."

"Then you must come and join us," cried Wharton.

This the stranger testily refused to do. He'd fight on his own hook, he said.

Wharton told him he must not do that.

He should like to see who'd hinder him, he said, and walked on. The next moment he shot the first artilleryman. After that they let him take his own way.

Neither Wharton, nor any of his men, knew what had become of him; but at last I met with a bear-hunter, who gave me the following information.

"Calklatin'," said he, "that the wild prairieman's rifle was a capital good one, as good a one as ever killed a bear, he tho't it a pity that it should fall into bad hands, so went to secure it himself, although the frontispiece of its dead owner warn't very invitin'.

But when he stooped to take the gun, he got such a shove as knocked him backwards, and on getting up, he saw the prairieman openin' his jacket and examinin' a wound on his breast, which was neither deep nor dangerous, although it had taken away the man's senses for a while. The ball had struck the breast bone, and was quite near the skin, so that the wounded man pushed it out with his fingers; and then supporting himself on his rifle, got up from the ground, and without either shankye, or a d—nye, walked to where his mustang was tied up, got on its back, and rode slowly away in a northerly direction.

This was all the information I could obtain on the subject, and shortly afterwards the main body of our army came up, and I had other matters to occupy my attention. General Austin expressed his gratitude and approbation to our brave fellows, after a truly republican and democratic fashion. He shook hands with all the rough bear and buffalo hunters, and drank with them. Fanning and myself were promoted, on the spot, to the rank of colonel.

We were giving the general a detailed account of the morning's events, when a Mexican priest appeared with a flag of truce and several waggons, and craved permission to take away the dead. This was of course granted, and we had some talk with the padre, who, however, was too wily a customer to allow himself to be pumped. What little we did get out of him, determined us to advance the same afternoon against San Antonio. We thought there was some chance, that in the present panic-struck state of the Mexicans, we might obtain possession of the place by a bold and sudden assault.

In this, however, we were mistaken. We found the gates closed, and the enemy on his guard, but too dispirited to oppose our taking up a position at about cannon-shot from the great redoubt. We had soon invested all the outlets from the city.

San Antonio de Bexar lies in a fertile and well-irrigated valley, stretching westward from the river Salado. In the centre of the town rises the fort of the Alamo, which at that time was armed with forty-eight pieces of artillery of various calibre. The gar-



rioon of the town and fortress was nearly three thousand strong.

Our artillery consisted of two batteries of four six, and five eight-pounders; our army of eleven hundred men, with which we had not only to carry on the siege, but also to make head against the forces that would beset against us from Cohahuila, on the frontier of which province General Cos was stationed, with a strong body of troops.

We were not discouraged, however, and opened our fire upon the city. During the first week, not a day passed without smart skirmishes. General Cos's dragoons were swarming about us like so many Bedonins. But although well-mounted, and capital horsemen, they were no match for our backwoodsmen. Those from the western states especially, accustomed to Indian warfare and cunning, laid traps and ambuscades for the Mexicans, and were constantly destroying their detachments. As for the besieged, if one of them showed his head for ten seconds above the city wall, he was sure of getting a rifle bullet through it. I cannot say that our besieging army was a perfect model of military discipline; but any deficiencies in that respect were made good by the intelligence of the men, and the zeal and unanimity with which they pursued the accomplishment of our great object—the capture of the city—the liberty and independence of Texas.

The badness of the gunpowder used by the Mexicans, was again of great service to us. Many of their cannon balls that fell far short of us, were collected and returned to them with powerful effect. We kept a sharp look-out for convoys, and captured no less than three—one of horses, another of provisions, and twenty thousand dollars in money.

After an eight weeks' siege, a breach having been made, the city surrendered, and a month later the fort followed the example. With a powerful park of artillery, we then advanced upon Goliad, the strongest fortress in Texas, which likewise capitulated in about four weeks' time. We were now masters of the whole country, and the war was apparently at an end.

But the Mexicans were not the people to give up their best province so easily. They have too much of the old Spanish character about them—

that determined obstinacy which sustained the Spaniards during their protracted struggle against the Moors. The honour of their republic was compromised, and that must be redeemed. Thundering proclamations were issued, denouncing the Texans as rebels, who should be swept off the face of the earth, and threatening the United States for having aided us with money and volunteers. Ten thousand of the best troops in Mexico entered Texas, and were shortly to be followed by ten thousand more. The President, General Santa Anna, himself came to take the command, attended by a numerous and brilliant staff.

The Texans laughed at the fanfarrouades of the dons, and did not attach sufficient importance to these formidable preparations. Their good opinion of themselves, and contempt of their foes, had been increased to an unreasonable degree by their recent and rapid successes. They forgot that the troops to which they had hitherto been opposed were for the most part militia, and that those now advancing against them were of a far better description, and had probably better powder. The call to arms made by our president, Burnet, was disregarded by many, and we could only get together about two thousand men, of whom nearly two-thirds had to be left to garrison the forts of Goliad and Alamo. In the first named place we left seven hundred and sixty men, under the command of Fanning; in the latter, something more than five hundred. With the remaining seven or eight hundred, we took the field.

The Mexicans advanced so rapidly, that they were upon us before we were aware of it, and we were compelled to retreat, leaving the garrisons of the two forts to their fate, and a right melancholy one it proved to be.

One morning news was brought to Goliad, that a number of country people, principally women and children, were on their way to the fort, closely pursued by the Mexicans. Fanning, losing sight of prudence in his compassion for these poor people, immediately ordered a battalion of five hundred men, under the command of Major Ward, to go and meet the fugitives and escort them in. The major, and several officers of the garrison, doubted as to the propriety of

this measure; but Fanning, full of sympathy for his unprotected countrywomen, insisted, and the battalion moved out. They soon came in sight of the fugitives, as they thought, but on drawing nearer, the latter turned out to be Mexican dragoons, who sprang upon their horses, which were concealed in the neighbouring islands of trees, and a desperate fight began. The Mexicans, far superior in numbers, received every moment accessions to their strength. The Louis-Potosi and Santa Fe cavalry, fellows who seem born on horseback, were there. Our unfortunate countrymen were hemmed in on all sides. The fight lasted two days, and only two men out of the five hundred escaped with their lives.

Before the news of this misfortune reached us, orders had been sent to Fanning to evacuate the fort and join us with six pieces of artillery. He received the order, and proceeded to execute it. But what might have been very practicable for eight hundred and sixty men, was impossible for three hundred and sixty. Nevertheless, Fanning began his march through the prairie. His little band was almost immediately surrounded by the enemy. After a gallant defence, which lasted twelve hours, they succeeded in reaching an island, but scarcely had they established themselves there, when they found that their ammunition was expended. There was nothing left for them, but to accept the terms offered by the Mexicans, who pledged themselves, that if they laid down their arms, they should be permitted to return to their homes. But the rifles were no sooner piled, than the Texians found themselves charged by their treacherous foes, who butchered them without mercy. Only an advanced post of three men succeeded in escaping.

The five hundred men whom we had left in San Antonio de Bexar, fared no better. Not being sufficiently numerous to hold out the town as well as the Alamo, they retreated into the latter. The Mexican artillery soon laid a part of the fort in ruins. Still its defenders held out. After eight days' fighting, during which the loss of the besiegers was tremendously severe, the Alamo was taken, and not a single Texian left alive.

We thus, by these two cruel blows, lost two-thirds of our army, and little more than seven hundred men remained to resist the numerous legions of our victorious foe. The prospect before us, was one well calculated to daunt the stoutest heart.

The Mexican general, Santa Anna, moved his army forward in two divisions, one stretching along the coast towards Velasco, the other advancing towards San Felipe de Austin. He himself, with a small force, marched in the centre. At Fort Bend, twenty miles below San Felipe, he crossed the Brazos, and shortly afterwards established himself with about fifteen hundred men in an entrenched camp. Our army, under the command of General Houston, was in front of Harrisburg, to which place the congress had retreated.

It was on the night of the twentieth of April, and our whole disposable force, some seven hundred men, was bivouacking in and about an island of sycamores. It was a cloudy, stormy evening: a high wind was blowing, and the branches of the trees groaned and creaked above our heads. The weather harmonized well enough with our feelings, which were sad and desponding when we thought of the desperate state of our cause. We (the officers) were sitting in a circle round the general and Alcalde, both of whom appeared uneasy and anxious. More than once they got up, and walked backwards and forwards, seemingly impatient, and as if they were waiting for or expecting something. There was a deep silence throughout the whole bivouac; some were sleeping, and those who watched were in no humour for idle chat.

"Who goes there?" suddenly shouted one of the sentries. The answer we did not hear, but it was apparently satisfactory, for there was no further challenge, and a few seconds afterwards an orderly came up, and whispered something in the ear of the Alcalde. The latter hurried away, and, presently returning, spoke a few words in a low tone to the general, and then to us officers. In an instant we were all upon our feet. In less than ten minutes, the bivouac was broken up, and our little army on the march.

All our people were well mounted,

and armed with rifles, pistols, and bowie-knives. We had six field-pieces, but we only took four, harnessed with twice the usual number of horses. We marched at a rapid trot the whole night, led by a tall, gaunt figure of a man who acted as our guide, and kept some distance in front. I more than once asked the Alcalde who this was. "You will know by and by," was his answer.

Before daybreak we had ridden five and twenty miles, but had been compelled to abandon two more guns. As yet, no one knew the object of this forced march. The general commanded a halt, and ordered the men to refresh and strengthen themselves by food and drink. While they were doing this, he assembled the officers around him, and the meaning of our night march was explained to us. The camp in which the Mexican president and general-in-chief had entrenched himself was within a mile of us; General Parza, with two thousand men, was twenty miles further to the rear; General Filasola, with one thousand, eighteen miles lower down on the Brazos; Viesca, with fifteen hundred, twenty-five miles higher up. One bold and decided blow, and Texas might yet be free. There was not a moment to lose, nor was one lost. The general addressed the men.

"Friends! Brothers! Citizens! General Santa Anna is within a mile of us with fifteen hundred men. The hour that is to decide the question of Texian liberty is now arrived. What say you? Do we attack?"

"We do!" exclaimed the men with one voice, cheerfully and decidedly.

In the most perfect stillness, we arrived within two hundred paces of the enemy's camp. The *reveille* of the sleeping Mexicans was the discharge of our two field-pieces loaded with canister. Rushing on to within twenty-five paces of the entrenchment, we gave them a deadly volley from our rifles, and then, throwing away the latter, bounded up the breastworks, a pistol in each hand. The Mexicans, scared and stupefied by this sudden attack, were running about in the wildest confusion, seeking their arms, and not knowing which way to turn. After firing our pistols, we threw them away as we had done

our rifles, and, drawing our bowie-knives, fell, with a shout, upon the masses of the terrified foe. It was more like the boarding of a ship than any land fight I had ever seen or imagined.

My station was on the right of the line, where the breastwork, ending in a redoubt, was steep and high. I made two attempts to climb up, but both times slipped back. On the third trial I nearly gained the summit; but was again slipping down, when a hand seized me by the collar, and pulled me up on the bank. In the darkness and confusion I did not distinguish the face of the man who rendered me this assistance. I only saw the glitter of a bayonet which a Mexican thrust into his shoulder, at the very moment he was helping me up. He neither flinched nor let go his hold of me till I was fairly on my feet; then, turning slowly round, he levelled a pistol at the soldier, who, at that very moment, was struck down by the Alcalde.

"No thanks to ye, squire!" exclaimed the man, in a voice which made me start, even at that moment of excitement and bustle. I looked at the speaker, but could only see his back, for he had already plunged into the thick of the fight, and was engaged with a party of Mexicans, who defended themselves desperately. He fought like a man more anxious to be killed than to kill, striking furiously right and left, but never guarding a blow, though the Alcalde, who was by his side, warded off several which were aimed at him.

By this time my men had scrambled up after me. I looked round to see where our help was most wanted, and was about to lead them forward, when I heard the voice of the Alcalde.

"Are you badly hurt, Bob?" said he in an anxious tone.

I glanced at the spot whence the voice came. There lay Bob Rock, covered with blood, and apparently insensible. The Alcalde was supporting his head on his arm. Before I had time to give a second look I was hurried forward with the rest towards the centre of the camp, where the fight was at the hottest.

About five hundred men, the pick of the Mexican army, had collected round a knot of staff-officers, and were



making a most gallant defence. General Houston had attacked them with three hundred of our people, but had not been able to break their ranks. His charge, however, had shaken them a little, and, before they had time to recover from it, I came up. Giving a wild hurrah, my men fired their pistols, hurled them at their enemies' heads, and then springing over the carcasses of the fallen, dashed like a thunderbolt into the broken ranks of the Mexicans.

A frightful butchery ensued. Our men, who were for the most part, and at most times, peaceable and humane in disposition, seemed converted into perfect fiends. Whole ranks of the enemy fell under their knives. Some idea may be formed of the horrible slaughter from the fact, that the fight, from beginning to end, did not last above ten minutes, and in that time nearly eight hundred Mexicans were shot or cut down. "No quarter!" was the cry of the infuriated assailants: "Remember Alamo! Remember Goliad! Think of Fanning, Ward!" The Mexicans threw themselves on their knees, imploring mercy. "*Misericordia! Cuartel, por el amor de Dios!*" shrieked they in heart-rending tones: but their supplications were not listened to, and every man of them would inevitably have been butchered, had not General Houston and the officers dashed in between the victors and the vanquished, and with the greatest difficulty, and by threats of cutting down our own men if they did not desist, put an end to this scene of bloodshed, and saved the Texan character from the stain of unmanly cruelty.

When all was over, I hurried back to the place where I had left the Alcalde with Bob—the latter lay, bleeding from six wounds, only a few paces from the spot where he had helped me up the breastwork. The bodies of two dead Mexicans served him for a pillow. The Alcalde was kneeling by his side, gazing sadly and earnestly into the face of the dying man.

For Bob was dying; but it was no longer the death of the despairing murderer. The expression of his features was calm and composed, and his eyes were raised to heaven with a look of hope and supplication.

I stooped down and asked him how

he felt himself, but he made no answer, and evidently did not recollect me. After a minute or two,

"How goes it with the fight?" he asked in a broken voice.

"We have conquered, Bob. The enemy killed or taken. Not a man escaped."

He paused a little, and then spoke again.

"Have I done my duty? May I hope to be forgiven?"

The Alcalde answered him in an agitated voice.

"He who forgave the sinner on the cross, will doubtless be merciful to you, Bob. His holy book says: There is more joy over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men. Be of good hope, Bob! the Almighty will surely be merciful to you!"

"Thank ye, squire," gasped Bob. "you're a true friend, a friend in life and in death. Well, it's come at last," said he, while a resigned and happy smile stole over his features. "I've prayed for it long enough. Thank God, it's come at last!"

He gazed up at the Alcalde with a kindly expression of countenance. There was a slight shuddering movement of his whole frame—Bob was dead.

The Alcalde remained kneeling for a short time by the side of the corpse, his lips moving in prayer. At last he rose to his feet.

"God desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he may turn from his wickedness and live," said he, in a low and solemn tone. "I had those words in my thoughts four years ago, when I cut him down from the branch of the Patriarch."

"Four years ago!" cried I. "Then you cut him down, and were in time to save him! Was it he who yesterday brought us the news of the vicinity of the foe?"

"It was, and much more than that has he done," replied the Alcalde, no longer striving to conceal the tears that fell from his eyes. "For four years has he dragged on his wretched existence, weary of the world, and despised of all men. For four years has he served us, lived, fought, and spied for us, without honour, reward, hope, or consolation—without a single hour of tranquillity, or a wish for

ought except death. All this to save Texas and his countrymen. Who shall say this man was not a true patriot? God will surely be merciful to his soul," said the Alcalde after a pause.

"I trust he will," answered I, deeply affected.

We were interrupted at this moment by a message from General Houston, to whom we immediately hastened. All was uproar and confusion. Santa Anna could not be found amongst the prisoners.

This was a terrible disappointment, for the capture of the Mexican president had been our principal object, and the victory we had gained was comparatively unimportant if he escaped. Indeed, the hope of putting an end to the war by his capture, had more than any thing encouraged and stimulated us to the unequal conflict.

The moment was a very critical one. Amongst our men were some thirty or forty most desperate characters, who began handling their knives, and casting looks upon the prisoners, the meaning of which it was impossible to mistake. Selecting some of our trustiest men, we stationed them as a guard over the captives, and, having thus assured the safety of the latter, began questioning them as to what had become of their general.

They had none of them seen Santa Anna since the commencement of the fight, and it was clear that he must have made his escape while we were getting over the breastworks. He could not be very far off, and we at once took measures to find him. A hundred men were sent off with the prisoners to Harrisburg, and a hundred others, capably mounted on horses found in the Mexican camp, started to scour the country in search of the fugitive chief. I accompanied the latter detachment.

We had been twelve hours in the saddle, and had ridden over nearly a hundred miles of ground. We began to despair of finding the game we were in quest of, and were thinking of abandoning the chase, when at a distance of about seven miles from the camp, one of our most experienced hunters discovered the print of a small and delicate hoof upon some soft ground leading to a marsh. Follow-

ing this trail, it at last led us to a small stream, up to his waist in the swamp, and so covered with mud and filth, as to be quite unrecognizable. We drew him from his hiding-place, half dead with cold and terror, and, having washed the dirt from his face, we found him to be a man of about forty years of age, with blue eyes, of a mild, but crafty expression; a narrow, high forehead; long, thin nose, rather fleshy at the tip; projecting upper lip, and long chin. These features tallied too exactly with the description we had had of the Mexican president, for us to doubt that our prisoner was Santa Anna himself.

The only thing that at all tended to shake this conviction, was the extraordinary politeness of our new captive. He threw himself on his knees, begging us, in the name of God and all the saints, to spare his life. Our reiterated assurances and promises were insufficient to convince him of his being in perfect safety, or to induce him to adopt a demeanour more consistent with his dignity and high station.

The events which succeeded this fortunate capture are too well known to require more than a very brief recapitulation. The same evening a truce was agreed upon between Houston and Santa Anna, the latter sending orders to his different generals to retire upon San Antonio de Bexar, and other places in the direction of the Mexican frontier. These orders, valueless as emanating from a prisoner, most of the generals were weak or cowardly enough to obey, an obedience for which they were afterwards brought to trial by the Mexican congress. In a few days, two-thirds of Texas were in our possession.

The news of these successes brought crowds of volunteers to our standard. In three weeks, we had an army of several thousand men, with which we advanced against the Mexicans. There was no more fighting, however, for our antagonists had had enough, and allowed themselves to be driven from one position to another, till, in a month's time, there was not one of them left in the country.

The struggle was over, and Texas was free!

### THE ROMANCE OF THE EAST

When enumerating (in our number for July, last year) the principal Greek romances which succeeded the *Ethiopica* of Heliodorus, we placed next to the celebrated production of the Bishop of Trifa in point of merit (as it is generally held to have been also in order of time) the "Adventures of Clitophon and Leucippe," by Achilles Tatius. Though far inferior, both in the delineation of the characters and the contrivance of the story, to the *Ethiopica*, (from which, indeed, many of the incidents are obviously borrowed,) and not altogether free from passages offensive to delicacy, "Clitophon and Leucippe" is well entitled to a separate notice, not only from the grace of its style and diction, and the curious matter with which the narrative is interspersed, but from its presenting one of the few pictures, which have come down to these times, of the social and domestic life of the Greeks. In the *Ethiopica*, which may be considered as an heroic romance, the scene lies throughout in palaces, camps, and temples; kings, high-priests, and satraps, figure in every page, the hero himself is a prince of his own people; and the heroine, who at first appears of no lower rank than a high-priestess of Delphi, proves, in the sequel, the heir-ess of a mighty kingdom. In the work of Achilles Tatius, on the contrary, (the plot of which is laid at a later period of time than that of its predecessor,) the characters are taken, without exception, from the class of Grecian citizens, who are represented in the ordinary routine of polished social existence, amidst their gardens of villas, and occupied by their banquets and processions, and the business of their courts of law. There are no unexpected revelations, no talismanic rings, no mysterious secret affecting the fortunes of any of the personages, who are all presented to us at the commencement in their proper names and characters. The interest of the story, as in the *Ethiopica*, turns chiefly on an elopement, and the consequent misadventures of

the hero and heroine, among various sets of robbers and treacherous friends; but the lovers, after being thus duly punished for their undutiful escapade, are restored, at the final, to their original position, and settle quietly in their native home, under their own vines and fig-trees.

Of the author himself little appears to be certainly known. Fabricius and other writers have placed him in the "third or fourth" century of our era; but this date will by no means agree with his constant imitations of Heliodorus, who is known to have lived at the end of the fourth and beginning of the fifth century; and Tatius, if not his contemporary, probably lived not long after him. Suidas (who calls him *Adrianus*) informs us that he was a native of Alexandria; and attributes to his pen several other works on various subjects besides the romance now in question, a fragment only of which—a treatise on the sphere—has been preserved.\* He adds, that he was a pagan when he wrote "Clitophon and Leucippe," but late in life embraced Christianity, and even became a bishop. This latter statement, however, is unsupported by any other authority, and would seem to be opposed by the negative testimony of the patriarch Photius, who (in his famous *Bibliotheca*, 118, 130) passes a severe censure on the immorality of certain passages in the works of Tatius, and would scarcely have omitted to inveigh against the further scandal of their having proceeded from the pen of an ecclesiastic. "In style and composition this work is of high excellence; the periods are generally well rounded and perspicuous, and gratify the ear by their harmony . . . but, except in the names of the personages, and the unpardonable breaches of decorum of which he is guilty, the author appears to have closely copied Heliodorus both in the plan and execution of his narrative." In another passage, when treating of the *Babyloniaca* of Iamblichus, he repeats this condemnation: "Of

\* This work is now lost, and we know it only by the abstract given by Photius in the passage quoted.  
 \* Vol. I.V, no. CCCXXXIX.



these three principal writers of amorous tales. Hellodorus has treated the subject with due gravity and decorum. Iamblichus is not so unexceptionable on these points; and Achilles Tatius is still worse, in his eight books of *Clitophon and Leucippe*, the very diction of which is soft and effeminate, as if intended to relax the vigour of the reader's mind." This last denunciation of the patriarch, however, is somewhat too sweeping and indiscriminate, since, though some passages are certainly indefensible, they appear rather as interpolations, and are in no manner connected with the main thread of the story, the general tendency of which is throughout innocent and moral: and whatever may be said of these blemishes, it must be allowed that the pages of Achilles Tatius are purity itself when compared with the depravity of Longus, and some of his followers and imitators among the Greek romancists.

The period of time at which the adventures of *Clitophon and Leucippe* are supposed to take place, appears to be in the later ages of Grecian independence, when the successors of Alexander reigned in Syria and Egypt, and the colonized cities in Thrace and Asia Minor still preserved their municipal liberties. The story is related in the first person by the hero himself: a mode of narration which, though the best adapted for affording scope to the expression of the feelings of the principal personages, is, in this instance, very awkwardly introduced. A stranger, while contemplating a famous picture of the Rape of Europa in the Temple of Astarte at Sidon, is accosted by a young man, who, after a few incidental remarks, proceeds, without further preface, to recount his adventures at length to this casual acquaintance. This communicative gentleman is, of course, Clitophon; but before we proceed to the narrative of his loves and woes, we shall give a specimen of the author's powers in the line which appears to be his forte, by quoting his description of the painting above referred to:—"On entering the temple, my attention was attracted by a picture representing the story of Europa, in which sea and land were blended—the Phœnician Sea and the coasts of Sidon. On the

land was seen a band of maidens in a meadow, while in the sea a bull was swimming, who bore on his shoulders a beautiful virgin, and was making his way in the direction of Crete. The meadow was decked with a profusion of bright flowers, to which a grateful shelter was afforded by the dense overhanging foliage of the shrubs and clumps of trees, which were interspersed at intervals throughout its extent; while so skilfully had the artist represented the appearance of light and shade, that the rays of the sun were seen to pass here and there through the interstices of the leaves, and cast a softened radiance on the ground underneath. A spring was seen bubbling up in the midst, and refreshing the flowers and plants with its cool waters; while a labourer with a spade was at work opening a fresh channel for the stream. At the extremity of the meadow, where it bordered on the sea, the maidens stood grouped together, in attitudes expressive of mingled joy and terror: their brows were bound with chaplets, and their hair floated in loose locks over their shoulders; but their features were pale, and their cheeks contracted, and they gazed with lips apart and opened eyes on the sea, as if on the point of uttering a cry half-suppressed by fear. They were standing on tiptoe on the very verge of the shore, with their tunics girt up to the knee, and extending their arms towards the bull, as if meditating to rush into the sea in pursuit of him, and yet shrinking from the contact of the waves. The sea was represented of a reddish tint inshore, but further out the colour changed to deep azure; while in another part the waves were seen running in with a swell upon the rocks, and breaking against them into clouds of foam and white spray. In the midst of the sea the bull was depicted, breasting the lofty billows which surged against his sides, with the damsel seated on his back, not astride, but with both her feet disposed on his right side, while with her left hand she grasped his horn, by which she guided his motions as a charioteer guides a horse by the rein. She was arrayed in a white tunic, which did not extend much below her waist, and an under-garment of purple, reaching to her feet; but the outline

of her form, and the swell of her bosom, were distinctly defined through her garments. Her right hand rested on the back of the bull, with the left she retained her hold of his horn, while with both she grasped her veil, which was blown out by the wind, and expanded in an arch over her head and shoulders, so that the bull might be compared to a ship, of which the damsel's yell was the sail. Around them dolphins were sporting in the water, and winged loves fluttering in the air, so admirably depicted, that the spectator might fancy he saw them in motion. One Cupid guided the bull, while others hovered round bearing bows and quivers, and brandishing nuptial torches, regarding Jupiter with arch and sidelong glances, as if conscious that it was by their influence that the god had assumed the form of an animal."

To return to Clitophon and his tale. He begins by informing his hearer, that he is the son of Hippias, a noble and wealthy denizen of Tyre, and that he had been betrothed from his childhood, as was not unusual in those times,\* to his own half-sister Calligone:—but Leucippe, the daughter of Sostratus, a brother of Hippias, resident at Byzantium, having arrived with her mother Pauthia, to claim the hospitality of their Tyrian relatives during a war impending between their native city and the Thracian tribes, Clitophon at once becomes enamoured of his cousin, whose charms are described in terms of glowing panegyric:—"She seemed to me like the representation of Europa, which I see in

the picture before me,—her eye beaming with joy and happiness—her locks fair,† and flowing in natural ringlets, but her eyebrows and eyelashes jetty black—her complexion fair, but with a blush in her cheeks like that faint crimson with which the Lydian women stain ivory, and her lips like the hue of a fresh-opened rose." Love is not, however, in this case, as in that of Theagenes and Chariclea, instantaneous on both sides; and the expedient adopted by Clitophon, with the aid of his servant Satyrus, (a valet of the *Scapin* school,) to win the good graces of the lady, are detailed at length, evincing much knowledge of the human heart in the author, and affording considerable insight into the domestic arrangements of a Grecian family.‡ An understanding is at last effected between them, and Clitophon is in sad perplexity how to defer or evade his approaching nuptials with his sister-bride, when Calligone is most opportunely carried off by a band of pirates, employed by Callisthenes, a young Byzantine, who, having fallen in love with Leucippe from the mere report of her beauty, and having been refused her hand by her father, has followed her to Tyre, and seeing Calligone in a public procession chaperoned by Pauthia, has mistaken her for Leucippe! The lovers are thus left in the unrestrained enjoyment of each other's society: but Clitophon is ere long detected by Pauthia in an attempt to penetrate by night into her daughter's chamber; and though the darkness prevents the person of the intruder from being recognized, the

\* The laws of Athens permitted the marriage of a brother with his sister by the father's side only—thus Cimon married his half-sister Elpinice; and several marriages of the same nature occur in the history of the Egyptian Ptolemies.

† Fair hair, probably from its rarity in southern climates, seems to have been at all times much prized by the ancients; witness the *ξανθὴ Μυρίαδος* of Homer, and the "*Cui sacrum religas capam?*" of Horace. The style of Leucippe's beauty seems to have resembled that of Haidee—

"Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes  
Were black as night, their lashes the same hue."

‡ One incident, where Clitophon pretends to have been stung on the lip by a bee, and to be cured by a kiss from Leucippe, has been borrowed by Tasso in the *Aminta*, (Act I. Scene 2.) "*Che fingendo ch'un ape avesse morso il labbro di sotto,*" &c., whence the idea has been again copied by a host of later poets. This is not Tasso's only obligation to the Greek romances, as we have already seen that he was indebted to Heliodorus for the hint of his story of *Clorinda*.



confusion which this untoward occurrence occasions in the family is such, that Clitophon and Leucippe, feeling their secret no longer safe, determine on an elopement. Accompanied by the faithful Satyrus, and by Clinias, a kinsman and confidant of Clitophon, who generously volunteers to share their adventures, they accordingly set sail for Egypt: and the two gentlemen, having struck up an acquaintance with a fellow passenger, a young Alexandrian named Menelaus, beguile the voyage by discussing with their new friend the all-engrossing subject of love, the remarks on which at last take so antiplatonic a tone, that we can only hope Leucippe was out of hearing. These disquisitions are interrupted, on the third day of the voyage, by a violent tempest: and the sailors, finding the ship on the point of coming to pieces, betake themselves to the boat, leaving the passengers to their fate. But Clitophon and Leucippe, clinging to the fore-castle, are comfortably wafted by the winds and waves to the coast of Egypt, and landed near Pelusium, where they hire a vessel to carry them to Alexandria: but their voyage through the tortuous branches of the Nile is intercepted by marauders of the same class, *Bucoli* or buccaniers, as those who figure so conspicuously in the adventures of *Chariclea* and *Theagenes*. The robbers are at this juncture in expectation of an attack from the royal troops; and, having been ordered by their priests to propitiate the gods by the sacrifice of a virgin, are greatly at a loss for a victim, when chance throws Leucippe in their way. She is forthwith torn from her lover, and sent off to the headquarters of the banditti; and Clitophon is on his way to another of their retreats, when his captors are attacked and cut to pieces by a detachment of troops, whose commander, Charmides, commiserates the misfortunes of our hero, and hospitably entertains him in his tent.

A general attack on the buccanier force is projected for the next day, but the advance of the troops is found to be barred by a trench so wide and deep as to be impassable; and while preparations are made for filling it up, Leucippe is brought to the opposite

brink by two officiating priests, shrouded in armour, and there, to the horror of Clitophon, apparently ripped up alive before the altar. After completing the sacrifice, and depositing the body in a sarcophagus, the robbers disperse; the passage of the trench is at length effected; and Clitophon is preparing to fall on his sword at the tomb of his murdered love, when his hand is stayed by the appearance of his faithful friends, Menelaus and Satyrus, whom he had supposed lost in the ship. The mystery is now explained. They had reached the shore, like Clitophon, on pieces of the wreck, and having also fallen into the power of the robbers, (as appears to have been the inevitable fate of every one landing in Egypt at the time of this narrative,) were surprised by finding Leucippe among their fellow captives, and learning from her the dreadful fate which awaited her. Menelaus, however, having recognized some former acquaintances among the buccaniers, was released from his bonds: and having gained their confidence by proposing to enrol himself in their band, offered his services as sacrificer, which were accepted. He now contrived to equip Leucippe with an artfully constructed *false stomach*, and being further assisted in his humane stratagem by the discovery of a knife with a sliding blade, among some theatrical *properties* which the robbers had acquired in the course of casual plunder, succeeded in appearing to perform the sacrifice without any real injury to the victim, who at his call rises from the sarcophagus, and throws herself into her lover's arms.

It might be supposed, that after so portentously marvellous an escape as the one just related, the unlucky couple might be allowed a short respite at least from the persecutions of adverse fortune. But perils in love succeed without an interval to perils in war. It is the invariable rule of all Greek romances, as we have remarked in a previous number, that the attractions both of the hero and heroine, should be perfectly irresistible by those of the other sex; and accordingly, the Egyptian officer Charmides no sooner beholds Leucippe, than he falls in love with her, and endeavours to gain over Menelaus to further his views. Mene-

lous feigns compliance, but privately gives information of the designs of Charmides to Clitophon, who is thrown into a dreadful state of consternation by his apprehensions of this powerful rival. At this juncture, however, Leucippe is suddenly seized with a fit of extravagant frenzy, which defies all the skill of the Egyptian camp; and under the influence of which she violently assaults her friends, and is guilty of sundry vagaries not altogether seemly in a well-bred young lady. Both her admirers, Charmides and Clitophon, are in despair, and equally in ignorance of the cause of her malady; but before any symptoms of amendment are perceptible, Charmides receives orders\* to march with his whole force against the buccaniers, by whom he is inveigled into an ambuscade, and with most of his men either slain or drowned by the breaking of the dykes of the Nile. The madness of Leucippe is still incurable, till a stranger named Choereas makes his appearance, and introducing himself to Clitophon, informs him that he has discovered from the confession of a domestic, that Gorgias, an officer who fell in the late action with the *Bucoli*, captivated, like every one else, by the resistless charms of the heroine, had administered to her a philtre, the undue strength of which had excited frenzy instead of love. By the administration of proper remedies, the fair patient is now restored to her senses: and the total destruction of the robber-colony by a stronger force sent against them having rendered the

navigation of the Nile again secure, the lovers once more embark for Alexandria, accompanied by Menelaus and Choereas, and at length arrive in safety at the city, which they find illuminated for the great feast of Serapis.

The first sight of the glories of Alexandria, at the supposed period of the narrative the largest and most magnificent city in the world, and many ages subsequently second only to Imperial Rome herself, excites the astonishment and admiration of the newcomers:—and the author takes the opportunity to dilate, with pardonable complacency, on the magnitude and grandeur of the place of his birth. “When I entered the city,” (says Clitophon,) “by the gates called those of the sun, its wonderful beauty flashed at once upon my sight, almost dazzling my eyes with the excess of gratification. A lofty colonnade of pillars, on each side of the street,† runs right from the gates of the sun on one side, to those of the moon, (for these are its guardian deities,) on the other; and the distance is such, that a walk through the city is in itself a journey. When we had proceeded several stadia, we arrived at the square named after Alexander, whence other colonnades, like those I saw extending in a right line before me, branched off right and left at right angles; and my eyes, never weary of wandering from one street to another, were unable to contemplate separately the various objects of attraction which presented themselves. Some I had before my eyes,

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\* These orders are said to have come from the “*satrap*,” the Persian title having been retained under the Ptolemies, for the governors of the *nomes* or provinces. The description of the stronghold of the buccaniers, in the deep recesses of a marsh, and approachable only by a single hidden path, (like the stockades of the North-American Indians in the swamps, as described by Cotton Mather,) if not copied, like most of the other Egyptian scenes, from the *Ethiopics*, presents a curious picture of a class of men of whom few details are in authentic history.

† The main street, according to Diodorus, was “forty stadia in length, and a *plethrum* (100 feet) in breadth; adorned through its whole extent by a succession of palaces and temples of the most costly magnificence. Alexander also erected a royal palace, which was an edifice wonderful both for its magnitude and the solidity of its architecture, and all the kings who have succeeded him, even up to our times, have spent great sums in further adorning and making additions to it. On the whole, the city may be fairly reckoned as the first in the world, whether for magnitude and beauty, for traffic, or for the greatness of its revenues.”—— “It comprehended,” says Gibbon, speaking of it under the Roman Emperors, “a circumference of fifteen miles, and was peopled by 300,000 free inhabitants, besides, at least, an equal number of slaves.”

some I was hastening to gaze upon, when I found myself unable to pass by others, while a fresh series of marvels still awaited me, so that my powers of vision were at last fairly exhausted, and obliged to confess themselves beaten. \* The vast extent of the city, and the innumerable multitude of the population, produced on the mind the effect of a double paradox; for regarding the one, the stranger wondered where such a city, which seemed as large as a continent, could find inhabitants; but when his attention was drawn to the other, he was again perplexed how so many people, more numerous than a nation, could find room in any single city. Thus the two conflicting feelings of amazement remained in equilibrium."

Choereas, himself a native of the city, who had been called upon to take service in the late expedition against the buccaniers, does the honours of the locale to his new friends:—but he is not proof against the fatal charms of Leucippe, and resorts to the old expedient of procuring her abduction by a crew of pirates while on an excursion to the Pharos. The vessel of the captors is, however, chased by a guard-boat, and on the point of being taken, when Leucippe is brought on deck and decapitated by the pirates, who throw the headless body into the sea, and make their escape: while Clitophon stays the pursuit, to recover the remains of his mistress for sepulture. Clitophon now returns to Alexandria to mourn for his lost love, and is still inconsolable at the end of six months, when he is surprised by the appearance of Clinias, whom he had supposed to have perished when the vessel foundered at sea. Clinias relates that having, like the others, floated on a piece of the wreck, he had been picked up by a ship, which brought him back to Sidon; and as his absence from home had been so short as not to have been generally noticed, he had thought it best not to mention it, especially as he had no good account to give of his fellow-fugitives. In the mean time, as Caligone is given up for lost, Sostratus, who has heard of his daughter's attachment to Clitophon, but not of the elopement, writes from Byzantium to give his consent to their union; and

diligent enquiries are made in every direction for the runaway couple, till information is at length obtained that Clitophon has been seen in Egypt. His father, Hippas, is therefore preparing to set sail for Alexandria to bring back the truant, when Clinias, thinking it would be as well to forewarn Clitophon of what had occurred in his absence, starts without delay, unknown to Hippas, and reaches Alexandria before him.

The intelligence thus received throws Clitophon into fresh agonies of grief and remorse: he curses his own impatience in carrying off Leucippe, when a short delay would have crowned his happiness; accuses himself anew as the cause of her death; and declares his determination not to remain in Egypt and encounter his father. His friends, Menelaus and Clinias, in vain endeavour to combat this resolve: till the over-ready Satyrus finds an expedient for evading the difficulty. A young "Ephesian widow," named Melissa, fair and susceptible, who has lately lost her husband at sea, and become the heiress of his immense wealth, has recently (in obedience to the above-mentioned invariable law of Greek romance) fixed an eye of ardent affection on Clitophon; and it is suggested by his friends that, by marrying this new innamorata, and sailing with her forthwith on her return to Ephesus, his departure would at once be satisfactorily explained to his father on his arrival, and he might return to his friends at Tyre after their emotions at the tragical catastrophe of Leucippe had in some measure subsided. After much persuasion, Clitophon accedes to this arrangement, with the sole proviso that nothing but the *flamantes*, or betrothal, shall take place in Egypt, and that the completion of the marriage shall be deferred till their arrival in Ephesus—on the plea that he cannot pledge his faith to another in the land where his beloved Leucippe met with her fate. This proposal, after vehement opposition on the part of the amorous Ephesian, is at last agreed to; and Clitophon, with his half-married bride, sets sail for Ephesus, accompanied by Clinias; while Menelaus, who remains in Egypt, undertakes the task of explaining mat-



ters to Hippias. The voyage is prosperously accomplished; and Melissa becomes urgent for the formal solemnization of the nuptials; while Clitophon continues to oppose frivolous delays which might have roused the anger of a lady even of a less ardent temperament. Her affection, however, continues undiminished; but Clitophon, while visiting, in her company, her country residence in the neighbourhood of the city, is thunder-struck by fancying that he recognizes, in the disfigured lineaments of a female slave, said to be a Thessalian of the name of Larrena, who approaches Melissa to complain of the ill-treatment she has received from the steward, Sostron, the features of his lost Leucippe. His suspicions are confirmed by a billet which Leucippe conveys to him through Satyrus: and his situation becomes doubly perplexing, as Melissa, more than ever at a loss to comprehend the cause of his indifference, applies to Leucippe, (whom she supposes to possess the skill of the Thessalians in magic,) for a love-charm to compel his affections, promising her liberty as a reward. Leucippe is delighted by the proof which this request affords of the constancy of her lover; but the preparations for his marriage with Melissa still proceed, and evasion appears impossible: when at the preliminary banquet, the return of her husband, Thersander, is announced, who had been falsely reported to have perished by shipwreck. A terrible scene of confusion ensues, in which Thersander,

—“proceeding at a very high rate.  
Shows the imperial penchant of a pirate.”

Clitophon gets a violent beating, to which he submits with the utmost tameness, and is thrown into fetters by the enraged husband; and though Melissa, on certain conditions, furnishes him with the means of escape from the house in the disguise of a female, he again unluckily encounters Thersander, and is lodged in the prison of Ephesus. Leucippe, meanwhile, of whose unrivalled charms Thersander has been informed by Sostron, is still detained in bondage, and suffers cruel persecution from her brutal master; who, at last, having learned from an overheard colloquy her

true parentage and history, as well as her attachment for Clitophon, (of her relations with whom he was not previously aware,) forms a scheme of ridding himself of this twofold rival, by sending one of his emissaries into the prison, who gives out that he has been arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of Leucippe, who has been dispatched by assassins employed by the jealous Melissa. Clitophon at once gives full credence to this awkwardly devised tale, and determines not to survive his mistress, in spite of the remonstrances of Clinias, who argues with much reason, that one who had so often been miraculously preserved from death, might have escaped also on the present occasion. But Clitophon refuses to be comforted; and when brought before the assembly in the forum to stand his trial, on the charge, (apparently, for it is not very clearly specified,) of having married another man's wife, he openly declares himself guilty of Leucippe's murder, which he affirms to have been concerted between Melissa and himself. In order to remove the obstacle to their amours, and now revealed by him from remorse. He is, of course, condemned to death forthwith, and Thersander is triumphing in the unexpected success of his schemes, when the judicial proceedings are interrupted by the appearance of a religious procession, at the head of which Clitophon is astonished by recognizing his uncle Sostratus, the father of Leucippe, who had been deputed by the Byzantines, to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving, at the Temple of Diana, for their victory over the Thracians. On hearing the state of affairs, he furiously denounces the murderer of his daughter; but at this moment it is announced that Leucippe, whom Thersander had believed to be in safe custody, has escaped, and taken refuge in the Temple of Diana!

The interest of the story is now at an end; but much yet remains before the conclusion. Thersander, maddened at the prospect of being thus doubly balked of his prey, throws gross aspersions on the purity of Leucippe, and even demands that Clitophon, in spite of his now manifest innocence, shall be executed in pursuance of the previous sentence! but the high-priest

of Diana takes the lovers under his protection, and the cause is adjourned to the morrow. Leucippe now relates the circumstances of her captivity:—the Alexandrian pirates, having deceived their pursuers, by beheading another captive dressed in her garments, had next fallen out with and murdered their base employer Chorreas, and finally sold her for two thousand drachinas to Sostratus: while from Sostratus, on the other hand, Clitophon receives tidings that his long-lost sister Calligone is on the point of marriage to Callisthenes, who, it will be remembered, had carried her off from Tyre by mistake for Leucippe, (having become enamoured of the latter without ever having seen her,) and on the discovery of his error, had made her all the amends in his power by an instant transfer of his affections. Thus everything is on the point of ending happily: but the sentence passed against Clitophon still remains unreversed, and Thersander, in the assembly of the following day, vehemently calls for its ratification. But the cause of the defendant is espoused by the high-priest, who lavishes on the character and motives of Thersander a torrent of abuse, couched in language little fitting his sacred character; while Thersander shows himself in this respect fully a match for his reverend antagonist, and, moreover, reiterates with fresh violence his previous charge against Leucippe. The debates are protracted to an insufferably tedious length: but the character of Leucippe is at last vindicated by her descent into a cavern, whence sounds of more than human melody are heard on the entrance of a damsel of untainted fame. The result of this ordeal is, of course, triumphant; and Thersander, overwhelmed with confusion, makes his escape from the popular indignation, and is condemned to exile by acclamation as a suborner of false evidence; while the lovers, freed at length from all their troubles, sail for Byzantium in company with Sostratus; and after there solemnizing their own nuptials, return to Tyre to assist at those of Callisthenes and Calligone.

The leading defects observable in this romance are obviously the glaring improbability of many of the incidents,

and the want of connexion and necessary dependence between the several parts of the story. Of the former—the device of the false stomach and theatrical dagger, by means of which Menelaus and Satyrus (after gaining, moreover, in a moment the full confidence of the buccaniers,) save the life of Leucippe when doomed to sacrifice, is the most flagrant instance; though her second escape from supposed death, when Clitophon imagines that he sees her head struck off by the Alexandrian pirates, is almost equally liable to the same objection; while in either case the deliverance of the heroine might as well have been managed, without prejudice either to the advancement or interest of the narrative, by more rational and probable methods. The too frequent introduction of incidents and personages not in any way connected with, or conducive to the progress of the main plot, is also objectionable, and might almost induce the belief that the original plan was in some measure altered or departed from in the course of composition. It is difficult to conceive for what purpose the character of Calligone, the sister and fiancée of Clitophon, is introduced among the dramatic persons. She appears at the beginning only to be carried off by Callisthenes as soon as Clitophon's passion for Leucippe makes her presence inconvenient, and we incidentally hear of her as on the point of becoming his bride at the conclusion; but she is seen only for a moment, and never permitted to speak, like a walking gruel-woman on the stage, and exercises not the smallest influence on the fortunes of the others. Georgias is still worse used: he is a mere *nominis umbra*, of whose bodily presence nothing is made visible; nor is so much as his name mentioned, except for the purpose of informing us that it was through his agency that the love-potion was administered to Leucippe, and that he has since been killed in the action against the buccaniers. The whole incident of the philtre, indeed, and the consequent madness of the heroine, is unnatural and revolting, and serves no end but to introduce Chorreas to effect a cure. But even had it been indispensable to the plot, it might have been far more probably ascribed to the Egyptian commander Charmides, with



whose passion for Leucippe we were already acquainted, and who had, moreover, learned from Menelans that he had little chance of success by ordinary methods, from the pre-engagement of the lady to Clitophon.

Nor are these defects compensated by any high degree of merit in the delineation of the characters. With the exception of Leucippe herself, they are all almost wholly devoid of individuality or distinguishing traits, and insipid and uninteresting to the last degree. Menelans and Clinias, the confidants and trusted friends of the hero, are the dullest of all dull mortals—a qualification which perhaps fits them in some measure for the part they are to bear in the story, as affording some security against their falling in love with Leucippe, a fate which they, of all the masculine personages, alone escape. Their active intervention is confined to the preservation of Leucippe from the *huculi* by Menelans, and a great deal of useless declamation in behalf of Clitophon before the assembly of Ephesus from Clinias. Satyrus, also, from whose knavish ingenuity in the early part of the tale something better was to be expected, soon subsides into a well-behaved domestic, and hands his master the letter in which poor Leucippe makes herself known to him at Ephesus, when she imagines him married to Melissa, with all the nonchalance of a modern footman. Clitophon himself is hardly a shade superior to his companions. He is throughout a mere passive instrument, leaving to chance, or the exertions of others, his extrication from the various troubles in which he becomes involved: even of the qualities usually regarded as inseparable from a hero of romance, spirit and personal courage, he is so utterly destitute as to suffer himself to be beaten and ill treated, both by Thersander and Sotratius, without an attempt to defend himself; and his lamentations, whenever he finds himself in difficulties, or separated from his lady-love, are absolutely puerile. As to the other characters, Thersander is a mere vulgar ruffian—"a rude and boisterous captain of the sea,"—whose brutal violence on his first appearance, and subsequent unprincipled machinations, deprive him of the sympathy

which might otherwise have been excited in behalf of one who finds his wife and his property unceremoniously taken possession of during his absence; while, on the other hand, the language used by the high-priest of Diana, in his invectives against Thersander and his accomplices, gives but a low idea of the dignity or refinement of the Ephesian hierarchy. But the female characters, as is almost always the case in the Greek romances, are far better drawn, and infinitely more interesting, than the men. Even Melissa, though apparently intended only as a foil to the perfections of Leucippe, wins upon us by her amorous weakness, and the invincible kindness of heart which impels her, even when acquainted with the real state of affairs, to protect the lovers against her husband's malpractices. Leucippe herself goes far to make amends for the general insipidity of the other characters. Though not a heroine of so lofty a stamp as Chariclea, in whom the spirit of her royal birth is all along apparent, she is endow'd with a mingled gentleness and firmness, which is strongly contrasted with the weakness and pusillanimity of her lover:—her uncomplaining tenderness, when she finds Clitophon at Ephesus (as she imagines) the husband of another, and the calm dignity with which she vindicates herself from the injurious aspersions of Thersander, are represented with great truth and feeling, and attach a degree of interest to her, which the other personages of the narrative are very far from inspiring.

In the early part of the story, during the scenes in Tyre and Egypt, the action is carried on with considerable spirit and briskness; the author having apparently thus far kept before him, as a model, the narrative of Heliodorus. But towards the conclusion, and, indeed, from the time of the arrival of Clitophon and Melissa at Ephesus, the interest flags woefully. The *dénouement* is inevitably foreseen from the moment Clitophon is made aware that Leucippe is still alive and in his neighbourhood, and the arrival of Thersander, almost immediately afterwards, disposes of the obstacle of his engagement to Melissa; but the reader is acquainted with all these circumstances before the end of the

fifth book; the three remaining books being entirely occupied by the proceedings in the judicial assembly, the recriminations of the high-priest, and the absurd ordeal to which Leucippe is subjected—all apparently introduced for no other purpose than to show the author's skill in declamation. The display of his own acquirements in various branches of art and science, and of his rhetorical powers of language in describing them, is indeed an object of which Achilles Tatius never loses sight; and continual digressions from the thread of the story for this purpose occur, often extremely *mal-à-propos*, and sometimes entirely without reference to the preceding narrative. Thus, when Clitophon is relating the terms of an oracle addressed to the Byzantines, previous to their war with the Thracians, he breaks off at once into a dissertation on the wonderful qualities of the element of water, the inflammable springs of Sicily, the gold extracted from the lakes of Africa, &c.—all which is supposed to be introduced into a conversation on the oracle between Sostratus and his colleague in command, and could only have come to the knowledge of Clitophon by being repeated to him *verbatim*, after a considerable interval of time, by Sostratus. Again, in the midst of the hero's perplexities at his threatened marriage with Calligone, we are favoured with a minute enumeration of the gems set in an ornament which his father purchased as part of the trousseau; and this again leads to an account of the discovery and application of the purple dye. The description of objects of natural history is at all times a favourite topic; and the sojourn of the lovers in Egypt affords the author an opportunity of indulging in details relative to the habits and appearances of the various strange animals found in that country—the crocodile, the hippopotamus, and the elephant, are described

with considerable spirit and fidelity; and even the form and colours of the fabulous phoenix, are delineated with all the confidence of an eyewitness.

Many of these episodic sketches, though out of place when thus awkwardly inserted in the midst of the narrative, are in themselves curious and well written; but the most valuable and interesting among them are the frequent descriptions of paintings, a specimen of which has already been given. On this subject especially, the author dwells *con amore*, and his remarks are generally characterised by a degree of good taste and correct feeling, which indicates a higher degree of appreciation of the pictorial art than is generally ascribed to the age in which Achilles Tatius wrote. Even in the latter part of the first century of our era, Pliny, when enumerating the glorious names of the ancient Greek painters, laments over the total decline, in his own days, of what he terms (*Nat. Hist.* xxxv. 11) “an aspiring art;” but the monarchs of the Macedonian dynasties in Asia, and, above all, the Egyptian Ptolemies, were both munificent patrons of the fine arts among their own subjects, and diligent collectors of the great works of past ages; and many of the *chef-d'œuvres* of the Grecian masters were thus transferred from their native country to adorn the temples and palaces of Egypt and Syria. We find, from Plutarch, that when Aratus was exerting himself to gain for the Achaean league the powerful alliance of Ptolemy Euergetes, he found no means so effectual in conciliating the good-will of the monarch, as the procuring for him some of the masterpieces of Pamphilus\* and Melanthius, the most renowned of the famous school of Sicyon; and the knowledge of the high estimation in which the arts were held, under the Egyptian kings, gives an additional value to the accounts given by Tatius of these trea-

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\* Pamphilus was a Macedonian by birth, and a pupil of Eupompus, the founder of the school of Sicyon; to the presidency of which he succeeded. His pupils paid each a talent a-year for instruction; and Melanthius, and even Apelles himself, for a time, were among the number.—Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* xxxv. 56. The great talent of Melanthius, like that of his master Pamphilus, lay in composition and grouping; and so highly were his pictures esteemed, that Pliny, in another passage, says, that the wealth of a city would hardly purchase one.

sures of a past age, his notions of which are the latest, in point of time, which have come down to us from an eyewitness. We have already quoted the author's vivid description of the painting of Europa at Sidon—we shall now subjoin, as a pendant to the former notice, his remarks on a pair of pictures at Pelusium:—

“In this temple (of Jupiter Casius) were two famous works of Evanthus, illustrative of the legends of Andromeda and Prometheus, which the painter had probably selected as a pair, from the similarity of the subjects—the principal figure in each being bound to a rock and exposed to the attack of a terrific animal; in one case a denizen of the air, in the other a monster of the sea; and the deliverers of both being Argives, and of kindred blood to each other, Hercules and Perseus—the former of whom encountered, on foot, the savage bird sent by Jove, while the latter mounted on borrowed wings into the air, to assail the monster which issued from the sea at the command of Neptune. In the picture of Andromeda, the virgin was laid in a hollow of the rock, not fashioned by art, but rough like a natural cavity; and which, if viewed only with regard to the beauty of that which it contained, looked like a niche holding an exquisite statue fresh from the chisel; but the sight of her bonds, and of the monster approaching to devour her, gave it rather the aspect of a sepulchre. On her features extreme liveliness was blended with deadly terror, which was seated on her pallid cheeks, while beauty beamed forth from her eyes; but, as even amid the pallor of her cheeks a faint tinge of colour was yet perceptible, so was the brightness of her eyes, on the other hand, in some measure dimmed, like the bloom of lately blighted violets. Her white arms were extended, and lashed to the rock; but their whiteness partook of a livid hue, and her fingers were like those of a corpse. Thus lay she, expecting death, but arrayed like a bride, in a long white robe, which seemed not as if woven from the fleece of the sheep, but from the web of the spider, or of those winged insects, the long threads spun by which are gathered by the Indian women from the trees of their own country. The

monster was just rising out of the sea opposite to the damsel, his head alone being distinctly visible, while the unwieldy length of his body was still in a great measure concealed by the waves, yet so as partially to discover his formidable array of spines and scales, his swollen neck, and his long flexible tail, while the gape of his horrible jaws extended to his shoulder, and disclosed the abyss of his stomach. But between the monster and the damsel, Perseus was depicted descending to the encounter from the upper regions of the air—his body bare, except a mantle floating round his shoulders, and winged sandals on his feet—a cap resembling the helmet of Pluto was on his head, and in his left hand he held before him, like a buckler, the head of the Gorgon, which even in the pictured representation was terrible to look at, shaking its snaky hair, which seemed to erect itself and menace the beholder. His right hand grasped a weapon, in shape partaking of both a pike and a sword; for it had a single hilt, and to the middle of the blade resembled a sword; but there it separated into two parts, one continuing straight and pointed, like a sword, while the other was curved backwards, so that with a single stroke, it might both inflict a wound, and fix itself in the part struck. Such was the picture of Andromeda; the design of the other was thus:—

“Prometheus was represented bound down to a rock, with fetters of iron, while Hercules, armed with a bow and arrow, was seen approaching. The vulture, supporting himself by fixing his talons in the thigh of Prometheus, was tearing open the stomach of his victim, and apparently searching with his beak for the liver, which it was his destiny daily to devour, and which the painter had shown through the aperture of the wound. The whole frame of the sufferer was convulsed, and his limbs contracted with torture, so that, by raising his thigh, he involuntarily presented his side to the bird—while the other limb was visibly quivering in its whole length, with agony—his teeth were clenched, his lips parted, and his brows wrinkled. Hercules had already fitted the arrow to the bow, and aimed it against his tormentor; his



left arm was thrown forward grasping the stock, while the elbow of the right was bent in the attitude of drawing the sword to his breast; while Prometheus, full of mingled hope and fear, was endeavouring to fix his undivided gaze on his deliverer, though his eyes, in spite of himself, were partially diverted by the anguish of his wound."

The work of Achilles Tatius, with all its blemishes and defects, appears to have been highly popular among the Greeks of the lower empire. An epigram is still extant, attributed to the Emperor Leo, the philosopher,\* in which it is lauded as an example of chaste and faithful love: and it was esteemed as a model of romantic composition from the elegance of its style and diction, in which Heretius ranks the author above Heliodorus, though he at the same time severely criticizes him for want of originality, accusing him of having borrowed all the interesting passages in his work from the *Ethiopica*. In common with Heliodorus, Tatius has found a host of followers among the later Greeks, some of whom (as the learned critic just quoted, observes) have transcribed, rather than imitated him. In the "Hysminias and Hysminie" of Eumathius, a wretched production of the twelfth century, not only many of the incidents, but even of the names, as Sostratus, Sostrhenes, and Anthia, are taken from Clitophon and Leucippe, and to so servile an extent, this plagiarism carried, that two books out of the nine, of which the romance consists, are filled with descriptions of paintings: while the plot, not very intelligible at the best, is still further perplexed by the extraordinary affectation of making nearly all the names alike; thus, the hero and heroine are Hysminias and Hysminie, the towns are Anlycomis, Eurycomis, Artycomis, &c. In all these works, the outline is the same; the lovers undergo endless bufftings by sea and land, imaginary deaths, and escapes from marauders; but not a spark of genius or fancy enlivens these dull productions, which, sometimes mandarin and bombastic,

often indecent, would defy the patience of the most determined novel reader. One of these writers, Xenophon of Ephesus, the author of the "Ephesiaca, or Habrocomas and Anthia," is commended by Polltius for the classical purity of his language, in which he considers him scarcely inferior to his namesake the historian: but the work has little else to recommend it. The two principal personages are represented as miracles of personal beauty: and the women fall in love with Habrocomas, as well as the men with Anthia. Literally by dozens at a time: the plot, however, differs from that of the others in marrying them at the commencement, and sending them through the ordinary routine of dangers afterwards. The *Ephesiaca* are, however, noticeable from its having been supposed by Mr Douce, (*Illustrations of Shakespeare*, ii. 198.) that the catastrophe in Romeo and Juliet was originally borrowed from one of the adventures of Anthia, who, when separated from her husband, is rescued from captivity by Perilaus, governor of Cilicia, and by him destined for his bride. Unable to evade his solicitations, she procures from the "poverty," not the will of an aged physician named Euloxus, what she supposes to be a draught of poison, but which is really an opiate. She is laid with great pomp, loaded with gems and costly ornaments, in a vault: and on awakening, finds herself in the hands of a crew of pirates, who have broken open her sepulchre in order to rifle the treasures which they knew to have been deposited there. "This work," (observes Mr Douce,) "was certainly not published nor translated in the time of Luigi da Porto, the original narrator of the story of Romeo and Juliet: but there is no reason why he might not have seen a copy of the original in MS. We might enumerate several more of these later productions of the same school: but a separate analysis of each would be both tedious and needless, as none present any marked features of distinction from those already

\* Some bibliographers have assigned it to Photius; but the opinion of Achilles Tatius expressed by the patriarch, and quoted at the commencement of this article, precludes the possibility of its being from his pen.

noticed. They are all, more or less, indifferent copies either from Heliodorus or Achilles Tatius; the outline of the story being generally borrowed from one or the other of these sources, while in point of style, nearly all appear to have taken as their model the florid rhetorical display and artificial polish of language which characterize the latter. Their redeeming point is the high position uniformly assigned to the female characters, who are neither immured in the Oriental seclusion of the harem, nor degraded to household drudges, like the Athenian ladies in the polished age of Pericles;\* but mingle without restraint in society as the friends and companions of the

other sex, and are addressed in the language of admiration and respect. But these pleasing traits are not sufficient to atone for the improbability of the incidents; relieved neither by the brilliant fancy of the East, nor the lofty deeds of the romances of chivalry: and the reader, wearied by the repetition of similar scenes and characters, thinly disguised by change of name and place, finds little reason to regret that "the children of the marriage of Theagenes and Chariclea," as these romances are termed by a writer quoted by d'Israeli in the "Curiosities of Literature"—have not continued to increase and multiply up to our own times.

#### THE NEW ART OF PRINTING.

##### By A DESIGNING DEVIL.

"Aliter non fit, avile, liber."—MARTIAL.

It is more than probable that, at the first discovery of that mightiest of arts, which has so tended to facilitate every other—the art of printing—many old-fashioned people looked with a jealous eye on the innovation. Accustomed to a written character, their eyes became wearied by the crabbedness and formality of type. It was like travelling on the paved and rectilinear roads of France, after winding among the blooming hedgerows of England: and how dingy and graceless must have appeared the first printed copy of the Holy Bible, to those accustomed to luxuriate in emblazoned missals, amid all the pride, pomp, and vellum of glorious MS.!

Dangerous and democratic, too, must have appeared the new art, which, by plebeianizing knowledge and enlightening the mass, deprived the law and the prophets of half their terrors, and disrobed priestcraft and kingcraft of their mystery. We can imagine that, as soon as a printed book ceased to be a great rarity, it became an object of great abhorrence.

There were many, no doubt, to prophesy, as on occasion of every new invention, that it was all very well for a novelty: but that the thing would not, and could not last! How were the poor copyists to get their living if their occupation was taken from them? How were so many monasteries to be maintained which had subsisted on *manuscriptum*? And, then, what prince in his right senses would allow a printing-press to be set up in his dominions—a source of sedition and heresy—an implement of disaffection and schism? The free towns, perhaps, might foster this pernicious art, and certain evilly-disposed potentates wink at the establishment of type-founderies in their states. But the great powers of Europe knew better! They would never connive at this second sowing of the dragon's teeth of Cadmus.

Thus, probably, they argued; becoming reconciled, in process of time, to the terrible novelty. Print-books became almost as easy to read as manuscript; soon as cheap, and at length of a quarter the price, or even less; till, two centuries later, benefit

\* See Mitford's *History of Greece*, ch. xiii, sect. 1.



of clergy ceased to be a benefit, books were plenty as blackberries, and learning a thing for the multitude. According to Dean Swift's account, the chaplain's time hung heavy on his hands, for my lady had sermon books of her own, and could read; nay, my lady's woman had jest books of her own, and wanted none of his nonsense! The learned professions, or black arts, lost at least ninety-five per cent in importance; and so rapid has been the increase of the evil, that, at this time of day, it is a hard matter to impose on any clodpole in Europe! Instead of signing with their marks, the kings of modern times have turned ushers; instead of reading with difficulty, we have a mob of noblemen who write with ease; and, now-a-days, it is every duke, ay, and every duchess her own book-maker!

A year or two hence, however, and all this will have become obsolete.—*Nous atons changé tout cela!*—No more letter-press! Books, the small as well as the great, will have been voted a great evil. There will be no gentlemen of the press. The press itself will have ceased to exist.

For several years past it has been frankly avowed by the trade that books have ceased to sell: that the best works are a drug in the market: that their shelves groan, until themselves are forced to follow the example. Descend to what shifts they may in order to lower their prices, by piracy from other booksellers, or clipping and coining of authors—in purchasers! Still, the hope prevailed for a time among the lovers of letters, that a great glut having occurred, the world was chewing the end of its repletion; that the learned were shut up in the Bodleian, and the ignorant battenning upon the circulating libraries; that hungry times would come again!

But this fond delusion has vanished. People have not only ceased to purchase those old-fashioned things called books, but even to read them! Instead of cutting new works, page by page, people cut them altogether! To far-sighted philosophers, indeed, this was a state of things long foreshown. It could not be otherwise. The reading world was a sedentary world. The literary public was a public lying at anchor. When France delighted in

the twelve-volume novels of *Made-moiselle de Scudéri*, it drove in coaches and six, at the rate of four miles an hour; when England luxuriated in those of Richardson, in eight, it drove in coaches and four, at the rate of five. A journey was then esteemed a family calamity; and people abided all the year round in their cedar parlours, thankful to be diverted by the arrival of the *Spectator*, or a few pages of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or a new sermon. To their unincidental lives, a book was an event.

Those were the days worth writing for! The fate of Richardson's heroines was made a national affair; and people interceded with him by letter to "spare *Clarissa*," as they would not now intercede with her Majesty to spare a new *Kiddle Deane*. The successive volumes of *Pope's Iliad* were looked for with what is called "breathless" interest, while political sheets as the *Drapier's* or *Junius*, set the whole kingdom in an uproar! And now, if Pope, or Swift, or Fielding, or Johnson, or Sterne, were to rise from the grave, MS. in hand, the most adventurous publisher would pass a sleepless night before he undertook the risk of paper and print; would advise a small edition, and exact a sum down in ready money, to be laid out in puffs and advertisements! "Even then, though we may get rid of a few copies to the circulating libraries," he would observe, "do not expect, sir, to obtain readers. A few old maids in the county towns, and a few gouty old gentlemen at the clubs, are the only persons of the present day who ever open a book!"

And who can wonder? Who has leisure to read? Who cares to sit down and spell out accounts of travels which he can make at less cost than the cost of the narrative? Who wants to peruse fictitious adventures, when railroads and steamboats woo him to adventures of his own? Egypt was once a land of mystery; now, every lad, on leaving Eton, yachts it to the pyramids. India was once a country to dream of over a book. Even quattoes, if tolerably well-seasoned with suttees and sandalwood, went down; now, every genteel family has its "own correspondent," per favour of the Red Sea; and the best printed

account of Cabal would fall stillborn from the press. As to Van Dieman's Land, it is vulgar as the Isle of Dogs; and since people have steamed it backwards and forwards across the Atlantic more easily than formerly across the Channel, every woman chooses to be her own Trollope—every man his own Boz!

For some time after books had ceased to find a market, the periodicals retained their vogue; and even till very lately, newspapers found readers. But the period at length arrived, when even the leisure requisite for the perusal of these lighter pages, is no longer forthcoming. People are busy ballooning or driving; shooting like stars along railroads; or migrating like swallows or wild-geese. It has been found, within the current year, impossible to read even a newspaper!

The march of intellect, however, luckily keeps pace with the necessities of the times; and no sooner was it ascertained, that reading-made-easy, was difficult to accomplish, than a new art was invented for the more ready transmission of ideas. The fallacy of the proverb, that "those who run may read," being established, modern science set about the adoption of a medium, available to those sons of the century who are always on the run. Hence, the grand secret of ILLUSTRATION.—Hence, the new art of printing!

The pictorial printing-press is now your only wear! Every thing is communicated by delineation. We are not *told*, but *shown* how the world is wagging. The magazines sketch us a lively article, the newspapers vignette us, step by step, a royal tour. The beauties of Shakespeare are imprinted on the minds of the rising generation, in woodcuts; and the poetry of Byron engraven in their hearts, by means of the graver. Not a boy in his teens has read a line of Don Quixote or Gil Blas, though all have their adventures by heart; while Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" has been committed to memory by our daughters and wives, in a series of exquisite illustrations. Every body has La Fontaine by heart, thanks to the pencil of Granville, which requires neither grammar nor dictionary to aid

its interpretations; and even Defoe—even the unparalleled Robinson Crusoe—is devoured by our ingenuous youth in cuts and come again.

At present, indeed, the new art of printing is in its infancy, but it is progressing so rapidly, that the devils of the old will soon have a cold birth of it! Views of the Holy Land are superseding even the Holy Scriptures; and a pictorial Blackstone is teaching the ideas of the sucking lawyers how to shoot. Nay, Buchan's "Domestic Medicine" has (*proh pudor!*) its illustrated edition.

The time saved to an active public by all this, is beyond computation. All the world is now instructed by symbols, as formerly the deaf and dumb; and instead of having to peruse a tedious penny-a-line account of the postilion of the King of the French misdriving his Majesty, and his Majesty's august family, over a draw-bridge into a moat at Tréport, a single glance at a single woodcut places the whole disaster graphically before us; leaving us nine minutes and a half of ~~the time~~ we must otherwise have devoted to the study of the case, to dispose of at our own will and pleasure; to start, for instance, for Chelsea, and be back again by the steam-boat, before our mother knows we are out.

The application of the new art is of daily and hourly extension. The scandalous Sunday newspapers have announced an intention of evading Lord Campbell's act, by veiling their libels in caricature. Instead of ~~writing~~ slander and flat blasphemy, they propose to *draw* it, and not draw it mild. The daily prints will doubtless follow their example. No more Jenkinsisms in the *Morning Post*, concerning fashionable parties. A view of the duchess's ball-room, or of the dining-table of the earl, will supersede all occasion for lengthy fiddle-faddle. The opera of the night before will be described in a vignette—the ballet in a tail-piece; and we shall know at a glance whether Cerito and Elsler performed their *pas meritoriously*, by the number of bouquets depicted at their feet.

On the other hand, instead of columns after columns of dry debates, we shall know ~~unmistakably~~ who were the speakers of the preceding night, by a

series of portraits—each having an annexed trophy, indicative of the leading points of his oration. Members of both Houses will be, of course, daguerretyped for the use of the morning papers; and photographic likenesses of the leaders of ton be supplied gratis to the leaders of the press.

How far more interesting a striking sketch of a banquet, containing portraits of undoubted authenticity, to the matter-of-fact announcements of the exploded letter-press—that “yesterday his Grace the Duke of Wellington entertained at dinner, at Apsley House, the Earls of Aberdeen and Liverpool, the Dukes of Richmond and Buccleuch, the Master of the Horse, the Lord Chancellor, Sir Robert Peel, Sir James Graham, Sir Frederick Trevelyan, Colonel Gurwood, and M. Algernon Greville!” Who has patience for the recapitulation of a string of names, when a group of faces may be placed simultaneously before him?

And then, accounts of races! How admirably will they be concentrated into a delineation of the winner passing the post—the losers distanced; and what disgusting particulars of boxing matches shall we avoid by a spirited etching. Think of despatches from India, (one of Lord Ellenborough's xxxx.) published in a series of groupings worthy the frescoes of the tomb of Psammis. As to the affairs of China, we shall henceforward derive as much pleasure from the projects of Sir Henry Pottinger, cut in wood by the *Morning Herald*, as in surveying the Mandarins sailing on buffaloes through the *sea*, or driving in junks over meadows. In one of Wedgwood's soup plates!

It has long been the custom for advertisers in the continental journals to typify their wares. The George Robinsons of Brussels, for instance, embody their account of some exquisite villa in a charming perspective of the same, or of a capital town-mansion in a grim likeness; while the carrossiers, who have town coaches or family coaches to dispose of, show it known in the most designating manner. The consequence is, that the columns of certain foreign papers are striking likenesses to a child's alphabet, such as “A. grand, B. ardent, and shot at a frog.” Among ourselves, this practice

is at present only partially adopted. We are all familiar with the shape of Mr Cox Savory's tea-pot, and Messrs Doudney's *point-device* men in buckram; while Mordan acquaints us, with much point, how many varieties he has invented of pencil-cases and toothpicks. As to the London Wire Company, the new art has long imprinted upon our minds a mysterious notion of a series of vaults in the style of the Thames tunnel, frequented by figures armed with spigots and dark lanterns, that remind us of Guy Fawkes, and make us tremble for ourselves and Father Mathew! Loose notions of the stay-making trade have been circulated by the same medium; and we have noticed wood-blocks of wig-blocks, deservedly immortalizing the perwigler.

But consider what it will be when the system is adopted on a more comprehensive scale. The daily papers will present a series of designs, remarkable as those of the Glyptothek and Pinnacothek at Munich; and in all probability, the artists of the prize cartoons will be engaged in behalf of the leading journals of Europe. Who can not foresee her Majesty's drawing room illustrated by Parry? Who can not conceive the invasion of Britain outlined in an allegorical leading article: “Louis Philippe (in a snake-like attitude) insulting Queen Victoria to St Cloud; and the British lion lashing out its tail at the *Cou Garbols*!”

As to the affairs of Spain, they will be a mine of wealth to the new press—*“L'Espagne Pittoresque”* will sell thousands more copies than Spain Constitutionalized; and let us trust that Sir George Hayter will instantly “walk his chalk,” and secure us the Cortes in black and white.

The Greek character will now become easy to decipher; and the evening papers may take King Otho both off the throne and on. The designs of Kuzela have long been proverbial; but the exercise of the new art of printing may assign them new features. The representations of impartial periodicals will cut out, or out-cut, De Constantine; and while contemplating the well-sprayed presentment of Nicholas I., we shall exclaim—“Is this a tyrant that I see before



me?" Nothing will be easier than to throw the Poles into the shade of the picture, or to occupy the foreground with a brilliant review.

As to Germany, to embody her in the Hieroglyphics of the new press, might be a study for Retsch; and who will care for the lumbering pages of Von Raßner, or the wishy-washy details of Kohl, when able, in an *Augenblick*, to bring Berlin, and Vienna before him; to study the Zollverein in the copy of the King of Prussia's cogitative countenance, and ascertain the views of Metternich concerning the elder branch of the Bourbons, by a *cul de lampe* in the *Morning Chronicle*!

We have little doubt of shortly seeing announcements—standing like tombstones in those literary cemeteries, the Saturday papers—of "A new work upon America, from the graver of George Cruickshank;" or "A new fashionable novel, (diamond edition,) from the accomplished pencil of H. B." Kenny Meadows will become the Byron of the day, Leech the Scott, Forrester the Marryatt, "Pliz the Trollope; Stanfield and Turner will be epic poets, Landseer preside over the belles-lettres, and Webster and Stone become the epigrammatists and madrigalists of the press.

All this will, doubtless, throw a number of deserving persons out of employ. The writers, whose stock in trade consists of words rather than ideas, will find their way to Basinghall Street, prose will be at a discount, and long-windedness be accounted a dissembler. A great variety of small supphos must turn semstresses, at three-halfpence a shirt instead of a penny a line; while the minor poets will have to earn a livelihood by writing invoice, instead of in verse. But this transposition of talent, and transition of gain, is no more than arose from the substitution of railroads for

turnpike roads. By that innovation thousands of hard-working post-horses were left without rack or manger; and by the present arrangement, Clowes, Spottiswoode, and the authors who have served to word matter for their types, will be driven from the field.

But the world (no longer to be called of letters, but of emblems) will be the gainer. It will be no longer a form of speech to talk of having "*glanced at the morning papers*," whose city article will, of course, be composed by artists skilled in drawing figures. The biographies of contemporary or deceased statesmen will be lined, not by Lord Brongham or Macaulay, but by the impartial hand of the Royal Academy; and the catacombs at Kensal Green, like those discovered by Belzoni on the banks of the Nile, exhibit their eulogistic inscriptions in hieroglyphics. By this new species of shorthand we might have embodied this very article in half a dozen sprightly etchings! But as the hapless inventor of the first great art of printing incurred, among his astounded contemporaries, the opprobrium of being in compact with the evil one, (whence, probably, the familiar appellation of printers' devils,) it behoves the early practitioners of the new art to look to their reputations! By economizing the time of the public, they may squander their own good repute. It is not every printer who can afford, like Benjamin Franklin, to be a reformer; and pending the moment when (the schoolmasters being all abroad) the grand causeway of the metropolis shall become, as it were, a moving diorama, inflicting knowledge upon the million whether it will or no—let us content ourselves with birds'-eye views of passing events, by way of exhibiting the first rudiments of THE NEW ART OF PRINTING!

## THE BANKING-HOUSE.

## HISTORY IN THREE PARTS. PART III.

## CHAPTER I.

## SYMPTOMS OF ROTTENNESS.

MICHAEL ALLCRAFT returned to his duties, tuned for labour, full of courage, and the spirit of enterprise and action. Discharged from the thrall which had hitherto borne hard upon his energies, and kept them down, he felt the blessed influence of perfect liberty, and the youthful elasticity of mind and body that liberty and conscious strength engender. Devoted to the task that he had inflicted upon himself, he grudged every hour that kept him from the field of operations. Firm in his determination to realize, by his exertions, a sum of money equal to his parent's debts, and to redeem the estate from its insolvency, he was uneasy and impatient until he could resume his yoke, and press resolutely forward. Rich and independent as he was, in virtue of the fortune of his wife, he still spurned the idea of relying upon her for his release—for the means of rescuing his father's name and house from infamy. No; he saw—he fancied that he saw a brighter way marked out before him. Industry, perseverance, and extreme attention would steer his bark steadily through the difficult ocean, and bring her safely into harbour: these he could command, for they depended upon himself whom he might trust. He had looked diligently into the transactions of the house for many years past, and the investigation was most satisfactory. Year after year, the business had increased—the profits had improved. The accumulations of his father must have been considerable when he entered upon his ruinous speculations. What was the fair inference to draw from this result? Why—that with the additional capital of his partners—the influx and extension of good business, and the application of his own resolute mind, a sum

would be raised within a very few years, sufficient to reinstate the firm, to render it once more stable and secure. And then—this desirable object once effected, and the secret of the unfortunate position of the house never divulged—the income which would afterwards follow for his partners and himself, must be immense. It was this view of the subject that justified, to his mind, the means which he had used—that silenced self-reproof, when it accused him of artifice, and called him to account for the deception he had practised upon his colleagues. It must be acknowledged, that the plan which he proposed held out fair promise of ultimate success, and that, reckoning upon the united will and assistance of his partners, he had good reason to look for an eventual release from all his difficulties and cares. Yet it was not to be. “*We still have judgment here.*” Punishment still comes to us from those whom we would circumvent. It was in vain that Michael set foot in the Bank with an indomitable and eager spirit; in vain that he longed to grapple with his fate—resolute to overcome it. The world was against him. The battle was already decided. His first hard struggle for deliverance was coincident with his last hour of earthly peace.

Before one year had passed over the respectable heads of our notable Banking-house, Allcraft was involved in a net of perplexity, from which it required all the acuteness of his apprehending mind to work out a mode of extrication. Augustus Brammel continued abroad, spending his money, and drawing upon the house, with the impudent recklessness which we have already seen to be a prime ingredient in his character. He did not condescend to communicate with



his partners, or to give them any information touching his whereabouts, except such as might be gathered from his cheques, which came, week after week, with alarming punctuality, for sums as startling. From this one source of mischief, where was a promise or a chance of a final rescue? Michael saw none. What if he refused to cash his partner's drafts? What if he permitted them to find their way back, as best they might, through the various channels by which they had travelled on their previous journey—dishonoured and disgraced? Who but himself would be the loser by the game? Such a refusal would lead to quick enquiry—enquiry to information—information to want of confidence and speedy ruin. What reliance could repose upon a house, divided against itself—not safe from the extravagance and pillage of its own members? The public eye, ever watchful and timid, waits scarcely for the show of danger to take alarm and withdraw its favour. Michael shrank from the bare conception of an act of violence. It was more agreeable, in an hour of self-collectedness, to devise a remedy, which, if it did not cure the disease, helped at least to cicatrize the immediate wounds. He looked from Brammel to Brammel's father for indemnification. And the old man was in truth a rare temptation. Fond, pitiable father of a false and bloodless child! doting, when others would have hated, loving his prodigal with a more anxious fondness as his ingratitude grew baser—as the claims upon a parent's heart dwindled more and more away. The grey-haired man was a girl in tenderness and sensibility. He remembered the mother of the wayward child, and the pains she had taken to misuse and spoil her only boy; his own conduct returned to him in the shape of heavy reproaches, and he could not forget, or call to mind without remorse, the smiles of encouragement he had given, the flattering approbation he had bestowed when true love, justice, duty, mercy, all called loudly for rebuke, restraint, wholesome correction, solemn chastisement. Could he be conscious of all this, and not excuse the unsteady youth—accuse himself? It was he who deserved punishment—

not the sufferer with his calamities imposed upon him by his erring sire. He was ready to receive his punishment. Oh, would that at any cost—at any expense of bodily and mental suffering, he could secure his child from further sorrow and from deeper degradation! To such a heart and mind, Michael might well carry his complaints with some expectation of sympathy and reimbursement. Aggrieved as he was, he did not fail to paint his disappointment and sense of injury in the strongest colours; but blacker than all—and he was capable of such a task, he pictured the gross deception of which he had so cruelly been made the subject.

"I could," he said to the poor father, in whose aged eyes, turned to the earth, tears of shame were gushing. "I could have forgiven any thing but that. You deceived me meanly and deliberately. The character you gave with him was false. You knew it to be so, and you were well aware that nothing but mischief and ruin could result from a connexion with him."

"Indeed, Mr Allcraft," replied the unhappy man. "I had great hopes of his reformation. He had improved of late years a little, and he gave me his word that he would be steady. If I had not thought so, I should certainly not have permitted you to receive him. What can we do, sir?"

"Ah! what, Mr Brammel. It is that I wish to know. The present state of things cannot continue. Where is he now?"

"Indeed, I do not know. He is a loud boy to hide himself from his father. I do not deserve it of him. I cannot guess."

"Are you aware, sir, that he is married?"

"They have told me something of it. I am, in truth, glad to hear it. It will be to his wife's interest to lead him back to duty."

"You have not seen her, then?"

The old man shook his head.

"Well, well, sir," continued Allcraft, "this is not to the purpose. We must protect ourselves. His profligacy must be checked; at all events, we must have no connexion with it. Hitherto we have honoured his drafts, and kept your name and his free from

disgrace. I can do so no longer. We have paid his last cheque this very day. To-morrow I shall advertise publicly our determination, to honour his demands no more."

"No—no, no, Mr Allcraft," interposed old Brammel anxiously, taking every word for granted, "that must not be done—I cannot allow it: for the poor boy's sake, that determination must not be made at present. I am sure he will reform at last. I should not be surprised if he returned to business in a day or two, and settled steadily to work for the remainder of his life. It is likely enough, now that he is married. I have much to answer for on account of that youth, Mr Allcraft, and I should never forgive myself if I suffered any thing to be done that is likely to render him desperate, just when a glimmering of hope is stealing upon us. You shake your head, sir, but I am confident he will yet make up for all his folly."

"Heaven grant it, sir, for your sake!"

"Yes, and for his own poor child—for what will become of him if he does not! Now, as to these cheques, Mr Allcraft, let me have them all. I will restore every farthing that you have paid on his account; and should any more be presented, let them be duly honoured. I hold myself responsible for their discharge. I am sure this is the wisest course to pursue. It is quite reasonable for you to demur, and to object to these demands. I like you the better, Mr Allcraft, for your scruples: you are an honourable man, sir. I would lose my last drop of blood to make my poor boy like you. It is wise and praiseworthy in you to look so carefully to the good credit of your house; and it is fair and right that I should take this matter upon myself. I do it, persuaded of the propriety of the step, and satisfied that all will go well with him yet. Be lenient with the unhappy boy, sir, and have yet a little patience."

"I am afraid, sir, that he will but presume on your generosity and good nature."

"Ah, but he is never to know it, Mr Allcraft; I would not for the world have him hear of what I have done. Should you discover his abode, write

to him, I pray—tell him that I am enraged at his proceedings—that I do not think that I can ever be reconciled to him again. Say that my anger has no bounds—that my heart is breaking—will break and kill me, if he persists in his ingratitude and cruelty. Implore him to come home and save me."

The old man stopped and wept. Michael was not yet a father, and could not understand the tears: It appears that he understood business much better: for, taking leave of Brammel as soon as he could after the latter had expressed a wish to cash the cheques, he went immediately to the bank and procured the documents. He presented them with his own hand to the astounded father, from whom, also with his own hand, he received one good substantial draft in fair exchange.

So far, so good: but, in another quarter, Allcraft suddenly discovered that he had committed an egregious blunder. He had entrusted Planner with the secret of his critical position—had made him acquainted with the dishonest transactions of his father, and the consequent bankruptcy of the firm. Not that this disclosure had been made in any violent ebullition of unguarded feeling—from any particular love to Planner—from an inability on the part of the divulger to keep his own good counsel. Michael, when he raised Planner from poverty to comparative affluence, was fully sensible of the value of his man—the dire necessity for him. It was indispensable that the tragic underplot of the play should never be known to either Bellamy or Brammel, and the only safe way of concealing it from them, was to communicate it unreservedly to their common partner, and his peculiar *protégé*. He did so with much solemnity, and with many references to the extraordinary liberality he had himself displayed in admitting him to his confidence, and to a share of his wealth. "Maintain my secret," he said to Planner, "and your fortune shall be made; betray me, and you are thrown again into a garret. You cannot hurt me; nothing shall save you." He repeated these words over and over again, and he received from his confidant assurance upon assu-

rance of secrecy and unlimited devotion. And up to the period of Allcraft's return from France, the gentleman had every reason to rely upon the probity and good-faith of his associate; nor in fact had he less reason *after* his return. Were it not that "the thief doth fear each hush in officer," he had no cause whatever to suspect or tremble: his mind, for any actual danger, might have been at rest. But what did he behold? Why, Planner and Bellamy, whom he had left as distant as stage-coach acquaintances, as intimate and loving, as united and inseparable, as the tawny twins of Siam. Not a week passed which did not find the former, once, twice, or three times a guest at the proud man's table. The visits paid to the bank were rather to Mr Planner than for any other object. Mr Planner only could give advice as to the alteration of the south wing of the hall: Mr Planner's taste must decide upon the internal embellishments: then there were private and mysterious conversations in the small back room—the parlour: nods and significant looks when they met and separated: and once, Michael called to see Planner after the hours of business, and whom should he discover in his room but Mr Bellamy himself, sitting in conclave with the schemer, and manifestly intent upon some serious matter. What was the meaning of all this? Oh, it was too plain! The rebel Planner had fallen from his allegiance, and was making his terms with the enemy. Allcraft cursed himself a thousand times for his folly in placing himself at the mercy of so unstable a character, and immediately became aware that there had never been any cogent reason for such a step, and that his danger would have been infinitely smaller had he never spoken to a human being on the subject. But it was useless to call himself, by turns, madman and fool, for his pains. What could be done now to repair the error? Absolutely nothing; and, at the best, he had only to prepare himself, for the remainder of his days, to live in doubt, fear, anxiety, and torture.

In the meanwhile, Planner grew actually enamoured of the *Pantamor-*

*phica* Association. The more he examined it, the more striking appeared its capabilities, the fairer seemed the prospect of triumphant unequivocal success. In pursuance of his generous resolution, he communicated his designs to Allcraft. They were received with looks of unaffected fright. Without an instant's hesitation, Michael implored his partner to desist—to give up at once, and for ever, all thoughts of the delusion—to be faithful to his duty, and to think well of his serious engagement. "Your Association, sir," he exclaimed in the anger of the moment, "is like every other precious scheme you have embarked in—impracticable, ridiculous, absurd!" Planner, in these three words, could only read—*ingratitude*—the basest it had ever been his lot to meet. Here was a return for his frankness—his straightforward conduct—his unequalled liberality. Here was the affectionate expression of thanks which he had so proudly looked forward to—the acknowledgment of superior genius which he had a right to expect from the man who was to profit so largely by the labour of his brains. Very well. Then let it be so. He would prosecute the glorious work alone—he would himself supply the funds needful for the undertaking, and alone he would receive the great reward that most assuredly awaited him. Very delicately did Michael hint to his partner, that his—Planner's—funds existed, with his castles and associations, in the unsubstantial air, and no where else: but not so delicately as to avoid heaping fuel on the fire which he had already kindled in the breast of the offended schemer. The latter bristled at the words, lost for an instant his self-possession, said in his anger more than he intended—more than he might easily unsay—enough to bruise the already smarting soul of Allcraft. A threat escaped his lips—a reproach—a taunt. He spoke of his *power*, and touched cuttingly upon the deep schemes of *other* men, more feasible than his own perhaps, and certainly more honest. Allcraft winced, as every syllable made known the speaker's actual strength—his own dependence and utter weakness. He made no reply to the attack of the man whom he had drawn from beggary; but he

looked him in the face steadily and reproachfully, and shamed him into vexation and regret.

"I did not mean to speak unkindly, Michael," he stammered with a view to apologize. "I am sorry that I lost my temper. You need not fear me. Don't remember what I have said."

"You have threatened me, Planner," answered Allcraft, trembling with irritation. "You have attempted to frighten me into compliance with your demands. I say, sir, you have threatened me. It is the first time—it shall be the last."

"It shall, Michael—I promise you it shall."

"I ask no promise from you," continued the excited and suspicious man, writhing under a sense of his helplessness. "You have betrayed the eleven foot. I thank you for it. I am aware of what is to follow—I expect it—I shall hold myself prepared!"

"Do nothing of the kind, Allcraft. You know me better. You are safe with me. I am ashamed of myself for what I have spoken. Forgive me"—

"But never mind," proceeded the unhappy Michael. "I defy you: do your worst. Let this be your acknowledgment of past favour—the fulfilment of your sacred promise. Betray me to Bellamy, and be at ease."

"Michael, you do not use me well. I spoke angrily, and without consideration. I am sorry that I did so, and I have asked your forgiveness. What can I do more? You should allow for wounded feelings. It was hard to hear you ridiculing an affair that occupies my serious thoughts. I was irritated—think no more about it."

"Answer me this. How much does Mr Bellamy already know?"

"From me—nothing. Make your mind happy on that score. It is not to the interest of any one of us that secrets should be known. You need not fear. Shake hands."

Michael took his hand.

"And as to this Association," continued Planner, "let me have my way for once—the thing is clear, and cannot fail. The elements of success are there, and a splendid fortune must be realized. I am not greedy. I don't want to grasp every thing for myself. I told you just now that we would

share and share alike. You are not up to projects of this nature. I am. Trust to me. I will engage to enter upon no new affair if I am disappointed in this. The truth is, I cannot quietly let a fortune slip through my fingers, when a little skill and energy only are necessary to secure it. Come, Michael, this once you must not say *no*."

The hope, however faint, of making money by this speculation, and the fear of offending the depository of his great secret, compelled at length from Allcraft a reluctant acquiescence. He consented to the trial, receiving Planner's solemn promise that, in the event of failure, it should be the last. Planner himself, overjoyed at his victory, prepared himself for action, and contemplated the magnificent resources of the bank with a resolute and daring spirit that would have gratified exceedingly the customers of the house, could they have but known it. Planner conscientiously believed that he had hitherto failed in all his schemes, because he had never commanded cash sufficient to carry out his views. This great obstacle being removed, he wisely determined to make the most of his good fortune. And in truth he was without the shadow of an excuse for timidity and forbearance. The anxiety which might have accompanied his ventures, had the money been his own, was mercifully spared him: the thought of personal danger and ruin could never come to cloud his intellect, or oppress his energy. As for the ruin of any other party, the idea, by a very happy dispensation, never once occurred to him. It took a very few months to make Mr Planner the largest shareholder—the principal director—the president and first man in the famous "*Joint-Stock Pan-tamorphic Association*."

And whilst he was busy in the purchase of lands required for the extensive undertaking, his dear friend Mr Bellamy was agreeably occupied in paying off, by degrees, the heavy mortgages which, for many years, had been weighing on his beautiful estate. In addition to the ten thousand pounds which he had abstracted during the absence of Mr Allcraft, he had not hesitated to draw large sums under the very nose of his too easy and unsuspecting partner. The manner of



Mr Bellamy threw Michael off his guard. He walked so erect—looked upon every body so superciliously—spoke even to Allcraft in so high a tone, and with so patronizing an air, that it was quite impossible to suspect him of being any thing but real coin, a sound man, and worthy of all trust. It is certainly true that Mr Bellamy had not brought into the concern as he had engaged, some twenty, or forty thousand pounds—it does not matter which—but the reasons which he condescended to give for this failure were perfectly satisfactory, and accounted for the delay—so well accounted for it that Michael entreated Mr Bellamy not to think about it, but to take his time. And how very natural it was for a man of Mr Bellamy's consideration and enormous wealth to secure the little property that adjoined his own, and to borrow from the bank any sum of money that he might want to complete so desirable a purchase! And how very natural, likewise, on the part of Allcraft, ever fearful of discovery, ever desirous to keep upon the best terms with Mr Bellamy (the great man of the county, the observed of all observers)—to be at all times anxious to oblige his friend, to render him sensible of his desire to please him, and of the obligation under which, by these repeated acts of kindness and indulgence, he was insensibly brought.

And so they reached the close of the first year of partnership; and who shall say that the situation of Michael was an enviable one, or that the persevering man had not good cause for despondency and dread? He was already deeply indebted to his wife; not one of his three partners had proved to be such as he expected and required. Danger threatened from two of them. Mr Bellamy had not afforded the support which he had promised. A stronger heart than Michael's might have quailed in his position; yet the pressure from without animated and invigorated him. In the midst of his gloom, he was not without a gleam of hope and consolation. As he had foreseen, the business of the house rapidly increased: its returns were great. Day and night he laboured to improve them, and to raise the reputation of the tottering con-

cern; for tottering it was, though looking most secure. For himself, he did not draw one farthing from the bank; he resided with his wife in a small cottage, lived economically, and sacrificed to his engrossing occupation every joy of the domestic hearth. The public acknowledged with favour the exertions of the labouring man; pronounced him worthy of his sire; vouchsafed him their respect and confidence. Bravely the youth proceeded on his way—looking ever to the future—straining to his object—prepared to sacrifice his life rather than yield or not attain it. Noble ambition—worthy of a less ignoble cause—a better fate!

The second year passed on, and then the third: at the close of this, Michael looked again at his condition. During the last year the business of the house had doubled. Had not the profits, and more than the profits, been dragged away by Bellamy and Planner—his ardent mind would have been satisfied, his ceaseless toil well-paid. But the continual drafts had kept ever in advance of the receipts, draining the exchequer—crippling its faculties. Even at this melancholy exhibition, his sanguine spirit refused to be cast down, and to resign the hope of ultimate recovery and success. He built upon the promise of Mr Bellamy, who at length had engaged to refund his loans upon a certain day, and to add, at the same time, his long-expected and long-promised quota of floating capital: he built upon the illusions of Planner's strong imagination—Planner, who suddenly becoming sick of his speculation, alarmed at his responsibility, and doubtful of success, had been for some time vigorously looking out for a gentleman, willing to purchase his share and interest in the unrivaled *Pantamorphica*, and to relieve him of his liabilities; and had at last persuaded himself into the belief that he had found one. He likewise fixed a period for the restoration of a fearful sum of money, which Michael, madman that he was, had suffered him to expend—to fling away like dirt. Upon such expectations, Allcraft stood—upon such props suffered his aching soul to rest. There wanted but a month to the acceptable season when claims upon the house

pouring in which could not be put off. Michael borrowed money once more from his wife to meet them. He did it without remorse or hesitation. Why should he have compunction—why

think about it, when the hour of repayment was so near at hand? It was a proper question for a man who could slumber on a mine that was ready to burst, and shatter him to atoms.

## CHAPTER II.

### A MEETING.

It was a constant saying of old Mr Brammel, that if his time were to come over again, he would adopt a very different plan from that which he had pursued in the education of his son. Now, a different plan it might have been; but one leading to a more satisfactory result. I must take the liberty to deny. Of what use is experience to one who, with sixty years of life in him, still feels and thinks, reasons and acts, like a child? Who but a child would have thought of paying the wholesale demands of that dissolute, incorrigible youth, with the notion of effecting by such subtle means his lasting reformation; who but a child would have made the concealment of his name a condition of the act? As may be guessed, the success of this scheme was equal to its wisdom. Augustus Theodore, too grateful for the facilities afforded him, showed no disposition to abridge his pleasures, or to hasten his return. In the regular and faithful discharge of his drafts, his vulgar soul rejoiced to detect a fear of offending, and an eagerness to conciliate, on the part of his partner, Michael Allcraft. He would see and acknowledge nothing else. And the idea once fixed in his mind, he was not likely to rest contented with half the glory of his victory. "No.—He would punish the fellow.—He would make him smart; he would teach him to come all the way to France on purpose to bully him. He hadn't done with the gentleman yet. Master Allcraft should cry loud enough before he had. He'd sicken him." Still the hopeful youth pursued his travels—still he transmitted his orders at sight—still they were honoured punctually—still Augustus Theodore chuckled with stupid delight over what he considered the pitiful submission of his partner, who had not courage to reject his drafts, and

dared not utter now one brief expostulatory word. Mr Brammel, junior, like the rest of the firm, lived in his own delusions. The fourth year dawned, and Mr Brammel suddenly appeared amongst his friends. He and his lady had travelled over Europe; they had seen the world—the world had seen them; they were sick of wandering—they desired to settle. A noble villa, with parks and paddocks, was quickly taken and sumptuously furnished: hunters were got from Tattersall's—nursery-maids from France—an establishment worthy of the name rose like magic, almost within sight of Michael's humble dwelling, taking the neighbourhood by surprise, startling and affrighting Allcraft. Again the latter visited the fond old man—remonstrated, complained; and once more the father entreated on behalf of his son, begged for time and patience, and undertook to satisfy the prodigal's extravagance. He gave his money as before, willingly and eagerly, and stipulated only, with unmeaning earnestness, for secrecy and silence. And the fourth year closed as drearily as it had opened. The promises of Bellamy and Planner were as far from fulfilment as ever: their performance as vigorous and disastrous as at first. The landed proprietor still reckoned, day after day, portions of his involved estate. The schemer, disappointed in his expectations of a purchaser, returned to his speculation with redoubled ardour, and with fresh supplies of gold. His only chance of ultimate recovery was to push boldly forward, and to betray no fear of failure. One retrograde or fluid step would open the eyes of men, and bring down ruin on the *Pantamorphica*. Planner became conscious of all this to his dismay, and he had nothing to do in the very extremity of his distress, but to proceed in his venture with the best

sprits he could command, and to trust himself fairly to the swelling tide.—Allcraft looked on and trembled.

It is wonderful how long a withered leaf will sometimes cling to its branch. It will hold tenaciously there, the last of its race, days after the decay of its greener and more healthy-looking mates. "A creaking door," the proverb has it, "hangs long upon its hinges;" and many a wheezing, parchment-looking gentleman, as we all know, who ought to have died every year of his life since he was born, draws his difficult breath through threescore years and ten; whilst the young, the hardy, and the sound are smitten in their pride, and fall in leaps about him. It is no less strange that a house of business like that of our friend Mr Allcraft, should assert its existence for years, rotten as it was, during the whole of the time, at its very heart's core. And yet such is the case. Eight years elapsed, and found it still in the land of the living: yes, and to the eye external, as proper and as good a house of business as any you shall name. Its vitals were going—were gone, before the smallest indications of mischief appeared upon the surface. Life must have been well nourished to maintain itself so long. And was it not? Answer, thou kind physician, gentle Margaret! Answer, thou balm and life's elixir—Margaret's *gold!*

Eight weary years have passed, and we have reached a miserable day in the month of November. The wind is howling, and the rain is pelting against the parlour windows of the Banking-house, whose blinds are drawn close down. The partners are all assembled. Michael, whose hair is as grey as his father's on the day of his death, and whose care and misery have made haggard and old, sits at a table, with a heap of papers before him, and a pen in his hand—engaged, as it appears, in casting up accounts. Mr Bellamy, who looks remarkably well—very glossy and very fat—sits at the table likewise, perusing leisurely the county newspapers through golden eyeglasses. He holds them with the air of a gentleman, comfortable and at ease in all respects, mentally and bodily. Augustus Theodore swings on a chair before the fire, which he keeps

at work for his own especial consolation. His feet stretch along the fender—his amusement is the poker. He has grown insufferably vain, is dressed many degrees above the highest fashionable point, and looks a dissipated, hopeless blackguard. Planner, very subdued, very pale, and therefore very unlike himself, stands behind the chair of Allcraft: and ever and anon he casts a rueful glance over the shoulder of his friend, upon the papers which his friend is busy with. No one speaks. At intervals Mr Bellamy coughs extensively and loudly, just to show his dignity and independence, and to assure the company that *his* conscience is very tranquil on the occasion—that his firm "withers are unwrung;" and Mr Brammel struggles, like an ill-taught bullfinch, to produce a whistle, and fails in the attempt. With these exceptions, we have a silent room. A quarter of an hour passes. Michael finishes his work. He spends one moment in reflection, and then he speaks:—

"Now, gentlemen," he begins with a deep sigh, that seems to carry from his heart a load of care—"Now, if you please"

The paper and the poker are abandoned, chairs are drawn towards the hair-covered table. The partners sit and look at one another, face to face.

"Gentlemen," said Michael, at first slowly and seriously, and in a tone which none might hear beyond their walls—"you do not, I am sure, require me to advert to *all* the causes which have rendered this meeting necessary. I have no desire to use reproaches, and I shall refer as little as I may to the past. I ask you all to do me justice. Have I not laboured like a slave for the common good? Have I not toiled in order to avoid the evil hour that has come upon us? Have I not given every thing—have I not robbed another in order to prop up our house and keep its name from infamy?"

"Be calm, be calm," interposed Mr Bellamy gently, remarking that Allcraft slightly raised his voice at the concluding words.

"Calm! calm, Mr Bellamy!" exclaimed the unhappy speaker, renouncing without hesitation all attempts at the *suaviter in modo*, and yet fearful of

showing his indignation and of being overheard—"Calm! It is well for you to talk so. Had I been less calm, less easy; had I done my duty—had I been determined seven years ago, this cruel day would never have arrived. You are my witness that it never would."

Mr Bellamy rose with much formality from his seat:

"Gentlemen," he said, "I cannot submit to dark and plebeian immodesties. I have come here to-day, at great personal inconvenience, and I am prepared to listen respectfully to any thing which Mr Allcraft thinks it his duty to bring before us. But I must have you remember that a gentleman and a man of honour cannot brook an insult."

"I ask your pardon, sir," added Allcraft, in a tone of bitterness—"I meant no insult. Pray be seated. I have the honour to present you with a statement of our affairs. We have claims upon us, amounting to several thousand pounds, which must be met within a week. A third of the sum required will not be at our command. How is it to be obtained? and, if obtained, how is it to repair the invasions which, year after year, have been made upon the house, and how secure it from further spoliation? It is useless and absurd to hide from ourselves any longer the glaring fact that we are on the actual verge of bankruptcy."

"Well! I have had nothing to do with that. You can't say it's me," ejaculated Mr Brammel. "You have had the management in your own hands, and so you have nobody but yourself to thank for it. I thought from the beginning how the concern would turn out!"

"Your share, sir, in furthering the interests of the bank we will speak of shortly," said Michael, turning to the speaker with contempt. "We have little time for recrimination now."

"As for recrimination, Mr Allcraft," interposed Mr Bellamy, "I must be allowed to say, that you betray a very improper spirit in this business—very—very. You are far from being temperate."

"Temperate!"

"Yes; I said so."

"Mr Bellamy," said Allcraft, bursting with rage, "I have been your partner for eight years. I have not

for a moment deserted my post, or slacked in my duty. I have given my strength, my health, my peace of mind, to the house. I have drawn less than your clerk from its resources; but I have added to them, wrongfully, cruelly, and unparadoxically, from means not my own, which, in common honesty, I ought never to have touched—wicked!"

"Really, really, Mr Allcraft," said Bellamy, interrupting him, "you have told us every word of this before."

"Wait, sir," continued the other. "I am *intemperate*, and you shall have my excuse for being so. But, Mr Bellamy, have never devoted one moment of your life to the interests of the house: no, not a moment. You have, year after year, without the slightest hesitation or remorse, sucked its life-blood from it. You have borrowed, as these accounts will show, thousands of pounds, and paid them back with promises and words. You engaged to produce your fair proportion of capital; you have given nothing. You made grand professions of adding strength and stability to the firm: you have been its stumbling-block and hindrance."

"Mr Allcraft," said Bellamy coolly, "you are still a very young man."

"Have I told the truth?"

"Pshaw, man! Speak to the point. Speak to the point, sir. We have heavy payments due next week. Are we prepared to meet them?"

"No—nor shall we be."

"That's unfortunate," added Mr Bellamy, very quietly. "You are sure of that? You cannot help us—with another loan, for instance?"

Michael answered, with determination—"No."

"Very well. No violence, Mr Allcraft, pray. Such being the case, I shall decline, at present, giving any answer to the unjust, inhuman observations which you have made upon my conduct. Painful as it is to pass this barbarous treatment over for the present, still my own private affairs shall be as nothing in comparison with the general good. This provided for, I will protect myself from future insult, depend upon it. You are wrong, Mr Allcraft—very wrong. You shall acknowledge it. You will be sorry for the expressions which you



have cast upon a gentleman, your senior in years, and [here a very loud cough] let me add—in social station. Now, sir, let me beg a word or two in private."

It was very unfortunate that the whole establishment stood in unaltered awe of the redoubted Mr Bellamy. Allcraft, notwithstanding his knowledge of the man, and his previous attack upon his character, was not, at this moment, free from the fascination; and at the eleventh hour he found it difficult to withdraw entirely his confidence in Mr Bellamy's ultimate desire and capability to deal honourably and justly by him. Much of the Mogul's power was unquestionably derived from his massive *physique*; but his chief excellence lay in that peculiar off-hand, patronizing, take-it-for-granted air, which he made it a point to assume towards every individual with whom he came in contact. He had scarcely requested a few minutes' private conversation with Allcraft, before Planner and Brammel jumped involuntarily from their seats, as if in obedience to a word of command, and edged towards the door.

"If you please," continued Mr Bellamy, nodding to them very graciously; and they departed. In the course of ten minutes they were recalled by the autocrat himself. The gentlemen resumed their seats, and this time Mr Bellamy addressed them.

"You see, my dear sirs," he began with, for him, peculiar gentleness, "it is absolutely necessary to provide against the immediate exigency, and to postpone all discussion on the past, until this is met, and satisfactorily disposed off."

"Certainly!" said Augustus Brammel, who, for his part, never wished to talk or think about the past again. "Certainly. Hear, hear! I agree to that"——

"I knew you would, dear Mr Brammel—a gentleman of your discretion would not fail to do so."

Augustus looked up at Mr Bellamy to find if he were jeering him; but he saw no reason to believe it.

"Such being the case," continued the worthy speaker, "it behoves us now to look about for some assistance. Our friend, Mr Allcraft, I am sorry to say, does not feel disposed to help

us once more through the pressure. I am very sorry to say so. Perhaps he will think better of it, (Allcraft shook his head.) Ah! just so. He desponds a little now. He takes the dark side of things. For my own part, I prefer the bright. He believes, as you have heard, that we are on the verge of bankruptcy. Upon my honour as a gentleman, I really can believe in no such thing. There is a general gloom over the mercantile world; it will break off in time; and we, with the rest of mankind, shall pass into the sunshine."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Augustus Brammel; "that's the way to look at things!"

"Taking it for granted, then—which, positively, I am not inclined to do; for really, Mr Allcraft, it is against your interest not to help us in this emergency—but, however, taking it, I say, for granted, that our friend here will not succour us—it appears to me, that only one legitimate course is open to us. If we are refused at home, let us apply for aid as near our home as possible. There are our London friends"——

"Ah, yes, to be sure—so there are," cried Theodore Augustus.

"We surely cannot hesitate to apply to them. Our name stands—and deservedly so—very high. They will be glad to accommodate us with a temporary loan. We will avail ourselves of it—say for three months. That will give us time to turn about us, and to prepare ourselves against similar unpleasant casualties. See what we want, Mr Allcraft; let the sum be raised in London without delay, and let us look forward with the hearts of men."

"Capital, capital," continued Brammel; "I second that motion."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr Bellamy, with a gracious smile. "There remains then to consider only who shall be the favoured individual deputed to this important business. One of us must certainly go to London, and I do think it due to our youngest member, Mr Brammel, to concede to him the honour of representing us in the metropolis. No offence will, I trust, be taken by our other friends, and I hope that in my zeal for Mr Brammel, I shall not be suspected of betraying an undue preference."

Mr Bellamy turned towards Augustus Theodore with an almost affectionate expression of countenance, as he spoke these words; but perceived, to his mortification, that the latter, instead of being pleasantly affected by his address, wriggled in his chair most impatiently, and assumed the complexion and aspect of a man with whom something has suddenly and violently disagreed.

"No—no—no!" he bellowed out, as soon as he could; "none of that soft-soup, Mr Bellamy—make up your mind at once—I sha'n't go. I can't borrow money. I do not know how to do it. I don't want the honour, thank you. It's very good of you, and I am much obliged to you—that's a fact. But you'll look out for somebody else, if you please. I beg to say I decline—pos"—

Mr Bellamy cast upon Theodore one of his natural and annihilating glances, and said deliberately,

"Mr Brammel, for the first time in your life you are honoured by being made a useful individual. You are to go to London.—Go you shall!"

"Go, I sha'n't," answered Brammel, in his accustomed easy style and manner.

"Very well. You are aware," Mr Brammel, that your respected parent has yet to be made acquainted with sundry lively doings of your own, which you would rather, I believe, keep from his ears at present; you likewise are aware that if any thing happens to the serious injury of the bank through your imprudence—your inheritance from that respected parent would be dearly purchased for a shilling. I shall be sorry to hurt your feelings, or your pocket. I have no wish to do it; but depend upon me, sir, your father shall be a wiser man to-night, if you are obstinate and disobedient."

"I can't borrow money—I can't—I don't know how to do it," said Brammel peevishly.

"And who reproaches you for your inability, my dear sir," said Bellamy coaxingly. "No one, I am sure. You shall be taught. Every thing shall be made easy and agreeable. You will carry your credentials from the house, and your simple task shall be beforehand well explained to you."

"I am not used to it."

"And you never will be, Mr Brammel, if you don't begin to practise. Come, I am sure you don't wish me to see your father to-day. I am certain you are not anxious to part with your patrimony. You are too sensible a man. Pray let us have no delay, Mr Allcraft. See what we want. Mr Brammel will go to London to-morrow. We must take time by the forelock. Let us meet these heavy payments, and then we can think, and breathe, and talk. Till then it is idle to wrangle, and to lose one's temper. Very well; then there's little more, I imagine, to be done at present."

Augustus Theodore still expressed his nomination, like an irritable child; but a fly kicking against a stone wall, was as likely to move it, as Brammel to break down the resolution of such a personage as Mr Bellamy. After an hour's insane remonstrance, he gave in to his own alarm, rather than to the persuasion of his partner. He was fearfully in debt; his only hope of getting out of it rested in the speedy decease of his unfortunate parent, whom he had not seen for months, and who, he had reason to believe, had vowed to make him pay with his whole fortune for any calamity that might happen to the bank through his misconduct or extravagance. It was not from the lips of Mr Bellamy that he heard this threat for the first time. What he should do, if it were carried out, heaven only knows. He consented to go to London on this disgusting mission, and he could have bitten his tongue out for speaking his acquiescence, so enraged was he with himself, and all the world, at his defeat. He did not affect to conceal his anger; and yet, strange to say, it was not visible to Mr Bellamy. On the contrary, he thanked Mr Brammel for the cheerful and excellent spirit in which he had met his partners' wishes, and expressed himself delighted at the opportunity which now presented itself for introducing their young friend to life. Then, turning to Michael Allcraft, he begged him to prepare their deputation for his work immediately, and to place no obstacle in the way of his departure. Then he moved the adjournment of the meeting until the return of Mr Brammel; and then he

finished by inviting all his partners to dine with him at the hall that day, and to join him in drinking success, and happiness to their young adven-

turer. The invitation was accepted; and Mr Bellamy's grand carriage drew up immediately with splash and clatter to the door.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A CHAPTER OF LOANS.

Augustus Brammel hated his partners with all his heart and soul. He had never been very fond of them, but the result of this interview gave an activity and a form to feelings which it required only sufficient occasion to bring into play. Notwithstanding the polite tone which Mr Bellamy had cunningly adopted in placing his mission before him, even he, the ignorant and obtuse Brammel, could not fail to see that he had been made the tool, the rat's-paw in a business from which his partners shrank. Now, had the young man been as full of courage as he was of vulgar conceit, he might, I verily believe, have turned his hatred, and his knowledge of affairs, to very good account. Lacking the spirit of the smallest animal that crawls, he was content to eject his odious malice in oaths and execrations, and to submit to his beating after all. No sooner was the meeting at an end, than he left the Banking-house, and turned his steps towards home. He had become—as it was very natural he should—a brute of a husband, and the terror of his helpless household. He remembered, all at once, that he had been deeply aggrieved in the morning by Mrs Brammel; that as many as two of his shirt buttons had given way whilst he was in the act of dressing, and unable to contain himself after the treatment of Mr Bellamy, he resolved forthwith to have his vengeance out upon his wife. But he had not walked a hundred yards, before his rancour and fury increased to such a height, that he was compelled to pull up short in the street, and to vow, with a horrible oath, that he would see all his partners roasting in the warmest place that he could think of, before he'd move one inch to save their souls from rotting. So, instead of proceeding homeward, he turned back again, with a vow to make this statement; but before he could reach the Banking-

house, a wiser thought entered his head, and induced him to retrace his steps. "He would go," he said, "to his father; and lay his complaint there. He would impeach all his partners, acknowledge his errors, and promise once more to reform. His father, easy old fool, would believe him, forgive him, and do any thing else, in his joy." It was certainly a bright idea—but, alas! his debts were so very extensive. Bellamy's threatening look rose before him, and made them appear even larger and more terrible than they were. What if his father insisted upon his going to London, and doing any other dirty work which these fellows chose to put upon him? Bellamy, he was sure, could make the old man do any thing. No, it wouldn't do. He stamped his foot to the ground in vexation, and recurred to his original determination. It was all he could do. He must go to London, and take what indemnification he might in the domestic circle previously to starting. And the miserable man did have his revenge, and did go to London. He was empowered to borrow twenty thousand pounds from the London house, and he was furnished by Michael Allcraft with particulars explanatory of his commission. And he walked into Lombard Street with the feelings of a culprit walking up the scaffold to his execution. His pitiful heart deserted him at the very instant when he most needed its support. He passed and repassed the large door of the establishment, which he saw opened and shut a hundred times in a minute, by individuals, whose self-collectedness and independence, he would have given half his fortune to possess. He tried, time after time, to summon courage for his entry, and, as he afterwards expressed it, a ball rose in his throat—just as he got one foot upon the step—large enough to choke him. Impudent and reckless as he had been

all his life, he was now more timid and nervous than an hysterical girl. Oh, what should he do? First, he thought of going to a neighbouring hotel, and writing at once to Allcraft: swearing that he was very ill, that he couldn't move, and was utterly unable to perform his duties. If he went to bed, and sent for a doctor, surely Allcraft would believe him: and in pity would come up and do the business. He dwelt upon this contrivance, until it seemed too complicated for success. Would it not be more advisable to write to the London house itself, and explain the object of his coming up? But if he could write, why couldn't he call? They would certainly ask that question, and perhaps refuse the loan. Oh, what was he to do! He could hit upon no plan, and he couldn't muster confidence to turn in. The porter of the firm mercifully interposed to rescue Mr Brammel from his dilemma. That functionary had watched the stranger shuffling to and fro in great anxiety or doubt, and at length he deemed it proper to enquire whether the gentleman was 'looking for the doorway of the house of Messrs — and —, or not. Augustus, frightened, answered *yes* at random, and in another instant found himself in what he called 'The SWEATING ROOM of the awfulest house of business he had ever seen in all his life.' It was a large square apartment, very lofty and very naked-looking. There were three or four solemn leather-covered chairs, and one broad leather-covered table. There was an iron chest, and two shelves filled with giant books: and there was nothing else in the room but a stillness, and a mouldiness of smell, that hung upon his spirits like pounds of lead, dragging them down, and freezing them. Yet, cold as were his spirits, the perspiration that oozed from the pores of his skin was profuse and steady during the quarter of an hour that elapsed whilst he waited for the arrival of the worthy principal. During those memorable fifteen minutes—the most unpleasant of his life—Augustus, for two seconds together, could neither sit, stand, nor walk with comfort. He knew nothing of the affairs of his house: he was not in a condition to answer the most trivial

business question; he had heard that his firm was on the eve of bankruptcy, (and, judging from the part he had taken in its affairs, he could easily believe it;) he felt that his partners had thrown the odium of the present application upon him, not having courage to take it upon themselves; and he had an indistinct apprehension that this very act of borrowing money would lead to transportation or the gallows, should the business go to rack and ruin, as he could see it shortly would. All these considerations went far to stultify the otherwise weak and feeble Mr Brammel; when, in addition, he endeavoured to arrange in his mind the terms on which he would request the favour of a temporary loan of only (!) twenty thousand pounds, a sensation of nausea completely overpowered him, and the table, the chairs, the iron chest, swam round him like so many ships at sea. To recover from his sickness, and to curse the banking-house, every member of the same, and his own respectable parent for linking him to it, was one and the same exertion. To the infinite astonishment of Augustus Theodore, the acquisition of these twenty thousand pounds proved the most amusing and easiest transaction of his life. Mr Cupbill, the managing partner of the London house, received him with profound respect and pleasure. He listened most attentively to the stammering request, and put the deputation at his ease at once, by expressing his readiness to comply with Mr Allcraft's wishes, provided a note of hand, signed by all the partners, and payable in three months, was given as security for the sum required. Augustus wrote word home to that effect; the note of hand arrived—the twenty thousand pounds were paid—the dreaded business was transacted with half the trouble that it generally cost Augustus Theodore to effect the purchase of a pair of gloves.

Mr Bellamy remained at the hall just one week after the receipt of the cash, and then was carried to the north by pressing business. Before he started he complimented Allcraft upon their success, trusted that they should now go smoothly on, promised to return at the very earliest moment, and gave directions on his route by



which all letters of importance might safely reach him. And Allcraft, relieved for a brief season, indefatigable as ever, strained every nerve and muscle to sustain his credit and increase his gains. As heretofore, he denied himself all diversion and amusement. The first at the bank, the last to leave it, he had his eye forever on its doings. Visible at all times to the world, and most conspicuous there where the world was pleased to find him, he maintained his reputation as a thorough man of business, and held, with hooks of steel, a confidence as necessary to existence as the vital air around him. To lose a breath of the public approbation in his present state, were to give up fatally the only stay on which he rested. Wonderful that, as the prospects of the man grew darker, his courage strengthened, his spirit roused, his industry increased! And a bitter reflection was it, that reward still came to him—still a fair return for time and strength expended. He could not complain of the neglect of mankind, or of the ingratitude of those he served. In the legitimate transactions of the house, he was a prosperous and a prospering man. Such, to the outer world, did he appear in all respects, and such he would have been but for the hidden and internal sores already past cure or reparation. Who had brought them there? Michael did not ask the question—yet. Never did three months pass away so rapidly as those which came between the day of borrowing and the day of paying back those twenty thousand pounds. The moment the money had arrived, Michael's previous anxieties fled from his bosom, and left him as happy as a boy without a care. It came like a respite from death. Sanguine to the last, he congratulated himself upon the overthrow of his temporary difficulties, and relied upon the upturning of some means of payment, on the arrival of the distant day. But distant as it looked at first, it crept nearer and nearer, until at the end of two months, when—as he saw no possibility of relieving himself from the engagement—it appeared close upon him, haunting him morning, noon, and night, where-soever he might be, and sickening him with its terrible and desperate aspect.

When there wanted only a week to the fatal day, Michael's hope of meeting the note of hand was slighter than ever. He became irritable, distressed, and anxious—struggled hard to get the needful sum together, struggled and strove; but failed. Hours and minutes were now of vital consequence; and, in a rash and unprotected moment, he permitted himself to write a letter to the London house, begging them, as a particular favour, just for one week to retire the bill they held against him. The London house civilly complied with the request, and five days of that last and dreary week swept by, leaving poor Allcraft as ill prepared for payment as they had found him. What could he do? At length the gulf had opened—was yawning—to receive him. How should he escape it?

Heaven, in its infinite mercy, has vouchsafed to men *angels* to guide and cheer them on their difficult and thorny paths. Could Michael suffer, and Margaret not sympathize? Could he have a sorrow which she might chase away, and, having the power, lack the heart to do it? Impossible! Oh! hear her in her impassioned supplications; hear her at midnight, in their disturbed and sleepless bedchamber, whilst the doomed man sits at her side in agony, clasps his face, and buries it within his hand for shame and disappointment.

"Michael, do not break my heart. Take, dearest, all that I possess; but, I entreat you, let me see you cheerful. Do not take this thing to heart. Whatever may be your trouble, confide it, love, to me. I will try to kill it!"

"No, no, no," answered Allcraft wildly; "it must not be—it shall not be, dear Margaret. You shall be imposed upon no longer. You shall not be robbed. I am a villain!"

"Do not say so, Michael. You are kind and good; but this cruel business has worn you out. Leave it, I implore you, if you can, and let us live in peace."

"Margaret, it is impossible. Do not flatter yourself or me with the vain hope of extrication. Release will never come. I am bound to it for my life; it will take longer than a life to effect deliverance. You know not my calamities."

"But I *will* know them, Michael, and share them with you, if they must be borne. I am your wife, and have a right to this. Trust me, Michael, and do not kill me with suspense. What is this new affliction? Whatsoever it may be, it is fitting that I should know it—yes, will know it, dearest, or I am not worthy to lie beside you there. Tell me, love, how is it that for these many days you have looked so sad, and sighed, and frowned upon me. I am conscious of no fault. Have I done amiss? Say so, and I will speedily repair the fault?"

Michael pressed his Margaret to his heart, and kissed her fondly.

"Why, oh why, my Margaret, did you link your fate with mine?"

"Why, having done so, Michael, do you not love and trust me?"

"Love?"

"Yes—*here!* Say what you will, you do not love me, if you hide your griefs from me. We are one. Let us be truly so. One in our joys and in our sufferings."

"Dearest Margaret, why should I distress you? Why should I call upon you for assistance? Why drag your substance from you?—why prey upon you until you have parted with your all? I have taken too much already."

"Answer me one simple question, Michael. Can money buy away this present sorrow? Can it bring to you contentment and repose? Can it restore to me the smile which is my own? Oh, if it can, be merciful and kind; take freely what is needful, and let me purchase back my blessings!"

"Margaret, you deserve a better fate!"

"Name the sum, dear. Is it my fortune? Not more? Then never were peace of mind and woman's happiness so cheaply bought. Take it, Michael, and let us thank Heaven that it is enough. We shall be happier than ever. My fortune never gave me so much joy as now. I do not remember, Michael, that you have ever refused my smallest wish. It is not in your nature to be unkind. Come, dearest, smile a little. We have made the bargain—be generous, and pay me in advance."

He smiled and wept in gratitude.

Now Michael retired to rest, determined not to take advantage of the

generous impulses of his confiding wife; yet, although he did so, it could not but be very satisfactory to his marital feelings to discover, and to be assured of the existence of, such devotedness and disregard of self and fortune as she displayed. Indeed, he was very much relieved by the knowledge, much tranquillized and comforted; so much so, in fact, that he was enabled, towards morning, to wake up in a condition to review his affairs with great serenity of mind, and (notwithstanding his determination) to contrive some mode of turning the virtuous magnanimity of his wife to good account, without inflicting any injury upon herself. Surely if he could do this, he was bound to act. To save himself by her help, and, at the same time, without injuring her at all, was a very defensible step, to say the least of it. Who should say it wasn't his absolute duty to adopt it? Whatever repugnance he might have felt in asking a further loan from one who had already helped him beyond his expectations, it was certainly very much diminished since she had offered to yield to him, without reserve, every farthing that she possessed. Not that he would ever suffer her to do any thing so wild and inexcusable; still, after such an expression of her wishes, he was at liberty to ask her aid, provided always that he could secure her from any loss or risk. When Michael got this for in his proposition, it was not very difficult to work it to the end. Once satisfied that it was just and honourable, and it was comparatively child's work to arrange the *modus operandi*. A common trick occurred to him. In former transactions with his wife, he had pledged his word of honour to repay her. It had become a stale pledge, and very worthless, as Michael felt. What if he put his *life* in pawn! Ah, capital idea! This would secure to her every farthing of her debt. Dear me, how very easy! He had but to insure his life for the amount he wanted, and let what would happen, she was safe. His spirit rejoiced. Oh, it was joy to think that she could save him from perdition, and yet not suffer a farthing's loss. Loss! So far from this, his ready mind already calculated how she might be a gainer

by the arrangement. He was yet young. Let him insure his life at present for twenty thousand pounds, and how much more would it be worth—say that he lived for twenty years to come? He explained it to his lady—to his own perfect satisfaction. The willing Margaret required no more. He could not ask us freely as the woman's boundless love could grant. He, with all his reasoning, could not persuade his conscience to pronounce the dealing just. She, with her beating heart for her sole argument and guide, looked for no motive save her strong affection—no end but her beloved's happiness and peace. Woe is me, the twenty thousand pounds were gripped—the precious life of Mr Allcraft was insured—the London house was satisfied. A very few weeks flew over the head of the needy man, before he was reduced to the same pitiable straits. Money was again required to carry the reeling firm through unexpected difficulties. Brammel was again dispatched to London. The

commissioner, grown bolder by his first success, was ill prepared for hesitation and reproof, and awkward references to "that last affair." Ten thousand pounds were the most they could advance, and all transactions of the kind must close with this, if there should be any deviation from the strictest punctuality. Brammel attempted to apologise, and failed in the attempt, of course. He came home disgusted, shortening his journey by swearing over half the distance, and promising his partners his cordial forgiveness, if ever they persuaded him again to go to London on a begging expedition!

Oh, Margaret! Margaret! Oh, spirit of the mild and gentle Mildred! Must I add, that your good money paid this second loan—and yet a third—a fourth—a fifth? When shall fond woman cease to give—when shall mean and sordid man be satisfied with something less than all she has to grant?

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

The most remarkable circumstance in that meeting of the partners, which ended in Brammel's first visit to London, was the behaviour of our very dear friend and ally—the volatile Planner—volatile, alas! no longer. His best friend would not have recognized him on that deeply interesting occasion. He was a subdued, a shaken man. Every drop of his brave spirit had been squeezed out of him, and he stood the mere pulp and rind of his former self. He who, for years, had been accustomed to look at men, not only in the face, but very impertinently over their heads, could not drag his shambling vision now higher than men's shoe-strings. His eye, his heart, his soul was on the ground. He was disappointed, crushed. Not a syllable did he utter; not a single word of remonstrance and advice did he presume to offer in the presence of his associates. He had a sense of guilt, and men so situated are sometimes tongue-tied. He had, in truth, a great deal to answer for, and enough

to make a livelier man than he dissatisfied and wretched. Every farthing which had passed from the bank to the *Pantomorphica* Association was irrecoverably gone. The Association itself was in the same condition—gone irrecoverably likewise. Nothing remained of that once beautiful and promising vision, but some hundred acres of valueless land, a half-finished and straggling brick wall, falling rapidly to decay, the foundations of a theatre, and the rudiments of a temple dedicated to Apollo. Planner had gazed upon the scene once, when dismal rain was pouring down upon the ruins, and he burst into bitter tears, and sobbed like a child at the annihilation of his hopes. He had not courage to look a second time upon that desolation, and yet he found courage to turn away from it, and to do a thing more desperate. Ashamed to be beaten, afraid to meet the just rebuke of Allcraft, he flung himself recklessly into the hands of a small band of needy speculators, and secretly engaged in schemes that

promised restitution of the wealth he had expended, or make his ruin perfect and complete. One adventure after another failed, cutting the thread of his career shorter every instant, and rendering him more hot-brained and impatient. He doubled and trebled his risks, and did the like, as may be guessed, to his anxieties and failures. He lived in a perpetual fear and danger of discovery; and discovery now was but another name, for poison—prison—death. Here was enough, and more than enough, to extinguish every spark of joy in the bosom of Mr Planner, and to account for his despondency and settled gloom. And yet Planner, in this, his darkest hour, was nearer to deliverance and perfect peace, than at any previous period of his history. Planner was essentially “a lucky dog.” Had he fallen from a house-top, he would have reached *terra firma* on his feet. Had he been conducted to the gallows, according to his deserts, the noose would have slipped, and his life would certainly have been spared.

It happened, that whilst Michael was immersed in the management of his loans, a hint was forwarded to him of the pranks of his partner; a letter, written by an anonymous hand, revealed his losses in one transaction, amounting to many hundred pounds. The news came like a thunderbolt to Allcraft. It was a death-blow. Iniquitous, unpardonable as were the acts of his colleague—serious as was the actual sum of money gone; yet these were as nothing compared with the distressing fact, that intelligence of the evil work had already gone abroad, was in circulation, and might at any moment put a violent end to his own unsteady course. He carried the note to Planner—he thrust it into his face, and called him to account for his baseness and ingratitude. He could have struck his friend and partner to the earth, and trod him there to death, as he confronted and upbraided him.

“Now, sir,” roared Allcraft in his fury—“What excuse—what lie have you at your tongue’s end to palliate this? What can justify this? Will you never be satisfied until you have rendered me the same hopeless, helpless creature that I found you, when

I dragged you from your beggary? Answer me!”——

There is nothing like a plaintive retort when your case is utterly indefensible. Planner looked at the letter, read it—then turned his eye mildly and reproachfully upon his neighbour.

“Michael Allcraft,” he said affecting, “you treat me cruelly.”

“I!” answered the other astounded. “I treat *you*! Planner, I intrusted you years ago with a secret. I paid you well for keeping it. Could I dream that nothing would satisfy your rapacity but my destruction? Could I suppose it? I have fed your ravenous desires. I have submitted to your encroachments. Do you ask for soul as well as body? Let me know what it is you ask—what I have to pay—let me hear the worst, and—prepare for all my punishment.”

“I have listened to all you have said,” continued Planner, “and I do consider myself an ill-used man.”

Michael stared.

“Yes—I mean it. I have worked like a negro for you Allcraft, and this is the return you make me. I see your drift; do not attempt to disguise it—it is cruel—most, most cruel!”

“What do you mean?”

“Have I not always promised to share my gains with you?”

“Pshaw—*your* gains—where are they?”

“That’s nothing to the point. Did I not promise?”

“Well—well.”

“And now, after all my labour and struggling, because I have *failed*, you wish to turn me off, and throw me on the world. Now, speak the truth, man—is it not so?”

Oh! Planner was a cunning creature, and so was Michael Allcraft. Mark them both! This idea, which Planner deemed too good to be seriously entertained by his colleague, had never once occurred to Michael; but it seemed so promising, and so likely, if followed up, to relieve him effectually of his greatest plague, and of any floating ill report, that he found no hesitation in adopting it at once. He did not answer, but he tried to look as if his partner had exactly guessed his actual intention. Sweet gentlemen both!



"I thought so," continued the injured Planner. "Michael, you do not know me. You do not understand my character. I am a child to persuade, but a rock if you attempt to force me. I shall *not* desert the bank, whilst there is a chance of paying back all that we have drawn."

"H'e, sir?"

"Yes—we. You and I together for our schemes, and you alone for private purposes. You recollect your father's debts?"

"Planner, do not think to threaten me into further compromise. You can frighten me no longer—be sure of that. Your transactions are the common talk of the city—the bank is stigmatized by its connexion with you."

"Curse the bank!" said Planner fretfully. "Would to Heaven I had never heard of it!"

"Leave it then, and rid yourself of the annoyance. You are free to do it!"

"What! and leave behind me every chance of realizing a competency for my old age! Oh, Michael, Michael—shame, shame!"

"Competency! Are you serious? Are you sane? Competency! Why, the labour of your life will not make good a tithe of what you have squandered."

"Come, come, Michael, you know better. You know well enough that one lucky turn would set us up at last. Speak like a man. Say that you want to grasp all—that you are tired of me—that you are sick of the old face, and wish to see my back. Put the thing in its proper light, and you shall not find me hard to deal with."

"Planner, you are deceived. Your mind is full of fancy and delusion, and that has been your curse and mine."

"Very well. Have your way; but look you, Michael, you are anxious to get rid of me—there's no denying that. There is no reason why we should quarrel on that account. I would sacrifice my prospects, were they double what they are, rather than beg you to retain me. I did not ask for a share in your bank. You sought me, and I came at your request. Blot out the past. Release me from the debt that stands against

my name, and I am gone. As I came at your bidding, so, at your bidding, I am ready to depart."

"Agreed," said Allcraft, almost before the wily Planner finished. "It is done. I consent to your proposal. A dissolution shall be drawn up without delay, and shall be published in the next gazette."

"And publish with it," said Planner, like a martyr as he was, "the fate of him who gave up all to his own high sense of honour, and his friend's ingratitude."

So Planner spoke, scarcely crediting his good fortune, and almost mad with joy at his deliverance. He had no rest until the seals were fixed to parchment, and the warrant of his release appeared in public print. Within a week, the fettered man was free. Within another week, his bounding spirits came like a spring-tide back to him, and in less than eight-and-twenty days of freedom and repose, he recovered quite as many years of sweet and precious life. He made quick use of his wings. At first, like a wild and liberated bird, he sported and tumbled in the air, and fixed upon no particular aim: a thousand captivating objects soon caught his eagle eye, and then he mounted, dazzled by them all, and soon eluded mortal sight and reach. But, glad as was the schemer, his delight and sense of freedom were much inferior to those of his misguided and unlucky partner. Michael breathed as a man relieved from nightmare. The encumbrance which had for years prevented him from rising, that had so lately threatened his existence, was gone, could no longer hang upon him, hamper and oppress him. What a deliverance!—Yet, what a price had he paid for it! True, but was not the money already sacrificed? Would it have been restored, had the luckless speculator himself remained? Never! Well, fearful then as was the sum, let it go, taking the incubus along with it. Allcraft took care to obtain the consent of Bellamy to his arrangement. He wrote to him, explaining the reasons for parting with their partner; and an answer came from the landed proprietor, acquiescing in the plan, but slightly doubting the propriety of the movement. As for Brammel, he consented, as he was

ready to agree to any thing but a personal visit to the great metropolis. And then, what was Michael's next step? A proper one—to put out effectually the few sparks of scandal which might, possibly, be still flying about after the discovery of Planner's scheme. He worked fiercer than ever—harder than the day-labourer—at his place of business. It was wise in him to do so, and thus to draw men's thoughts from Planner's faults to his own unquestioned merits. And here he might have stopped with safety; but his roused, suspicious, sensitive nature, would not suffer him. He began to read, then to doubt and fear men's looks; to draw conclusions from their innocent words; to find grounds of uneasiness and torture in their silence. A vulgar fellow treated him with rudeness, and for days he treasured up the man's words, and repeated them to himself. What could they mean? Did people smell a rat? Were they on the watch? Did they suspect that he was poor? Ah, that was it! He saw it—he believed he did—that was equivalent to slight, and enough for him. Men did not understand him. He would not die so easily—they must be undeceived. Miserable Allcraft! He speedily removed from his small cottage—took a mansion, furnished it magnificently, and made it a palace in costliness and hospitality. Ah! *was* he poor? The trick answered. The world was not surprised, but satisfied. There was but one opinion. He deserved it all, and more. The only wonder was, that he had hitherto lived so quietly, rich as he was, in virtue of his wife's inheritance, and from his own hard-earned gains. His increasing business still enlarged. Customers brought guests, and, in their turn, the guests became good customers. It was a splendid mansion, with its countless rooms and gorgeous appointments. What pleasure-grounds—gardens—parks—preserves! Noble establishment, with its butler, under-butler, upper-servant, and my lady's (so the working people called poor Margaret) footman! In truth, a palace; but, alas! although it took a prince's revenue to maintain it, and although the lady's purse was draining fast to keep it and the bank upon its legs, yet was

there not a corner, a nook, a hole in the building, in which master or mistress could find an hour's comfort, or a night's unmingled sleep. As for the devoted woman, it made very little difference to her whether she dwelt in a castle or a hovel, provided she could see her husband cheerful, and know that he was happy. This was all she looked for—cared for—lived for. *He* was her life. What was her money—the dress which mankind yearned after—but for its use to him, but for the power it might exercise amongst men to elevate and ennoble *him*? What was her palace but a dungeon if it rendered her beloved more miserable than ever, if it added daily to the troubles he had brought there—to the cares which had accumulated on his head from the very hour she had become his mate? Michael Allcraft! you never deserved this woman for your wife; you told her so many times, and perhaps you meant what was wrong from your heart in its anguish. It was the truth. Why, if not in rank cowardice and pitiful ambition, entangle yourself in the perplexities of such a household, with all that heap of woe already on your soul? Why, when your London agents refused, in consequence of your irregularity and neglect, to advance your further loans—why take a base advantage of that heroic generosity that placed its all, unquestioning, at your command? Why, when you pretended with so much ceremony and regard, to effect an insurance on your worthless life, did you fail to pay up the policy even for a second year, and so resign all claim and right to such assurance, making it null and void? Let it stand here recorded to your disgrace, that, in the prosecution of your views, in the working out of your insane ambition, no one single thought of her, who gave her wealth as freely as ever fount poured forth its liberal stream, deterred you in your progress for an instant; that no one glow or gleam of feeling towards the fond and faithful wife interposed to save her from the consequences of your selfishness, and to humble you with shame for inhumanity as vile as it was undeserved. It is not surprising, that, after the taking of the great house, the demands upon the property of

Margaret were made without apology or explanation. He asked, and he obtained. The refusal of aid, on the part of the London house, terrified him when it came, and caused him rush, with a natural instinct, to the quarter whence he had no fear of denial and complaint. He drew largely from her resources. The money was sucked into the whirlpool; there was a speedy cry for more; and more was got and sacrificed. It would have been a miracle had Allcraft, in the midst of his crushing cares, retained his early vigour of mind and body, and passed through ten years of such an existence without suffering the penalties usually inflicted upon the man prodigal of the blessings and good gifts of Providence. In his appearance, and in his temperament, he had undergone a woful change. His hair—all that remained of it, for the greater part had fallen away—was grey; and, thin, weak, and straggling, drooped upon his wrinkled forehead—wrinkled with a frown that had taken root there. His face was sickly, and never free from the traces of acute anxiety that was eating at his heart. His body was emaciated, and, at times, his hand shook like a drunkard's. It was even worse with the spiritual man. He had become irritable, peevish, and ill-natured; he had lost, by degrees, every generous sentiment. As a young man he had been remarkable for his liberality in pecuniary matters. He had been wont to part freely with his money. Inconsistent as it may seem, notwithstanding his heavy losses through his partners, and his fearful expenditure, he was as greedy of gain as though he were stinting himself of every farthing, and secretly hoarding up his chests of gold. He would haggle in a bargain for a shilling, and economize in things beneath a wise man's

notice or consideration. For a few years, as it has been seen, Allcraft had denied himself the customary recreations of a man of business, and had devoted himself entirely to his occupation. It was by no means a favourable indication of his state of mind, that he derived no satisfaction at the grand mansion, either alone or in the mere society of his wife. He quitted the bank daily at a late hour, and reached his home just in time for dinner. That over, he could not sit or rest—he must be moving. He could not live in quiet. “Quietness”—it was his own expression—“stunned him.” He rushed to the theatre, to balls, concerts, wherever there was noise, talk, excitement, crowds of people; wherever there was release from his own pricking conscience and miserable thoughts. And then to parties; of course there was no lack of them, for their society was in great request, and every one was eager for an invitation in return to *Eden*—such being the strange misnomer of their magnificent prison-house. And, oh, rare entertainments were they which the suffering pair provided for the cold-hearted crew that flocked to partake of their substance! How the poor creature smiled upon her guests as they arrived, whilst her wounded heart bled on! How she sang—exquisitely always—for their amusement and unseasons approbation, until her sweet voice almost failed to crush the rising tears! How gracefully she led off the merry dance whilst clogs were on her spirits, weighing upon every movement. Extravagant joyousness! Dearly purchased pleasure! Yes, dearly purchased, if only with that half hour of dreadful silence and remorse that intervened between the banquet and the chamber—not of sweet slumber and benevolent repose, but of restlessness and horrid dreams!

## CHAPTER V.

### THE CRISIS.

Michael was half mad in the midst of his troubles; and, in truth, they gathered so thickly and rapidly about him, that he is to be admired for the little check which he contrived to keep

over his reason, saving him from absolute insanity and a lunatic asylum. Mr Bellamy, although away, made free with the capital of the bank, and applied it to his own private uses. Mr.

Brammel, senior, after having, for many years, made good to Allcraft the losses the latter had sustained through his son's extravagance, at length grew tired of the work, and left the neighbourhood, in disgust, as Michael thought, but, in sad truth, with a bruised and broken heart. At last he had dismissed the long-cherished hope of the prodigal's reformation, and with his latest hope departed every wish to look upon his hastening decay and fall. He crawled from the scene—the country; no one knew his course; not a soul was cognizant of his intentions, or could guess his resting-place. Augustus Theodore did not, in consequence of his father's absence, draw less furiously upon the bank! He had never heard of that father's generosity—how should he know of it now? And, if he knew it, was he very likely to profit by the information? Michael honoured his drafts for many reasons: two may be mentioned, founded on hope and fear—the hope of frightening the unfortunate Brammel senior into payment when he met with him again; the fear of making Brammel junior desperate by his refusal, and of his divulging all he knew. Could a man, not crazy, carry more care upon his brain? Yes, for demands on account of Plummer poured in, the very instant that fortunate speculator had taken his lucky leave of the establishment—demands for which Michael had rendered himself liable in law, by the undertaking which he had drawn up and signed in his alarm and haste. Oh, why had he overwhelmed himself with partners—why had he married—why had he taken upon himself the responsibility of his parent's debts—why had he not explained every thing when he might have done it with honour and advantage—why had he not relied upon his own integrity—and why had he attempted, with cunning and duplicity, to overreach his neighbours? Why, oh why, had he done all this? When Michael was fairly hemmed in by his difficulties, and, as it is vulgarly said, had not a leg to stand upon, or a hole to creep through, then, and not till then, did he put these various questions to himself; and since it is somewhat singular that so shrewd a man should have waited

until the last moment to put queries of such vast importance to himself, I shall dwell here for one brief moment on the fact, be it only to remind and to warn others, equally shrewd and equally clever, of the mischief they are doing when they postpone the consideration of their motives and arts until motives and arts both have brought them into a distress, out of which all their consideration will not move them an inch. “Why have I done?” was, is, and ever will be, the whining interrogative of stricken *inability*: “Why am I about to do?” the provident question of thoughtful, far-seeing *success*. Remember that.

I am really afraid to say how much of poor Margaret's fortune was drugged from her—how little of it still remained. It must have been a trifle indeed, when Michael, with a solemn oath, swore that he would not touch one farthing more, let the consequences be what they might. Could it be possible that the whole of her splendid inheritance had shrunk to so paltry a sum, that the grasping man had ceased to think it worth his while to touch it? or did the dread of beholding the confiding woman, beggar'd at last, induce him to leave at her disposal enough to purchase for her—necessary bread? Whatever was his motive, he persisted in his resolution, and to the end was faithful to his oath. Not another sixpence did he take from her. And how much the better was he for all that he had taken already? Poor Michael had not time to enquire and answer the question. He could not employ his precious moments in retrospection. He lived from hand to mouth: struggled every hour to meet the exigencies of the hour that followed. He was absorbed in the agitated present, and dared not look an inch away from it. Now, thanks to the efforts of her people, England is a Christian country; and whenever fortune goes very hard with a man who has received all the assistance that his immediate connexions can afford him, there is a benevolent brotherhood at hand, eager to relieve the sufferer's wants, and to put an end to his anxiety. This charitable band is known by the name of *Money-lenders*—*Jewish money-lenders*; so called, no doubt, in profound humility and self-denial,



displayed in the Christian's wish to give the *honour* of the work elsewhere, reserving to himself the labour and—the profit. When Michael needed fresh supplies, he was not long in gathering a gang of harpies about him. They kept their victim for a while well affright. They permitted their principal to accumulate in his hands, whilst they received full half of their advances back in the form of interest. So he went on; and how long this game would have lasted, it is impossible to say, because it was cut short in its height by a circumstance that brought the tottering house down, as it were, with a blow and a run.

When Allcraft, one morning at his usual hour, presented himself at the bank, his confidential clerk approached him with a very serious face, and placed a newspaper in his hand. Michael had grown very timid and excitable; and when the clerk put his finger on the particular spot to which he desired to call his superior's attention, the heart of the nervous man leapt into his throat, and the blood rushed from his cheek, as if it were its duty to go and look after it. He feebly wanted the courage to read the words. He attempted to smile indifferently, and to thank his servant as courteously as if he had given him a pleasant pinch of snuff; but at the same time, he pressed his thumb upon the paragraph, and made his way straight to his snug and private room. He was ready to drop when he reached it, and his heart beat like a hammer against his ribs. He placed the paper on the table, and, ere he read a syllable, he laboured to compose himself. What could it be? Was the thing exploded? Was he already the common talk and laugh of men? Was he ruined and disgraced? He read at length—*The property and estates of Walter Bellamy, Esq., were announced for sale by auction.* His first sensation on perusing the advertisement was one of overpowering sickness. Here, then, was his destruction sealed! Here was the declaration of poverty trumpeted to the world. Here was the alarm sounded—here was his doom proclaimed. Let there be a run upon the bank—and who could stop it now?—let it last for four-and-twenty hours, and he is himself a

bankrupt, an outcast, and a beggar. The tale was told—the disastrous history was closed. He had spun his web—had been his own destiny. God help and pardon him for his transgressions! There he sat, unhappy creature, weeping, and weeping like a heart-broken boy, sobbing aloud from the very depths of his soul, frantic with distress. For a full half hour he sat there, now clenching his fists in silent agony, now accusing himself of crime, now permitting horrible visions to take possession of his brain, and to madden it with their terrible and truth-like glare. He saw himself—whilst his closed eyes were pressed upon his paralysed hands—saw himself as palpably as though he stood *before* himself, crawling through the public streets, an object for men's pity, scorn, and curses. Now men laughed at him, pointed to him with their fingers, and made their children mock and hoot the penniless insolvent. Labouring men, with whose small savings he had played the thief, prayed for maledictions on his head; and mothers taught their little ones to hate the very name he bore, and frightened them by making use of it. Miserable pictures, one upon the other, rose before him—dark judgments, which he had never dreamed of or anticipated; and he stood like a stricken coward, and he yearned for the silence and concealment of the *grave*. Ay—the grave! Delightful haven to pigeon-hearted malefactors—inconsistent criminals, who fear the puny look of mortal man, and, unabashed, stalk beneath the eternal and the killing frown of God. Michael fixed upon his remedy, and the delusive opiate gave him temporary ease; but, in another instant, he derived even hope and consolation from another and altogether opposite view of things. A thought suddenly occurred to him, as thoughts will occur to the tossed and working mind—how, why, or whence we know not; and the drowning man, catching sight of the straw, did not fail to clutch it. What if, after all, Mr Bellamy proposed to sell his property *in favour of the bank*!! Very likely, certainly; and yet Allcraft, sinking, could believe it possible—yes, possible, and (by a course of happy reasoning and self-persuasion) not only

so—but *true*. And if this were Mr Bellamy's motive and design, how cruel had been his own suspicions—how vain and wicked his previous disturbance and complaints! And why should it not be? Had he not engaged to restore the money which he had borrowed; and had he not given his word of honour to pay in a large amount of capital? At the memorable meeting, had he not promised to satisfy Allcraft of the justice of his own proceedings, and the impropriety of Michael's attack upon his character? And had not the time arrived for the redemption of his word, and the payment of every farthing that was due from him? Yes: it had arrived—it had come—it was here. Mr Bellamy was about to assert his integrity, and the banking-house was saved. Michael rose from his chair—wiped the heavy sweat-drops from his brow—dried his tears, and gave one long and grateful sigh for his deliverance from that state of horror, by which, for one sad, sickening moment, he had been bewildered and betrayed. But, satisfied as he was, and rejoiced as he pretended to be, it could hardly be expected that a gentleman possessed of so lively a temperament as that enjoyed by Mr Allcraft would rest quietly upon his convictions, and take no steps to strengthen and establish them. Michael for many days past had had no direct communication with his absent partner, and, at the present moment, he was ignorant of his movements. He resolved to make his way at once to the Hall, and to get what intelligence he could of its lord and master, from the servants left in charge of that most noble and encumbered property. Accordingly he quitted his apartment, threw a ghastly smile into his countenance, and then came quickly upon his clerks, humming a few cheerful notes, with about as much spirit and energy as a man might have if forced to sing a comic song just before his execution. Thoroughly persuaded that the officials had not obtained an inkling of what had transpired in his *sanctum*, and that he left them without a suspicion of evil upon their minds, he started upon his errand, and waited not for breath until he reached his destination. He arrived at the lodge—he arrived at

the Hall. He rang the loud bell, and a minute afterwards he learned that Mr Bellamy was within—had made his appearance at home late on the evening before, and, at the present moment, was enjoying his breakfast. Michael, for sudden joy and excitement, was wellnigh thrown from his equilibrium. Here was confirmation stronger than ever! Would he have returned to the estate upon the very eve of disposing of it, if he had not intended to deal well and honestly in the transaction? Would he not have been ashamed to do it? Would he have subjected himself to the just reproaches and upbraidings of his partner, when, by his absence, he might so easily have avoided them? Certainly not. Michael Allcraft, for a few brief seconds, was a happier man than he had been for years. His eyes were hardly free of the tears which he had shed in the extremity of his distress, and he was now ready to weep again in the very exuberance and wildness of his delight. He presented his card to the corpulent and powdered footman: he was announced: he was ushered in. Walter Bellamy, Esquire, sitting in state, received his friend and partner with many smiles and much urbanity. He was still at breakfast, and advancing slowly in the meal, like a gentleman whose breakfast was his greatest care in life. Nothing could be more striking than the air of stately repose visible in the proprietor himself, and in the spacious and solemn serving-man, who stood behind him—less a *serving-man* than a sublime dumb waiter. Michael was affected by it, and he approached his colleague with a rising sentiment of awe—partly, perhaps, the effect of the scene—partly the result of natural apprehension.

"Most glad to see you, my very good friend," began the master—"most glad—most happy—pray, be seated. A lovely morning this! A plate for Mr Allcraft."

"Thank you—I have breakfasted," said Michael, declining the kind offer. "I had no thought of finding you at home."

"Ay—an mutual and unexpected pleasure. Just so. I had no thought of coming home until I started, and I arrived here only late last night. Busi-

ness seldom suits itself to one's convenience."

"Seldom, indeed—very seldom," answered Michael, with a friendly smile, and a look of meaning, which showed that he had taken hope from Mr Bellamy's expression—"and," he continued, "having returned, I presume you spend some time amongst us."

"Not a day, my friend. To-morrow I am on the wing again. I have left a dozen men behind me, who'll hunt me over the country, if I don't rejoin them without delay. No, I am off again to-morrow." (Michael moved uneasily in his chair.) "But, how are you, Mr Allcraft? How are all our friends? Nothing new, I'll venture to say. This world is a stale affair at the best. Life is seen and known at twenty. Live to sixty, and it is like reading a dull book three times over. You had better take a cup of coffee, Mr Allcraft!"

"Thank you—no. You surprise me by your determination."

"Don't be surprised at any thing, Mr Allcraft. Take things as they come, if you wish to be happy."

Michael, very uneasy indeed, wished to make a remark, but he looked at the man in crimson plush, and held his tongue. Mr Bellamy observed him.

"You have something to say? Can I give you any advice, my friend? Pray, command me, and speak without reserve. As much as you please, and as quickly as you please, for I assure you time is precious. In half an hour I have twenty men to see, and twice as many things to do."

Again Michael glanced at the stout footman, who was pretending to throw his mind into the coming week, and to appear oblivious of every thing about him.

"I have a question to ask," proceeded Michael hesitatingly; "but it can be answered in a moment, and at another opportunity—in a little while, when you are quite at leisure."

"As you please: only remember I have no end of engagements, and if I am called away I cannot return to you."

Poor Michael! His expectations were again at a fearful discount. The language and demeanour of Mr Bel-

lamy seemed decisive of his intentions. What could he do? What—but fasten on his man, and not suffer him to leave his sight without an explanation, which he dreaded to receive. Mr Bellamy continued to be very polite and very talkative, and to prosecute his repast with unyielding equanimity. At the close of the meal the servant removed the cloth, and departed. At the same instant the landed proprietor rose from his chair, and was about to depart likewise. Michael, alarmed at the movement, touched Mr Bellamy gently on the sleeve, and then, less gently, detained him by the wrist.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Bellamy, turning sharply upon his partner: "What do you mean? What is your object?"

"Mr Bellamy," said Allcraft, pale as death, and much excited: "you must not go until you have satisfied me on a point of life and death to both of us. Your conduct is a mystery. I cannot explain it. I know not what are the motives which actuate you. These are known to yourself. Let them be so. But I have a question to ask, and you must and shall answer it."

"Must and shall, Mr Allcraft! Take care—pray, take care of your expressions. You will commit yourself. When will you cease to be a very young man? I will answer voluntarily any question put to me by any gentleman. *Must and shall* never forced a syllable from my lips yet. Now, sir—ask what you please."

"Mr Bellamy," continued Allcraft, "your property is announced for public sale."

"It is," said Bellamy.

"And the announcement has your sanction?"

"It has."

"And with the sum realized by that sale, you propose to"—

Michael stopped, as though he wished his partner to fill up the sentence.

"Go on, sir," said the proprietor.

"With the sum thus realized, I say, you propose to make good the losses which the bank has suffered by your improvidence?"

"Not exactly. Is there any thing else?"

"Oh, Mr Bellamy, you cannot mean what you say? I am sure you cannot. You are aware of our condition. You know that there needs only a breath to destroy us in one moment for ever. At this very time your purpose is known to the world; and, before we can prevent it, the bank may be run upon and annihilated. What will be said of your proceedings? How can you reconcile the answer which you have just now given to me, with your vaunted high sense of honour, or even with your own most worldly interests?"

"Have you finished, sir?" said Bellamy, in a quiet voice.

"No!" exclaimed Michael, in an angry tone of indignation: "no! I have not finished. I call upon you, Mr Bellamy, to mark my words: to mark and heed them—for, so Heaven help me, I bid you listen to the truth. Quiet and easy as you profess to be, I will be cozened by you no longer. If you carry out your work, your doings shall be told to every human soul within a hundred miles of where you stand. You shall be exhibited as you are. If every farthing got from the sale of this estate be not given up to defray your past extravagance, you shall be branded as you deserve." Mr Bellamy, you have deceived me for many years. Do not deceive yourself now."

"Have you finished, sir?" repeated Mr Bellamy.

"Yes—with a sentence. If you are mad—I will be resolute. Persist in your determination, and the bank shall stop this very night."

"And let it stop," said Bellamy: "by all means let it stop. If it be a necessary, inevitable arrangement, I would not interfere with it for the world. Act, Mr Allcraft, precisely as you think proper. It is all I ask on my own account. I have unfortunately private debts to a very large amount. What is still more unfortunate, they must be paid. I have no means of paying them except by selling my estate, and therefore it must go. I hope you are satisfied?"

Michael threw himself into a chair, and moved about in it, groaning. Mr Bellamy closed the door, and approached him.

"This is a very unnecessary display of feeling, Mr Allcraft," said the imperturbable Bellamy; "very—and can answer no good end. The thing, as I have told you, is inevitable."

"No—no—no," cried Allcraft, imploringly; "not so, Mr Bellamy. Think again—ponder well our dreadful situation. Reflect that, before another day is gone, we may be ruined, beggared, and that this very property may be wrested from you by our angry creditors. What will become of us? For Heaven's sake, my dear, good sir, do not rush blindly upon destruction. Do not suffer us to be heated, trampled upon, despised, cursed by every man that meets us. You can save us if you will—do it then—be generous—be just."

"As for being *just*, Mr Allcraft," replied Bellamy composedly, "the less we speak about that matter the better. Had *justice* been ever taken into account, you and I would, in all probability, not have met on the present business. I cannot help saying, that, when you are ready to justify to me your conduct in respect of your late father's liabilities, I shall be more disposed to listen to any thing you may have to urge in reason touching the produce of this estate. Until that time, I am an unmoved man. You conceive me?"

"Yes," said Michael, changing colour. "I see—I perceive your drift—I am aware——" Mr Bellamy," continued the unhappy speaker, stammering until he almost burst with rage. "You are a villain! You have heard of my misfortunes, and you take a mean advantage of your knowledge to crush and kill me. You are a villain, and I defy you!"

Mr Bellamy moved leisurely to the fire-place, and rang the bell. The stout gentleman in plush walked in, and the landed proprietor pointed to the door.

"For Mr Allcraft, William," said the squire.

"Very well!" said Michael, white with agitation; "very well! As sure as you are a living man, your ruin shall be coincident with mine. Not a step shall I fall, down which you shall not follow and be dragged yourself."



You shall not be spared one pang. I warn you of your fate, and it shall come sooner than you look for it."

"Pooh, pooh; you have been drinking, Mr Allcraft."

"You lie, sir, as you have lied for months and years—lived upon lies, and"—

"You need not say another word.

You shall finish your sentence, sir, elsewhere. Begone! William, show Mr Allcraft to the door."

William pretended to look very absent again, and bowed. Michael stared at him for a second or two, as if confounded, and then, like a madman, rushed from the room and house.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE COASH.

The plans and objects of Mr Walter Bellamy were best known to himself. Whatever they might be, he diverged from them for a few hours in order to give his miserable partner the opportunity he had promised him, of completing that very inauspicious sentence—the last which he had uttered in Mr Bellamy's house previously to his abrupt departure. Michael had not been in the banking-house an hour after his return from the Hall before he was visited by a business-like gentleman, who introduced himself as the particular friend of Mr Bellamy, on whose particular business he professed to come. Allcraft, with his brain on fire, received the visit of this man with secret glee. All the way home he had prayed that Bellamy might prove as good as his word, and not fail to demand immediate satisfaction. He longed for death with a full and yearning desire, and he could kiss the hand that would be merciful and give the fatal blow. A suicide at heart, it was something to escape the guilt and punishment of self-murder. Bellamy was reputed a first-rate shot. Michael was aware of the fact, and lugged the consciousness to his soul. He would not detract from his reputation: the duellist should add another laurel to his chaplet of *honour*, and purchase it with his blood. He had resolved to light and fall. It was very evident that the friend of Mr Bellamy expected rather to frighten Michael into a humble and contrite apology, than to find him ready and eager for the battle; for he commenced his mission by a very long and high-flown address, and assured Mr Allcraft, time after time, that nothing but the most ample and the most public *amende*

could be received by his friend after what had taken place. Michael listened impatiently, and interrupted the speaker in the midst of his oration.

"You are quite right, sir," said he. "If an apology is to be made, it should be an ample one. But I decline to make any whatever. I am prepared to give Mr Bellamy all the satisfaction that he asks. I will refer you at once to my friend, and the sooner the affair is settled the better."

"Well, but surely, Mr Allcraft, you must regret the strong expressions"—

"Which I uttered to your friend? By no means. I told him that he lied. I repeat the word to you. I would say it in his teeth again if he stood here. What more is necessary?"

"Nothing," said the gentleman, certainly unprepared for Michael's resolution. "Nothing; name your friend, sir."

Michael had already fixed upon a second, and he told his name. His visitor went to seek him, and the poor bewildered man rubbed his hands ghastly, as though he had just saved his life, instead of having placed it in such fearful jeopardy.

That day passed like a dream. The meeting was quickly arranged. Six o'clock on the following morning was the hour fixed. The place was a field, the first beyond the turnpike gate, and within a mile of the city. As soon as Michael made sure of the duel, he saw his confidential clerk. His name was Burrage. He had been a servant in the banking-house for forty years, and had known Michael since his birth. It was he who gave the newspaper into Allcraft's hands, on the

first arrival of the letter at the bank that morning. He was a quiet old man of sixty, an affectionate creature, and as much a part of the banking-house as the iron chest, the desk, the counter, or any other solid fixture. He stepped softly into his master's room after he had been summoned there, and he gazed at his unhappy principal as a father might at his own child in misfortune—a beloved and favourite child.

"You are not well this morning, sir," said Burrage most respectfully. "You look very pale and anxious."

"My looks belie me, Burrage. I am very well. I have not been so well for years. I am composed and happy. I have been ill, but the time is past. How old are you, Burrage?"

"Turned threescore, sir; old enough to die."

"Die—die! death is a sweet thing, old man, when it comes to the care-worn. I have had my share of trouble."

"Too much, sir—too much!" said Burrage, his eyes filling with water. "You have half killed yourself here. I am sure your poor father never expected this. Nobody could have expected it in his time, when you were a little, fat, rosy-cheeked boy, running about without a thought, except a thought of kindness for other people."

Michael Allcraft burst into a flood of tears—they gushed faster and faster into his eyes, and he sobbed as only men who have reached the climax of earthly suffering and trial.

"Do not take on so, my dear sir," said Burrage, running to him. "Pray, be calm. I am sure you are unwell. You have been ill for some time. You should see a doctor—although I am very much afraid that your disease is beyond their cure—on truth I am."

"Burrage," said Michael in a whisper, and still sighing convulsively—"It is all over. It is finished. Prepare for the crash—look to your own safety. Hide yourself from the gaze of men. It will strike us all dead."

"You frighten me, Mr Allcraft.—You are really very ill. Your brain is overworked—you want a little repose and recreation."

"Yes, you are right Burrage—the recreation of a jail—the repose of a tomb. We will have one, at least—

yes, one—and I have made the selection."

"Have you heard any bad news to-day, sir?"

"None—excellent news to-day. No more hopes and fears—no alarms—no lying and knavery—eternal peace now, and not eternal wretchedness."

"Had you not better leave the bank, Mr Allcraft, and go home? Your hands are burning hot. You are in a high fever."

"Put up the shutters—put up the shutters," muttered Michael, more to himself than to his clerk. "Write *bankrupt* on the door—write it in large letters—in staring capitals—that the children may read the word, and know why they are taught to curse me. You hear me, Burrage?"

"I hear what you say, sir, but I do not understand you. You want rest—you are excited."

"I tell you, Burrage, I am quiet—I never was so quiet—never sounder in body and mind. Will you refuse to listen to the truth? Man," he continued, raising his voice and looking the clerk steadily in the face. "I am ruined—a beggar. The bank is at its last gasp. The doors are closed to-night—never to be re-opened."

"God forbid, sir!"

"Why so?—Would you drive me mad? Am I to have no peace—no rest? Am I to be devoured, eaten away by anxiety and trouble? Have you no human blood—no pity for me? Are you as selfish as the rest?"

"Is it possible, sir?"

"It is the truth. But speak not of it. I will have your life if you betray me until the event tells its own tale. We close the door to-night, to open it no more. You hear the words. They are very simple words. Why do you stare so, as if you couldn't guess their meaning?"

"Oh—I have dreaded this—I have suspected it!" said Burrage, wringing his hands; "but it has always seemed impossible. Poor Mr Allcraft!"

"Poor!" exclaimed Michael. "Do you begin already? Do you throw it in my teeth so soon? You are in the right, man—go with the stream—taunt me—spit in my face—trample me in the dust!"

"Do not speak unkindly to me,

master," said the old clerk. "You will break my heart at once if you do. What you have told me is hard enough to bear in one day."

Michael took the good fellow's hand, and answered, whilst his lips quivered with grief, "It is—it is enough, old friend. Go your ways. Leave me to myself. I have told you a secret—keep it whilst it remains one. Oh, what a havoc! What devastation! Go, Burrage—go—seal your lips—do not breathe a syllable—go to your work."

The clerk went as he was bid, but stupified and stunned by the information he had received. He took his accustomed seat at the desk, and placed a large ledger before him. He was occupied with one trifling account for half the day, and did not finish it at last. A simple sum of compound addition puzzled the man who, an hour before, could have gone through the whole of the arithmetic in his sleep. Oh, boasted intellect of man! How little is it thou canst do when the delicate and feeling heart is out of tune! How impotent thou art! How like a rudderless ship upon a stormy sea! Poor Burrage was helpless and adrift! And Michael sat for hours together alone, in his little room. He was literally afraid to creep out of it. He struggled to keep his mind steadily and composedly fixed upon the fate that awaited him—a fate which he had marked out for himself, and resolved not to escape. He forced himself to regard the great Enemy of Man as his best friend—his only comforter and refuge. But just when he deemed himself well armed, least vulnerable, and most secure, the awful *reality* of death—its horrible accompaniments—dissolution, corruption, rottenness, decay, and its still more awful and obscure *uncertainties*, started suddenly before him, and sent a sickening chill through every pore of his unnerved flesh. Then he retreated from his position—fled, as it were, for life, and dared not look behind, so terrible was the sight of his grim adversary. He leaped from his chair, as if unable to sit there; and, whilst he paced the room, he drew his breath, as though he needed air for respiration—his heart throbbed, and his brain grew tight and hot within his skull. The fit passing

away, Michael hastened to review the last few years of his existence, and to bribe himself to quietness and resignation, by contrasting the hateful life, which he had spent with the desirable repose offered to him in the grave; and by degrees the agitation ceased—the alarm subsided, and the deluded man was once more cozened into hardened and unnatural tranquillity. In this way flew the hours—one train of feeling succeeding to another, until the worn-out spirit of the man gave in, and would be moved no longer. At last, the unhappy banker grew sullen and silent. He ceased to sigh, and groan, and weep. His brain refused to think. He drew his seat to the window of the room, which permitted him, unperceived, to observe the movements in the bank—and, folding his arms, he looked doggedly on, and clenched his teeth, and frowned. He saw the fortunate few who came for money and received it—and the unfortunate many, who brought their money—left, and lost it. He was indifferent to all. He beheld—as the spirits' fair may be supposed to look upon the earth a moment before the sweeping pestilence that comes to thin it—life, vigorous and active, in that house of business, whose latest hour had come—whose knell was already sounding; but it moved him not. He heard men speak his name in tones of kindness, whose lips on the morrow would deal out curses. He saw others, hat in hand, begging for an audience, who would avoid him with a sneer and a scorning when he passed them in the street. He looked upon his own servants, who could not flatter their master too highly to-day, and would be the first to-morrow to cry him down, and rail against his unpardonable extravagance and recklessness; but he heeded nothing. His mind had suspended its operations, whilst his physical eye stared upon vacancy.

It was very strange. He continued in this fashion for a long time, and suddenly sensibility seemed restored to him; for an ashy paleness came over him—his eyelid trembled, and his lips were drawn down convulsively, as if through strong and heavy grief. He rose instantly, rushed to the bell, and rang it violently.

Burrage came to answer it,

"Monster!" exclaimed his master, gazing at him spitefully. "have you no heart—no feeling left within you? How could you do it?"

"Do what, sir?"

"Rob that poor old man. Plunder and kill that hoary unoffending creature. Why did you take his miserable earnings? Why did you rob his little ones? Why clutch the bread from his starving grandchildren? He will die of a broken heart, and will plead against me at the judgment-seat. Why was that old man's money taken?"

"We must take all, or nothing, sir. You forbade me to speak a syllable."

"Speak—speak! Yes, but could you not have given him a look, one merciful look, to save his life, and my soul from everlasting ruin? You might, you could have done it, but you conspire to overthrow me. Go—but mark me—breathe not a word, if you hope to live."

The poor clerk held up his hands, shook them piteously, sighed, and went his way again.

It was six o'clock in the evening, and every soul connected with the bank, except Michael and Burrage, had left it. They were both in the private room, which the former had not quitted during the day. Michael was writing a letter; the clerk was standing mournfully at his side. When the note was finished, directed, and sealed, Allcraft turned to his old friend and spoke—

"I shall not sleep at home to-night. Burrage. I have business which must be seen to."

"Indeed, sir, you had better go home. You are very unwell."

"Silence, once more. I tell you, Burrage, it cannot be. This business must not be neglected. I have written to Mrs Allcraft, explaining the reason of my absence. You will yourself deliver the letter to her, with your own hands, Burrage. You hear me?"

"Yes, sir," faltered Burrage, wishing himself deaf.

"Very well. I have no more to say. Good-by—good-night."

"Good-night, sir," said the man, walking slowly off.

"Stay, Burrage. You are a true old friend—my oldest. Give me your hand. I have spoken unkindly—very

harshly and cruelly to-day. Do not think ill of me. My temper has been soured by the troubles of life. You forgive me for my anger—do you not?"

The old man did not answer. He could not. He held the hand of his master tightly in his own. He drew it to his lips and kissed it; and then, ashamed not of the act, but of his unmanly tears, he walked slowly to the door, and quitted the room—his head bending to the earth, whence it never again was raised.

Two hours later Michael was many miles away. He had followed to his humble home the aged man who had that morning paid his substance into the bank. Much as he had to answer for, Michael could not bear to carry about with him the knowledge that he had ruined and destroyed the grey-haired labourer. Why and how it was that he felt so acutely for the stranger, and selected him from the hundreds who were beggared by his failure, it is impossible to guess. It is certain that he restored every sixpence that had been deposited in the morning, and could not die until he had done so. Where Allcraft passed the night was never known. He was punctual to his appointment on the following morning; and so was Mr Bellamy. It is due to the latter to state, that, at the latest moment, he was willing, as far as in him lay, to settle the difference without proceeding to extreme measures. All that a man could offer, who did not wish to be suspected of rank cowardice, he offered without reservation. But Allcraft was inexorable. He repeated his insult on the field; and there was nothing to be done but to make him accountable for his words at the point of the pistol—to receive and give THE SATISFACTION OF A GENTLEMAN. Whatever satisfaction the mangled corpse of a man whom he had deeply injured, could afford the high-born Mr Bellamy, that gentleman enjoyed in a very few minutes after his arrival; for he shot his antagonist in the mouth, saw him spinning in the air, and afterwards lying at his feet—an object that he could not recognize—a spectacle for devils to rejoice in. Happy the low-born man who may not have or feel such exquisite and noble SATISFACTION!



Allcraft was not cold before Mr Bellamy was at sea, sailing for France. The latter had not put his feet upon foreign soil, before his property was seized by hungry creditors. The bank was closed. Burrage himself pasted on the shutters the paper that notified its failure. Augustus Theodore Brammel heard of the stoppage whilst he was at breakfast, sipping chocolate; and greatly he rejoiced thereat. His delight was sensibly diminished in the course of the morning, when he received a letter informing him of his father's death, and an intimation from a lawyer, that every farthing which he inherited would be taken from him, as goods and chattels, for the discharge of claims which the creditors

of the bank might have against him. Later in the day, he heard of Allcraft's death and Bellamy's escape, and then he rushed into a chemist's shop and bought an ounce of arsenic; but after he had purchased it, he had not heart enough to swallow it. Enraged beyond expression—knowing not what to do, nor upon whom to vent his rage—it suddenly occurred to him to visit Mrs Allcraft, and to worry her with his complaints. He hurried to her house, and forced himself into her presence. We will not follow him, for grief is sacred; and who that had the heart of man, would desecrate the hearth hallowed by affliction, deep and terrible as that of our poor Margaret?

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE VICARAGE.

Our history began at the Vicarage; there let it end. It is a cheerful summer's morning, and Margaret sits in the study of her friend Mr Middleton, who has learned to look upon his charge as upon a daughter. She is still attired in widow's weeds, but looks more composed and happy than when we saw her many months ago there.

"You will not leave us, then," said the good vicar; "we have not tired you yet?"

"No," answered Margaret, with a sweet contented smile, "here must I live and die. My duties will not suffer me to depart, even were I so inclined. What would my children do?"

"Ah, what indeed? The school would certainly go to rack and ruin."

"And my old friends, the Harpers and the Wakefields?"

"Why, the old ladies would very soon die of a broken heart, no doubt of it; and then, there's our dispensary

and little hospital. Why, where should we look for a new apothecary?"

"These are but the worst days of my life, Mr Middleton, which I dedicate to usefulness. How am I to make good the deficiency of earlier years?"

"By relying, my dear madam, upon the grace and love of Heaven, who in mercy regards not what we have been, but what we are."

"And is there pardon for so great a sinner?"

"Doubt it not, dear lady. Had you not been loved, you never would have been chastised—you would never have become an obedient and willing child. Be sure, dear Mrs Allcraft, that having repented, you are pardoned and reconciled to your Father. Pray, hold fast to this conviction. You have reason to believe it: for truly *you have not despised the chastening of the Lord, nor fainted when you were rebuked of him.*"

## KÍEFF.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN OF IVÁN KOZLÓFF. BY T. B. SHAW.

O KÍEFF! where religion ever seeneth  
To light existence in our native land;  
Where o'er Petcherskoi's dome the bright cross gleameth,  
Like some fair star, that still in heaven doth stand;  
Where, like a golden sheet, around thee streameth  
Thy plain, and meads that far away expand;  
And by thy hoary wall, with ceaseless motion,  
Old Dniéper's foaming swell sweeps on to ocean.

How oft to thee in spirit have I panted,  
O holy city, country of my heart!  
How oft, in vision, have I gazed enchanted  
On thy fair towers—a sainted thing thou art!—  
By Lávrá's walls or Dniéper's wave, nor wanted  
A spell to draw me from this life apart;  
In thee my country I behold, victorious,  
Holy and beautiful, and great and glorious.

The moon her soft gay<sup>d</sup> on Petcherskoi poureth.  
Its domes are shining in the river's wave;  
The soul the spirit of the past anoreth,  
Where sleeps beneath thee many a holy grave:  
Vladimir's shade above thee calmly soareth,  
Thy towers speak of the sainted and the brave;  
Afar I gaze, and all in dreamy splendour  
Breathes of the past—a spell sublime and tender.

There fought the warriors in the field of glory,  
Strong in the faith, against their country's foe;  
And many a royal flower yon palace hoary,  
In virgin loveliness, hath seen to blow.  
And Báyan sang to them the noble story,  
And secret rapture in their breast did glow;  
Hark! midnight sound—that brazen voice is dying—  
A day to meet the vanish'd days is flying.

Where are the valiant?—the resistless lances—  
The brands that were as lightning when they waved?  
Where are the beautiful—whose sunny glances  
Our fathers, with such potency, enslaved?  
Where is the bard, whose song no more entrances?  
Ah! that deep bell hath answer'd what I craved:  
And thou alone, by these grey walls, O river!  
Murmurest, Dniéper, still, and flow'st for ever.

## MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

## PART VII.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with wind,  
 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?  
 Have I not heard great ordinance in the field,  
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
 Have I not in the pitched battle heard  
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"  
 SHAKESPEARE.

AT daybreak, the bustle of the camp awoke me. I rose hastily, mounted my horse, and spurred to the rendezvous of the general staff. Nothing could be more animated than the scene before me, and which spread to the utmost reach of view. The advance of the combined forces had moved at early dawn, and the columns were seen far away, ascending the sides of a hilly range by different routes, sometimes penetrating through the forest, and catching the lights of a brilliant rising sun on their plumes and arms. The sound of their trumpets and bands was heard from time to time, enriched by the distance, and coming on the fresh morning breeze, with something of its freshness, to the ear and the mind. The troops now passing under the knoll on which the commander-in-chief and his staff had taken their stand, were the main body, and were Austrian, fine-looking battalions, superbly uniformed, and covered with military decorations, the fruits of the late Turkish campaigns, and the picked troops of an empire of thirty millions of men. Nothing could be more brilliant, novel, or picturesque, than the display of this admirable force, as it moved in front of the rising ground on which our *carriage* stood.

"You will now see," said Varnhorst, who sat curbing, with no slight difficulty, his fiery Ukraine charger at my side, "the troops of countries of which Europe, in general, knows no more than of the tribes of the new world. The Austrian sceptre brings into the field all the barbaric arms and costumes of the border land of Christendom and the Turk."

Varnhorst, familiar with every service of the continent, was a capital cicerone, and I listened with strong interest as he pronounced the names,

and gave little characteristic anecdotes, of the gallant regiments that successively wheeled at the foot of the slope—the Archducal grenadiers—the Eugene battalion, which had won their horse-tails at the passage of the Danube—the Lichtensteins, who had stormed Belgrade—the Imperial Guard, a magnificent corps, who had led the last assault on the Grand Vizier's lines, and finished the war. The light infantry of Maria Theresa, and the Hungarian grenadiers and cuirassiers, a mass of steel and gold, closed the march of the main body. Nothing could be more splendid. And all this was done under the perpetual peal of trumpets, and the thunder of drums and gongs, that seemed absolutely to shake the air. It was completely the Mitonic march and harmony—

omnious, vocal blowing martial sounds."

But I was now to witness still more spirit-stirring scene.

The trampling of a multitude of horse, and the tossing of lances and banners in the distance, suddenly turned all eyes in their direction.

"Now, prepare," said the Count, "for a sight, perhaps not altogether so soldierlike, but fully as much to my taste, as the buff-belt and grenadiers' cap formality of the line. You shall see the Austrian flankers—every corps equipped after its native fashion. And whatever our martinets may say, there is nothing that gives such spirits to the soldier, as dressing according to the style of his own country. My early service was in Transylvania; and if I were to choose troops for a desperate service, I say—give me either the man of the hill, or the man of the forest, exactly in the coat of the chamois-shooter, or the wolf-hunter."

He had scarcely pointed my attention to the movement, when the whole body of the rearguard was in full and rapid advance. The plain was literally covered with those irregulars, who swept on like a surge, or rather, from the diversity of their colours, and the vast half-circle which they formed on the ground, a living rainbow. Part were infantry and part cavalry, but they were so intermingled, and the motion of all was so rapid, that it was difficult to mark the distinction. From my recollection of the history of the Seven Years' War, I felt a double interest in the sight of the different castes and classes of the service, which I had hitherto known only by name. Thus passed before me the famous Croatian companies—the Pandours, together forming the finest outpost troops of the army—the free companies of the Tyrol, the first marksmen of the empire, a fine athletic race, with the eagle's feather in their beaver hats, and the sinewy step of the mountaineer—the lancers of the Banat, first-rate videttes, an Alleanian division, which had taken service with Austria at the close of the war; and, independently of all name and order, a cloud of wild cavalry, Turk, Christian, and barbarian, who followed the campaign for its chances, and galloped, spurred, and charged each other like the Arabs of the desert.

The late triumphs of the Imperial arms in Turkey had even enhanced the customary display, and the standards of the cavalry, and colours of the battalions, were stiff with the embroidered titles of captured fortresses and conquered fields. Turkish instruments of music figured among the troops, and the captive horse-tails were conspicuous in more than one corps, which had plucked down the pride of the Moslem. The richness and variety of this extraordinary spectacle struck me as so perfectly Oriental, that I might have imagined myself suddenly transferred to Asia, and looked for the pasha and his spahis: or even for the rajah, his elephants, and his turbaned spearmen. But all this gay splendour has long since been changed. The Croats are now regulars, and all the rest have followed their example.

My admiration was so loud, that it caught the ear of the duke. He turn-

ed his quick countenance on me, and said—"Tell our friends at home, M. Marston, what you have seen to-day. I presume you know that Maria Theresa was a first-rate soldier; or, at least, she had the happy art of finding them. You may see Laudohn's hand in her battalions. As for the light troops, Europe can show nothing superior in their kind. Trenk's Pandours, and Nadasti's hussars were worth an army to Austria, from the first Silesian war down to the last shot fired in Germany. But follow me, and you shall see the work of another great master."

We spurred across the plain to the mouth of a deep, wooded defile, through which the Prussian grand corps *d'armée* were advancing. The brigades which now met our view were evidently of a different character from the Austrian: their uniforms of the utmost simplicity; their march utterly silent; the heads of the columns observing their distances with such accuracy, that, on a signal, they could have been instantly formed in order of battle; every movement of the main body simply directed by a flag carried from hill to hill, and even the battalion movements marked by the mere waving of a sword. Even their military music was of a peculiarly soft and subdued character. On my observing this to Varnhorst, his reply was—"That this was one of the favourite points of the Great Frederick. 'I hate drums in the march,' said the king, 'they do nothing but confuse the step. Every one knows that the beat at the head of the column takes time to reach the rear. Besides, the drum deafens the ear. Keep it, therefore, for the battle, when the more noise the better.' He also placed the band in the centre of the column. 'If they are fond of music,' said he, 'why should not every man have his share?'"

The steady advance, the solid force, and the sweet harmony, almost realized the noble poetic conception—

"Anon they move  
In perfect phalanx, to the Dorian mood  
Of flutes and soft recorders, such as raised

To heights of noblest temper heroes old  
Arming to battle; and instead of rage,  
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved



With dread of death to flight or foul retreat."

It is true that they wanted the picturesque splendour of ancient warfare. The ten thousand banners, with orient colours waving, the "forest huge of spears," the "thronging lodges," and "serried shields, in thick array of depth immeasurable." But if the bayonet, the lance, and even the cannon offered less to the eye, the true source of the grandeur of war was there—the power, the tremendous impulse, the *materiel* of those shocks which convulse nations—the marshalled strength, fierce science, and stern will, before which the works of man perish like chaff before the wind, and the glory of nations vanishes like a shade.

While the last of the troops were defiling before the duke and his staff, a courier brought up despatches.

"Gentlemen," said the duke, after glancing at one of the papers, "the army of the Prince de Condé is in march to join us. They have already reached the neighbourhood. We must now lose no time. M. Marston, you will report to your Government what you have seen today. We are in march for Paris."

Varnhorst and Guiscard were now summoned to the side of the duke: a spot was found where we might shelter ourselves from the overpowering blaze of the sun: the successive despatches were opened; a large map of the routes from Champagne to the capital was laid on the ground; and we dismounted, and, sitting together, like old comrades, we held our little council of war.

"I can make nothing of my French correspondents in general," said the duke, after perusing a long letter. "But M. le Comte writes like Cagliostro. He has evidently some prodigious secret, which he is determined to envelope in still deeper secrecy. He tells me that La Fayette has fled; but when, where, or for what purpose, is all equally an enigma. In one sentence of his letter he would persuade me that all France is disorganized, and in the next, that it is more resolved to resist than ever. Paris is prepared to rise at the first sight of the white flag, and Paris is sending

out six thousand men every three hours to join the republican force in the field. Paris is in despair. Paris is in furious exultation. How am I to understand all this? Even in his postscript he tells me, in one breath, that the whole of the strong places in our front are filled with national guards, and that no less than seven corps of troops of the line are prepared to fight us in the plains of Champaña; and that we have only to push on to take the towns—charge the troops of the line to see them disperse—and advance within ten leagues of Paris to extinguish the rebellion, set the royal family free, and restore the monarchy."

The mysterious letter was handed round our circle in succession, and seemed equally beyond comprehension to us all. We had yet to learn the temperament of a capital, where every half-hour produced a total change of the popular mind. The letter, fantastically expressed as it was, conveyed the true condition of the hour. The picture was true, but the countenance changed every moment. He might

It have given the colours of a cloud.

I had now entered on a course of adventure the most exciting of all others, and at the most exciting time of life. But all the world round me was in a state of excitement. Every nation of Europe was throwing open its arms, and preparing its weapons for the field. The troops invading France were palpably no more than the advanced guards of Prussia and Austria. Even with all my inexperience, I foresaw that the war would differ from all the past; that it would be, not a war of parties, but a war of opinion: that not armies, but the people marshalled into hosts, would be ultimately the deciders of the victory; and that on whichever side the popular feeling was more serious, persevering, and intense, there the triumph would be gained. I must still confess, however, in disparagement to my military sagacity, that I was totally unprepared for the gallant resistance of the French recruits. What can they do without officers—ten thousand of whom had been noblesse, and were now emigrants? What can they do without a commissariat, what can they do without pay, and who is to

pay them in a bankrupt nation? Those were the constant topics at head-quarters. We were marching to an assured victory. France was at an end. We should remodel the Government, and teach the *sans culottes* the hazard of trying the trade of politicians.

There was but one man in the camp who did not coincide in those glittering visions. Let me once more do justice to a prince whose character has been affected by the caprices of fortune. The Duke of Brunswick's language to me, as we saw the Tricolor waving on the walls of Longwy, the first fortress which lay in our road, was—"Sir, your court must not be deceived. We shall probably take the town, and defeat its wavering army; but up to this moment, we have not been joined by a single peasant. The population are against us. This is not a German war; it is more like yours in America. I have but one hundred and twenty thousand men against twenty-five millions." To my remark, "that there might be a large body of concealed loyalty in France, which only waited the advance of the Allies to declare itself," his calm and grave reply was: "That I must not suffer my Government to suppose him capable of abandoning the royal cause, while there was hope in military means. That it was his determination to hazard all things rather than cill the coalition. But this let me impress upon your Ministry," said he, with his powerful eye turned full on me: "that if intrigue in the German cabinets, or tardiness on the part of yours, shall be suffered to impede my progress, all is at an end. I know the French; if we pause, they will pour on. If we do not reach Paris, we must prepare to defend Berlin and Vienna. If the war is not ended within a month, it may last for those twenty years."

The commander-in-chief was true to his word. He lost no time. Before night our batteries were in full play upon the bastions of Longwy, and as our tents had not yet overtaken us, I lay down under a vineyard shed in a circle of the staff, with our cloaks for our pillows, listening to the roar of our artillery; until it mingled with my dreams.

We were on horse an hour before

daybreak, and the cannonade still continued heavy. It was actively returned, and the ramparts were a circuit of fire. As a spectacle, nothing could be more vivid, striking, and full of interest. To wait for the slow approaches of a formal siege was out of the question. Intelligence had reached us that the scattered French armies, having now ascertained the point at which the burst over the frontier was to be made, had been suddenly combined, and had taken a strong position directly in our way to the capital. A protracted siege would raise the country in our rear, and, thus placed between two fires, the grand army might find itself paralysed at the first step of the campaign. The place must be battered until a breach was made, and stormed *à la Tarque*. Our anxiety during the day was indescribable. With our telescopes constantly in our hands, we watched the effect of every new discharge; we galloped from hill to hill with the impatience of men in actual combat, and every eye and tongue was busy in calculating the distances, the power of guns, and the time which the smouldering wicks would take to fill up the ditch. The reports of the engineers, towards evening, announced that a practicable breach was made, and three battalions of Austrian grenadiers, and as many of Prussians, were ordered under arms for the assault. To make this gallant enterprise more conspicuous, the whole army was formed in columns, and marched to the heights, which commanded a view of the fortress. The fire from the batteries now became a continued roar, and the guns of Longwy, whose fire had slackened during the day, answered them with an equal thunder; the space between was soon covered with smoke, and when the battalions of grenadiers moved down the hillside, and plunged into the valley, they looked like masses of men disappearing into the depths of ocean. The anxiety now grew intense. I hardly breathed; and yet I had a mingled sensation of delight, eagerness, and yet of uncertainty, to which nothing that I had ever felt before was comparable. I longed to follow those brave men to the assault, and probably would have made some such extravagant blunder, but for seeing

Varnhorst's broad visage turned on me with a look of that quiet humour which, of all things on earth, soonest brings a man to his senses. "My good friend," said he, "however fine this affair may be, live in hope of seeing something finer. Never be shot at Longwy, when you may have a chance of sealing the walls of Paris. I have made a vow never to be hanged in the beginning of a revolution, nor to be shot in the beginning of a war. But come, the duke is beckoning to us. Let us follow him."

We saw the general and his staff galloping from the ground where he had remained from the beginning of the assault, to a height still more exposed, and where the guns from the fortress were tearing up the soil. From this spot a large body of troops were seen rushing from the gate of the fortress, and plunging into the valley. The result of this powerful sortie was soon heard, for every thing was invisible under the thick cloud, which grew thicker every moment, in the volleys of musketry, and the shouts of the troops on both sides. Varnhorst now received an order from the chief of the staff, which produced its effect, in the rush of a squadron of Prussian cavalry on the flank of the enemy's column. In a few minutes it was broken, and we saw its wrecks swept along the side of the hill. An universal shout was sent up from the army, and our next sight was the ascent of the Austrian and Prussian standards, gradually rising through the smoke, and making their way towards the glaris. They had reached the foot of the breach, when the fire of the town suddenly ceased. A white flag waved on the rampart, and the drums of the garrison beat the *chamade*. Longwy had surrendered! All now was triumph and congratulation. We thronged round the duke, and hailed his first conquest as a promise of perpetual success. He was in high spirits at an achievement which was so important to the national impression of his talents and resources. The sortie of the garrison had given the capture an *éclat* which could not have been obtained by the mere surrender of a strong place. But the most important point of all was, the surrender before the assault. "The sight of our troops is

enough," was the universal conclusion. If the fortified barrier of France cannot resist, what will be done by troops as raw as peasants, and officers as raw as their troops? The capitulation was a matter of half an hour, and by night-fall I followed the duke and his escort into the town. It was illuminated by order of the conquerors; and, whether *bongrè* or *malgrè*, it looked showy; we had gazers in abundance, as the dashing staff paraded their way through the streets. I observed, however, that we had no acclamations. To have hissed us, might be a hazardous experiment, while so many Huns were galloping through the *Grande Rue*; but we got no smiles. In the midst of the crowd, I met Varnhorst steering his charger with no small difficulty, and carrying a packet of notes in his hand. "Go to your quarters, and dress," said my good-humoured friend. "You will have a busy night of it. The duke has invited the French commandant and his officers to dine with him, and we are to have a ball and supper afterwards for the ladies." Lose no time." He left me wondering at the new world into which I had fallen, and strongly doubting that he would be able to fill up his hall-room. But I was mistaken. The dinner was handsomely attended, and the ball more handsomely still. "Fortune de la guerre," reconciled the gallant captains of the garrison to the change; and they fully enjoyed the contrast between a night on the ramparts, and the hours spent at the Prussian generalissimo's splendidly furnished table. The ball which followed exhibited a crowd of the *belles* of Longwy, all as happy as dress and dancing could make them. It was a charming episode in the sullen history of campaigning, and before I flung myself on the embroidered sofa of the mayor's drawing-room, where my billet had been given for the night, I was on terms of eternal "friendship" with a whole group of classic beauties—Aspasias, Psyche, and Cleopatra.

But neither love nor luxury, neither the smiles of the fair *Champagnaises*, nor the delight of treading on the tessellated floors, and feasting on the richness of municipal tables, could now detain us. We were in our sad-

dles by daybreak, and with horses that outstripped the wind, with hearts light as air, and with prospects of endless victory and orders and honours innumerable before us, we galloped along, preceded, surrounded, and followed by the most showy squadrons that ever wore lace and leathers. The delight of this period was indescribable. It was to me a new birth of faculties that resembled a new sense of being, a buoyant and elastic lightness of feelings and frame. The pure air; the perpetual change of scene; the novelty of the landscape; the restless and vivid variety of events, and those too of the most powerful and comprehensive nature; the superb display of the finest army that the Continent had seen to war for the last hundred years; and all this excitement and enjoyment, with an unrivalled vista of matchless conquest in the horizon, a triumphal march through the provinces, to be consummated by the peace of Europe in Paris, filled even my vexed and wearied spirit with new life. If I am right in my theory, that the mind reaches stages of its growth with as much distinctness as the frame, this was one of them. I was conscious from this time of a more matured view of human being, of a clearer knowledge of its impulses, of a more vigorous, firm, and enlarged capacity for dealing with the real concerns of life. I still loved; and, strange, hopeless, and bewildering as that passion was in the breast of one who seemed destined to all the diversities of fortune—it remained without relief, or relaxation through all. It was the vein of gold, or perhaps the stream of fire, beneath the soil, inaccessible to the power of change on the surface, but that surface undergoing every impulse and influence of art and nature.

The army now advanced unopposed. Still we received neither cheers nor reinforcements from the population. Yet we had now begun to be careless on the topic. The intelligence from Paris was favourable in all the leading points. The king was resuming his popularity, though still a prisoner. The Jacobins were exhibiting signs of terror, though still masters of every thing. The recruits were running away, though the decree for the general rising of the country

was arming the people. In short, the news was exactly of that checkered order which was calculated to put us all in the highest spirits. The submission of Paris, at least until we were its conquerors, would have deprived us of a triumph on the spot, and the proclamation of a general peace would have been received as the command for a general mourning.

The duke was in the highest animation, and he talked to every one round him, as we marched along, with more than condescension. He was easy, familiar, and flushed with approaching victory. "We have now," said he, "broken through the 'iron barrier,' the pride of Vauban, and the boast of France for these hundred years. To-morrow Verdun will fall. The commandant of Thionville, in desperation at the certainty of our taking the town by assault, has shot himself, and the keys are on their way to me. Nothing but villages now lie in our road, and once past those heights," and he pointed to a range of woody hills on the far horizon, "and we shall send our light troops *en promenade* to Paris." We all responded in our various ways of congratulation.

"Après," said the duke, applying to me, "M. Marston, you have been later on the spot than any of us. What can you tell of this M. Dumourier, who, I see from my letters, is appointed to the forlorn hope of France—the command of the broken armies of Lafayette and Luckner?"

My answer was briefly a hope that the new general would be as much overmatched by the duke's fortunes in the field, as he had been by party in the capital. "Still, he seemed to me a clever, and even a remarkable man, however inexperienced as a soldier."

"If he is the officer of that name who served in the last French war, he is an old acquaintance of mine," observed the duke. "I remember him perfectly. He was a mere boy, who, in a rash skirmish with some of our hussars, was wounded severely and taken prisoner. But as I learned that he was the son of a French *littérateur* of some eminence whom I had met in Paris, and as I had conceived a favourable opinion of the young soldier's gallantry, I gave him his parole and sent him back to his family, who, I think, were Proven-



cal. He was unquestionably spirited and intelligent, and with experience might make either minister or general; but as he has begun by failure in the one capacity, it will be our business to show him that he may find success equally difficult in another. At all events, we have nothing but this minister-general between us and Notre-Dame. He has taken up a position on the Argonne ridge in our front. To force it will be but an affair of three hours. Adieu, gentlemen." He put spurs to his horse, and galloped to one of the columns which approached with trumpets sounding, bearing the captured banner of the church tower of Langwy.

The world was now before us, and we enjoyed it to the full. Varnhorst and I were inseparable, and feasted on the scene, the gaiety, the oddity of the various characters, which campaigning develops more than any mode of existence. The simple meal, the noon-rest under a tree, the songs of our troopers, the dance in the villages, as soon as the peasantry had discovered that we did not eat women and children—even the consciousness of a life wholly without care, formed a delicious state of being. "If this is the life of the Arab," I often was ready to exclaim, "what folly would it be in him to leave the wilderness! If the Esquimaux can sleep through our half of the year and revel through the other, is he not the true philosopher in the midst of his frost and snow?" Guiscard, who sometimes joined our party, was now and then moved to smile at our unripe conceptions of the nature of things. But we laughed at his gravity, and he returned to pore over the mysteries of that diplomacy which evidently thickened on him hour by hour. I recollect, however, one of his expressions:—"My friend, you think that all the battle is to be fought in front: I can assure you that a much more severe battle is to be fought in the rear. Argonne will be much more easily mastered than the King's closet and the Aulic Council." We had good reason to remember the oracle.

One morning as, with half a dozen hussars, I was ranging the thickets on the flank of the advance, with the spirit of an English fox-hunter, on

reaching the summit of a rising ground, I saw, some miles off, a party of horsemen making their way at full speed across the country. The perfect level of the plains, particularly in Champagne, makes the ground as open as a race-course. I called my hussars, and we galloped forward to intercept. On seeing us, they slackened their speed, and were evidently in consultation. At length the sight of our uniforms reassured them, and one of their number came forward to meet us. To our enquiry, the answer was, that "General Lafayette desired to be led to the headquarters." I now saw this memorable man for the first time, and was lost, in my usual style, in looking for the hero or the revolutionist in his physiognomy. I was disappointed in both. I saw a quiet visage, and a figure of moderate size, rather *emboupoint*, and altogether the reverse of that fire-eyed and lean-countenanced "Cassius" which I had pictured in my imagination. But his manners perplexed me as much as his features. They were calm, easy, and almost frank. It was impossible to recognize in him the Frenchman, except by his language; and he was the last man in whom I could ever have detected that pride of the theatre, the "French *marquis*." His manners were English, and I had a fellow-feeling for him even in our short ride to the camp, and congratulated myself on being thrown into the intercourse of one who had played so conspicuous a part in the most conspicuous scene of our day.

But on his introduction to the duke, my ardour received a sudden chill. I saw instantly, by the utter absence of all cordiality in his reception, that the French fugitive had taken a dangerous step, and that his Parisian ill fortune had deprived him of all merit in the sight of the commander-in-chief. My doubts were soon confirmed by a message from his tent. I obeyed; and as I passed the lines, saw Lafayette surrounded by a troop of Huns of the Guard. I found the duke pacing uneasily in front of the tent.

"M. Marston," said he, with a vexed manner, "your capture of this morning has added to our perplexities. You acted zealously, and with the

spirit that distinguishes your nation; but I heartily wish that M. La Fayette had taken any other direction than towards us. His fall has been contemplated for some time, and even the possibility of his being arrested by some of our parties. I have received a communication from the Allied cabinets on the contingency; and the question now is, how to execute my orders without public weakness or personal severity."

I proposed to accompany him, while we were on the march, and to pledge myself for his honour when we arrived at quarters.

"Generously offered," was the reply. "But my duty, in the first instance, prohibits his remaining in the camp; and in the next, my feelings for himself would spare a man who has commanded the enemy's troops, the sight of that actual collision which must immediately take place. We attack the defiles of the Argonne to-morrow."

He entered the tent, wrote a few lines, and returned to me.

"M. Lafayette must consider himself as a prisoner: but as my wish is to treat him with honour, I must beg of you, M. Marston, to take charge of him for the time. Your offer has relieved me from an embarrassment; and I shall take care to make honourable mention of your conduct in this instance, as in all others, to both the courts of Berlin and St James's. The marquis must be sent to Berlin, and I must request that you will be ready to set out with him this evening."

The sound was a thunder-stroke. "This evening!" when the decisive action of the war was to be fought next morning. "To Berlin!" when all my gallant friends were to be on the march to Paris. Impossible! I retracted my offer at once. But the prince, not accustomed to be resisted, held his purpose firmly; representing that, as the French general was actually *my* prisoner, and as *my* court was equally interested with those of the Allied powers, in preventing his return to embroil France, "it was my duty, as her commissioner, to see that the measure was effectively performed." But the appearance of leaving the army, on the very eve of important service, was not to be argued,

or even commanded, away. The duke was equally inflexible, though his sentences were perhaps shorter than mine; and I finally left his presence, declaring, that if the request were persisted in, I should throw up my commission at once, volunteer as a common trooper into the first squadron which would admit me, and then, his highness, might, of course, order me wherever he pleased."

A stately smile was the only answer to this tirade. I bowed, and retired.

Within a hundred yards I met my two friends, Varnhorst and Guiscard, and poured out my whole catalogue of wrongs at once. Varnhorst shared my indignation, fiercely pulled his thick mustaches, and muttered some phrases about oppression, martinetism, and other dangerous topics, which fortunately were scattered on the air. Guiscard neither raged nor sailed, but walked into the ducal tent. After a few minutes he returned, and then his sallow countenance wore a smile. "You have offended the duke desperately," said he. "And as a sovereign prince, I dare say that banishment from his territories for life would be the least reparation; but as a general, we think that we cannot have too many good troops, and your proposal to take a Hulan's lance and pistol in your hand, is irresistible. In short, he receives you as a volunteer into his own hussars, and as you are henceforth at his disposal, he orders."—

My tormentor here made a malicious pause, which threw me into a fever. I gazed on his countenance, to anticipate his mission. It wore the same deep and moveless expression. "His highness orders, that you shall escort, with a squadron, General Lafayette, to the Chateau, our former headquarters, and where we first met; there deliver over the Frenchman to an officer of the staff, who will be in readiness to escort him further; and, in the mean time, if the very fiery and independent M. Marston should have no objection to travel at night, he may return, and be in time for whatever is to be done here to-morrow."

"Bravo, bravo!" exclaimed good-natured Varnhorst. "Guiscard, you are the first of negotiators!"

"No," was the quiet reply. "I pre-

tend to nothing more than the art of being a good listener. I merely waited until the duke had spoken his will, and then interposed my suggestion. It was adopted at once: and now our young friend has only to ride hard to-night, and come to shade his brow with a share of any laurels which we may pluck in the forest of Argonne, in the next twenty-four hours."

I was enraptured—the communication was made in the most courteous manner to the marquis. He had at once perceived the difficulties of his position, and was glad to leave them behind us far as possible. Our escort was mounted within a few minutes, and we were in full gallop over the fruitful levels of Champagne.

To speed of this order, time and space were of little importance; and with the rapidity of a flock of labrons, we reached the foot of the noble hill, on which, embosomed in the most famous vineyards of the vine country, stood the Chateau. It was blazing with lights, and had evidently lost nothing of its population by the change of headquarters. We were soon brought to a stand by a challenge in French, and found that we were no longer among the jovial jagers of Deutschland. We had fallen in with the advanced corps of the Emigrant army, under the command of the Prince of Condé.

There was a new dilemma. Our prisoner's was perhaps the most startling name which could have been pronounced among those high-blooded and headlong men. The army was composed almost wholly of the *noblesse*; and Lafayette, under all his circumstances of birth, sentiments, and services, had been the constant theme of noble indignation. The champion of the American Republic, the leader of the Parisian movement, the commandant of the National Guard, the chief of the rebel army in the field—all was terribly against him. Even the knowledge of his fall could not have appeased their resentment; and the additional knowledge that he was within their hands, might have only produced some unfortunate display of what the philosopher calls "wild justice." In this difficulty, while the officer of the patrol was on his way to the Chateau to announce our coming, I consulted the captain

of my escort. But, though a capital *sabreur*, he was evidently not made to solve questions in diplomacy. After various grimaces of thinking, and even taking the meershaun from his mouth, I was thrown on my own resources. My application to the captive general was equally fruitless: it was answered with the composure of one prepared for all consequences, but it amounted simply to—"Do just as you please."

But no time was to be lost, and leaving the escort to wait till my return, I rode up the hill alone, and desired an interview with the officer in command of the division. Fortunately I found him to be one of my gayest Parisian companions, now transformed into a fierce chevalier, colonel des chasseurs, bronzed like an Arab, and unshackled like a tiger. But his inner man was the same as ever. I communicated my purpose to him as briefly as possible. His open brow lowered, and his fingers instinctively began playing with the hilt of his sabre. And if the rencontre could have been arranged on the old terms of man to man, my gallant friend would have undoubtedly made me the bearer of a message on the spot. But I had come for other objects, and gradually brought him round: he allowed that "a prisoner was something entitled to respect." The "request of his distinguished and valued friend, M. Marston, dear to him by so many charming recollections of Paris, &c., was much more;" and we finally arranged that the general should be conveyed unseen to an apartment in the Chateau, while I did him and his "*braves camarades*" the honour of sharing their supper. I gave the most willing consent: a ride of thirty miles had given me the appetite of a hunter.

I was now introduced to a new scene. The room was filled with muskets and knapsacks piled against the walls, and three-fourths of those who sat down were private soldiers; yet there was scarcely a man who did not wear some knightly decoration, and I heard the noblest names of France everywhere round me. Thus extremes meet: the Faubourg St Germain had taken the equality of the new order of things, and the very first attempt to retain an exclusive rank had brought all to the same level. But it was a

generous, a graceful, and a gallant level. All was good-humour under their privations, and the fearful chances which awaited them were evidently regarded with a feeling which had all the force of physical courage without its roughness. I was much struck, too, with the remarkable appearance of the military figures round me. Contrary to our general notions of the foreign noblesse, those exhibited some of the finest-looking men whom I had ever seen. This was perhaps, in a considerable degree, owing to the military life. In countries where the nobility are destitute of public employment, they naturally degenerate—become the victims of the diseases of indolence and prodigality, transmit their decrepitude to their descendants, and bequeath dwarfishness and deformity to their name. But in France, the young noble was destined for soldiership from his cradle. His education partook of the manly preparations for the soldier's career. The discipline of the service, even in peace, taught him some superiority to the effeminate habits of opulence; and a sense of the actual claims of talents, integrity, and determination, gave them all an importance which, whatever might be the follies of an individual, from time to time, powerfully shaped the general character of the nobles. In England, the efforts for political power, and the distinctions of political fame, preserve our nobility from relaxing into the slavery of indulgence. The continual ascent of accomplished minds from the humbler ranks, at once reinforces their ability and excites their emulation; and if England may proudly boast of men of intellectual vigour, worthy of rising to the highest rank from the humblest condition, she may, with not less justice, boast of her favourites of fortune fitted to equal with her favourites of nature.

Among these showy and high-bred soldiers, the hours passed delightfully. Anecdotes of every court of Europe, where most of them had been, either as tourists or envoys; the piquant tales of the court of their unfortunate sovereign: narratives—sufficiently contemptuous of the present possessors of power: and *chansons*—some gay, and some touching—made us all forget the flight of time. Among their military choruses was one which

drew tears from many a bold eye. It was a species of brief elegy to the memory of Turenne, whom the French soldier still regarded as his tutelar genius. It was said to have been written on the spot where that great leader fell:—

Reçois, O Turenne où tu perdis la  
vie.  
Les transports d'un soldat, qui te  
plaint et t'envie.  
Ici dans l'Elysée assis, près du chef des  
Césars,  
On dans le ciel, peut-être entre Bel-  
lone et Mars,  
Fais-moi te suivre en tout, exauce  
ma prière;  
Puis sois ainsi remplir, et finir ma

The application to the immediate circumstances of these brave gentlemen was painfully direct. What to-morrow might bring was unknown, further than that they would probably soon be engaged with their countrymen; and whether successful or not, they must be embarked in war against France. But my intelligence that an action was expected on the next day awoke the soldier within them again; the wounds of their order, the plunders of the ruling faction, their hopeless expatriation, if some daring effort was not made, and the triumphant change from exiles to possessors and conquerors, stirred them all into enthusiasm. The army of the Allies, the enemy's position, the public feeling of Paris, and the hope of sharing in the honours of an engagement which was to sweep the revolutionary "canaille" before the "gentlemen of France," were the rapid and animating topics. All were ardent, all eloquent; fortune was at their feet; the only crime was to doubt—the only difficulty was to choose in what shape of splendid vengeance, of matchless retribution, and of permanent glory, they should restore the tarnished lustre of the diadem, and raise the insulted name of France to its ancient rank among the monarchies of the world. I never heard among men so many brilliancies of speech—so many expressions of feeling full of the heart—so glowing a display of what the heart of man may unconsciously retain for the time when some great emotion rouses all its depths, and opens them to the light.



of day. It was to me a new chapter in the history of man.

The news which I had brought of the positions of the armies rendered me an object of marked interest. I was questioned on every point; first, and especially, of the intention of the commander-in-chief, with the most anxious yet most polished minuteness. But, as on this subject my lips were comparatively sealed, the state of the troops with whom they were so soon to be brought into contact became the more manageable topic. On mentioning that Dumourier was placed in command, I received free and full communications on the subject of his qualities for being the last hope of revolutionary France. One had known him in his early career in the engineers, another had served along with him in Corsica, a third had met him at the court of Portugal; the concurring report being, that he was a coxcomb of the first water, shrewd but superficial, and though personally brave, sure to be bewildered when he found himself for the first time working the wheels and springs of that puzzling machine, an army in the field. A cannie old Provençal marquis, with his breast glittering with the stars of a whole constellation of knighthood, yet who sat with the cross-belts and cartridge-box of the rank and file upon him, agreeing with all the premises, stoutly denied the conclusions. "He is a coxcomb," said the old Marquis. "Well, he is only the fitter to command an army of upstarts. He has seen nothing but Corsican service; well, he is the fitter to command an army of banditti. And he has been an *espion* of the Government in Portugal; what better training could he have for heading an army of traitors? Rely upon it, gentlemen, that you have mistaken his character; if you think that he is not the very man whom the mob of Paris ought to have chosen for their general, I merely recommend, that when you go into action you should leave your watches in camp, and, if you charge any of their battalions, look well to your purses."

The old soldier's sally restored our gaiety; but the man best acquainted with the French commander-in-chief was my friend the chevalier, at the head of the table. "It has singularly

enough happened to me to have met M. Dumourier in almost every scene of his life, since his return from his first service in Germany. Our first meeting was in the military hospital in Toulouse, where he had been sent, like myself, to recover, in his native air, from the wounds of our last German campaign. He was then a coxcomb, but a clever one, full of animal spirits, and intoxicated with the honour of having survived the German bullets, of being appointed to a company, and wearing a *croix*. Our next meeting was in Portugal. Our Minister had adopted some romantic idea of shaking the English influence, and Dumourier had been sent as an engineer to reconnoitre the defences of the country. The word *espion* was not wholly applicable to his mission, yet there can be no doubt that the memoir published on his return, was *not* a volume of travels. His services had now recommended him to the Government, and he was sent to Corsica. There again I met him, as my regiment formed part of the force in the island. He was high on the staff, our intercourse was renewed, and he was regarded as a very expert diplomatist. A few years after, I found him in a still higher situation, a favourite of De Choiseul, and managing the affairs of the Polish confederation. On his return to Paris, such was the credit in which he stood, that he was placed by the minister of war at the head of a commission to reform the military code; thus he has been always distinguished; and has at least had experience."

Even this slight approach to praise was evidently not popular among the circle, and I could hear murmurs.

"Distinguished!—yes, more with the pen than the sword."

"Diplomacy!—the business of a clerk. Command is another affair."

"Mon cher Chevalier," said the old Marquis, with a laugh, "pray, after being in so many places with him, were you with him in the Bastille?" This was followed with a roar.

I saw my friend's swarthy cheek turn. He started up, and was about to make some fierce retort, when a fine old man, a general, with as many orders as the marquis, and a still whiter head, averted the storm, by saying, "Whether the chevalier was

with M. Dumourier in that predicament, I know not; but I can say that I was. I was sent there for the high offence of kicking a page of the court down the grande escalier at Versailles for impertinence, at the time when M. Dumourier was sent there by the Duc d'Angoulême, for knowing more than the minister. I assure you that I found him a most agreeable personage—very gay, very witty, and very much determined to pass his time in the pleasantest manner imaginable. But our companionship was too brief for a perfect union of souls," said he, laughing: "for I was liberated within a week, while he was left behind for, I think, the better part of a year."

"But his talents?" was the question down the table.

"Gentlemen," said the old man, "my experience in life has always made me judge of talents by circumstances. If, for example, I find that a man has the talent exactly fitted for his position, I give him credit for all—he had the talent for making the Bastille endurable, and I required no other. But there were times when graver topics varied our pleasantries, and he exhibited very various intelligence, a practical experience of the chief European courts, and, I am sorry to say, a very striking contempt for their politics and their politicians alike. He was especially indignant at the selfish perfidy with which the late king had given him up to the ignorant jealousy of the minister, and looked forward to the new reign with a resolute, and sometimes a gloomy determination to be revenged. If that man is a republican, it is the Bastille that has made him one; and if he ever shall have a fair opportunity of displaying his genius, unless a cannon-ball stops his career, I should conceive him capable of producing a powerful impression on Europe."

The conversation might again have become stormy but for the entrance of a patrol, for whom a vacant space at the table had been left. Forty or

fifty fine tall fellows now came rushing into the room, flinging down shakos, knapsacks, and sabres, and fully prepared to enjoy the good cheer provided for them. I heard the names of the first families of France among those privates—the Montmorencies, the Lamignons, the Nivernois, the Rochefortcaults, the De Noailles, "familial as household words." All was good-humour again. They had a little adventure in scaring away a corps of the rustic national guards, who, to expedite their escape, had flung away their arms, which were brought in as good prize. The festivity and frolic of youth, engaged in a cause which conferred a certain dignity even on their *tours de page*, renewed the pleasantries of the night. We again had the *chansons*; and I recollect one, sung with delicious taste by a handsome Italian-faced youth, a nephew of the writer, the Duc de Nivernois.

The duke had requested a ringlet from a beautiful woman. She answered, that she had just found a grey hair among her locks, and could now give them away no more. The gallant reply was—

"Quoi ! vous parlez de cheveux blancs !  
Laissez, laissez courir le temps ;  
Que vous importe son ravage ?  
Les tendres cœurs en sont exempts ;  
*Les Amours sont toujours rufians,*  
*Et les Grâces sont de tout âge.*  
Pour moi, Thénire, je le sais.  
Je suis toujours dans mon printemps,  
Quand je vous offre mon hommage.  
Si je n'étais que dix-huit ans,  
Je pourrais aimer plus longtemps,  
Mais, non pas aimer davantage."

On returning to look for my distinguished prisoner, I found a packet lying on the table of my apartment; it had arrived in my absence with the troops in advance; and I must acknowledge that I opened it with a trembling hand, when I saw that it came from London and Mordecai.

It was written in evident anxiety, and the chief subject was the illness of

Lovely and loved ! shall one slight hair  
Touch thy delicious lip with care ?  
A heart like thine may laugh at Time—  
The Soul is ever in its prime.  
All Loves, you know, have infant faces,  
A thousand years can't chill the Graces !

his daughter. She had some secret on her mind, which utterly baffled even the Jew's paternal sagacity. No letters had reached either of them from France, and he almost implored me to return, or, if that were impossible, to write without delay. Marianne had grown more fantastic, and capricious, and wayward than ever. Her eyes had lost their brightness, and her cheek its colour. Yet she complained of nothing, beyond a general distaste to existence. She had seen the Comtesse de Tourville, and they had many a long conference together, from which, however, Marianne always returned more melancholy than ever. She had refused the match which he had provided for her, and declared her determination to live, like the daughter of Jephthah, single to her grave.

The letter then turned to my own circumstances, and entered into them with the singular mixture of ardour and sneering which formed this extraordinary character.

"I am doing your business here as indefatigably as if I were robbing nabobs in India, or setting up republics at home. The tardiness of the Horse-Guards is to be moved by nothing but an invasion; and it would be almost as rational to wait the growth of an oak, as to wait the signing of your commission; but it shall be done in my own way. I have means which can make the tardy quick, and open the eyes of the blind. You *shall* be a subaltern in the Guards, unless you are in too much haste to be a general, and get yourself shot by some Parisian coddler in the parloined uniform of a rifleman. But, let me tell you one fact, and I might indorse this piece of intelligence. 'Secret and Confidential,' to the English cabinet, for even our great minister has yet to learn it—*the Allies will never reach Paris.* Rely, and act upon this. They might now enter the capital, if, instead of bayonets, they carried only trusses of straw. The road is open before them, but they will look only behind. The war was almost a feint from the be-

ginning. The invasion was the second act of the farce—the retreat will be the third. Poland has been the *true object*; and, to cover the substantial seizures there, has been the trick of the French invasion. I predict that, in one month from the date of this letter, there will not be an Austrian or Prussian cartridge found in France. Potsdam and Schenbrunn know more on the subject at this moment than the duke. I write to you as a friend, and by Marianne's especial order, to take care of yourself. I have seen the retreats of continental armies in my time; they are always a scene of horrors. Follow the army so long as it advances; then all is well, and even the experience of service may be of use to you. But, in this instance, the moment that you find it come to a stop, turn your horse's head to any point of the compass but the front, and ride to the nearest seaport. The duke is a brave man, and his army is a brave army; but both will be instantly covered with all the odour of all the libels on earth. If you have met him as man with man, you have doubtless been captivated with his manners, his wit, his animation, and his accomplishments. I have known him long and well. But Europe, within a month, will deem him, as a fugitive, a fool, and a dastard. Such is popular wisdom, justice, and knowledge. A pupil of the first warrior of Prussia and of modern ages, and wanting only experience to do honour to the lessons of Frederick, he will be laughed at by the base loungers of the Palais Royal, as ignorant of the art of war, and branded by the graver loungers of courts and councils, as ignorant of the art of government. Once more, I say, take care of yourself. The first step in retreat will raise all France against the Allies. Ten victories would not cost as much as the first week's march towards the frontier. Every thicket will have its troop; every finger, for a hundred leagues round, will be on the trigger. Robbery and murder, famine and fa-

While thou art in my soul enshrined,  
I give all sorrows to the wind.  
Were I this hour but gay eighteen,  
Thou couldst be but my bosom's queen;  
I might for longer years adore,  
But could not, could not love thee more,

tigue, disease and death, will be upon the troops; the retreat will become a flight, and happy is the man who will ever see the Rhine again. Be wise in time."

Enclosed within this long epistle was a brief note from Mariamne.

"You must not think me dying, because I importune you no longer. But, *can* you give me any tidings of Lafontaine? I know that he is rash, and even enthusiastic; but I equally know that he is faithful and true. Yet, if he *has* forgotten me, or is married, or is any thing that, as a *preux chevalier*, he ought not to be, tell me at once, and you shall see how grateful I can be, before I cease to be any thing. But if he has fallen—if, in the dreadful scenes now acting in Paris, Lafontaine is no more—*tell me not*. Write some deluding thing to me—conceal your terrible knowledge. I should not wish to drop down dead before my father's face. He is looking at me while I write this, and I am trying to laugh, with a heart as heavy as lead, and eyes that can scarcely see the paper. No—for mercy's sake, do not tell me *that he is dead*. Give me gentle words, give me hope, deceive me—as they give landamm, not to prolong life, but to lull agony. Do this, and with my last quiver I shall be grateful—with my last breath I shall bless you."

Poor Mariamne! I had, at least, better hopes than those for her. But within this billet was a third. It was but a few lines; yet at the foot of those lines was the signature—"Clotilde de Tourville." The light almost forsook my eyes; my head swam; if the paper had been a talisman, and every letter written with the pen of magic, it could not have produced a more powerful effect upon me. My hands trembled, and my ears thrilled; and yet it contained but a few unimportant words—an enquiry addressed to Mariamne, whether she could forward a letter to the Chateau Montauban in Champagne, or whether her father had any correspondent in the vicinity who could send her the picture of a beloved relative, which, in the haste of their flight to England, they had most reluctantly left behind."

The note at once threw every thing else into the background. What were invasions and armies—what were kings and kingdoms—to the slightest

wish of the being who had written this billet? All this I admit to be the fever of the mind—a waking dream—an illusion to which mesmerism or magic is but a frivolity. Like all fevers, it is destined to pass away, or to kill the patient; yet for the time, what on earth is so strange, or so powerful—so dangerous to the reason—so delicious to the soul!

But, after the long reverie into which I sunk, with the writing of Clotilde in my hand, I recollected that fortune had for once given me the power of meeting the wishes of this noble and beautiful creature. The resemblance of the picture that had so much perplexed and attracted me, was now explained. I *was* in the Chateau de Montauban, and I now blessed the chance which had sent me to its honoured walls.

To hasten to the chamber where I was again to look upon the exquisite resemblance of features which, till then, I had thought without a similar in the world, was a matter of instinct; and, winding my way through the intricacies of galleries and corridors, loaded with the baggage of the emigrant army, and strewed with many a gallant noble who had exchanged the down bed of his ancestral mansion for the bare floor, or the open bivouac, I at length reached the apartment to which the captive general had been consigned. To my utter astonishment, instead of the silence which I expected under the circumstances, I heard the jingling of glasses and roars of laughter. Was this the abode of solitude and misfortune? I entered, and found M. Lafayette, indeed, conducting himself with the composure of a personage of his rank; but the other performers exhibiting a totally different temperament. A group of Polish officers, who had formerly borne contusions in the royal service, and now followed the Emigrant troops, had recognized Lafayette, and insisted on paying due honours to the "noble comrade" with whom they had served beyond the Atlantic. Hamlet's menace to his friend, that he would "teach him to drink deep ere he depart," had been adopted in the amplest sense by those jovial sons of the north, and "healths bottle-deep" were sent round the board with rapid circulation.



My entrance but slightly deranged the symposium, and I was soon furnished with all the freemasonry of the feast, by being called on to do honour to the toast of "His Majesty the King of Great Britain." My duty was now done, my initiation was complete, and while my eyes were fixed on the portrait which, still in its unharmed beauty, looked beaming on the wall over my head, I heard, in the broken queries, and interjecting panegyrics of these hyperborean heroes, more of the history of Lafayette than I had ever expected to reach my ears.

His life had been the strangest contrast to the calm countenance which I saw so tranquilly listen to its own tale. It was Quixotic, and two hundred years ago could scarcely have escaped the pen of some French Cervantes. He had begun life as an officer in the French household troops in absolute boyhood. At sixteen he had married; at eighteen he had formed his political principles, and begun his military career by crossing the Atlantic, and offering his sword to the Republic. To meet the thousand wonderings at his conduct, he exchanged the ancient motto of the Lafayettes for a new one of his own. The words, "Why not?" were his answer to all, and they were sufficient. On reaching America, he asked but two favours, to be suffered to serve, and to serve without pay.

In America he was more republican than the Republicans. He rolled, travelled, and fled, with an indomitable zeal for the independence of the colonists; his zeal was a passion, his love of liberty a romance, his hostility to the dominion of England an universal scorn of established power. But if fantastic, he was bold; and if too hot for the frigidity of America, he was but preparing to touch France with kindred fire. He refused rank in the French army coupled with the condition of leaving the service of the Republic; and it was only on the French alliance in 1788 that he returned to Paris, to be received with feigned displeasure by the King, and even put under arrest by the minister, but to be welcomed by the praises of the true sovereign, the Queen, feted by the court, the sovereign of that sovereign, and huzzaed by the mob of Paris, already the sovereign of them all; from

his military prison he emerged, colonel of the King's regiment of dragoons.

While this narrative was going on, mingled with humpers, and bursts of Slavonic good-fellowship, I could not help asking myself whether Lavater was not a quack and physiognomy a folly? Could this be the dashing Revolutionist? No plodder over the desk ever wore a more broadcloth countenance; an occasional smile was the only indication of his interest in what was passing around him. He evidently avoided taking a share in the discussion of his Transatlantic career, probably from delicacy to his English auditor. But when the conversation turned upon France, the man came forth, and he vindicated his conduct with a spirit and fulness that told me what he might have been when the blood of youth was added to the glow of the imagination. He was now evidently exhausted by toil, and dispirited by disappointment. No man could be so thoroughly ruined; baffled in theory, undone in practice—an exile from his country, a fugitive from his troops—overwhelmed by the hopelessness of giving a constitution to France, and with nothing but the dungeon before him, and the crash of the guillotine behind.

"What was to be done?" said Lafayette. "France was bankrupt—the treasury was empty—the profligate reign of Louis XV. had at once wasted the wealth, dried up the revenues, and corrupted the energies of France. Ministers wrung their hands, the king sent for his confessor, the queen wept—but the nation groaned. There was but one expedient, to call on the people. In 1787 the Assembly of the Notables was summoned. It was the first time since the reign of Henry IV. France had been a direct and formal despotism for almost two hundred years. She had seen England spread from an island into an empire; she had seen America spread from a colony into an empire. What had been the worker of the miracle?—Liberty. While all the despoticisms remained within the boundaries fixed centuries ago, like vast dungeons, never extending, and never opening to the light and air, except through the dilapidations of time, I saw England and America expanding like fertile fields, open to every breath of heaven and every

beam of day, expanding from year to year by the cheerful labour of man, and every year covered with new productiveness for the use of universal mankind. I own that there may have been rashness in urging the great experiment—there may have been a dangerous disregard of the actual circumstances of the people, the time, and the world—the daring hand of the philosopher may have drawn down the lightning too suddenly to be safe; the patriot may have flushed the blaze of his torch too strongly on eyes so long trained to the twilight of the dungeon. The leader of this enterprise himself, like the first discoverer of fire, may have brought wrath upon his own head, and be condemned to have his vitals gnawed in loneliness and chains; but nothing shall convince Lafayette that a great work has not been begun for the living race, for all nations, and for all posterity."

I could not suppress the question—"But when will the experiment be complete? When will the tree, planted thus in storms, take hold of the soil? When will the tremendous tillage which begins by clearing with the conflagration, and ploughing with the earthquake, bring forth the harvest of peace to the people?"

"These must be the legacy to our children," was the reply, in a grave and almost contrite tone. "The works of man are rapid only when they are meant for decay. The American savage builds his wigwam in a week, to last for a year. The Parthenon took half an age and the treasures of a people, to last for ever."

We parted for the night—and for thirty years. My impression of this remarkable man was, that he had more heart than head; that a single idea had engrossed his faculties, to the exclusion of all others; that he was following a phantom, with the belief that it was a substantial form, and that, like the idolaters of old, who offered their children to their frowning deity, he imagined that the costlier the sacrifice, the surer it was of propitiation. Few men have been more misunderstood in his own day or in ours. Lifted to the skies for an hour by popular adulation, he has been sunk into obscurity ever since by historic contempt. Both were mistaken. He was the man made for the

time—precisely the middle term between the reign of the nobility and the reign of the populace. Certainly not the man to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm;" but as certainly altogether superior to the indolent luxury of the class among whom he was born. Glory and liberty, the two highest impulses of our common nature, sent him at two and twenty from the most splendid court of Europe, to the swamps and snows, the desperate service and dubious battles of America. Eight years of voyages, negotiations, travels, and exposure to the chances of the field, proved his energy, and at the age of thirty he had drawn upon himself the eyes of the world. Here he ought to have rested, or have died. But the Revolution swept him off his feet. It was an untried region—a conflict of elements unknown to the calculation of man; he was whirled along by a force which whirled the monarchy, the church, and the nation with him, and sank only when France plunged after him.

I have no honour for a similar career, and no homage for a similar memory; but it is from these mingled characters that history derives her deepest lesson, her warnings for the weak, her cautions for the ambitious, and her wisdom for the wise.

On the retiring of the party for the night, my first act was to summon the old Swiss and his wife who had been left in charge of the mansion, and collect from them all their feeble memories could tell of Clotilde. But Madame la Maréchale was a much more important personage in their old eyes, than the "éclatante enfant" whom they had dandled on their knees, and who was likely to remain a "charmant enfant" to them during their lives. The chateau had been the retreat of the Maréchale after the death of her husband; and it was in its stately solitudes, and in the woods and wilds which surrounded it for many a league, that Clotilde had acquired those accomplished tastes, and that characteristic dignity and force of mind, which distinguished her from the frivolity of her country-women, however elegant and attractive, who had been trained in the *salons* of the court. The green glades and fresh air of the forest had given beauty to

her cheek, and grace to her form; and scarcely conceiving how the rugged and jewelled Maréchal could have endured such an absence from the circles of the young queen, and the "*belle cour*" of the wits and beauties of the court of Louis the 15th, I thanked in soul the fortunate necessity which had driven her from the atmosphere of the Du Barris to the shades thus sacred to innocence and knowledge.

But the grand business of the thing was still to be done. The picture was taken down at last, to the great sorrow of the old servants, who seemed to regard it as a patron saint, and who declared that its presence, and its presence alone, could have saved the mansion, in the first instance, from being burned by the "patriots," who generally began their reforms of the nobility by laying their châteaux in ashes, and in the next, from being plundered by the multitudes of whiskered savages speaking unknown tongues, and came to leave France without "*ni pain ni vin*" for her legitimate sons. But the will of Madame la Maréchal was to them as the laws of the Medes and Persians, irresistible and unchangeable; and with heavy hearts they dismounted the portrait, and assisted in enfolding and encasing it, with much the same feeling that might have been shown in paying the last honours to a rightful branch of the beloved line.

But, in the wall which the picture had covered, I found a small recess, closed by an iron door, and evidently unknown to the Swiss and his old wife. I might have hesitated about extending my enquiry further, but Time, the great discoverer of all things, saved my conscience: with a slight pressure against the lock it gave way: the door flew open, and dropped off the hinges, a mass of rust and decay. Within was a casket of a larger size than that generally used for jewels; but my curiosity durst not go beyond the superscription, which was a consignment of the casket, in the name of the Maréchal, to her banker in Lon-

don. Whatever might be the contents, it was clear that, like the picture, it had been left behind in the hurry of flight, and that to transmit it to England was fairly within my commission. Before our busy work was done, day was glancing in through the coloured panes of the fine old chamber. I hurried off the Swiss, with my precious possessions, to the next town, in one of the baggage carts, with a trooper in front to prevent his search by hands still more hazardous than those of a custom-house officer: and then, mounting my horse, and bidding a brief farewell to the brave and noble fellows who were already mustering for the march, and envying me with all their souls, I set off at full speed to rejoin the army.

With all my speed, the action had begun for some hours before I came in sight of the field. With what pangs of heart I heard the roar of the cannon, for league on league, while I was threading my bewildered way, and spurring my tired horse through the miry paths of a country alternately marsh and forest; with what pantings I looked from every successive height, to see even to what quarter the smoke of the firing might direct me; with what eager vexation I questioned every hurrying peasant, who either shook his moody head and refused to answer, or who answered with the fright of one who expected to have his head swept off his shoulders by some of my fierce-looking troop. I shall not now venture to tell; but it was as genuine a torture as could be felt by man. At length, exhausted by mortal fatigue, and ready to lie down and die, I made a last effort, would listen no more to the remonstrances of the troop, whose horses were sinking under them. I ordered them to halt where they were, pushed on alone, and, winding my way through a forest covering the side of a low but abrupt hill, or rather succession of hills, I suddenly burst out into the light, and saw the whole battle beneath, around, and before me. It was magnificent.

## LETTER FROM LEMUEL GULLIVER.

## TO THE EDITOR.

SIR—At the request of my four-footed friends, I forward to you a free translation of the proceedings of a meeting of Houynhims, recently held for the protection of their interests in corn. As the language appears more temperate, and the propositions quite as rational, as those which are ordinarily brought forward in the other Corn-law meetings which still continue to agitate the country, I have no difficulty in complying with their wishes; and if you can afford space for the insertion of the report in your valuable Magazine, you will greatly oblige the Houynhim race, and confer a favour upon, sir, your obedient servant,

Stable-Yard, Nov. 10th, 1843.

LEMUEL GULLIVER.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

A meeting of delegates from the different classes of consumers of oats was held on Friday last, at the Nag's Head in the Borough, pursuant to public advertisement in the *Hors-Lham Gazette*. The object of the meeting was to take into consideration the present consumption of the article, and to devise means for its increase. The celebrated horse Conrade, of Drury-Lane Theatre, presided on the occasion.

The business of the meeting was opened by a young Racer of great promise, who said it was his anxious desire to protect the interests of the horse community, and to promote any measure which might contribute to the increase of the consumption of oats, and improve the condition of his fellow-quadrupeds. He was not versed in political economy, nor, indeed, economy of any kind. He had heard much of demand and supply, and the difficulty of regulating them properly; but, for his own part, he found the latter always equalled the former, though he understood such was not the case with his less fortunate brethren. He warmly advocated the practice of sowing wild oats, and considered that much of the decrease of consumption complained of arose from the undue encouragement given to the growth of other grain: and that the horse interest would be best promoted by imposing a maximum as to the growth of wheat and barley, according to the acreage of each particular farm.

A HACKNEY-COACH HORSE declared himself in favour of the sliding-scale, which he understood from Sir Peter Lawrie to mean the wooden pavement. He admitted it was not well adapted

for rainy seasons, but it was impossible to doubt that things went much more smoothly wherever it was established; and that he, and the working classes whom he represented, found in it a considerable relief from the heavy duties daily imposed upon them. He wished that some measure could be devised for superseding the use of nosebags, which he designated as an intolerable nuisance, especially during the summer months; but he principally relied for an improvement in condition on the prohibition of the mixture of chaff with oats: which latter article, he contended, was unfit for the use of able-bodied horses, who earned their daily food, and ought to be limited to those cattle who spent an idle existence in straw-yards.

AUGUSTUS WESTON HOUSE, of great power, and well-known in the parks, warmly replied to the last neighbor. He denounced the sliding-scale as a slippery measure, unworthy of a horse of spirit, and adding greatly to the burdens with which horses like himself were saddled. He daily saw steeds of the noblest blood and most undaunted action humbled to the dust by its operation: and if Sir Peter Lawrie was to be believed, it was more dreaded by the household troops than Napoleon's army on the field of Waterloo. He yielded to no horse in an anxious desire to promote the true interests of the horse community: but he could not give his support to measures so unsafe, merely because they enabled a small and inferior section of their community to move more smoothly. He reprobated, in strong terms, the unfeeling allusion of the last neighbor to the unfortunate inmates of union straw-yards, whom, for his own part, he looked upon as nowise



inferior to the hackney-coach horse himself, of whose right to be present at a meeting of consumers of oats he entertained serious doubts. (Loud neighs of "Order! Order!")

A SCOTCH HORSE feared that, strictly speaking, he was included in the same category with the hackney-coach horse, and had no right to be heard, having no personal interest in the question; but he trusted he might be permitted to speak as the delegate of the horses of Scotland, who were ignorant of the Honyuhym language, and not entitled to attend. Permission being granted, to the surprise of the assembly he descanted with much asperity upon the gross oppression to which horses in Scotland were subject, from the habits of their masters, as their rough coats and ragged appearance plainly manifested; and stated, in conclusion, that no hope or expectation of bettering the condition of the Scotch horse could be entertained until their lawful food was restored to them, and Scotchmen were compelled, by act of Parliament, to abstain from the use of oatmeal, and live like the rest of the civilized world.

Several worn-out horses belonging to members of the Whig administration ~~endeavoured~~ endeavoured to address the meeting, with an evident intention of converting the proceedings into a party question; but they were informed by the president, in the midst of loud snorting and neighing, that they had not the slightest right to be present, as they were all undoubtedly turned out for life. This decision appeared to give universal satisfaction.

AN IRISH HORSE was of opinion that the great cause of the present difficulties arose from deficiency in the quality and not the quantity of the article, and strongly recommended the growth of Irish oats in England. To the surprise of the English delegates, he warmly eulogized the superiority of the Irish oat; but it afterwards appeared, upon the production of a sample, that he had mistaken the potatoe oat for the Irish oat.

AN OLD ENGLISH HORSE next addressed the meeting, and was listened to with deep attention. He impressed upon the young delegates the good old adage of "Look before you leap,"

and cautioned them against the delusive hope that their condition would be improved by change of measures. In the course of his long life he had experienced measures of every description, and had invariably found that his supplies depended, not on the measure itself, but on the hand that filled it. He had ever given his willing support to his employers, and served them faithfully; and if they were as well acquainted as quadrupeds with the secrets of the stable, they would learn the fallacy of their favourite maxim of "Measures, not men," and trust the administration of their affairs to upright and steady grooms, rather than those fanciful half-educated gentlemen who were perpetually changing the reins of the stables, and altering the form of the measures, whereby they embarrassed the regular feeding and training of the inmates, without producing any practical good.

A STAGE-COACH HORSE imputed their want of condition to the misconduct of their leaders, who, he said, could never be kept in the right path, or made to do one-half of the work which properly belonged to them. By a strange fatality, they were generally purblind, and always shied most fearfully when an Opposition coach approached them. Indeed, it was well known that the horses selected for these duties were, generally speaking, vicious and unsound, and not taken from the most able and powerful, but from the most showy classes. He then proceeded to descant upon the general wrongs of horses. He congratulated the community upon the abolition of bearing reins, those grievous burdens upon the necks of all free-going horses; and he trusted the time would soon arrive when the blinkers would also be taken off, every corn-bag thrown open, and every horse his own leader.

Several other delegates addressed the meeting, and various plans were discussed; but it invariably turned out, upon investigation, that the change would only benefit the class of animals by whom it was proposed. A post-horse was of opinion, that the true remedy lay in decreasing the amount of speed, and shortening the spaces between milestones. A Welsh pony was for the abolition of tolls, which, he said, exhausted the money intend-

ed for repairs; whilst some plough-horses from Lincolnshire proposed the encouragement of pasture land, the abolition of tillage, and the disuse of oats altogether. The harmony of the meeting was, at one period, interrupted, by the unfortunate use of the word "*blackguard*" by a delegate from the collieries, which caused a magnificent charger from the Royal Horse Guards, Blue, to rear up, and, with great indignation, demand if the allusion was personal; but who was satisfied with the explanation of the president, that it was applicable only in a *warlike*

sense. A long, lean, bay horse, with a sour head, demanded a similar explanation of the word "*job*," and was told it was used in a *working* sense. Several resolutions, drawn by two dray-horses, embodying the supposed grievances of the community, were finally agreed upon, and a petition, under the hoof of the president, sounded upon them, having been prepared, and ordered to be presented to the House of Commons by the members for Horsham, the meeting separated, and the delegates returned to their respective stables.

#### THE PROCLAMATION.

old warriors of Erin. I hereby *proclaim*.

That the world never witness'd your rivals in fame;  
Bold sons of Macmurrough, Macarthy, O'Neill,  
The armies of earth at your sight would turn pale.  
A flash from your eyes would light England's last pile,  
And a touch give her sceptre to Erin's green isle.

Hurrah for the vengeance of old Mullaghmast,  
On the blood-bolter'd ground where your gambutlet was cast  
Hurrah for the vengeance of Tara's proud hill,  
Where the bones of our monarchs are blood-sprinkled still.  
Hurrah for Clontarf, though the Saxon may smile,  
The last, greatest triumph of Erin's green isle!

Let the scoffer scoff oh, while I hereby *proclaim*,  
That flight may be courage, and fear but a name;  
That boasting is good, when 'tis good for the cause,  
But, in sight of cold steel, we should *honour the bars*;  
That powder and shot make men swallow their bile—  
So, hurrah for the glory of Erin's green isle!

~If they ask for your leader, the land's sword and shield,  
At least none can say that *he fled from the field*.  
*He* kept a whole skin—for the service of Rome;  
So he fix'd his headquarters in quiet at home.  
They might just as well hunt for the head of the Nile,  
While he reckon'd his beads for St Patrick's green isle.

If beggars on horseback will ride—to Clontarf;  
If tailors will caper with truncheon and scarf,  
At Sunday carousals, all know, I'm in flower,  
My taste for the grape don't extend to the shower.  
Besides, those blue pills disagree with my chyle,  
So, hurrah!—pence and peace for the grand Emerald Isle!

If the scoffer should ask, what the dence brought you there?  
Of course, it was only to taste the fresh air;  
To pick cowslips and daisies; and brush off the dew,  
Or drink gin o'er the tombstone of Brian Boru.  
As to flags, and all that; 'twas but doing in style,  
The honours of Freedom to Erin's green isle.

Then, as to your "*Squadrons*," your "*Mount for Repeal*,"  
'Twas merely to teach them the "*Right about wheel*,"

At the word of command from the Saxon to run,  
 As your leader would fly from a bailiff or dun;  
 In short, since a miss is as good as a mile,  
 Swear the whole was a hunting for Erin's green isle.

Besides, these are delicate moments to croak,  
 Since the Saxon's new plan of a word and a stroke.  
 My mind is made up, like a poodle or pug,  
 No longer to stir from my berth on the rug;  
 Though the bold may revile me, so let them revile—  
 I'm determined to *live* for old Erin's green isle.

*I proclaim*—that the Saxon will tremble to meet  
 The heroes of Erin; but, boys, life is sweet.  
*I proclaim*—that your shout frightens Europe's base thrones;  
 But remember, my boys, there is luck in whole bones;  
 So, take the advice of a friend—wait a while,  
 In a century or two you'll revenge the Green Isle.

I know in my soul, at the very first shot  
 That your whole monster meeting would fly at full trot;  
 What a horrid *mêlée*, then, of popping and flashing!  
 At least I'll not share in your holiday thrashing;  
 Brawl at Sugden and Smith, but beware "rank and file"—  
 They're too rough for the lambskins of Erin's green isle.

Observe, my dear boys, if you once get me hang'd,  
 'Tis fifty to one if you'll e'er be harangued.  
 Farewell to the pleasure of paying the "Rent"—  
 Farewell to all earth's vilest nonsense in print—  
 Farewell to the feast of your gall and your guile—  
 All's over at once with the grand Emerald Isle.

#### THE FIREMAN'S SONG.

"Ho, comrade, up! awake, arise! look forth into the night:  
 Say, is yon gleam the morning-beam, yon broad and bloody light?  
 Say, does it tell—yon clanging bell—of mass or matin song?  
 You drum-roll—calls it to parade the souldier's armed throng?"

"No, brother, no! no morning-beam is yonder crimson glare!  
 You deep bell tolls no matin—'tis the tocsin's hurried blare!  
 You sullen drum-roll mutters out no summons to parade:  
 To fight the flame it summons us—the valiant Fire-Brigade!"

Then fast the Fireman rose, and waked his mate that lay beside;  
 And each man gripp'd his trusty axe, and don'd his coat of hide—  
 There bounds beneath that leather coat a heart as strange to fear  
 As ever swell'd beneath the steel of gilded cuirassier.

And from beneath the leather casque that guards the Fireman's brow,  
 A bolder, sterner glance shines out than plumed crest can show;  
 And oft shall ply the Fireman's axe, though rude and rough it be,  
 Where sabre, lance, and bayonet, right soon would turn and flee!

Off dash the thundering engines, like goblin jüger-chase—  
 The sleeper shudders as they pass, and pallid grows his face:  
 Away, away! though close and bright yon ruddy glow appear,  
 Far, far we have to gallop yet, or e'er our work we near!

A plain of upturn'd faces—pale brows and quivering lips,  
 All flickering like the tropic sea in the green light of eclipse;  
 And the multitude waves to and fro, as in the tropic sea,  
 After a tempest, heaves and falls the ground-swell sleeplessly.

Now, by my faith! a goodly sight yon mansion fast asleep—  
Those winking lamps beside the gate a dull watch seem to keep—  
But a gay awaking waits them, when the crash of blazing beam,  
And the Fireman's stern reveille, shall mingle with their dream!

And sound as sleeps that mansion, ye may mark in every chink  
A gleam, as in the lava-cracks by the volcano's brink;  
Through key-hole and through window-slit, a white and sullen glow—  
And all above is rolling smoke, and all is dark below.

Hark! hear ye not that murmur, that hush and hollow roar,  
As when to the south-wester bow the pines upon the shore:  
And that low crackling intermix'd, like wither'd twig that breaks,  
When in the midnight greenwood the startled squirrel wakes!

Lo, how the fire comes roaring on, like a host in war array!  
Nor lacks it gallant music to cheer it on its way,  
Nor flap of flame-tongued banner, like the Oriflamme of old,  
Its vanward cohorts heralding, in crimson, green, and gold.

The engines now are ranged a-row—hark, how they sob and pant!  
How gamantly the water-jets curve soaringly aslant!  
Up splashes the stream—it meets the flame—it bursts in fleecy rain,  
Like the last spout of the dying whale, when the lance is in his brain.

Ha, ha! from yon high window thrill'd the wild shriek of despair,  
And gibbering phantoms seem to dance within the ruddy glare;  
And as a valiant captain leads his borders to the fray,  
"Up, up, my sons!" our foreman shouts—"up firemen, and away!"

Their arms are strong and sinewy—see how the splinters fly—  
Their axes they are sharp and good—"Back, comrades! or ye die—  
Look to the walls!"—a rending crash—they topple—down they come—  
A cloud of sparks—a feeble cheer—again!—and all is dumb.

A pause—on that battle-day, 'twixt France and England's might,  
When huge L'Orient blew up at once, in the hottest of the fight;  
There was not one, they say, but wink'd, and held his breath the while,  
Though brave were they that fought that day with Nelson at the Nile.

And by to-morrow's sunrise, amid the steaming stones,  
A chain of gold half-melted, and a few small white bones,  
And a few rags of roasted flesh, alone shall show where died—  
The noble and the beautiful, the baby and the bride!

O fire, he is a noble thing!—the sot's pipe gives him birth;  
Or from the livid thunder-cloud he leaps alive on earth;  
Or in the western wilderness devouring silently;  
Or on the lava rocking in the womb of Stromboli.

Right well in Hamburg revell'd he—though Elbe ran rolling by—  
He could have drain'd—so fierce his thirst—the mighty river dry!  
With silk, and gold, and diamond, he crammi'd his hungry maw;  
And he tamed the wild republicans, who knew nor lord nor law!

He feasted well in Moscow—in the city of the Tsar—  
When 'fore the northern streamers paled Napoleon's lurid star:  
Around the hoary Kremlin, where Moscow once had stood,  
He pass'd, and left a heap behind, of ashes slaked in blood!

He feasted once in London—he feasted best of all—  
When through the close-packed city, he swept from wall to wall:  
Even as of old the wrath of God came down in fiery rain,  
On Sodom and Gomorrah, on the Cities of the Plain!



## POSITION AND PROSPECTS OF THE GOVERNMENT.

A recruited revenue; reviving trade and commerce; reduction in the price of provisions; the triumphant termination of hostilities in all parts of the world, with its great immediate prospective advantages; a general feeling of confidence, arising from the steady administration of public affairs, in spite of persevering and atrocious efforts to excite dissatisfaction and alarm; nay, even the stern repose prevailing in Ireland, preserved though it be, for a while, under cover of artillery, and at the bayonet's point, but affording a precious respite from agitation, and a foretaste of the blessings that may be expected from its permanent suppression: all these circumstances unequivocally attest the existence of a powerful Government acting upon a comprehensive and enduring policy, which is becoming daily better appreciated by the strong good sense which ever distinguishes the British character, when a fair opportunity is afforded for its exercise.

Upwards of two years have now elapsed since the accession of the present Government to power, at a period of universally admitted difficulty and danger. We have been, during this critical interval, dispassionate and independent observers of Ministers, and their conduct of public affairs, anxious to see whether they were really equal to the occasion, and worthy of the confidence of the Sovereign and the country. We are ourselves satisfied, and undertake to demonstrate to our readers, that this question must be answered in the affirmative. We say all this advisedly, and with no disposition to deny the existence of difficulties, which, if serious to the present, would be absolutely insuperable to any other Government. During the interval in question, Ministers have triumphed over more formidable difficulties than any which they have at present to encounter. *That*, also, we say advisedly—cheerfully, confidently—with Ireland before our eyes, and the din of the audacious and virulent Anti-corn-law League in our ears.

Passing these topics for the present, let us proceed to examine carefully the

real position of Sir Robert Peel and his Government, with a view to ascertaining its prospects of a continuance in power. This enquiry cannot be successfully conducted, without referring for a moment to the immense changes in principles and parties effected by the Reform Bill in 1832—a period of quite as great a revolution as that of 1688. The Tory party it nearly annihilated!—The first Reform Parliament consisting of only 187 Tories to 471 Whigs and Radicals—the former being thus in the fearful minority of 284. We recollect sharing in the despondency, and even despair, which paralysed our party. There was, however, one signal exception in the person of Sir Robert Peel, whose conduct on that occasion entitles him to the eternal gratitude of every man pretending to the character of a Conservative, nay, of every true lover of his country and its institutions. With surprising energy, calmness, and foresight, he instantly addressed himself to the formation, even under those inauspicious and disheartening circumstances, of that *great CONSERVATIVE party* of which he is now the acknowledged head. In 1841, just *before* the general election, he thus *reminded that party*, and apprized the country at large of the principle on which he had acted in 1832. We beg our readers to ponder his words, and the period when he uttered them.

“I then foresaw the good that might result from laying the foundation of a *great Conservative party* in the state, attached to the fundamental institutions of the country—not opposed to any rational change in it which the lapse of years, or the altered circumstances of society might require, but determined to maintain, on their ancient footing and foundation, our great institutions in church and state. In order to form that party, however, it was necessary, in the first instance, to widen the foundation on which it should stand; to call into our connexion men from whom we had been separated in consequence of differences which no longer existed. My grand object was to build up that great party

which has been gradually acquiring strength in this country—which has been gradually widening the foundation on which it stands, and which has drawn, from time to time, its support from its opponents.”\*

The shortest and best evidence of the success which has attended the unwearied exertions of Sir Robert Peel during the ensuing ten years, is afforded by the following summary of the results of the four general elections since the passing of the Reform Bill; three of them under the auspices and with the unscrupulously exercised patronage of the Reform Government. Observe the ascending and descending scales:—

C.	L.	
187	471	(1832)
275	383	(1835)
314	344	(1837)
373	283	(1841)

Who was it but its founder, that led the Conservative party through these successive stages of triumph? Who did so much as he to effect that gradual but decisive change in public opinion which, in 1841, routed the Liberal Ministry in spite of their extraordinary exertions and advantages, and placed a Conservative Government at the head of affairs? To enable us to appreciate the importance of that great victory, and also the decision of character evinced on that occasion by Sir Robert Peel, let us for a moment advert to the calm self-reliance with which, amidst the breathless apprehensions and misgivings of his whole party, he gave battle to the enemy—proposed the memorable vote of want of confidence, and carried it by a majority of one.† A more critical move never was followed by more signal success; every ensuing event serving to show, that so far from his movements having been impelled by rash and desperate party speculations, they had been based upon a profound and accurate knowledge of his resources, and of the state of feeling and opinion in the country. “I gave the Government every advantage,” said he, “to make their appeal to the country.

They boast of the confidence of the crown—they have even ~~been~~ at their disposal which ~~social influence~~, can command to exert in their own behalf. An appeal has been made by them from the House of Commons to you, and it is for the country to decide the question at issue. They have made an appeal to public feeling on account of cheap sugar and cheap bread. My firm belief is, that the people of this country have not at all responded to that cry.” How well-founded was that “firm belief,” was proved by the glorious result:—the “people of this country did” *not* “respond to that cry”—they rejected—they repudiated it, and they would do so again if another such appeal were made to them to-morrow.

Let us now proceed to show what pretence there is for the injurious insinuations and assertions of Sir Robert Peel’s traducers—whether treacherous friends or open enemies—that, in order to obtain power, he hung out false colours to the nation; that his declarations before the general election have been disregarded and falsified by his acts on attaining office. We will for ever demolish all such calumnies and false pretences by going, step by step, through a document which we made a point of procuring at the time, and preserving hitherto, and to which we have since frequently referred, on hearing uttered the slanderous charges to which we allude. That document is a copy of the speech which Sir Robert Peel, on the 28th June 1841, addressed formally to his constituents, but virtually, of course, to the whole nation.

One of his earliest declarations was the following:—“Gentlemen, *I have ever professed moderate opinions on politics.* The principles I professed, and adhered to, I shall adhere to during my public life, whether in opposition or in power, are, I believe, in perfect conformity with the prevailing good sense, the moderation, and the intelligence of the great body of the people of England.” This was a sufficiently distinct notice to all men, especially to those of extreme opinions, whether Tory, Libe-

\* Speech to the Tamworth Electors on 28th June 1841, (Painter, Strand.)

† Ayes, 312; Noes, 311—4th June 1841.

ral, or Radical, of the course of action which was to be looked for from the expectant Prime Minister.

Then, first, he proceeded to admit the existence of manufacturing distress.

"I admit and deplore it, but I do not despair. I have seen distress in manufactures and in commerce before now. I think the causes of the present distress are but temporary—that the cloud will soon blow over—and that the great foundations of manufacturing prosperity are not affected; and I hope I shall very shortly see the day when our manufactures will once more revive, and when we shall again fill the place we have always occupied—that of producers for the markets of the world."

Now for its cause.

"Now let us consider the important question, as to how far the distress in the manufactures and commerce of the country is fairly attributable to the corn-laws." He proceeded to show, from Lord Palmerston's official statement in Parliament on the 22d July 1840, that, between the years 1831 and 1839, the exports had risen from the value of £38,000,000 to £53,000,000, and the imports from £46,000,000 to £62,000,000, "a clear proof that, notwithstanding the local and temporary checks which our commerce had experienced, on the whole it had gone on steadily improving, and that between the two periods it had increased not much less than from two to three."

He then took the *shipping and navigation* of the country for the preceding three years; and in looking at them, I cannot help thinking that, if there was any thing like an absolute decrease in trade and commerce, there would also be a decrease in the shipping of the country. "Well," said Sir Robert Peel, "What do I find?" The returns "showed an increase, presented within the last three years, from 4,000,000 tons to 4,780,000 tons." Now mark—"during the whole of this period the corn-laws were in operation; how then can they be fairly or honestly assigned as the cause of the *present* manufacturing and commercial distress?"

But if the corn-laws were not, what was the cause?

"I see causes enough in the world, as well as in this country, why there should be manufacturing and commercial distress at the present moment, irrespective and totally independent of the corn-laws."

These were—

1st, "*I do fear that, in the north of England, an undue stimulus has been given to manufacturing industry by the accommodation system pursued by the joint-stock banks. I think the connexion of the manufacturer with the joint-stock banks gave an undue and an improper impulse to trade in that quarter of the country; and I think that, in consequence of this, there have been more manufactures produced within the last two years than were necessary to supply the demand for them.*"

2ndly, "Look to the state of some of the foreign countries, which took, at one time, the greatest quantity of our manufactures;" South America, its ports strictly blockaded by France; the United States of North America, "in a state of nascent hostility," and also labouring under "a distress similar to our own, and arising from similar causes. The facility of accommodation afforded by certain banks there gave an undue stimulus to industry; this produced extravagant speculations; many persons failed in consequence, and trade necessarily then came to a stand-still." Canada—the Peninsula, France, the great Kingdoms of the middle and north of Europe—Syria, Egypt, China, had been, and were, in such a state, as occasioned an interruption of our trade thither: "a stoppage in the demand for manufactured goods, and a correspondent depression in commerce." "When you put all these things together, all causes, mind you, affecting the market for your goods, and then combine them with the two or three defective harvests we have had of late, I ask you to answer me the question, Whether or not they have been sufficient to account for the depression of manufacturing industry."

Then came Sir Robert Peel to the two grand and suddenly discovered panaceas of the late Government, for recruiting the exhausted revenue, and relieving the general distress—viz. "cheap sugar," and "cheap bread."

1st, As to foreign sugar:—

"I clearly and freely admit that those restrictions which cannot be justified should be removed, and that the commerce of the country should be perfectly free, whenever it can possibly be so; but I consider the article of sugar to be wholly exempt from the principle of free trade." \* \* \* "The question now is this—whether, after the sacrifices which this country has made for the suppression of the slave trade and the abolition of slavery, and the glorious results that have ensued, and are likely to ensue, from these sacrifices—whether we shall run the risk of losing the benefit of those sacrifices, and tarnishing for ever that glory, by admitting to the British market sugar the produce of foreign slavery." \* \* \* "If you admit it, it will come from Brazil and Cuba. In Brazil, the slave-trade exists in full force; in Cuba, it is unmitigated in its extent and horrors. The sugar of Cuba is the finest in the world; but in Cuba, slavery is unparalleled in its horrors. I do not at all overstate the fact, when I say, that 50,000 slaves are annually landed in Cuba. That is the yearly importation into the island; but, when you take into consideration the vast numbers that perish before they leave their own coasts, the still greater number that die amidst the horrors of the middle passage, and the number that are lost at sea, you will come to the inevitable conclusion, that the number landed in Cuba—50,000 annually—is but a slight indication of the number shipped in Africa, or of the miseries and destruction that have taken place among them during their transport thither. If you open the markets of England to the sugar of Cuba, you may depend

on it that you give a great stimulus to slavery, and the slave-trade." Sir Robert Peel then pointed out peculiar and decisive distinctions between the case of sugar, and that of cotton, tobacco, and coffee; that, though all of them were the produce of slave labour—First, we cannot now reject the cotton of the United States, without endangering to the last degree the manufacturing prosperity of the kingdom. Secondly, of all the descriptions of slave produce, sugar is the most cruelly destructive of human life—the proportion of deaths in a sugar plantation being infinitely greater than on those of cotton or coffee. Thirdly, slave grown sugar has *never* been admitted to consumption in this country.\* He also assigned two great co-operating reasons for rejecting slave-grown sugar:—"That the people of England required the great experiment of emancipation to be fairly tried; and they would *not* think it fairly tried, if, at this moment, when the colonies were struggling with such difficulties, we were to open the flood-gates of a foreign supply, and inundate the British market with sugar, the produce of slave-labour;" adopting the very words of the Whig Vice-President of the Board of Trade, Mr Labouchere, on the 25th June 1840. The other reason was, "that our immense possessions in the East Indies give us the means, and afford us every facility, for acquiring sugar, the produce of free labour, to an illimitable extent."

So much for foreign sugar. Now for—

II. FOREIGN COTTON: and we beg the special attention of all parties to this portion of the manifesto of Sir Robert Peel:—

\* The following striking passage from the writings of the celebrated Dr Channing of America, was quoted by Sir Robert Peel in the speech under consideration. "Great Britain, loaded with an unprecedented debt, and with a grinding taxation, contracted a new debt of a hundred millions of dollars, to give freedom, not to Englishmen, but to the degraded African. I know not that history records an act so disinterested, so sublime. In the progress of ages, England's naval triumphs will shrink into a more and more narrow space in the records of our race—this moral triumph will fill a broader—brighter page." "Take care!" emphatically added Sir Robert Peel, "that this brighter page be not sullied by the admission of slave sugar into the consumption of this country—by our encouragement—and, too, our unnecessary encouragement of slavery and the slave-trade!"—Noble sentiments!



"Look at the capital invested in land and agriculture in this country—look at the interests involved in it—look at the arrangement that has been come to for the commutation of tithes—look at your importation of corn diminishing for the last ten years—consider the burdens on the land peculiar to this country\*—take all these circumstances into consideration, and then you will agree with Mr. McCulloch, the great advocate of a change in the Corn-law, that, 'considering the vast importance of agriculture, *nearly half the population of the empire are directly or indirectly dependent on it for employment and the means of subsistence*; a prudent statesman would pause before he gave his sanction to any measure however sound in principle, or beneficial to the mercantile and manufacturing classes, that might endanger the prosperity of agriculture, or check the rapid spread of improvement.' " †

Now for the "*Sliding Scale*."

"I must here repeat the opinion which I have declared here before, and also in the House of Commons, that I cannot consent to substitute a fixed duty of 8s. a-quarter on foreign corn, for the present ascending and descending scale of duties. I prefer the principle of the ascending and descending scale, to such an amount of fixed duty. And when I look at the burdens to which the land of this country is subject, I do not consider the fixed duty of 8s. a-quarter on corn from Poland, and Prussia, and Russia, where no such burdens exist, a sufficient protection for it." ‡

Again—

"If you disturb agriculture, and divert the employment of capital from the land, you may not increase your foreign trade—for that is a thing to dwell under existing circumstances—but *will assuredly reduce the home trade, by reducing the means to meet*

*the demand*, and thus permanently injure yourselves also." §

Again—

"I have come to the conclusion, that the existing system of an ascending and descending scale of duties, should not be altered: and that, moreover, we should as much as possible make ourselves independent of a foreign supply—and not disturb the principle of the existing corn-laws—of these corn-laws, which, when you have an abundance of your own, exclude altogether the foreign supply—and when the price rises in this country, freely admits it." ¶

Again—he quoted the following remarkable language of Lord Melbourne on the 11th June 1840—

"Whether the object be to leave a fixed duty, or an alteration as to the ascending and descending scale, I see clearly and distinctly, that that object will not be carried without a most violent struggle—without causing much ill-blood, and a deep sense of grievance—without stirring society to its foundations, and leaving behind every sort of bitterness and animosity. I do not think the advantages to be gained by the change are worth the evils of the struggle." †

And Sir Robert Peel concluded the foregoing summary of his views, on the great questions then proposed to the country for its decision, in the following words:—

"I ask your free suffrages, with this frank and explicit declaration of my opinions." \*\*

On this, there occur to us three questions—

(1st.) Was this, or was it not, a frank, and explicit declaration of his opinions? And, (2d.) Did it, or did it not, as tested by the result of the general election, completely satisfy the country? (3d.) In what respect has the subsequent conduct of Sir Robert Peel been inconsistent with

\* "We believe," says Mr. McCulloch himself in another part of the pamphlet, (Longman & Co., 1841, p. 23—6th Edit.) from which Sir Robert Peel is quoting, "that land is more heavily taxed than any other species of property in the country—and that its owners are clearly entitled to insist that a duty should be laid on foreign corn when imported, sufficient fully to countervail the excess of burdens laid upon the land."

Speech, pp. 9, 10.

Speech, p. 15.

† Do. p. 8.

‡ Do. p. 18.

§ Do. p. 18.

\*\* Do. p. 18.

these declarations? And we echo the stern enquiry of the Duke of Wellington, for "the *when*, the *where*, and the *how*," "of Sir Robert Peel's deceiving his supporters or the country"—and "pause for a reply." Failing to receive any—for none can be given, except in the negative—we shall proceed to condense the substance of this memorable manifesto into a few words; offer some general observations designed to assist in forming a correct judgment upon the topics discussed in the ensuing pages; and then give as fair an outline as we know how to present, of the "DOINGS" of Sir Robert Peel and his Government, by way of comment upon, and illustration of his previous and preparatory "SAYINGS."

What, then, was the substance of Sir Robert Peel's declaration, on presenting himself before the country as a candidate for the office which he fills? He avowed himself a man of moderate political opinions; recognized the existence of manufacturing and commercial distress, but referred it to causes of only a temporary nature, unconnected with the corn-laws; repudiated the empirical expedients proposed by the late ministry; and pledged himself to maintain the principle of protection to our agricultural interests; declaring his deliberate preference of a sliding scale of duties, to a fixed duty, upon foreign corn.

The first of the observations to which we beg the reader's earnest attention, is—that Sir Robert Peel has *to govern by means of a Reformed House of Commons*. It is for want of well considering this circumstance, that one or two respectable sections of the Conservative party have conceived some dissatisfaction at the line of policy adopted by Sir Robert Peel. They forget that, as we have already stated, the *Tory* party was nearly destroyed by the passing of the Reform Bill; that from its ashes rose, the CONSERVATIVE party, adapted to the totally new political exigencies of the times; its grand object being, as it were, out of the elements of democracy to arrest the progress of democracy. The bond of its union was correctly described by its founder, as consisting in attachment to the funda-

mental institutions of the country—non-opposition to rational changes rendered requisite by the altered circumstances of the times—but determination to maintain, on their ancient footing and foundation, our great institutions in Church and State. Keeping these grand objects ever in view, the true policy to be adopted was to widen the foundations on which should stand "that new party which was to draw, from time to time, its strength from its opponents." None saw this more clearly than Sir Robert Peel—and hence the "*moderation*," indispensable and all-powerful, which he prescribed to himself, and recommended to all those who chose to act with him, and the steady acting upon which has at length conducted them to their present splendid position of power and responsibility. Could the government of the country be now carried on upon principles that were all-powerful twenty—or even fewer—years ago? No more than Queen Victoria could govern on the principles of Queen Elizabeth! We must look at things, not as they were, or as we would wish them to be—but as they are and are likely to be. He is unable to take a just and comprehensive view of political affairs in this country—of the position of parties, and the tendency of the principles respectively advocated by them, who does not see that the great and only contest now going on, is between *conservative* and *destructive*. We say boldly—and we are satisfied that we say it in conformity with the opinions of the immense majority of persons of intelligence and property—that the forces which would drive Sir Robert Peel's Government from office would immediately and inevitably supply their places by a Government which must act upon destructive principles. This will not be believed by many of those who, moving in the circumscribed sphere of intense party feeling, can contemplate only one object, namely—a return to power, and disregard the intentions of the ~~forces~~ auxiliaries of whose services they would avail themselves. To the country at large, however, who breathe a freer air, the true nature of the struggle is plain as the sun at noonday. The number of those who only nomi-

nally belong to parties, but have a very deep stake in the preservation of our national institutions, and see distinctly the advantages of a Minister acting *firmly* on moderate principles, and who will consequently give him a *silent* but steady support in moments of danger, is infinitely larger than is supposed by the opponents of the Conservative party. Such a Minister, however, must make up his account with receiving often only a cold and jealous support from those of his adherents who incline to extreme opinions; while his opponents will increase their zeal and animosity in proportion to their perception of the unobjectionableness of his measures, the practical *marking* of his moderation, viz.—his continuance in power, and their own exclusion from it. Such a Minister must possess a large share of fortitude, careless of its exhibition, and often exposing him to the charge of insensibility, as he moves steadily on amongst disaffected supporters and desperate opponents, mindless equally of taunts, threats, reproaches, and misrepresentations. He must resolve to *bide his time*, while his well-matured measures are slowly developing themselves, relying on the conscious purity of his motives. Such a man as this the country will prize and support, and such a man we sincerely believe that the country possesses in the present Prime Minister. He may view, therefore, with perfect equanimity, a degree of methodized clamour and violence, which would overthrow a Minister of a different stamp. Such are the inconveniences—such the consolations and advantages—attending that course of *moderation* which alone can be adopted with permanent success, by a Conservative Minister governing with a reformed House of Commons.

Another observation we would offer, has for its object to abate the pique and vexation under which the ablest volunteer advisers of the Minister are apt to suffer, on his disregard of their counsels, and sometimes to revenge themselves by bitter and indiscriminate censure of his general policy. They should remember, that while they are irresponsible volunteers, he acts under a tremendous responsibility; to sustain which, however, he has

advantages which none but those in his situation can possibly possess—the co-operation of able brother Ministers, with all those sources and means of universal information which the constitution has placed at his disposal. The superior knowledge of the circumstances of the country thus acquired, enable him to see insuperable objections to schemes and suggestions, which their proposers reasonably deem to be palpably just and feasible. We have often thought that if Sir Robert Peel, or any other Prime Minister, were to take one of these eager and confident advisers into his cabinet, and calmly exhibit to him the actual impossibility—the imminent danger—of adopting the course of procedure which that adviser has been strenuously recommending, he would go away with slightly increased distrust of himself, and consideration for the Minister. Neither Sir Robert Peel, nor any other Minister, would be so arrogantly stupid as to disregard free information and advice, *merely* because it came from such persons, who, if they have no right to expect their advice to be followed, have yet a clear right to offer it, and urge it with all their force.

Again—The present Ministers had the disadvantage (in some respects) of succeeding to those, who, if they could *do* nothing, made up for it by *promising* every thing. Sir Robert Peel and his friends, on the contrary, made no promises whatever, beyond what would indeed be implied by acceptance of office—namely, honestly to endeavour to govern the country, for the permanent good of the country. While admitting the existence of great distress, they expressly admitted also, that they saw no mode of sudden relief for that distress, but would trust to the energies of the country gradually recovering themselves, under steady and cautious management. Sir Robert Peel frankly stated in the House of Commons, just previously to the dissolution in 1841, that he had no hope of an immediate return of prosperity; and that such had become the state of our domestic and foreign embarrassments, that “we must for years expect to struggle with difficulty.” This was their language on the eve of the general election, yet the country placed confidence in their ho-



power and capacity, heartily sickened of the prodigal promises of their opponents. The extravagant visionary hopes which they held forth at the eleventh hour, in their frenzied eagerness to obtain a majority at the last election, are still gleaming brightly before the eyes of numbers of their deluded supporters; imposing on the present Government the painful and inglorious duty of proving to them that such hopes and expectations cannot be realized, even for a brief space, without breaking up the foundations of our national existence and greatness.

Lastly. Can the Conservatives be expected in two years' time to repair all the evils resulting from a ten years' gross mismanagement of the national affairs by their predecessors? "The evil that they did, *lives after them*." But for the fortunate strength of the Conservative party, moreover, in opposition, and the patriotism and wisdom of the House of Lords, the late Ministers would, by the time of their expulsion from office, have rendered the condition of the country *utterly* desperate—for very nearly desperate it assuredly was. Their vacillating, inconsistent, wild, and extravagant conduct during these ten years, had generated an universal sense of insecurity and want of confidence among all the great interests of the country, which locked up capital—paralysed enterprise. Trade and commerce drooped daily, and the revenue melted away rapidly every year. Great things were justly expected from the practical skill and experience possessed by the new Government; but *time* is requisite for the development of a policy which had, and still has, to contend against such numerous and formidable obstacles. Confidence, especially mercantile confidence, is a delicate flower, of slow growth, and very difficult to rear. A breath may blight it. It will bloom only in a tranquil and temperate air. If ever there was a man entitled to speak, however, with authority upon this subject, it was Mr Baring, the late candidate, and unquestionably the future member for the city of London—a man constantly engaged in vast mercantile transactions in all parts of the globe, and whose ability equals his experience. In the presence of a great number of gentlemen, representing

two-thirds of the wealth and intelligence of the city of London, thus spoke Mr Baring, on the 6th October 1841:—"I rejoice that Sir Robert Peel did not hold out to the country the fallacious hope, that, by any particular measure, he could restore prosperity, or cure sufferings which were beyond the reach of legislation, and that he patiently relied upon the resources and energies of the country to set trade and commerce right. That expectation is already beginning to be realized. That calm reliance is already justified. I am speaking in the presence of those who are as much as, if not more conversant with business than, myself, and they will contradict me if I am not right when I say, that great symptoms of improvement in the trade and industry of the country have manifested themselves; which symptoms are of such a nature, that they do not appear to be the result of momentary excitement produced by some fallacious experiment, but of the paramount re-establishment of commerce, and of a fresh era in the prosperity of the empire. I am asked what have the Government done? Why, they have *restored confidence to the country*." They have terminated wars, they have restored confidence at home, and commanded respect abroad."

Now, however, for the *business* of the Government: and of these we shall take no more detailed or extended notice than is requisite, in our opinion, to exhibit the general system and *plan* of their procedure, and show its complete consistency with the declaration of opinions made by Sir Robert Peel previous to the general election of 1841.

It will be borne in mind, that the then existing distress in our commercial and manufacturing interests be referred to three *temporary* causes:—the undue stimulus which had been given to industry in the manufacturing districts—by the accommodation system pursued in the joint-stock banks, the troubled and hostile condition of almost all those foreign countries which used to be the best customers for our manufactures, and the two or three preceding defective harvests. The first of these was not of a nature to call for, or perhaps admit of, direct and



specific legislative interference. It originated in a vicious system of contagious private speculation, which has involved many thousands of those engaged in it in irredeemable, shall we add *deserved*, disgrace and ruin—and which had better, perhaps, be left to work its own cure. The last of the three causes was one to which all mankind is every where subject, and which is in a great measure beyond the reach of effective human interference. Before proceeding to explain the steps taken to remedy the second, viz., our distracted foreign relations, let us premise briefly for the present, that the very earliest acts of Ministers showed how profoundly sensible they were of the necessity of doing *something*, and that promptly, to relieve the grievous distress under which the lower orders were suffering, and at the same time afford a safe, effective, and permanent stimulus to trade and commerce. A comprehensive survey of the state, not only of our own but foreign commercial countries, satisfied them, as practical men, of the serious difficulties to be here contended with. The steps they took, after due deliberation—viz., the proposing the new tariff and the new corn-law—we shall presently refer to. Let us now point out the *income-tax* as a measure reflecting infinite credit upon those who had the sagacity and resolution to propose it. We shall not dwell upon this great *temporary* measure, which in one year has poured upwards of *five millions* into the exhausted exchequer, further than to say, that as soon as ever it was known among the monied classes, that the Minister, environed as he was with financial difficulties, would risk any amount of popular odium rather than add to the permanent burdens of the country, or permit the ruinous continuance of an excess of expenditure over revenue. As soon as this was evident, we say, the great monied interests of the kingdom recognized in Sir Robert Peel an honest minister, and gave him forthwith its complete confidence, which has never since been for an instant withdrawn from him. And how great are the obligations of that vast portion of the most suffering classes of the community, whom he exempted from this

extraordinary contribution to the burdens of the state!

But now for *foreign affairs*. May not the present Ministers look with just pride towards every quarter of the globe, and exclaim, *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?* In truth their success here has been sufficient to set up half a dozen Ministers—as is known to no man better than Lord Palmerston. The Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen have restored peace to the whole world, re-establishing it on a footing of dignified security and equality. By the persevering energy, the calm determination, and inexhaustible resources of Lord Aberdeen, “the winter of our discontent,” has been “made glorious summer,” with all the great powers of the world. Look at our glorious but irritable neighbour—France: is there any language too strong to express the delight which we feel at the renovated sympathy and affection which exist between us? We cannot answer for France to the extent which we can for England: but we know, that through the length and breadth of *this* land—our beloved Queen’s familiar visit to the King of the French, their affectionate greeting, and her Majesty’s enthusiastic reception by the people, diffused a feeling of joy and affection towards France, which will not soon—nay, should it ever?—subside. But would that visit have taken place, if Lord Palmerston, and not Lord Aberdeen, had presided over the foreign councils of this country? ‘Tis a disagreeable question, and we pass on. Then as to America, thanks to the mission of Lord Ashburton, peace has been secured between us, on terms equally honourable to both. We are now at peace with the United States—a peace not to be disturbed by the (to Whiggish eyes) *promising* (!!) aspect of the Oregon difficulties—which we tell our aforesaid friends will end in—*nothing at all*.—[It is not, by the way, the *fault of our Government*, that this disputed matter was not embraced by the Washington Treaty.]—While Lord Palmerston and his doleful ally, the *Morning Chronicle*, were daily stigmatizing the treaty of Washington, as highly dishonourable and disadvan-

tageous to this country, it may interest our readers to see what one of the disaffected American senators had to say on the subject. Thus spoke in the senate, Mr Benton, a well-known member of congress:—

“The concessions of Great Britain to the United States are small. The territory granted to the United States, is of such a nature, that it will never be of importance to hold it; while the possessions given up by the United States are important and valuable to them, and have the effect of admitting a foreign power within a territory which was granted to the United States, by the treaty of 1783. \*

When I see the Government giving up more than Great Britain demanded, I cannot conceal my amazement and mortification!”

Glancing, however, from the West to the East—what do we see? Wars in India and China, brought gloriously to an advantageous termination. —“Wars,” to adopt the language of one of the greatest mercantile authorities living, “which have been deranging our money transactions, and making our trade a trade of hazard and speculation, most injurious to the commerce of the empire at large.”

While, on the one hand, we are relieved from the ruinous drain upon our resources, occasioned by our protracted warlike operations in India and China, on the other, a prospect is opened to us, by the immensely important treaty into which the Emperor of China has entered with this country, of very great and permanent commercial advantages, which are already being realized. Let our manufacturers, however, beware of the danger of forfeiting these advantages, by excessive eagerness to avail themselves of these newly acquired markets. Twelve-months ago, we earnestly warned them on this score,\* and we now as earnestly repeat that warning; “Notwithstanding,” observed an able French journalist, a few weeks ago, upon this subject, “the opening of five ports to European commerce. China will for many years preserve her internal laws, her eccentric tastes, her inveterate

habits. China is the country of routine and immovability. The treaty with Great Britain cannot modify the nature of China in a few months. *If the English are not prudent in their exports, if they overload the newly opened ports with foreign produce, they will injure themselves more than they were injured by the war just concluded.*” In every word of this we concur: but alas! what weight will such considerations have with the agitating manufacturers in the north of England? Their fierce but short-sighted anxiety to make rapid fortunes, will make most of them, in a very few years, melancholy evidences of the justness of our observations! We cannot pass from the East without noticing the sound statesmanship which is regulating all Lord Ellenborough’s leading movements in India—a matter now universally admitted. How unspeakably contemptible and ridiculous has the lapse of a few months rendered the petty clamours against him, with which the ex-ministerial party commenced their last year’s campaign. Without, however, travelling round the entire circle of our foreign connexions and operations—there are one or two points to which we will briefly refer, as striking instances of the vigilant and indefatigable energy, and the powerful diplomatic influence of Lord Aberdeen, especially with reference to the securing commercial advantages to this country—and which has extorted the following testimony, during the present month (December,) from another French journal, by no means favourably disposed to this country:—“The English Government is incontestably the best served of all Governments in the means of obtaining new, and extending old markets, and in the rapid and complete knowledge of the course to be adopted to ensure the sale of the immense products of Great Britain in different parts of the globe.” Take for instance the case of Russia. We have actually succeeded in wringing from the tenacious and inflexible Cabinet of St Petersburg an important commercial advantage! On Lord Aberdeen’s accession to office, he found

\* Great Britain at the commencement of the 19th Century—January 1842—No. CCC.

Russia in the act of aiming a fatal blow at a very important branch of our shipping trade, by levying a differential duty on all British vessels conveying to Russian ports any goods which were not the produce of the British dominions. After, however, a skilful and very arduous negotiation, our foreign secretary has succeeded in averting that blow—and we retain the great advantages of which we were about to be deprived. Nor has this signal advantage been purchased by any sacrifice on the part of Great Britain, but only by a permission, founded on most equitable principles, for Russian vessels arriving here from Russian ports with the produce of Russian Poland, to possess the same privileges as if they had come direct from Russian ports: Russian Poland being able to communicate effectively with the sea, only through the Prussian territory. Look again at Brazil—which has also been recently the object of persevering and energetic negotiation on the part of Lord Aberdeen. It is true that, at present, his exertions have been attended with no direct success; but we have doubts whether the importance of the proposed Brazilian treaty has not, after all, been greatly exaggerated. However this may be, Lord Aberdeen is, at this moment, as strenuously at work with the young emperor, as could be desired by the most eager advocate of a commercial treaty with Brazil. But, suppose the emperor's advisers should be disposed to continue their obstinate and unreasonable opposition, observe the gentle pressure upon them, to be felt by and by, which Lord Aberdeen has contrived to effect by the commercial treaty which he has concluded with the contiguous republic of Monte Video, and other states on the right bank of the river Plata, for the admission (on most favourable terms) of British imports into these states. One of them is the Uruguay republic, which borders through a great extent of country on Brazil, the Government of which is utterly unable to prevent the transfer of merchandise across the

border; whereby the exclusion of British goods from the Brazilian territory is rendered a matter of physical impossibility.

It is true, that our efforts to enter into commercial treaties with France and Portugal have not, as yet, been successful; but, formidable as are the obstacles at present in existence, we do not despair. Those least wonder at the present position of affairs who are best acquainted with the artificial and complicated positions of the respective countries, and their relations, and consequent policy, towards each other. Whatever can be done by man, is at this moment being done by Lord Aberdeen; and sooner than we have at present a right to expect, his indefatigable exertions may be crowned with success—not only in these, but in other quarters. All foreign Governments must be strongly influenced in such matters, by contemplating a steady and strong Government established in this country; and that object they see more nearly and distinctly every day. Such (without entering into details which would be inconsistent with either our space or our present object) is the general result—namely, the rapidly returning tide of prosperous commercial intercourse of the foreign policy of a Conservative Government, which has raised Great Britain, within the short space of two years, to even a higher elevation among the nations of the world, than she had occupied before a Liberal Ministry undertook the government of the country—"a policy," to adopt the equally strong and just language of an able writer, "replete with auspicious evidences of the efficacy of intellect, combined with firmness, activity, and integrity, in restoring to wholesome and honourable order a chaotic jumble of anomalies—of humiliations and dangers—of fears, hatred, and confusion thrice trebly confounded."\*

While thus successfully active abroad, have Ministers been either idle or unsuccessful at home? Let us look at their two main measures—the new tariff and the new corn-law.

\* *Thoughts on Tenets of Ministerial Policy.* By a Very Quiet Looker-on.—P. 22. Aylott, London. 1843.  
VOL. LV. NO. CCCXXIX.

*Policy.* By a Very Quiet Looker-on.—



The object of the first of these great measures was twofold—to give a healthy and speedy, but permanent stimulus to trade and commerce; at the same time, to effect such a reduction of price in the leading articles of consumption as should greatly reduce the cost of living—a boon, of course; inexpressibly precious to the poorer classes. Mark the moment at which this bold and critical line of policy was conceived and carried into execution—namely, a moment when the nation was plunged into such a depth of gloom and distress as had very nearly induced utter despair! when there was a deficiency of *five millions sterling* in the revenue of the two preceding years, and a certainty of greatly augmented expenditure for the future, owing to our wars in the East and elsewhere. We say—*mark this*, in order to appreciate a display of the true genius of statesmanship. Foreseeing one effect of such a measure, namely, a serious reduction in the revenue derived from the customs, and which would commence with the bare announcement of such a measure, the Government had to consider whether it would prove a permanent or only a temporary reduction, and to act accordingly. After profound consideration, they satisfied themselves (whether justly or not remains to be seen) that the diminution of revenue would prove only temporary; and to secure the *immediate* benefits of the measure, they imposed a temporary income-tax, the onerous pressure of which was to cease as soon as matters should have come round again. That period they fixed at the expiration of three years. After an interval of two years, do their calculations appear to have been well or ill founded? Let us see. Early in March 1842 they announced the proposed new tariff, (instantly producing the effect on the customs duties which had been anticipated;) and succeeded in bringing it into operation on the 9th of the ensuing July. The deficiency of revenue which ensued was so very serious that it would have alarmed the whole country, but for their confidence in the firmness and sagacity of Minis-

ters, particularly as evidenced by their announced measures. We have not at the present moment before us the earliest quarterly revenue returns of the period referred to; but it will suffice to state, that such had been the extent of the reductions effected, that the deficiency on the year ending on the 5th October 1841, amounted to no less a sum than £1,136,000; the decrease on the quarter ending on that day, being £414,000. Still, however, each succeeding quarter—or at least the latter quarters—gave more satisfactory indications of a rallying revenue; and we are enabled to announce the highly gratifying fact that, up to the 8th of the present month, (December,) the customs duties returns *are* of the most decisively improving character. The receipts of duties for the port of London alone, during that period, exceed the receipt on the corresponding period of last year by £206,000; while the returns from all the ports, especially from Liverpool, are of the same cheering character, and warrant us in predicting that the returns to be presented on the 5th of the ensuing month will afford a most triumphant proof of the accuracy of the Minister's calculations and the success of his policy; for be it borne in mind, moreover, that his income-tax realized, in the year ending on the 5th October last, the immense sum of £1,5052,000. As far, therefore, as concerns the direct financial effects of the new tariff and its counterbalancing income-tax, the results of Sir Robert Peel's policy are such as may stagger and confound the boldest of his opponents.

Now, however, for the two great objects of the new tariff, which were declared by Sir Robert Peel to be "the revival of commerce, and such an improvement in the manufacturing interests, as would react on every other interest in the country; and diminishing the prices of the articles of consumption and the cost of living."

With respect to the first of these objects, we had prepared a copious explanation of the highly satisfactory working of one great portion of the machinery of the new tariff, viz., the



relaxation of the taxes on the raw materials of manufacture; but it has occurred to us, that the necessity of our doing so has been entirely superseded by the following very remarkable admission, contained in a number of the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, published towards the close of September last; an invaluable admission, tending to prove, out of the mouth of the bitterest opponent of the present Ministry, the general success of their domestic policy:—"Notwithstanding insurrection in Wales and agitation in Ireland, there are various circumstances in the present aspect of our national affairs of an encouraging and cheering nature. The first and most prominent thing which strikes an observer, is, the undoubted general revival of trade and commerce. Every thing seems to indicate that the morning is breaking: that the dreary night of disaster and suffering, through which all our material interests have been passing since 1836, is now well-nigh over. The hum of busy industry is once more heard throughout our manufacturing districts: our seaports begin once more to stir with business: merchants on 'Change have smiling faces: and the labouring population are once more finding employment easier of access: and wages are gently, slowly rising. This has not come upon us suddenly: it has been in operation since the end of last year: but so terrible was the depression, so gradual the improvement, that the effects of the revival could not be perceptible till within a recent period. Our exports of cotton and wool, during the present year, very considerably exceed those of a similar period in the preceding; and though there might be increase of export without increase of profit, the simple fact that the districts of our great manufacturing staples are now more active and busy than they have been for a very considerable period, coupled with the apparently unbounded belief that this increased activity is produced, not by speculative but genuine demand, are indications of the most pleasing and gratifying kind to all who are in the least concerned about the prosperity of the country. In addition to the improvement manifested in our staple articles of industry, other important interests

are showing symptoms of decided improvement; even the iron-trade has got over its 'crisis;' and though we are very far indeed from having attained to a condition of prosperity, the steady, though slow, revival of every branch of industry, is a proof that the cause of the improvement must be a general one, operating universally." May we venture to suggest, that the worthy editor of the *Morning Chronicle* need not go about with a lantern to discover this cause?—that it is every where before his very eyes, under his very nose, in the form of the bold, but sagacious and consistent policy pursued by the present Government?

With respect to the second great object of the new tariff, viz., the "Diminishing of the prices of the articles of consumption and the cost of living."

Has this great object, or has it not, been attained? Why, the reduced price of provisions is a matter of universal notoriety, and past all question. Unable to contest the existence of this most consolatory fact, the Opposition papers endeavoured to get up a diversion by frightening the farmers, whom they assured, that the admission of foreign live-stock would lead to a fearful depreciation in the value of British agricultural produce. The graziers and cattle-dealers were forthwith to find "their occupations gone." British pasture farming was to be annihilated, and an immense stimulus given to that of our continental rivals. Threat the farmers pricked up their ears, and began to consider for a moment whether they should not join in the outcry against the new tariff. But the poor beasts that have come, doubtless much to their own surprise, across the water to us, looked heartily ashamed of themselves, on catching a glimpse of their plump, sleek brother beasts in England—and the farmers burst out a-laughing at sight of the lean hinds that were to eat up the fat ones! The practical result has been, that between the 9th of July 1842, and the present time, there have not come over foreign cattle enough to make one week's show at Smithfield. But mark, the power of admitting foreign cattle and poultry, (on payment, however, of a consider-

able duty.\*) conferred by the new tariff, is one that must be attended with infinite permanent benefits to the public, in its *moderating influence upon the prices of animal food*. Its working is in beautiful harmony with that of the newly modeled corn-laws, as we shall presently explain. In years of abundance, when plenty of meat is produced at home, the new tariff will be inoperative, as far as regards the actual importations of foreign cattle; but in years of scarcity at home, the expectation of a good price will induce the foreigner to send us a sufficient supply; for he will then be, and then only, able to repay himself the duty, and the heavy cost of sea-carriage. As prices fall, the inducement to import also declines. In short, "the inducement to importation falls with the fall, and rises with the rise of price. The painful contingency of continued bad seasons has thus, in some measure, been provided against. The new tariff is so adjusted, that when prices threaten to mount to an unfair and extravagant height, unjust to consumers, and dangerous to producers, in such contingencies a mediating power steps in, and brings things to an equilibrium."† These great and obvious advantages of the new tariff, the opponents of Ministers, and especially their reckless and discreditable allies called the "Anti-corn-law League," see as plainly as we do; but their anxious aim is to conceal these advantages as much as possible from public view; and for this purpose they never willingly make *any allusion* to the tariff, or if forced to do so, underrate its value, or grossly misrepresent its operation. But we are convinced that *this will not do*. Proofs of their humbug and falsehood are, as it were, daily *forcing themselves into the very stomachs* of those whom once, when an incompetent Ministry was in power, these heartless impostors were able to delude. "A single shovell of the bayonet," said Corporal Trim to Doctor Slop, "is worth all your fine discourses about the art of war;" and so the

English operative may reply to the hireling "Leaguers," "This good piece of cheap beef and mutton, now smoking daintily before me, is worth all your palaver."

Before passing from the subject of the new tariff, let us observe, that the suddenness and vastness of its changes (some of which we consider to be of questionable propriety) for a time unavoidably deranged mercantile operations; and in doing so, as necessarily produced many cases of individual dissatisfaction and distress. Some of the persons thus situated angrily quitted the Conservative ranks for those of the Opposition; others, for a position of mortified neutrality: but we believe that many more, notwithstanding this sharp trial of their constancy, remained true to their principles, faithful to their party, and are now rewarded by seeing things coming rapidly round again, while unvarying and complete success has attended every other branch of the policy of Ministers. We know a good deal of the real state of opinion among the mercantile classes of the City of London: and believe we correctly represent it as averse to further changes in our tariff-system, and coincident with the views expressed by Mr Baring in his address to the electors, when he deprecated "a constant change, unsettling men's minds, baffling all combinations, destroying all calculations, paralyzing trade, and continuing the stagnation from which we are recovering;" and declared his belief "that the minister who applies the principles of free-trade with the most caution, deliberation, and judgment, is the statesman who merits the confidence of the commercial world." We now, however, quit the subject—interesting, indeed, and all-important—of the tariff, with the deliberate expression of our opinion, that it is, taken as a whole, a very bold, masterly, and successful stroke of policy. **NOT FOR THE NEW CORN-LAW.**

But how shall we deal with a topic with which the public has been so utterly sickened by the people

\* Poultry, £5 for every £100 value; oxen and bulls, £1 each; cows, 15s.; calves, 10s.; horses, mares, foals, colts, and geldings, £1 each; sheep, 3s. each; lambs, 2s. each; swine and hogs, 5s. each.—(Stat. 5 and 6 Vict. c. 47, Table A.)

† Thoughts, &c., by a Quiet Looker-on, pp. 16, 17.

calling themselves "The Anti-corn-law League?" We do not, nevertheless, despair of securing the attention of our readers to the few observations which we have to offer upon a subject which, however hackneyed, is one of paramount importance. We are satisfied that nine out of every ten even of newspaper readers turn with disgust from the columns headed "Anti-corn-law League," "Doings of the League," "Great Meeting of the Anti-corn-law League," and so forth; and, (making every allowance for the exigencies occasioned by the dearth of topics while Parliament is not sitting,) we are exceedingly surprised, that the great London newspapers should inflict upon their readers so much of the slang and drivel of the gentry in question. In the due prosecution of our subject, we cannot avoid the topic of the new corn-law, even were we so disposed; and we shall at once proceed to our task, with two objects in view—to vindicate the course pursued by Sir Robert Peel, and set forth, briefly and distinctly, those truly admirable qualities of the existing Corn-laws, which are either most impudently misrepresented, or artfully kept out of view, by those who are now making such desperate efforts to overthrow it. "Mark how a plain tale shall set them down!"

Whether foreign corn should be admitted into this country on payment of *fluctuating* duties, or a *fixed* duty, or free of all duties, are obviously questions of the highest importance, involving extensive and complicated considerations. Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, and the persons banded together under the name of "The Anti-corn-law League," may be taken as representing the classes of opinion which would respectively answer these three questions in the affirmative. All of them appeared to the nation at large on the last general election. The *form* in which the question was proposed to the country, it fell to the lot of the advocates of a fixed duty to prescribe, and they shaped it thus in the Queen's speech:—

"It will be for you to determine whether the corn-laws do not aggravate the natural fluctuations of supply; whether they do not embarrass trade, derange currency, and, by their

operation, diminish the comforts and increase the privations of the great body of the community."

To this question the country returned a deliberate and peremptory answer in the **NEGATIVE**; expressing thereby its will, that the existing system, which admits foreign corn on payment of *fluctuating* duties, should continue. The country thus adopted the opinions of Sir Robert Peel, rejected those of Lord John Russell, and utterly scouted those of the "Anti-corn-law League," in spite of all their frantic exertions.

We believe that this deliberate decision of the nation, is that to which it will come whenever again appealed to: and is supported by reasons of cogency. The nation is thoroughly aware of the immense importance of upholding and protecting the agriculture of the country, and that to secure this grand object, it is necessary to admit foreign corn into the country, only when our deficiencies absolutely require it. That *in* the operation of the "*sliding-scale* of duties," and the exact distinction between its effect and that of the proposed *fixed* duty, is demonstrably this: that the former would admit foreign corn in dear years, excluding it in seasons of abundance; while the latter would admit foreign corn in seasons of abundance, and exclude it in dear years. Our *present* concern, however, is with the course taken by the present Government. Have they hitherto yielded to the clamour with which they have been assailed, and departed from the principle of affording efficient protection to the agriculture of the country? Not a hair's breadth; *nor will they*. We have seen that Sir Robert Peel, previously to the general election, declared his determination to adhere to the existing system of corn-laws, regulating the admission of foreign corn by the power of the *sliding-scale* of duties; but both he and the leading members of his party, had distinctly stated in Parliament, just before its dissolution, that while resolved to adhere to the *principle* of a *sliding-scale*, they would not pledge themselves to adhere to all the *details* of that scale. And they said well and wisely, for there were grave objections to some of those details. These objections they have removed, and in-



finally added to the efficiency of the sliding-scale; but in removing the principal objections, they stirred a hornet's nest—they rendered furious a host of sleek gamblers in grain, who found their “occupation gone” suddenly! On the other hand, the Government conferred a great substantial benefit upon the country, by securing a just balance between protection to the British corn consumer and producer; removing, at the same time, from the latter, a long-existing source of jealousy and prejudice. A few words will suffice to explain the general scope of those alterations. Under the system established by statute 9 Geo. IV. c. 60, in the year 1828, the duty on foreign corn, up to the price of 68s. per quarter, was so high, and declined so very slowly, (L.1. 5s. 8d., L.1. 4s. 8d., L.1. 3s. 8d., L.1. 2s. 8d., L.1. 1s. 8d., L.1. 10s. 8d., 18s. 8d.) as to amount to a virtual prohibition against importation. But when the price mounted from 68s. to 72s. per quarter, the duty declined with such great rapidity, (16s. 8d., 13s. 8d., 10s. 8d., 6s. 8d., 2s. 8d.) as to occasion the alarming and frequently recurring evils of glut and panic. Now the following was the mode in which these serious defects in the law of 1828 were taken advantage of by the aforesaid desperate and greedy “rogues in grain,” who are utterly prostrated by the new system; they entered into a combination, for the purpose of raising the apparent average price of corn, and forcing it up to the point at which they could import vast quantities of foreign corn at little or no duty. Thus the price of corn was rising in England—the people were starving—and turned with execration against those into whose pockets the high prices were supposed to go, viz., the poor farmers; whereas those high prices really were all the while flowing silently but rapidly into the pockets of the aforesaid “rogues in grain”—the gamblers of the Corn Exchange!—Ministers effected their salutary alterations, by statute 5 and 6 Vict. c. 14, in the following manner:—They substituted for the former duties of 10s. 8d. per quarter, when the price of corn was 70s. per quarter, and 1s. when the price was 73s.; a duty of 4s. when the price of corn is 70s. per

quarter, and made the duty fall gradually, shilling by shilling, with the rise of price, to 3s., 2s., and 1s. Thus are at one blow destroyed all the inducements formerly existing for corn-dealers to “hold” their foreign corn, in the hopes of forcing up the price of corn to starvation-point, viz., the low duty, every inducement being now given them to *sell*, and none to speculate. Another important provision for preventing fraudulent combinations to raise the price of corn, was that of greatly extending the averages, and placing them under regulations of salutary stringency.

So far, then, from evincing a disposition to trifle with, or surrender, the principle of the sliding-scale, the Government have, with infinite pains and skill, applied themselves to effect such improvements in it as will secure its permanency, and a better appreciation of its value by the country at large, with every additional year's experience of its admirable qualities. There is a perfect identity of principle, both working to the same good end, between the existing corn-law and the new tariff. Their combined effect is to oppose every barrier that human wisdom and foresight can devise, against dearth and famine in England; securing an abundant supply of corn and meat from abroad, whenever our own supply is deficient; but up to that point protecting our home producers, whose direct interest it will henceforth be to supply us at fair and moderate prices. It is the cunning policy of the heterogeneous opponents of the existing corn-laws, to speak of them as “doomed” by a sort of universal tacit consent; to familiarise the public with the notion that the recent remodeling of the system is to be regarded as constituting it into nothing more than a sort of transition-measure—a stepping-stone towards a great fundamental change, by the adoption of “a fixed duty,” some say—“a total repeal,” say the Anti-corn-law League. But those who think thus, must be shallow and short-sighted indeed, and have paid very little real attention to the subject, if they have failed to perceive in the existing system itself all the marks of completeness, solidity, and permanence; and, in the successful pains that have been taken to bring it to a higher degree of perfection than before, a de-



termination to uphold it—a conviction that it will long continue the law of the land, and approved of as such by the vast majority of those who represent the wealth and intellect of the kingdom, and have the deepest stake in its well-being.

As for a total repeal of the corn-laws, no thinking man believes that there is the remotest prospect of such a thing; but many imagine that a fixed duty would be a great change for the better, and a safe sort of compromise between the two extreme parties. Can any thing be more fallacious? We hesitate not to express our opinion, that the idea of maintaining a fixed duty on corn is an utter absurdity, and that Lord John Russell and his friends know it to be so, and are guilty of political dishonesty in making such a proposal. They affect to be friends of the agricultural interest, and satisfied of the necessity for protection to that body; and yet they acknowledge that their “*fixity*” of duty is of precisely the same nature as the “*finality*” of the Reform bill, viz. — to last only till the first pressure shall call for an order in council. Does any one in his senses believe that any Minister could abide by a fixed duty with corn at the price of 70s., with a starving, and therefore an agitating and rebellious population? A fixed duty, under all times and circumstances, is a glaring impossibility; and, besides, is it not certain that the period for the issue of an order in council will be a grand object of speculation to the corn importer; and that he will hoard, and create distress, merely to force out that order? And the issuing of that order would depend entirely on the strength or the necessity of the Minister: on his “*squeezableness*”—his anxiety for popularity. Does the experience of the last ten years justify the country in placing confidence, on such a point, in a *Whig* Ministry? In every point of view, the project of a fixed duty is exposed to insuperable objections. It is plain that on the very first instant of there being a pressure upon the “*fixed duty*,” it must give way, and for ever. Once off, it is gone for ever; it can never be re-imposed. Again, what is to govern the *amount* at which it is to be fixed? Must it be

the additional burden on land? or the price at which foreign countries, with their increased facilities of transport, and improved cultivation of their soil, would be able to deliver it in the British markets? What *data* have we, in either case, on which to decide? Let it, however, always be borne in mind, by those who are apt too easily to entertain the question as to either a fixed duty, or a total repeal of duty, that the advantages predicted by the respective advocates of those measures are *mere assumptions*. We have no experience by which to try the question. The doctrines of free trade are of very recent growth; the *data* on which its laws are founded are few, and also uncertain. And does any one out of Bellam imagine, that any Minister of this country would consent to run such tremendous risks—to try such experiments upon an article of such immense importance to its well-being? Let us never lose sight of Lord Melbourne’s memorable words:—“Whether the object be to have a fixed duty, or an alteration as to the ascending and descending scale, I see clearly and distinctly, that that object will not be carried without a most violent struggle—without causing much ill-blood, and a deep sense of grievance—without stirring society to its foundation, and leaving every sort of bitterness and animosity. I do not think the advantages to be gained by the change are worth the evils of the struggle.”\*

To return, however, Under the joint operation of the three great measures of the Government—the income-tax, the new tariff, and the new corn-law, our domestic affairs exhibit, at this moment, such an aspect of steadily returning prosperity, as not the most sanguine person living could have imagined possible two years ago. For the first time after a miserable interval, we behold our revenue exceeding our expenditure; while every one feels satisfied of the fact, that our finances are now placed upon a sound and solid basis, and daily improving. Provisions are of unexampled cheapness, and the means of obtaining them are—thank Almighty God!—gradually in-

creasing among the poorer classes. Trade and commerce are now, and have for the last six months been steadily improving; and we perceive that a new era of prosperity is beginning to dawn upon us. We have a strong and united Government, evidently as firmly fixed in the confidence of the Queen as in that of the country, and supported by a powerful majority in the House of Commons—an annihilating one in the House of Lords. The reign of order and tranquillity has been restored in Wales, and let us also add, in Ireland, after an unexampled display of mingled determination and forbearance on the part of the Government. Chartism is defunct, notwithstanding the efforts made by its dishonoured and discomfited leaders to revive it. When, in short, has Great Britain enjoyed a state of more complete internal calm and repose than that which at present exists, notwithstanding the systematic attempts made to diffuse alarm and agitation? Do the public funds exhibit the slightest symptoms of uneasiness or excitement? On the contrary, ever since the accession of the present Government, there has been scarce any variation in them, even when the disturbances in the manufacturing districts in the north of England, and in Wales, and in Ireland, were respectively at their height. Her Majesty moves calmly to and fro—even quitting England—her Ministers enjoy their usual intervals of relaxation and absence from town—all the movements of Government go on like clock-work—no symptoms visible any where of feverish uneasiness. But what say you, enquires a timid friend, or a bitter opponent, to the Repeal agitation in Ireland, and the Anti-corn-law agitation in England? Why, we say this—that we sincerely regret the mischief which the one has done, and is doing, in Ireland, and the other in England, among their ignorant and unthinking dupes; but with no degree of alarm for the stability of the Government, or the maintenance of public tranquillity and order. Ministers are perfectly competent to deal with both the one and the other of these two conspiracies, as the chief actors in the one have found already, and those in the other will find, perhaps, by and by; if, indeed, they should ever be-

come important or successful enough to challenge the notice and interference of the Government. A word, however, about each, in its turn.

The Anti-corn-law League has in view a two-fold object—the overthrow of the present Ministry, whom they abhor for their steadfast and powerful support of the agricultural interest;—and the depression of the wages of labour, to enable our manufacturers (of whom the League almost exclusively consists) to compete with the manufacturers on the Continent. Their engine for effecting their purposes, is the Repeal of the corn-laws: and they are working it with such a desperate energy, as satisfies any disinterested observer, that they themselves perceive the task to be all but utterly hopeless. They were confounded by the result of the general election, and dismayed at the accession to power of men whom they knew to be thoroughly acquainted with their true objects and intentions, and resolved to frustrate them, and able to carry their resolutions into effect. The ominous words of Sir Robert Peel—"I think that the connexion of the manufacturers in the north of England with the joint-stock banks, gave an undue and improper impulse to trade in that quarter of the country"—rang in their ears as a knell; and told them that they were *found out* by a firm and sagacious Minister, whom, therefore, their sole object thenceforth must be to overthrow *per fas aut nefas*. For this purpose they adopted such an atrocious course of action, as instantly deprived them of the countenance of all their own moderate and reasoning friends, and earned for themselves the execration of the bulk of the community:—they resolved to inflame the starving thousands in the manufacturing districts into acts of outrage and rebellion. They felt it necessary, in the language of Mr Grey, one of their own principal men, in order "*to raise the stubborn enthusiasm of the people*," (!) to resort to some desperate expedient—which was—immediately on Sir Robert Peel's announcing his determination, early in 1842, to preserve, but improve, the existing system of the corn-laws—to reduce the wages of all their work-people to the amount of from ten to twenty per

cent. This move originated with the *Stockport* manufacturers. We have little doubt but it was the suggestion of Mr Cobden; and are quite prepared for a similar move during the ensuing session of Parliament. But was not—is not—this a species of moral arson? The Government calmly carried their measure: the outbreak (which we firmly believe to have been concerted by the Anti-corn-law League) in Lancashire arrived, and was promptly and resolutely, but mercifully repressed; and thus was extinguished the giddy hopes and expectations of its contrivers; and Ministers were left stronger at the close of the session than they had been at its commencement. They resolved to open a new campaign against Ministers and the Corn-laws—greatly to augment their numbers and pecuniary resources—to redouble their exertions, and immensely to extend the sphere of their operations. They *did* augment their pecuniary resources, by large forced contributions among the few persons most deeply interested in the success of their schemes: namely, the Lancashire manufacturers—they *did* redouble their exertions—they *did* extend the sphere of their operations, spreading themselves over the whole length and breadth of the land, even as did the plague of lice over Egypt. But did they augment the number of their friends? Not a person of the least political or personal importance could be prevailed upon to join their discreditable ranks: it remained as before:—Cobden and Bright—Bright and Cobden—Wilson, Bright, and Cobden—Milner Gibson, Fox, Bright, and Cobden—*ad nauseam usque*; but, like a band of travelling incendiaries, they presented themselves with indefatigable energy in places which had never known their presence before. And how comes it to pass that they have not long since kindled at least the manufacturing population into a blaze? Is it any fault of the aforesaid incendiaries? No—but because there is too much intelligence abroad, they could not do what they would—“*raise the stubborn enthusiasm*” of the people. In one quarter they were suspected—in another despised—in

another hated: and it became a very general impression that they were, in fact, a knot of double dealers, who certainly contrived to make a great noise, and keep themselves perpetually before the public; but as for getting the steam “up,” in the nation at large, they found it impossible. In truth, the “Anti-corn-law League” would have long ago been dissolved amidst the indifference or contempt of the public, but for the countenance they received, from time to time, and on which they naturally calculated, from the party of the late Ministers, whose miserable object was to secure their own return to power by means of any agency that they could press into their service. But, to return to our sketch of the progress of the “League.” Admitting that, by dint of very great and incessant exertion, they kept their ground, they made little or no progress among the mercantile part of the community: and they resolved to try their fortune with the agricultural constituencies—to sow dissension between the landlords and the tenants, the farmers and their labourers, and combine as many of the disaffected as they could, in support of the clamour for free trade. This was distinctly avowed by Cobden, at a meeting of the Anti-corn-law deputies, in the following very significant terms:—“*We can never carry the measure ourselves: WE MUST HAVE THE AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS WITH US!*”\*

They therefore proceeded to commence operations upon the agricultural constituencies. They knew they could always reckon upon a share of support wherever they went—it being hard to find any country without its cluster of bitter and reckless opponents of a Conservative government, who would willingly aid in any demonstration against it. With such aid, and indefatigable efforts to collect a crowd of noisy non-electors: with a judicious choice of localities, and profuse bribery of the local Radical newspapers, in order to procure copious accounts of their proceedings—they commenced their “grand series of country triumphs.” Their own organs, from time to time, gave out that in each and every county visited by the League, the farmers attended their



meetings, and joined in a vote condemnatory of the corn-laws, and themselves to vote thereafter for none but the candidates of the Anti-corn-law League!

The following are specimens of the flattering appellations which had till now been bestowed, by their new friends, upon these selfsame farmers—*"Bull-frogs!" "chair-barons!" "rhotopoles!" "hair-bucks!" "deluded slaves!" "brute drudges!"*\* Now, however, they and their labourers were addressed in terms of respectful sympathy and flattery, as the victims of the rapacity of their landlords—on whom were poured the full phials of Anti-corn-law wrath. The following are some of the scathing drops let fall upon their devoted heads—*"Monster of impiety!" "inhuman fiend!" "heartless brutes!" "rapacious harpies!" "relentless demons!" "plunderers of the people!" "merciless foot-pads!" "murderers!" "swindlers!" "insatiable!" "insolent!" "flesh-mongering!" "scoundrel!" "law-making landlords!" "a broad-taxing oligarchy!"*† Need we say that the authors of these very choice and elegant expressions were treated with utter contempt by both landlords and tenants—always making the few allowances above referred to? Was it very likely that the landlord or the farmer should quit their honourable and important avocations at the bidding of such creatures as had thus intruded themselves into their counties? should consent to be yoked to the car, or to follow in the train of these enlightened, disinterested, and philanthropic cotton-spinners and calico-printers? Absurd! It became, in fact, daily more obvious to even the most unreflecting, that these worthies were not likely to be engaged in their *"labours of love;"* were not *exactly* the kind of persons to desert their own businesses, to attend out of pure benevolence that of others—to let succumb their own interests to promote those of others; to subscribe out of the gains which they had wrung from their unhappy factory slaves, their L.10, L.20, L.30, L.50, L.100, out of mere public spirit and philanthropy.

Still, we say, the whole thing was really a failure—the *"steam,"* even yet, could not be *"got up,"* in spite of all their multiplied agencies and machinery, incessantly at work—the unprecedented personal exertions of the members of the League—the large pecuniary sacrifices of the Lancashire subscribers to its funds. One more desperate exertion was therefore felt necessary—and they resolved to attempt getting up a *sensation*, by the sudden subscription of splendid sums of money, by way of starting a vast fund, with which to operate directly upon the entire electoral body—in what way, it is not very difficult to guess. Accordingly, they began—but where? At the old place—Manchester!—Manchester!—Manchester! Many thousands were subscribed at an hour's notice by a mere handful of manufacturers; the news came up to London—and the editor of the *Times*, in a transient fit of excitement, pronounced *"the existence of the League"* to be a *GREAT FACT*. Upon this phrase they have lived ever since—till somewhat roughly reminded the other day, by Mr Baring, that *"great facts"* are *very "great follies!"* Now let us once more ask the question—would all these desperate and long-continued exertions and sacrifices—all proceeding, be it ever observed, from *one* quarter, and from the same class of people—nay, the same individuals of that class)—be requisite, were there any *real movement of the public mind and feeling* against the Corn-laws? Are they not requisite solely because of the *absence* of any such movement? Nay, are they not evidence that the public feeling and opinion are against them? And that, perhaps, they will by and by succeed in rousing the *"stubborn enthusiasm of the people"* against themselves? Where has there been called one single spontaneous public meeting of any importance, and where exhibited a spark of enthusiasm, for the total repeal of the Corn-laws? Surely the *topic* is capable of being handled in a sufficiently exciting manner! But no; wherever a *"meeting,"* or *"demon"*



stration," is heard of—there, also, are the eternal Cobden, Bright, and Wilson, and their miserable fellow-agitators, who alone have got up—who alone harangue the meetings. Was it so with Catholic Emancipation?—with the abolition of Negro Slavery?—with the Reform Bill? Right or wrong, the public feeling was then roused, and exhibited itself unequivocally, powerfully, and spontaneously; but *here*—bail! common sense revolts at the absurd supposition that even hundreds of thousands of pounds can of themselves get up a real demonstration of public feeling in favour of the object, for which so much Manchester money has been already subscribed.

"'Tis not in *thousands* to command success."

If the public opinion of this great country—this great enlightened nation—were *really* roused against the Corn-laws, they would disappear like snow under sunshine. But, as the matter *now* stands, if their dreary drivellers Cobden, Bright, Wilson, Acland, W. J. Fox, were withdrawn from the public scene in which they are so anxious to figure, and sent to enjoy the healthy exercise of the tread-mill for one single three months, would this eternal "*brutum fulmen*" about the repeal of the Corn-laws be heard of any more? We verily believe not. "But look at our triumphs!"—quoth Cobden—"Look at our glorious victories at Durham, London, and Kendal!—our virtual victory at Salisbury!" Moonshine, gentlemen, and you know it;—and that you have spent your money in vain. Let us see how the matter stands.

I. *Durham*. True, Mr Bright was returned; but to what is the House of Commons indebted for the acquisition of that distinguished senator, except the personal pique and cuprice of that eccentric Tory peer, Lord Londonderry? This is notorious, and admitted by all parties; and these causes will not be in operation at another election.

II. *London*. And do you really call this a "great triumph?" Un-

doubtedly Mr Pattison was returned; but is it a matter of congratulation that this notorious political nonentity, who openly, we understand, entertains and will support *Chartist* opinions, is returned instead of such a man as Mr Baring? What was the majority of Mr Pattison? One hundred and sixty-five, out of twelve thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine who actually voted. And how was even that majority secured? By the notorious absence from London—as is always the case at that period of the year (21st October 1843)—of vast numbers of the staunchest Conservative electors. There is no doubt whatever, that had the election happened one fortnight later than it did, Mr Baring would have been returned by a large majority, in spite of the desperate exertions of the Anti-corn-law League and Mr Rothschild and the Jews. As it was, Mr Baring polled more (1367) than had ever been polled by a Conservative candidate for London before; and had an immense majority over his competitor, among the superior classes of the constituency.\* At another election, we can confidently predict that Mr Baring will be returned, and by a large majority, unless, indeed, the Charter should be the law of the land; in which case Mr Pattison will probably enjoy another ovation.

III. *Kendal*. Is this, too, a victory? "Another such, and you are undone." Why? Till Mr Bentinck presented himself before that enlightened little constituency, no Conservative dared even to offer himself; 'twas a snug little stronghold of the Anti-corn-law League interest, and yet the gallant Conservative gave battle against the whole force of the League; and after a mortal struggle of some fourteen days, was defeated by a far smaller majority than either friends or enemies had expected, and has pledged himself to fight the battle again. Here, then, the League and their staunch friends have sustained an unexpected and serious shock.

IV. *Salisbury*.—We have not the least desire to magnify this into a mighty victory for the Conservative

\* Among the *Livery*, the numbers were—Baring, 3106; Pattison, 2367;—majority for Baring, 839!

Among the *Templars*—Baring, 258; Pattison, 78!—majority for Baring, 180!

party; but the interference of the Anti-corn-law League certainly made the struggle a very critical and important one. We expected to succeed, but not by a large majority; for ever since 1832, the representation had (till within the last year) been divided between a Conservative and a Liberal. However, the Anti-corn-law League, flushed with their "triumphs" at London and Kendal, flung all their forces ostentatiously into the borough, and exhibited a disgusting and alarming specimen of the sort of interference which it seems we are to expect in all future elections, in all counties and boroughs. It was, however, in vain; the ambitious young gentleman who had the benefit of their services, and who is a law-student in London, but the son of the great Earl of Railnor, lost his election by a large majority, and the discomfited League retired ridiculously to Manchester. When we heard of their meditated descent upon Salisbury, we fancied we saw Colden and his companions waddling back, geese-like, and exclaimed—

"Geese! if we had you but on Sarum plain,  
We'd drive you cackling back to Camelot!"

So much for the boasted electoral triumphs of the Anti-corn-law League—we repeat, that they are all mere moonshine, and challenge them to disprove our assertion.

They are now making another desperate effort to raise a further sum of a hundred thousand pounds: and beginning, as usual, at Manchester, have raised there alone, within a few days' time, upwards of L.20,000! The fact (if true) is at once ludicrous and disgusting: ludicrous for its transparency of humbug—disgusting for its palpable selfishness. Will these proverbially hard-hearted men put down their L.100, L.200, L.300, L.400, L.500, for nothing? Alas, the great sums they have expended in this crusade against the Corn-laws, will have to be wrung out of their wretched and exhausted factory slaves! For how otherwise but by diminishing wages can

they repay themselves for lost time, for trouble, and for expense?

Looked at in its proper light, the Corn-law League is nothing but an *abominable conspiracy against labour*. Cheap bread means cheap labour; those who cannot see this, must be blind indeed! The melancholy fact of the continually-decreasing price of labour in this country, rests on undisputable authority—on, amongst others, that of Mr Fielding. In 1825, the price of labour was 51 per cent less than in 1815; in 1830 it was 65 per cent less than in 1815, though the consumption of cotton had increased from 80,000,000 lbs. to 240,000,000 lbs.! In 1835 it was 318,000,000 lbs., but the operative received 70 per cent less than in 1815. In 1840 the consumption of cotton was 415,000,000 lbs., and the unhappy operative received 75 per cent less than in 1815!

\* If proofs be required to show that in reality the deadly snake, *cheap labour*, lurks among the flourishing grass, *cheap bread*, we will select one or two out of very many now lying before us, and prepared to be presented to the reader.

"If grain be high," said Mr Ricardo, in the House of Commons,\* "the price of labour would necessarily be a deduction from the *profits of stock*." "The Corn-laws raise the price of sustenance—that has raised the price of labour; which, of course, diminishes the profit in capital." †

"Until the price of food in this country," said Mr Hume, in the House of Commons on the 12th of May last, in the presence of all the leading free-trade members, "is placed on a level with that on the Continent, it will be impossible for us to compete with the growing manufactures of Belgium, Germany, France, and America!" ‡

Hear a member of the League, and of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, Mr G. Sanders:—

"If three loaves instead of two could be got for 2s., in consequence of a repeal of the Corn-laws, another consequence would be, that the workman's 2s. would be reduced to 1s. 4d., which would leave matters, as far

\* Debates, May 30, 1820.

† Ib. Dec. 24, 1819.

as he was concerned, just as they were!!" \*

Hear a straightforward manufacturer—Mr Muntz, M.P.—in the debate on the 17th May last:—

"If the Corn-laws were repealed, the benefit which the manufacturer expected was, that he could produce at a lower price; and this he could do only by reducing wages to the continental level!!"

If the above fail to open the eyes of the duped workmen of this country.

The *League Oracle* says—

1. "If we have free trade, the landlords' rents will fall 100 per cent."—(*League Circular*, No. 15. p. 3.)

2. "Provisions will fall one-third."—(*Ib.* No. 34, p. 4.)

"The Corn-laws makes the labourer pay double the price for his food."—(*Ib.* No. 15.)

3. "The Corn-law compels us to pay three times the value for a loaf of bread."—(*Ib.* No. 13.)

"If the Corn-laws were abolished, the working man would save 3d. upon every loaf of bread."—(*Ib.* No. 75.)

"As a consequence of the repeal of the Corn-laws, we promise cheaper food, and our hand-loom weavers would get double the rate of wages!"—(*Ib.* No. 7.)

"We shall have cheap bread, and its price will be reduced 33 per cent."—(*Ib.* No. 34.)

4. Messrs Villiers, Muntz, Hume, Roche, Thornton, Rawson, Sanders, (all Leaguers,) say, and the oracle of the *League* itself has said, that "We want free trade, to enable us to reduce wages, that we may compete with foreigners."—(*Post*, pp. 13—16.)

5. The *League Oracle* admits that "a repeal would injure the farmer, but not so much as he fears."—(*League Circular*, No. 58.)

The disgusting selfishness and hypocrisy of such men as Cobden and his companions, in veiling their real objects under a pretended enmity to "Monopoly" and "Class Legislation"—and disinterested anxiety to procure for the poor the blessings of

what will succeed in doing so? Let us conclude this portion of our subject—disgusting enough, but necessary to expose imposture—with the following tabular view, &c., of the gross contradiction of the men, whom we wish to hold up to universal and deserved contempt, on even the most vital points of the controversy in which they are engaged; and then let our readers say whether any thing proceeding from such a quarter is worthy of notice:—

Mr Cobden says—

1. "If we have free trade, the landlords will have as good rents as now."—(Speech in the House of Commons, 15th May last.)

2. "Provisions will be no cheaper."—(Speech at Bedford, *Hertford Reformer*, 10th June last.)

3. "THE ARGUMENT FOR CHEAP BREAD WAS NEVER MINE."—(*Morning Chronicle*, 30th June 1843, Speech on Penenden Heath.)

"THE IDEA OF LOW-PRICED FOREIGN CORN IS ALL A DELUSION."—Speech at Winchester. *Salisbury Herald*, July 29, 1843, p. 3.

4. Messrs Cobden, Bright, and Moore, now affirm—"It is a base falsehood to say we want free trade, to enable us to reduce the rate of wages."—(Mr Cobden on Penenden Heath. Messrs Bright and Moore at Huntingdon.)

5. Cobden, Moore, and Bright, say, that it is to the interest of the farmer to have a total and immediate repeal.—(Uxbridge, Bedford, Huntingdon.†)

"cheap bread"—fills us with a just indignation; and we never see an account of their hebdomadal proceedings, but we exclaim, in the language of our immortal bard—

"Oh, Heaven! that such impostors thoud'st unfold,

\* Authentic Discussion on the Corn-law, (Ridgway, 1839,) p. 88.

† Extracted from a very admirable speech by Mr Day of Huntingdon, (Ollivier, 1843,) and which we earnestly recommend for perusal.

And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascals naked through the  
land!"

While we repeat our deliberate opinion, that the Anti-corn-law League, as a body, is, in respect of actual present influence, infinitely less formidable than the vanity and selfish purposes of its members would lead them to wish the country to believe—we must add, that it is quite another question how long it will continue so. It may soon be converted—if indeed it has not already been secretly converted, into an engine of tremendous mischief, for other purposes than any ever contemplated by its originators. Suppose, in the next session of parliament, Ministers were to offer a law-fixed duty on corn: would that concession dissolve the League? Alas!—they have long ago scouted the idea of so ridiculous a compromise. Suppose they effected their avowed object of a total repeal of the Corn-laws—is any one weak enough to imagine that they would *then* dissolve? No—nor do they *now* dream of such a thing; but are at the present moment, as we are informed, "*fraternizing*" with other political societies of a very dangerous character, and on the eve of originating serious and revolutionary movements. Their present organization is precisely that of the French Jacobins: their plan of operation the same. Let any one turn to *The League Circular* of the 18th November, and he will see announced a plan of action on the part of this Association, precisely analogous, in all its leading features, to that of the French Jacobins: and we would call the attention of the legislature to the question, whether the Anti-corn-law League, in its most recent form of organization and plan of action, be not clearly within the provisions of statutes 57 Geo. III., c. 19, § 25 and 59; Geo. III., c. 79? What steps, if any, the legislature may take, is one thing; it is quite another, what course shall be adopted by the friends of the Conservative cause—the supporters of the British constitution. It is impossible to assign limits to the mischief which may be effected by the indefatigable and systematic exertions of the League to diffuse pernicious misrepresentations, and artful and popular fallacies, among all classes of society. That they en-

tertain a fearfully envenomed hatred of the agricultural interest, is clear; and their evident object is to render the landed proprietors of this country objects of fierce hatred to the inferior orders of the community. "If a man tells me his story every morning of my life, by the year's end he will be my master," said Burke, "and I shall believe him, however untrue and improbable his story may be;" and if, whilst the Anti-corn-law League can display such perseverance, determination, and system, its opponents obstinately remain supine and silent, can any one wonder if such progress be not made by the League, in their demoralizing and revolutionary enterprise, that it will soon be too late to attempt even to arrest?

If this Journal has earned, during a quarter of a century's career of unwavering consistency and independence, any title in the respect of the Conservative party, we desire now to rely upon that title for the purpose of adding weight to our solemn protest against the want of union and energy—against the apathy, from whatever cause arising—now but too visible. In vain do we and others exert ourselves to the uttermost to diffuse sound political principles by means of the press; in vain do the distinguished leaders of our party fight the battles of the constitution with consummate skill and energy in parliament—if their exertions be not supported by corresponding energy and activity on the part of the Conservative constituencies, and those persons of talent and influence professing the same principles, by whom they can, and ought to be, easily set in motion. It is true that persons of liberal education, of a high and generous tone of feeling, of intellectual refinement, are entitled to treat such men as Cobden, Bright, and Acland, with profound contempt, and dislike the notion of personal contact or collision with them, as representatives of the foulest state of all feeling that can be generated in the worst manufacturing regions—of sordid avarice, selfishness, envy, and malignity; but they are active—ever up and doing, and steadily applying themselves, with palatable topics, to the corruption of the hearts of the working classes. So, unless the persons to whom we allude choose to cast



aside their morbid aversions—to be “UP AND AT them,” in the language of the Duke of Waterloo—why then will be verified the observation of Burke—that “If, when bad men combine, the good do not associate, they will fall, one by one—an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.” Vast as are our forces, they can effect comparatively nothing without union, energy, and system: *with these*, their power is tremendous and irresistible. What we would say, therefore, is—**ORGANIZE ! ORGANIZE ! ORGANIZE !** Let every existing Conservative club or association be stirred up into increased action, and *put into real working trim* forthwith: and where none such clubs or associations exist, let them be immediately formed, and set into cheerful and spirited motion. Let them all be placed under the vigilant superintendence of one or two *real men of business*—of local knowledge, of ability, and influence. We would point out Conservative solicitors as auxiliaries of infinite value to those engaged in the good cause: men of high character, of business habits, extensive acquaintance with the character and circumstances of the electors—and capable of bringing legitimate influence to bear upon them in a far more direct and effective manner than any other class of persons. One such gentleman—say a young and active solicitor, with a moderate salary, as permanent secretary, in order to secure, and, in some measure, requite his services throughout the year—would be worth fifty *dilettanti* “friends of the good cause dropping in every now and then,” but whose “friendship” evaporates in mere *talk*. Let every local Conservative newspaper receive constant and substantial patronage: for they are worthy of the very highest consideration, on account of the ability with which they are generally conducted, and their great influence upon local society. Many of them, to our own knowledge, display a degree of talent and knowledge which would do honour to the very highest metropolitan journals. Let them, then, be vigorously supported, their circulation extended through the influence of the resident nobility and gentry, and the clergy of every particular district throughout the kingdom. Let no

opportunity be missed of exposing the true character of the vile and selfish agitators of the Anti-corn-law League. Let not the League have all the “publishing” to themselves; but let their impudent fallacies and falsehoods be *instantly* encountered and exposed on the spot, by means of small and cheap tracts and pamphlets, which shall bring plain, wholesome, and important truths home to the businesses and bosoms of the very humblest in the land. Again, let the resident gentry seek frequent opportunities of mingling with their humbler neighbours, friends, and dependents, by way of keeping up a cordial and hearty good understanding with them, so as to rely upon their effective co-operation whenever occasions may arise for political action.

Let all this be done, and we may defy a hundred Anti-corn-law Leagues. Let these objects be kept constantly in view, and the Anti-corn-law League will be utterly palsied, had it a hundred times its present funds—a thousand times its present members!

Let us now, however, turn for a brief space to Ireland: the present condition of which we contemplate with profound concern and anxiety, but with neither surprise nor dismay. As far as regards the Government, the state of affairs in Ireland bears at this moment unquestionable testimony to the stability and strength of the Government: and no one knows this better than the gigantic impostor, to whom so much of the misery of that afflicted portion of the empire is owing. He perceives, with inexpressible mortification, that neither he nor his present position awake any sympathy or excitement whatever in the kingdom at large, where the enormity of his misconduct is fully appreciated, and every movement of the Government against him sanctioned by public opinion. The general feeling is one of profound disgust towards him, sympathy and commiseration for his long-plundered dupes, and of perfect confidence that the Government will deal firmly and wisely with both. As for a *Repeal of the Union*? Pshaw! Every child knows that it is a notion too absurd to be seriously dealt with; that Great Britain would rather plunge *instantly* into the bloodiest civil war that

ever desolated a country, than submit to the dismemberment of the empire by repealing the union between Great Britain and Ireland. This opinion has had, from time to time, every possible mode of authentic and solemn expression that can be given to the national will; in speeches from the Throne; in Parliamentary declarations by the leaders of both the Whig and Conservative Governments; the members of both Houses of Parliament are (with not a single exception worth noticing) unanimous upon the subject: the press, whether quarterly, monthly, weekly, or daily, of all classes and shades of political opinions, is unanimous upon the subject: in society, whether high or low, the subject is never broached, except to enquire whether any one can, for one moment, seriously believe the Repeal of the Union to be possible. In Ireland itself, the vast majority of the intellect, wealth, and respectability of the island, without distinction of religion or politics, entertains the same opinion and determination which prevail in Great Britain. Is Mr O'Connell ignorant of all this? He knows it as certainly as he knows that Queen Victoria occupies the throne of these realms; and yet, down to his very last appearance in public, he has solemnly and perseveringly asseverated that the Repeal of the Union is an absolutely certain and inevitable event, and one that will happen within a few months! *Is he in his senses?* If so, he is speaking from his knowledge of some vast and dreadful conspiracy, which he has organized himself, which has hitherto escaped detection. The idea is too monstrous to be entertained for a moment. What, then, can Mr O'Connell be about? Our opinion is, that his sole object in setting on foot the Repeal agitation, was to increase his pecuniary resources, and at the same time overthrow Sir Robert Peel's Government, by showing the Queen and the nation that his admitted "*chief difficulty*"—Ireland—was one *insuperable*; and that he must consequently retire. We believe, moreover, that he is, to a certain extent, acting upon a secret understanding with the party of the late Government, who, however, never contemplated matters being carried to their present pitch: but that the Ministry would long ago have

retired, terrified before the tremendous "demonstration" in Ireland. We feel as certain as if it were a past event, that, had the desperate experiment succeeded so far as to replace the present by the late Government, Mr O'Connell's intention was to have announced his determination to "*give England one more trial*"—to place Repeal once more in abeyance—in order to see whether England would really, at length, do "*justice to Ireland*;" in other words, restore the halcyon days of Lord Norrumbury's nominal, and Mr O'Connell's real, rule in Ireland, and enable him, by these means, to provide for himself, his family, and dependents: for old age is creeping rapidly upon him—his physical powers are no longer equal to the task of vigorous agitation—and he is known to be in utterly desperate circumstances. The reckless character of his proceedings during the last fifteen months, is, in our opinion, fully accounted for, by his unexpected discovery, that the Ministry were strong enough to defy any thing that he could do, and to continue calmly in their course of administering, not *pseudo*, but real "*justice to Ireland*," supported in that course by the manifest favour and countenance of the Crown, overwhelming majorities in Parliament, and the decided and unequivocal expression of public opinion. His personal position was, in truth, inexpressibly galling and most critical, and he must have agitated, or sunk at once into ignominious obscurity and submission to a Government whom, individually and collectively, he loathed and abhorred. Vain were the hopes which, doubtless, he had entertained, that, as his agitation assumed a bolder form, it would provoke formidable demonstrations in England against Ministers and their policy: not a meeting could be got up to petition her Majesty for the dismissal of her Ministers! But it is quite conceivable that Mr O'Connell, in the course he was pursuing, forgot to consider the possibility of developing a power which might be too great for him, which would not be wielded by him, but carry *him* along with it. The following remarkable expressions fell from the perplexed and terrified agitator, at a great dinner at Lismore in the county of Waterford, in the month

of September last :—"Like the heavy school-boy on the ice, my pupils are overtaking me. It is now my duty to regulate the vigour and temper the energy of the people—to compress, as it were, the exuberance of both."

We said that Mr O'Connell revived the Repeal agitation; and the fact was so. He first raised it in 1829—having, however, at various previous periods of his life, professed a desire to struggle for Repeal. But Mr Shiel, in his examination before the House of Commons in 1825, characterized such allusions as mere "rhetorical artifices." "What were his real motives," observes the able and impartial author of *Ireland and its Rulers*,\* "when he announced his new agitation in 1829, can be left only to him to determine." It is probable that they were of so mixed a nature, that he himself could not accurately define them. . . . It is, however, quite possible, that, after having so long tasted of the luxuries of popularity, he could not consent that the chalice should pass from his lips. Agitation had, perhaps, begun to be necessary to his existence: a tranquil life would have been a hell to him. It would seem that Mr O'Connell's earliest recorded manifesto on Repeal was on the 3d June 1829, previous to the Clare election, on which occasion he said—"We want political excitement, in order that we may insist on our rights as Irishmen, but not as Catholics;" and on the 29th of the same month in the same year, 1829, he predicted—listen to this, ye his infatuated dupes!—"that before three years there would be a parliament in Dublin!" In the general elections of 1832, it was proclaimed by Mr O'Connell, that no member should be returned unless he solemnly pledged himself to vote for the Repeal of the Union; but it was at the same time hinted, that if they would only enter the House as professed Repealers, they would never be required to vote for Repeal. On the hustings at the county of Waterford election, one of these gentry, Sir Richard Keave, on being closely questioned concerning the real nature of his opinion on Repeal, let out the whole truth:—"I will hold it as an imposing weapon to get justice to

Ireland." This has held true ever since, and completely exemplifies all the intervening operations of Mr O'Connell. It has been his practice ever since "to connect every grievance with the subject of Repeal—to convert every wrongful act of any Government into an argument for the necessity of an Irish Legislature." Can it be wondered at that the present Government, thoroughly aware of the true state of the case—*knowing their own*—should regard the cry for Repeal simply as an imposture, its utterers as impostors? They did and do so regard it and its utterers—never allowing either the one or the other to disturb their administration of affairs with impartiality and firmness; but, nevertheless, keeping a most watchful eye upon all their movements.

At length, whether emboldened by a conviction that the non-interference of the Government was occasioned solely by their incapacity to grapple with an agitation becoming hourly more formidable, and that thus his schemes were succeeding—or impelled onwards by those whom he had roused into action, but could no longer restrain—his movements became daily characterized by more astounding audacity—more vivid the glare of sedition, and even treason, which surrounded them & still the Government interfered not. Their apparent inaction most wondered, very many murmured, some were alarmed, and Mr O'Connell laughed at. Sir Robert Peel, on one occasion, when his attention was challenged to the subject in the House of Commons, replied, that "he was not in the least degree moved or disturbed by what was passing in Ireland." This perfect calmness of the Government served to check the rising of any alarm in the country; which felt a confidence of the Ministry's being equal to any exigency that could be contemplated. Thus stood matters till the 11th July last, when, at the close of the debate on the state of Ireland, Sir Robert Peel delivered a very remarkable speech. It consisted of a calm demonstration of the falsehood of all the charges brought by the Repealers against the imperial Parliament; of

\* Pp. 43, 50.

the impolicy and the impracticability of the various schemes for the relief of Ireland proposed by the Opposition; of the absolute impossibility of Parliament entertaining the question of a Repeal of the Union; and a distinct answer to the question—"What course do you intend to pursue?" That answer is worthy of being distinctly brought under the notice of the reader. "I am prepared to administer the law in Ireland upon principles of justice and impartiality. I am prepared to recognise the principle established by law—that there shall be equality in civil privileges. I am prepared to respect the franchise, to give substantially, although not nominally, equality. In respect to the social condition of Ireland—as to the relation of landlord and tenant—I am prepared to give the most deliberate consideration to the important matters involved in those questions. With respect to the Established Church, I have already stated that we are not prepared to make an alteration in the law by which that Church is maintained."

We recollect being greatly struck with the ominous calmness perceptible in the tone of this speech. It seemed characterised by a solemn declaration to place the agitation of Ireland for ever in the wrong—to deprive them of all pretence for accusing England of having misgoverned Ireland since the Union. It appeared to us as if that speech had been designed to lay the basis of a contemplated movement against the agitation of the most decisive kind. The Government acted up to the spirit of the declaration, on that occasion, of Sir Robert Peel, with perfect dignity and resolution, unmoved by the taunts, the threats, the expostulations, or fears of either enemies or friends. Mr O'Connell's tone increased in audacity; but we greatly doubt whether in his heart he had not frequent misgivings as to the real nature of the "*frightful silence*"—"ette

*affreuse silence*"—of a Government in whose councils the Duke of Wellington took a decided part, and which was actually at that moment taking complete military occupation of Ireland. On what information they were acting, no one knew; but their preparations were *for the worst*. During all this time nothing could exceed the tranquillity which prevailed in England. None of these threatening appearances, these tremendous preparations, caused the least excitement or alarm; the funds did not vary a farthing per cent in consequence of them; and to what could all this be ascribed but to the strength of public confidence in the Government? At length the harvest in Ireland had been got in; ships of war surrounded the coast; thirty thousand picked and chosen troops, ready for instant action, were disposed in the most masterly manner all over Ireland. With an almost insane audacity, Mr O'Connell appointed his crowning monster meeting to take place at Clontarf, in the immediate vicinity of the residence and presence of the Queen's representative, and of such a military force as rendered the bare possibility of counteracting it appalling. The critical moment, however, for the interference of Government had at length arrived, and it spoke out in a voice of thunder, prohibiting the monster meeting. The rest is matter of history. The monster demagogue fell prostrate and confounded among his panic-stricken confederates; and, in an agony of consternation, declared their implicit obedience to the proclamation, and set about dispersing the myriad dupes, as fast as they arrived to attend the prohibited meeting. Thus was the Queen's peace preserved, her crown and dignity vindicated, without one sword being drawn or one shot being fired. Mr O'Connell had repeatedly "defied the Government to go to law with him." They *have* gone to law with him; and by this time we sus-

\* In conformity with this declaration, has been issued the recent commission, for "enquiring into the state of the law and practice in respect to the occupation of land in Ireland, and in respect also to the burdens of county cess and other charges, which fall respectively on the landlord and occupying tenant, and for reporting as to the amendments, if any, of the existing laws, which, having due regard to the just rights of property, may be calculated to encourage the cultivation of the soil, to extend a better system of agriculture, and to improve the relation between landlord and tenant, in that part of the United Kingdom."



pect that he finds himself in an infinitely more serious position than he has ever been in, during the whole of a long and prosperous career of agitation. Here, however, we leave him and his fellow defendants.

We may, however, take this opportunity of expressing our opinion, that there is not a shadow of foundation for the charges of blundering and incompetency which have been so liberally brought against the Irish Attorney-General. He certainly appears, in the earlier stages of the proceedings, to have evinced some little irritability—but, only consider, under what unprecedented provocation! His conduct has since, however, been characterised by calmness and dignity; and as for his legal capabilities, all competent judges who have attended to the case, will pronounce them to be first-rate; and we feel perfectly confident that his future conduct of the proceedings will convince the public of the justice of our eulogium.

The selection by the Government of the moment for interference with Mr O'Connell's proceedings, was unquestionably characterised by consummate prudence. When the meetings commenced in March or April, this year, they had nothing of outward character which could well be noticed. They professed to be meetings to petition Parliament for Repeal; and, undoubtedly, no lawyer could say that such a meeting would *per se* be illegal, any more than a meeting to complain of Catholic relief, or to pray for its repeal—or for any other matter which is considered a settled part of the established constitution. The more numbers were certainly alarming, but the meetings quietly dispersed without any breach of the peace; and after two or three such meetings, without any disturbance attending them, no one could with truth swear that he expected a breach of the peace as a *direct* consequence of such a meeting, though many thought they saw a civil war as a *remote* consequence. The meetings went on; some ten, twelve, fifteen occurred.—still no breach of the peace, no disturbance. The language, indeed, became gradually more seditious—more daring and ferocious: but, as an attempt to put down the first meeting by force would have been considered a

wanton act of oppression, and a direct interference with the subject's right to petition, it became a very difficult *practical* question, at what moment any *legal* notice could be taken by prosecution, or *executive* notice by proclamation, to put down such meetings. Notwithstanding several confident opinions to the contrary advanced by the newspaper press at the time, a greater mistake—indeed a grosser blunder—could not have been made, than to have prosecuted those who attended the early meetings, or to have sent the police or the military to put those meetings down. An acquittal in the one case, or a conflict in the other, would have been attended with most mischievous consequences; and, as to the latter, it is clear that the executive never ought to interfere *unless with a force which renders all resistance useless*. It appears perfectly clear to us, *even now*, that a prosecution for the earlier meetings must have failed; for there existed then none of that evidence which would prove the object and the nature of the association: and to proclaim a meeting, without using force to prevent or disperse it if it defied the proclamation; and to use force without being certain that the extent of the illegality would carry public opinion along with the use of force; further, to begin to use force without being sure that you have enough to use—would be acts of madness, and, at least, of great and criminal disregard of consequences. Now, when meeting after meeting had taken place, and the general design, and its mischief, were unfolded, it became necessary that *some new feature should occur to justify the interference of Government*; and that occurred at the Clontarf meeting. No meeting had, before that, ventured to call itself "*Repeal infantry*;" and to Clontarf horsemen also were summoned, and were designated "*Repeal cavalry*;" and, in the orders for their assembling, marching, and conducting themselves, *military directions were given*; and the meeting, had it been permitted to assemble, would have been a parade of cavalry, ready for civil war. It would have been a sort of review—in the face of the city of Dublin, in open defiance of all order and government. Let us add, that, just at that time, Mr O'Connell

had published his "Address to all her Majesty's subjects, in all parts of her dominions," (a most libellous and treasonable publication;) and the arrangements to secure the peace were more complete, and could be brought to bear more easily, on the Clontarf than on any of the preceding meetings. The occasion presented itself, and as soon as possible the Irish authorities assembled at Dublin; the proclamation appeared; the ground was pre-occupied, and a force that was irresistible went out to keep the peace, and prevent the meeting. The result showed the perfect success of the Government's enterprise.

As the foregoing topics will doubtless occupy much of the attention of parliament during the ensuing session, we were anxious to place our recorded own opinions, as the result of much reflection, during a period when events were transpiring which threw upon the Government an awful responsibility, and rendered their course one of almost unprecedented difficulty. Modern times, we are convinced, have witnessed but few instances of such a masterly policy, combined with signal self-reliance.

One or two general topics connected with Ireland, we have time only to glance at. First.—From the faint reluctant disavowal and discouragement of Mr O'Connell and his Repeal agitation, by the leading ex-Ministers, during the last session, who emphatically challenged by Sir Robert Peel to join him in denouncing the attempted dismemberment of the empire, irrespective and independent of all party consideration, we are prepared to expect that in the ensuing session, the Opposition will, to a great extent, make common cause with Mr O'Connell, out of mingled fear, and gratitude, and hope towards their late friend and patron. Such a course will immensely strengthen the hands of the Queen's Government.

Secondly.—To any thoughtful and independent politician, the present

state of Ireland demonstrates the utter impossibility of governing it upon the principle of breaking down or disparaging the Protestant interest. Such a course would tend only to bloody and interminable anarchy.

Thirdly.—Ireland's misery springs from social more than political evils; and the greatest boon that Providence could give her, would be a powerful government inflexibly resolved to *put down agitation*.

Lastly.—Can we wonder at the exasperation of the peasantry, who have for so many years had their money extorted from them, without ever having had, up to this moment, the shadow of an equivalent? And how long is this disgraceful pillage to go on?

But we must conclude. The ensuing session of parliament may, and probably will, be a stormy one, and harassing to the Government; but they may prepare to encounter it with cheerful confidence. Their measures, during their brief tenure of office, have been attended with extraordinary success—and of that both the sovereign and the country are thoroughly aware, and we entertain high hopes concerning the future. We expect to see their strong majority in the House of Commons rather augmented than diminished, by reason of the events which have happened during the recess. If the Ministers remain firm in their determination—and who doubts it?—to support the agricultural interests of the country, and persevere in their present vigorous policy towards Ireland, the Government is impregnable, and the surges of Repeal agitation in Ireland, and Anti-corn-law agitation in England, will dash against it in vain. So long as they pursue this course, they will be cheered by augmented indications of the national good-will, and of that implicit and affectionate confidence in their councils, which, we rejoice to know, is vouchsafed to her Ministers by our gracious Sovereign.

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VOL. LV.

## THE HERETIC.

It is now about three centuries since Richard Chancellor, pilot-major of the fleet which, under the command of Sir Hugh Willoughby, and by the advice of Sebastian Cabot, set out to discover a north-east passage to China, carried his ship, the *Edward Bonaventura*, into Archangel. The rest of the fleet put into a haven on the coast of Lapland, where all their crews, with the gallant commander, perished miserably of cold and hunger. Chancellor, accompanied by Master George Killingworthe, found his way to Moscow, where he was courteously entertained by the Tsar Iván IV., surnamed the Terrible. On his return to England in 1555, he delivered a friendly letter from the Tsar to King Edward VI., and announced to the people of England "the discovery of Muscovy." The English adventurers were mightily astonished by the state and splendour of the Russian court, and gave a curious account of their intercourse with the tyrant Ivan, who treated them with great familiarity and kindness, though he was perhaps the most atrocious monster, not excepting the worst of the Roman emperors, that ever disgraced a throne. The Tsar "called them to his table to receive each a cup from his hand to drinke, and took into his hand Master George Killingworthe's beard, which reached over the table, and pleasantly deli-

vered it to the metropolitan, who, seeming to bless it, said in Russ, 'This is God's gift;' as indeed at that time it was not only thicke, broad, and yellow colored, but in length five foot and two inches of a size."

Chancellor returned the following year to Moscow, and arranged with the Tsar the commercial privileges and immunities of a new company of merchant-adventurers who desired to trade with Muscovy; but in 1556, while on his way home, accompanied by Osep Neped, the first Russian ambassador to the court of England, their ship was wrecked on our own coast, at Pitsligo bay, where Chancellor was drowned, with most of the crew; but Osep Neped, who escaped, was conducted with much pomp to London, and there established on a firmer basis the commercial relations between the two countries, to which Chancellor's discovery had led, and of which he had laid the foundation. The commerce thus begun has continued uninterrupted, to the mutual advantage of both nations, up to this time, and thousands of our countrymen have there gained wealth and distinction, in commerce, in the arts, in science, and in arms.

But of the twenty-seven millions of men, women, and children who people Great Britain and Ireland, how many may be presumed to know any thing

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of Russian literature, or even to have enquired whether it contains any thing worth knowing? Are there a dozen literary men or women amongst us who could read a Russian romance, or understand a Russian drama? Dr Bowring was regarded as a prodigy of polyglot learning, because he gave us some very imperfect versions of Russian ballads: and we were thankful even for that contribution, from which, we doubt not, many worthy and well-informed people learned for the first time that Russia produced poets as well as potashes. Russia has lately lost a poet of true genius, of whom his countrymen are proud, and no doubt have a right to be proud, for his poetry found its way at once to the heart of the nation: but how few there are amongst us who know any thing of Pushkin, unless it be his untimely and melancholy end?

The generation that has been so prolific of prose fiction in other parts of Europe, has not been barren in Russia. She boasts of men to whom she is grateful for having adorned her young literature with the creations of their genius, or who have made her history attractive with the allurements of faithful fiction, giving life, and flesh, and blood to its dry bones: and yet, gentle reader, learned or fair—or both fair and learned—whether sombre in small clothes, or brilliant in *bis-blous*—how many could you have named a year ago of those names which are the pride and delight of a great European nation, with which we have had an intimate, friendly, and beneficial intercourse for three consecutive centuries, and whose capital has now for some years been easily accessible in ten days from our own?

Surely it is somewhat strange, that while Russia fills so large a space, not only on the map, but in the politics of the world—while the influence of her active mind, and of her powerful muscle, is felt and acknowledged in Europe, Asia, and America—that we, who come in contact with her diplomatic skill and her intelligence at every turn and in every quarter, should never have thought it worth while to take any note of her literature—of the more attractive movements of her mind.

The history, the ancient mythology, and the early Christian legends of Russia, are full of interest. We there en-

counter the same energetic and warlike people, who, from roving pirates of the Baltic sea, became the founders of dynasties, and who have furnished much of what is most romantic in the history of Europe. The Danes, who ravaged our coasts, and gave a race of princes to England; the Normans, from whom are descended our line of sovereigns, and many of our noble and ancient families—the Normans, who established themselves in Sicily; and the Warrhag, or Varangians, who made their leader, Rurik, a sovereign over the ancient Slavonic republic of Novgorod, and gave their own distinctive appellation of Russ to the people and to the country they conquered, were all men of the same race, the same habits, and the same character. The daring spirit of maritime adventure, the love of war, and the thirst of plunder, which brought their barks to the coasts of Britain and of France, was displayed with even greater boldness in Russia. After the death of Rurik, these pirates of the Baltic, under the regent Oleg, launching their galleys on the Borysthene, forced the descent of the river against hostile tribes, defeated the armies of Byzantium, exercised their ancient craft on the Black sea and on the Bosphorus, and, entering Constantinople in triumph, extorted tribute and a treaty from the Kæsar in his palace.

Then, after a time, came the introduction of the Christian religion and of letters; and the contests which terminated in the triumph of Christianity over the ancient mythology, in which the milder deities of the Pantheon, with their attendant spirits of the woods, the streams, and the household hearth, would seem to have mingled with the fiercer gods of the Valhalla. Then the frequent contests and varying fortunes of the principalities into which the country was divided—the invasions of the Tartar hordes, under the successors of Chengez Khan, destroying every living thing, and deliberately making a desert of every populous place, that grass might more abound for their horses and their flocks—the long and weary domination of these desolating masters; the gradual relaxation of the iron gripe with which they crushed the country; the pomp and power of the Russian church, even in the



worst times of Tartar oppression; the first gathering together of the nation's strength as its spirit revived; the first great effort to cast off the load under which its limbs had been breaking for more than two centuries, and the desperate valour with which the Russians fought their first great battle for freedom and their faith, and shook the Tartar supremacy, under the brave and skillful Dimitri, on the banks of the Don—the cautious wisdom and foresight with which he created an aristocracy to support the sovereignty he had made hereditary—the pertinacity with which, in every change of fortune, his successors worked on slowly, and more by superior intelligence than by prowess, the deliverance of their country—the final triumph of this wary policy, under the unwarlike, but consummately able and dexterous management of Ivan the Great—the rapidity and force with which the Muscovite power expanded, when it had worn out and cast off the Tartar fetters that had bound it—the cautious and successful attempts of Ivan to take from the rest a high place amongst the sovereigns of Europe—the progress in the arts of civilized life which was made in his reign—the accession of weight and authority which the sovereign power received from the prudent and dignified demeanour of his son and successor—the sanguinary tyranny with which Ivan IV., in the midst of the most revolting atrocities and delinquencies, broke down the power of the aristocracy, prostrated the energies of the nation, and paved the way for successive usurpations—the skilful and crafty policy, and the unscrupulous means by which Boris raised himself to the throne, after he had destroyed the last representatives of the direct line of Rurik, which, in all the vicissitudes of Russian fortune, had hitherto held the chief place in the nation—the taint of guilt which poisoned and polluted a mind otherwise powerful, and not without some virtues, and made him at length a suspicious and cruel tyrant, who, having alienated the goodwill of the nation, was unable to oppose the pretensions of an impostor, and swallowed poison to escape the tortures of an upbraiding conscience—

the successful imposture of the monk who personated the Prince Dimitri, one of the victims of Boris' ambition, and who was slaughtered on the day of his nuptials at the foot of the throne he had so strangely usurped, by an infuriated mob; not because he was known to be an impostor, but because he was accused of a leaning to the Latin church—the season of anarchy that succeeded and led to fresh impostures, and to the Polish domination—the servile submission of the Russian nobility to Sigismund, king of Poland, to whom they sold their country: the revival of patriotic feelings, almost as soon as the sacrifice had been made—the bold and determined opposition of the Russian church to the usurpation of a Latin prince: the persecutions, the hardships, the martyrdom it incurred: the ultimate rising of the Muscovite people at its call—the sanguinary conflict in Moscow: the expulsion of the Poles: the election of Michael Romanoff, the first sovereign of his family and of the reigning dynasty—the whole history of the days of Peter, of Catherine, and of Alexander, and even the less prominent reigns of intermediate sovereigns—are full of the interest and the incidents which are usually considered most available to the writers of historical romance.

But such materials abound in the history of every people. Men of genius for the work find them scattered every where—in the peculiarities of personal character developed in the customs of petty tribes or turbulent hordes, as often as in the revolutions of empires. The value of historical, as well as of other fictions, must be measured by the power and the skill it displays, rather than by the magnitude of the events it describes, or the historical importance of the persons it introduces; and therefore no history can well be exhausted for the higher purposes of fiction. Of what historical importance are the stories on which Shakspeare has founded his *Romeo and Juliet*—his *Othello*—his *Hamlet*, or his *Lear*? Does the chief interest or excellence of *Waverley*, or *Ivanhoe*, or *Peperil of the Peak*, or *Redgauntlet*, or *Montrose*, depend on the delineation of historical characters, or the description of historical events? What space

do Balfour of Burleigh, or Rob Roy, or Helen Macgregor, fill in history? The fact appears to be, that, even in the purest historical prose fictions, neither the interest nor the excellence generally depend upon the characters or the incidents most prominent in history. A man of genius, who calls up princes and heroes from the dust into which they have crumbled, may delight us with a more admirable representation than our own minds could have furnished of some one whose name we have long known, and of whose personal bearing, and habits, and daily thoughts, we had but a vague and misty idea; and acknowledging the fidelity of the portrait we may adopt it; and then this historical person becomes to us what the imagination of genius, not what history, has made him, and yet the portrait is probably one in which no contemporary could have recognized any resemblance to the original. But the characters of which history has preserved the most full and faithful accounts, whose recorded actions reflect most accurately the frame of their minds, are precisely those which each man has pictured to himself with most precision, and therefore those of which he is least likely to appreciate another man's imaginary portraits. The image in our own minds is disturbed, and we feel something of the disappointment we experience when we find some one of whom we have heard much very different from what we had imagined him to be. The more intimately and generally an historical character is known, the more unfit must it be for the purposes of fiction.

Then again, in fiction, as in real life, our sympathies are more readily awakened, and more strongly moved, by the sufferings or the successes of those with whom we have much in common—of whose life we are, or fancy that we might have been, a part. The figures that we see in history elevated above the ordinary attributes of man, are magnified as we see them through the mist of our own vague perceptions, and dwindle if we approach too near them. If they are brought down from the lofty pedestal of rank or fame on which they stood, that they may be within reach of the warmest sympathies of men who live upon a lower level,

the familiarity to which we are admitted impairs their greatness, on the same principle, that “no man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*.”

We are inclined to believe that the great attraction of historical prose fiction is not any facility which it affords for the construction of a better story—for we think it affords none—nor any superior interest that attaches to the known and the prominent characters with which it deals, or to the events it describes; but rather the occasion it gives for making us familiar with the everyday life of the age and the country in which the scene is laid. Independent of the merits of the fiction as a work of imagination, we find another source of pleasure; and, if it be written faithfully and with knowledge, of instruction in the vivid light it casts on the characteristics of man's condition, which history does not deign to record. This kind of excellence may give value to a work which is defective in the higher essential qualifications of imaginative writing; as old ballads and tales, which have no other merit, may be valuable illustrations of the manners of their time, so by carefully collecting and concentrating scattered rays, a man possessed of talents for the task may throw a strong light on states of society that were formerly obscure, and thus greatly enhance the pleasure we derive from any higher merits we may find in his story.

M. Lajetchnikoff, in the work before us, appears to have aimed at both these kinds of excellence; and, in the opinion of his countrymen, to have attained to that of which they are the best or the only good judges. Mr Shaw, to whom we are indebted for all we yet know of this department of Russian literature, tells us in his preface that he selected this romance for translation because—

“It is the work of an author to whom all the critics have adjudged the praise of a perfect acquaintance with the epoch which he has chosen for the scene of his drama. Russian critics, some of whom have reproached M. Lajetchnikoff with certain faults of style, and in particular with innovations on orthography, have all united in conceding to him the merit of great historical accuracy—not only as regards the events and characters of

his story, but even in the less important matters of costume, language, &c.

"This degree of accuracy was not accidental: he prepared himself for his work by a careful study of all the ancient documents calculated to throw light upon the period which he desired to recall—a conscientious correctness, however, which may be pushed too far; for the original work is disfigured by a great number of obsolete words and expressions, as unintelligible to the modern Russian reader (unless he happened to be an antiquarian) as they would be to an Englishman. These the Translator has, as far as possible, got rid of, and has endeavoured to reduce the explanatory foot-note—those 'blunder-marks,' as they have been well styled—to as small a number as is consistent with clearness in the text."

M. Lajetchnikoff takes occasion, while referring to some anachronisms which will be found in *The Heretic*, to state, in the following terms, his opinion of the duties of an historical novelist—

"He must follow rather the poetry of history than its chronology. His business is not to be the slave of dates; he ought to be faithful to the character of the epoch, and of the *dramatis personæ* which he has selected for representation. It is not his business to examine every trifle, to count over with servile minuteness every link in the chain of this epoch, or of the life of this character; that is the department of the historian and the biographer. The mission of the historical novelist is to select from them the most brilliant, the most interesting events, which are connected with the chief personage of his story, and to concentrate them into one poetic moment of his romance. Is it necessary to say that this moment ought to be pervaded by a leading idea? . . . Thus I understand the duties of the historical novelist. Whether I have fulfilled them, is quite another question."

We are not quite sure what is here meant by "a leading idea." If it be that some abstract idea is to be developed or illustrated, we can neither subscribe to the canon nor discover the leading idea of this specimen of the author's productions; but we rather suppose that he only means to say that there should be a main stream of interest running through the whole story, to which the others are tribu-

tary—and in this sense he has acted on the rub; for the *heretic*, from his birth to his burial, is never lost sight of, and almost the whole action, from the beginning to the end, is either directly or indirectly connected with his fortunes, which preserve their interest throughout, amidst sovereigns and ambassadors, officials and nobles, court intrigues and affairs of state, of love, of war, and of religion. This machinery, though somewhat complicated, is on the whole very skilfully constructed, and moves on smoothly enough without jolting or jarring, without tedious stops or disagreeable interruptions, and without having to turn back every now and then to pick up the passengers it has dropped by the way. The author, however, appears to have assumed—and, writing for Russians, was entitled to assume—that his readers had some previous acquaintance with the history of the country and the times to which his story belongs. His prologue, which has no connexion with the body of the work, but which relates a separate incident that occurred some years after the conclusion of the principal narrative, introduces us to the death-bed of Ivan III., at whose court the whole of the subsequent scenes occur; and is calculated from this inversion of time, and the recurrence of similar names, and even of the same persons, to create a little confusion in the mind of the reader who is ignorant of Russian history.

"The epoch chosen by Lajetchnikoff," says his translator, "is the fifteenth century; an age most powerfully interesting in the history of every country, and not less so in that of Russia. It was then that the spirit of enquiry, the thirst for new facts and investigations in religious, political, and physical philosophy, was at once stimulated and gratified by the most important discoveries that man had as yet made, and extended itself far beyond the limits of what was then civilized Europe, and spoke, by the powerful voice of Ivan III., even to Russia, plunged as she then was in ignorance and superstition. Rude as are the outlines of this great sovereign's historical portrait, and rough as were the means by which he endeavoured to ameliorate his country, it is impossible to deny him a

place among those rulers who have won the name of benefactors to their native land."

When Iván III., then twenty-two years old, mounted the tributary throne of Muscovy in 1462, the power of the Tartars, who for nearly two centuries and a half dominated over Russia, had visibly declined. Tamerlane, at the head of fresh swarms from the deserts of Asia, had stricken the Golden Horde which still held Russia in subjection; and having pursued its sovereign, Toktamish Khan, into the steppes of Kiptchak and Siberia, turned back almost from the gates of Moscow, to seek a richer plunder in Hindostan. Before the Golden Horde could recover from this blow, it was again attacked, defeated, and plundered, by the khan of the Crimea. Still the supremacy of the Tartar was undisputed at Moscow. The Muscovite prince advanced to the outer door of his palace to receive the ambassador of his master; spread costly furs under his horse's feet; kneeled at his stirrup to hear the khan's orders read; presented a cup of kumis to the Tartar representative, and licked off the drops that fell upon the mane of his horse.

But during nearly a century and a half, the Muscovite princes had laboured successfully to consolidate their own authority, and to unite the nation against its oppressors. The principle of hereditary succession to the dependent throne had been firmly established in the feelings of the people; the ties of country, kindred, and language, and still more the bonds of a common religion, had united the discordant principalities into which the country was still divided, by a sentiment of nationality and of hatred against the Tartars, which made them capable of combining against their Mohammedan masters.

Iván's first acts were acts of submission. They were perhaps intended to tranquillize the suspicious with which the first movements of a young prince are certain to be regarded by a jealous superior; and this purpose they effectually served. Without courage or talent for war, his powerful and subtle mind sought to accomplish its objects by intellectual superiority and by craft, rather than by force. Warned

by the errors of his predecessors, he did not dispute the right of the Tartars to the tribute, but evaded its payment; and yet contrived to preserve the confidence of the khan by bribing his ministers and his family, and by a ready performance of the most humiliating acts of personal submission. His conduct towards all his enemies—that is, towards all his neighbours—was dictated by a similar policy: he admitted their rights, but he took every safe opportunity to disregard them. So far did he carry the semblance of submission, that the Muscovites were for some years disgusted with the slavish spirit of their prince. His lofty ambition was concealed by rare prudence and caution, and sustained by remarkable firmness and pertinacity of purpose. He never took a step in advance from which he was forced to recede. He had the art to combine with many of his enemies against one, and thus overthrew them all in succession. It was by such means that he cast off the Tartar yoke—enrbed the power of Poland—defeated that of Lithuania, subdued Novgorod, Tver, Pskoff, Kazan, and Viatka—reannexed Veira, Ougitch, Rezan, and other appanages to the crown, and added nearly twenty thousand square miles with four millions of subjects to his dominions. He framed a code of laws—improved the condition of his army—established a police in every part of his empire—protected and extended commerce—supported the church, but kept it in subjection to himself; but was at all times arbitrary, often unjust and cruel, and throughout his whole life, quite unscrupulous as to the means he employed to compass his ends.

One of the most successful strokes of his policy, was his marriage with Sophia, daughter of the Emperor Paleologus, who had been driven from Constantinople by the Turks. This alliance, which he sought with great assiduity, not only added to the dignity of his government at home, but opened the way for an intercourse on equal terms with the greatest princes of Europe. It was Sophia who dissuaded him from submitting to the degrading ceremonial which had been observed on receiving the Tartar ambas-



sadors at Moscow—and to her he probably owed the feelings of personal dignity which he evinced in the latter part of his reign. It was this alliance that at once placed the sovereigns of Russia at the head of the whole Greek church; whose dignitaries, driven from the stately dome of St Sophia in Byzantium, found shelter in the humbler temple raised by the piety of their predecessors, some ages before, in the wilds of Muscovy, and more than repaid the hospitality they received by diffusing a love of learning amongst a barbarous people. It was by means of the Greeks who followed Sophia, that Ivan was enabled to maintain a diplomatic intercourse with the other governments of Europe: it was from her that Russia received her imperial emblem, the double-headed eagle: it was in her train that science, taste, and refinement penetrated to Moscow; it was probably at her instigation that Ivan embellished his capital with the beauties of architecture, and encouraged men of science, and amongst others Antonio, the Italian, and Fioraventi Aristotle, the architect and mechanician, to settle at Moscow.

But it is time we should proceed to the story. The greater part of the first volume is occupied by an account of the family, birth, and youth of the hero. Born of a noble family in Bohemia, he is educated as a physician. This was not the voluntary act of his parents: for what haughty German baron of those times would have permitted his son to degrade himself by engaging in a profession which was then chiefly occupied by the accursed Jews? No, this was a degradation prepared for the house of Edrenstein, by the unyielding revenge of a little Italian physician, whom the stalwart baron had pitched a few yards out of his way during a procession at Rome. This part of the history, though not devoid of interest, is hardly within the bounds of a reasonable probability—but it contains some passages of considerable vigour. The patient lying in wait of the revengeful Italian, and the eagerness with which he presses his advantage, making an act of mercy minister to the gratification of his passion, is not without merit, and will probably have its attractions for those who find pleasure in such conceptions.

The young Antonio is educated by the physician, Antonio Fioraventi of Padua, in ignorance of his birth—is disowned by his father, but cherished by his mother; and grows up an accomplished gentleman, scholar, and leech, of handsome person, captivating manners, and ardent aspirations to extend the limits of science, and to promote the advancement of knowledge and of civilization all over the earth. While these dreams are floating in his mind, a letter from the architect Fioraventi, who had for some time resided in Moscow, to his brother, the Italian physician, requesting him to send some skilful leech to the court of Ivan, decides the fate of Antonio.

Fioraventi began to look out for a physician who would volunteer into a country so distant and so little known: he never thought of proposing the journey to his pupil: his youth—the idea of a sensation of a barbarous court—all cried the old man. His imagination was no longer wild—the intellect and the heart alone had influence on him. And what had Antony to hope for there? His destiny was assured by the position of his instructor—his tranquillity was secured by circumstances—he could more readily make a name in Italy. The place of physician at the court of the Moscovite Great Prince would suit a poor adventurer; abundance of such men might be found at that time possessed of talents and learning. But hardly was Aristotle's letter communicated to Antony, than visions began to float in his ardent brain.—‘To Muscovy!’ cried the voice of destiny.—‘To Muscovy!’ echoed through his soul, like a cry remembered from infancy. That soul, in its fairest dreams, had long pined for a new, distant, unknown land and people: Antony wished to be where the physician's foot had never yet penetrated: perhaps he might discover, by questioning a nature still rude and fresh, powers by which he could retain on earth its short-lived inhabitants; perhaps he might extort from a virgin soil the secret of regeneration, or dig up the fountain of the water of life and death. But he who desired to penetrate deeper into the nature of man, might have remarked other motives in his desire. Did not knightly blood boil in his veins? Did not the spirit of adventure whisper in his heart its hopes and high promises? However

this might be, he offered, with delight, to go to Muscovy; and when he received the refusal of his preceptor, he began to entreat, to implore him incessantly to recall it.—‘Science calls me thither,’ he said; ‘do not deprive her of new acquisitions, perhaps of important discoveries. Do not deprive me of glory, my only hope and happiness.’ And these entreaties were followed by a new refusal.—‘Knowest thou not,’ cried Fioraventi angrily, ‘that the gates of Muscovy are like the gates of hell—step beyond them, and thou canst never return.’ But suddenly, unexpectedly, from some secret motive, he ceased to oppose Antony’s desire. With tears he gave him his blessing for the journey.—‘Who can tell,’ said he, ‘that this is not the will of fate? Perhaps, in reality, honour and fame await thee there!’

“At Padua was soon known Antony Ehrenstein’s determination to make that distant journey; and no one was surprised at it: there were, indeed, many who envied him.

“In truth, the age in which Antony lived was calculated to attract the mind to the search after the unknown, and to serve as an excuse for his visions. The age of deep profligacy, it was also the age of lofty talents, of bold enterprises, of great discoveries. They dug into the bowels of the earth; they kept up in the laboratory an unextinguished fire; they united and separated elements; they buried themselves living, in the tomb, to discover the philosopher’s stone, and they found it in the innumerable treasures of chemistry which they bequeathed to posterity. Nicholas Diaz and Vasco de Gama had passed, with one gigantic stride, from one hemisphere to another, and showed that millions of their predecessors were but pigmies. The genius of a third visioned forth a new world, with new oceans—went to it, and brought it to mankind. Gunpowder, the compass, printing, cheap paper, regular armies, the concentration of states and powers, ingenious destruction, and ingenious creation—all were the work of this wondrous age. At this time, also, there began to spread indistinctly about, in Germany and many other countries of Europe, those ideas of reformation, which soon were strengthened, by the persecution of the Western Church, to array themselves in the logical head of Luther, and to flame up in that universal crater, whence the fury, lava, and

smoke, were to rush with such tremendous violence on kingdoms and nations. These ideas were then spreading through the multitude, and when resisted, they broke through their dikes, and burst onward with greater violence. The character of Antony, eager, thirsting for novelty, was the expression of his age: he abandoned himself to the dreams of an ardent soul, and only sought whither to carry himself and his accumulations of knowledge.

“Muscovy, wild still, but swelling into vigour, with all her boundless snows and forests, the mystery of her orientalism, was to many a newly-discovered land—a rich mine for human genius. Muscovy, then for the first time beginning to gain mastery over her internal and external foes, then first felt the necessity for real, material civilization.”

Antony pays a farewell visit to his mother at the humble tower in Bohemia, where she resided estranged from his father, of whose rank and condition she left him ignorant.

“If there were a paradise upon earth, Antony would have found it in the whole month which he passed in the Bohemian castle. Oh! he would not have exchanged that poor abode, the wild nature on the banks of Elbe, the caresses of his mother, whose age he would have cherished with his care and love—no! he would not have exchanged all this for magnificent palaces, for the exertions of proud kinsmen to elevate him at the imperial court, for numberless vassals, whom, if he chose, he might hunt to death with hounds.

“But true to his vow, full of the hope of being useful to his mother, to science, and to humanity, the visionary renounced this paradise: his mother blessed him on his long journey to a distant and unknown land; she feared for him; yet she saw that Muscovy would be to him a land of promise—and how could she oppose his wishes?”

Preceding our hero to Muscovy, we are presented to the Great Prince before Antony’s arrival. Ambassadors had come from Tver, and a Lithuanian ambassador and his interpreter had been truly or falsely convicted of an attempt to destroy Ivan by poison. The Great Prince’s enquiry what punishment is decreed against the felon who reaches at another’s life, leads to the following dialogue:—

" ' In the *soudébnik* it is decreed,' replied Gineff, ' whoever shall be accused of larceny, robbery, murder, or false accusation, or other like evil act, and the same shall be manifestly guilty, the boyárin shall doom the same unto the pain of death, and the plaintiff shall have his goods: and if any thing remain, the same shall go to the boyárin and the deacon.' . . . .

" ' Ay, the lawyers remember themselves—never fear that the boyárin and deacon forget their fees. And what is written in thy book against royal murderers and conspirators?'

" ' In our memory such case hath not arisen.'

" ' Even so! you lawyers are ever writing leaf after leaf, and never do ye write all; and then the upright judges begin to glaze, to interpret, to take bribes for dark passages. The law ought to be like an open hand without a glove, the Prince opened his fist; every simple man ought to see what is in it, and it should not be able to conceal a grain of corn. Short and clear; and, when needful, seizing, firmly.'

. . . But as it is, they have put a ragged glove on law; and, besides, they close the fist. Ye may guess what or even! they can show one or the other, as they like.'

" ' Pardon, my Lord Great Prince; be what we will add to the *soudébnik*—the royal murderer and plotter shall not live.'

" ' Be it so. Let not him live, who reached at another's life.' Here he turned to Kouritzin, but remembering that he was always disinclined to severe punishments, he continued, waving his hand, 'I forgot that a raven\* croweth not like a cock.' At these words the deacon's eyes sparkled with satisfaction. ' Mamón, be this thy care. Tell my judge of Moscow—the court judge—to have the Lithuanian and the interpreter burned alive on the *Mokvá*. Burn them, dost thou hear? that others may not think of such deeds.'

" The *dyvoretzki* bowed, and said, stroking his rugged beard—' In a few days will arrive the strangers to build the palace, and the Almayne leech; the Holy Virgin only knoweth whether there be not evil men among them also. Dost thou vouchsafe me to speak what hath come into my mind?'

" ' Speak.'

" ' Were it not good to show them an example at once, by punishing the criminals before them?'

" The Great Prince, after a moment's thought, replied—' Aristoth answereth for the leech Antony; he is a disciple of his brother's. The artists of the palace—foreigners—are good men, quiet men . . . but . . . who can tell! . . . Mamón, put off the execution till after the coming of the Almayne leech; but see that the fetters sleep not on the evil doers!'

" Here he signed to Mamón to go and fulfil his order."

Here is another scene with the Great Prince.

" He stopped, and turned with an air of stern command to Kouritzin.

" The latter had addressed himself to speak. 'The ambassadors from Tver . . . from the' . . .

" ' From the prince, thou wouldst say,' burst in Iván Vassílievitch: 'I no longer recognize a Prince of Tver. What I ask thee, what did he promise in the treaty of conditions which his bishop was to negotiate?—the bishop who is with us now.'

" ' To dissolve his alliance with the Polish king, Kazimir, and never without thy knowledge to renew his intercourse with him; nor with thine ill-wishers, nor with Russian deserters: to swear, in his own and his children's name, never to yield to Lithuania.'

" ' Hast thou still the letter to King Kazimir from our good brother-in-law and ally—him whom thou yet callest the Great Prince of Tver?'

" ' I have it, my lord.'

" ' What saith it?'

" ' The Prince of Tver urgeth the Polish King against the Lord of All Russia.'

" ' Now, as God shall judge me, I have right on my side. Go and tell the envoys from Tver, that I will not receive them: I spoke a word of mercy to them—they mocked at it. What do they take me for? . . . A bundle of rugs, which to-day they may trample in the mud, and to-morrow stick up for a scarecrow in their gardens! Or a puppet—to bow down to it to-day, and to-morrow to cast it into the mire, with

\* " A *jeu de mots* impossible to be rendered in English: *Kourítza*, in Russian, is a 'hen.'"—T. B. S.

*Vuiduibai, father, vuiduibai!* \* No! they have chosen the wrong man. They may spin their traitorous intrigues with the King of Poland, and hail him their lord; but I will go myself and tell Tver who is her real master. 'Cease me no more with these traitors!'

"Saying this, the Great Prince grew warmer and warmer, and at length he struck his staff upon the ground so violently that it broke in two.

"'Hold! here is our declaration of war,' he added—'yet one word more; had it bent it would have remained whole.'

"Kouritzin, taking the fatal fragments, went out. The philosopher of those days, looking at them, shook his head and thought: 'Even so breaketh the mighty rival of Moscow!'

'The Alman physician is lodged by order of the Great Prince in one of the three stone houses which Moscow could then boast—the habitation of the voévoda Obrazetz, a fine old warrior, a venerable patriarch, and a bigot, such as all Russians then were. To him the presence of the heretic was disgusting; his touch would be pollution; and the whole family is thrown into the utmost consternation by the prospect of having to harbour so foul a guest—a magician, a man who had sold his soul to Satan—above all, a heretic. The voévoda had an only daughter, who, with Oriental caution, was carefully screened from the sight of man, as became a high-born Russian maiden.

"From her very infancy Providence had stamped her with the seal of the *elle*—*she*—*be*—*had* fallen on the house—on her bosom she bore a mark resembling a cross within a heart. When ten years old, she dreamed of palaces and gardens, such as eye had never seen on earth, and faces of unspeakable beauty, and voices that sang, and self-moving dulcimers that played, as it were within her heart, so sweetly and so well, that tongue could never describe it; and, when she awoke from those dreams, she felt a light pressure on her feet, and she

thought she perceived that something was resting on them with white wings folded: it was very sweet, and yet awful—and in a moment all was gone. Sometimes she would meditate, sometimes she would dream, she knew not what. Often, when prostrate before the image of the Mother of God, she wept; and these tears she hid from the world, like some lady thing sent down to her from on high. She loved all that was marvellous; and therefore she loved the tales, the legends, the popular songs and stories of those days. How greedily did she listen to her nurse! and what marvels did the eloquent old woman unfold, to the young, burning imagination of her foster child! Anastasia, sometimes abandoning herself to poetry, would forget sleep and food; sometimes her dreams concluded the unfinished tale more vividly, more eloquently far."

We must give the pendant to this picture—the portrait of Obrazetz himself, sitting in his easy chair, listening to a tale of travels in the East.

"How noble was the aged man, free from stormy passions, finishing the pilgrimage of life! You seemed to behold him in pure white raiment, ready to appear before his heavenly judge. Obrazetz was then about

in grave majestic dignity, and patriarchal air. Crossing his arms upon his staff, he covered them with his beard, downy as the soft fleece of a lamb; the glow of health, deepened by the cup of strong mead, blushed through the snow-white hair with which his cheeks were thickly clothed; he listened with singular attention and delight to the story-teller. This pleasure was painted on his face, and she—bright from time to time a smile of good-humoured mockery flitted across his lips, but this was only the innocent offspring of irony which was raised in his good heart by Aphonia's boasting, (for very few story-tellers, you know, are free from this sin.) Reclining his shoulders against the back of his arm-chair, he shut his eyes, and, laying his broad hairy hand upon Andriousha's head, he softly, gently dallied with the boy's flaxen locks. On his countenance the

\* "When Vladimir, to convert the Russians to Christianity, caused the image of their idol Peroun to be thrown into the Dniépr, the people of Kieff are said to have shouted '*vuiduibai, bátiouushka, vuiduibai!*'—*bátiouushka* signifies 'father;' but the rest of the exclamation has never been explained, though it has passed into a proverb."—T. B. S.



gratification of curiosity was mingled with affectionate tenderness: he was not dozing, but seemed to be losing himself in sweet reveries. In the old man's visions arose the dear never-forgotten son, whom he almost fancied he was caressing. When he opened his eyes, their white lashes still bore traces of the touching society of his unearthly guest; but when he remarked that the fear betraying the secret of his heart had disturbed his companions, and made his daughter anxious, the former expression of pleasure again dawned on his face, and doubled the delighted attention of the whole party."

At length the dreaded guest arrived.

" Evil days had fallen on Obrazetz and his family. He seemed himself as though he had lost his wife and son a second time. Khabar raged and stormed like a mountain torrent. Anastasia, hearing the horrible stories, is sometimes trembling like an aspen leaf, and then weeps like a fountain. She dares not even look forth out of the sliding window of her tower. Why did Vassili Fedorovitch build such a fine house? Why did he build it so near the Great Prince's palace? 'Tis clear, this was a temptation of the Evil one. He wanted, forsooth, to feast of a nonsuch! He had sinned in his pride. . . . What would become of him, his son and daughter! Better for them had they never been born! . . . And all this affliction arose from the boyarin being about to receive a German in his house!"

The voevoda gave strict injunctions that none of his family should go to meet the procession; but M. Lazetchnikoff knows that all such orders are unavailing.

" Curiosity is so strong in human nature, that it can conquer even fear; notwithstanding the orders of the boyarin, all his servants rushed to obtain a glance at the terrible stranger; one at the gate, another through the crevices of the wooden fence, another over it. Khabar, with his arms haughtily a-kimbo, gazed with stern pride from the other gate. Now for the frightful face with mouse's ears, whinking awlsh eyes streaming with fiendish fire! now for

the beak! They beheld a young man, tall, graceful, of noble deportment, overflowing with fresh vigorous life. In his blue eyes shone the light of goodness and benevolence through the moisture called up by the recent spectacle of the execution: the lips, surmounted by a slight soft mustache, bore a good-humoured smile—one of those smiles that it is impossible to feign, and which can only find their source in a heart never troubled by impure passions. Health and frost had failed to tinge the cheeks with a light rosy glow; he took off his cap, and his fair curls streamed forth over his broad shoulders. He addressed Mamia in a few words of such Russian as he knew, and in his voice there was something so charming, that even the evil spirit which wandered through the boyarin's heart, sank down to its abyss. This, then, was the horrible stranger, who had alarmed Obrazetz and his household! This, then, was he—after all! If this was the devil, the fiend must again have put on his original heavenly form. All the attendants, as they looked upon him, became firmly convinced that he had bewitched their eyes."

" 'Haste, Nastia! look how handsome he is!' cried Andriónsha to the voevoda's daughter, in whose room he was, looking through the sliding window, which he had drawn back. 'After this, believe stupid reports! My father says that he is my brother: oh, how I shall love him! Look, my dear!'

" And the son of Aristotle, affirming and swearing that he was not deceiving his godmother, drew her, trembling and pale, to the window. Making the sign of the cross, with a fluttering heart she ventured to look out: she could not trust her eyes: again she looked out: confusion! a kind of delighted disappointment, a kind of sweet thrill running through her blood, never before experienced, fixed her for some moments to the spot: but when Anastasia recovered herself from these impressions, she felt ashamed and grieved that she had given way to them. She already felt a kind of repentance. The sorcerer has put on a mask, she thought, remembering her father's words: from this moment she became more frequently pensive."

We are conducted to the state pri-

\* "*Nastia*—the diminutive of Anastasia; *Nástenka*, the same. Russian caressing names generally end in *sia*, *sha*, *óusha*, or *óushka*—as *Vásia*, (for *Iván*;) *Andriónsha*, (Andrei;) *Varfholoméóushka*, (Bartholomew.)"—T. B. S.

sons of Moscow, and introduced to some of the prisoners whose names have figured in history. We select the following dialogue as a specimen of the author's power to deal with such matters. The prisoner is Márpha, the lady of Nóvgorod, who, by her courage and her wealth, had laboured to preserve its independence.

"Here the Great Prince rapped with his staff at a grating; at the knock there looked out an old woman, who was fervently praying on her knees. She was dressed in a much-worn high cap, and in a short veil, poor, but white as new-fallen snow; her silver hair streamed over a threadbare mantle; it was easy to guess that this was no common woman. Her features were very regular, in her dim eyes was expressed intellect, and a kind of stern greatness of soul. She looked proudly and steadily at the Great Prince.

"For whom wert thou praying, Márphouska?" asked the sovereign.

"For whom but for the dead!" she sullenly replied.

"But for whom in particular, if I may make bold to ask?"

"Ask concerning that of my child, thou son of a dog—of him who was called thy brother, whom thou murderedst—of Nóvgorod, which thou hast drowned in blood, and covered with ashes!"

"O, ha, ha! . . . Thou hast not forgotten thy folly, then—Lady of Nóvgorod the Great."

"I was such once, my fair lord!"

"At these words she arose.

"Wilt thou not think again?"

"Of what? . . . I said that I was praying for the dead. Thy Moscow, with all its hovels, can twice a-year be laid in ashes, and twice built up again. The Tartar hath held it two ages in slavery . . . It pined, it pined away, and yet it remains whole. It hath but changed one bondage for another. But once destroy the queen—Nóvgorod the Great—and Nóvgorod the Great will perish for ever."

"How canst thou tell that?"

"Can ye raise up a city of hewn stone in a hundred years?"

"I will raise one in a dozen."

"Ay, but this is not in the fairy tale, where 'tis done as soon as said. Call together the Hanse traders whom thou hast driven away."

"Ha, hucksteress! thou mournest

for the traders more than for Nóvgorod itself."

"By my huckstering she grew not poor, but rich."

"Let me but jingle a piece of money, and straight will fly the merchants from all corners of the world, greedily for my grosches."

"Recall the chief citizens whom thou hast exiled to thy towns."

"Cheats, knaves, rebels! they are not worth this!"

"When was power in the wrong? Where is the water of life that can revive those thou hast slain? Even if thou couldst do all this, liberty, liberty would be no more for Nóvgorod, Iván Vassilievitch; and Nóvgorod will never rise again! It may live awhile like lighted flax, that neither flammeth nor goeth out, even as I live in a dungeon!"

"It is thine inflexible obstinacy that hath ruined look of ye. I should like to have seen how thou wouldst have acted in my place."

"Thou hast done thy work, Great Prince of Moscow, I—mine. Triumph not over me, in my dungeon, at my last hour."

Márpha Borétzkaia coughed, and her face grew livid; she applied the end of her veil to her lips, but it was instantly stained with blood, and Ivan remarked this, though she endeavoured to conceal it.

"I am sorry for thee, Márpha," said the Great Prince in a compassionate

"Sharp is thy glance . . . What! doth it delight thee? . . . Spread this kerchief over Nóvgorod . . . 'Twill be a rich pall!" . . . she added with a smile.

"Let me in! let me in! . . . I cannot bear it . . . Let me go in to her!" cried Andrióusha, bursting into tears.

On the Great Prince's countenance was mingled compassion and vexation. He, however, lifted the latch of the door, and let the son of Aristotle pass in to Borétzkaia.

Andrea kissed her hand. Borétzkaia uttered not a word; she mournfully shook her head, and her warm tears fell upon the boy's face.

"Ask him how many years she can live," said the Great Prince to Aristotle, in a whisper.

"It is much, much, if she live three months; but, perhaps, 'twill be only till

spring,' answered Antony. 'No medicine can save her: that blood is a sure herald of death.'

"This reply was translated to Iván Vassilievitch in as low a tone as possible, that Borétzkaia might not hear it; but she waved her hand, and said calmly—'I knew it long ago' . . . .

Hearken, Márpha Isákovna; if thou wilt, I will give thee thy liberty, and send thee into another town.'

"'Another town . . . . another place . . . . God hath willed it so, without thee!'

"'I would send thee to Biýjetzkoi-Verkh.'

"'Tis true, that was our country. If I could but die in my native land!'

"'Then God be with thee: there thou mayst say thy prayers, give alms to the churches; I will order thy treasury to be delivered up to thee—and remember not the Great Prince of Moscow in anger.'

"She smiled. Have you ever seen something resembling a smile on the jaws of a human skull?

"'Farewell, we shall never meet again,' said the Great Prince.

"'We shall meet at the judgment-seat of God!' was the last reply of Borétzkaia."

The daughter of Obrazétz loved the heretic, who was long unconscious of the feelings he had inspired, and himself untouched by the mysterious life that was consuming the heart of the young Anastasia. But his turn, too, had come—he, too, had seen and loved; but she knew not of his love—she hardly knew the nature of her own feelings: sometimes she feared she was under the influence of magic, or imagined that the anxiety she felt for the heretic was a holy desire to turn him from the errors of his faith to save his immortal soul—or, if she knew the truth, she dared not acknowledge it even to her own heart—far less to any human being. To love a heretic was a deadly sin; but to save a soul would be acceptable to God—a holy offering at the footstool of the throne of grace and mercy. This hope would justify any sacrifice. The great Prince was about to march against Tver, and Antonio was to accompany him. Could she permit him to depart without an effort to redeem him from his heresy, or, alas! without a token of her love? She determined to send him the crucifix she

wore round her neck—a holy and a sacred thing, which it would have been a deadly sin to part with unless to rescue a soul from perdition—and she sent it. Her brother, too, was to accompany the army, and had besides, on his return, to encounter a judicial combat. The soul of the old warrior Obrazétz was deeply moved by the near approach of his son's departure. One son had died by his side—he might never see Iván more, and his heart yearned to join with him in prayer. "The mercies of God are unaccountable."

"Trusting in them, Obrazétz proceeded to the oratory, whither, by his command, he was followed by Khabar and Anastasia.

"Silently they go, plunged in feelings of awe: they enter the oratory; the solitary window is curtained; in the obscurity, feebly dispelled by the mysterious glimmer of the lamp, through the deep stillness, fitfully broken by the flaring of the taper, they were gazed down upon from every side by the dark images of the Saviour, the Holy Mother of God, and the Holy Saints. From them there seems to breathe a chilly air as of another world: here thou canst not bide thyself from their glances; from every side they follow thee in the slightest movement of thy thoughts and feelings. Their wasted faces, feeble limbs, and withered features—their flesh discoloured by prayer and fasting—the cross, the agony—all here speaks of the victory of will over passions. Themselves an example of purity in body and soul, they demand the same purity from all who enter the oratory, their holy shrine.

"To them Anastasia had recourse in the agitation of her heart; from them she implored aid against the temptations of the Evil One; but help there was none for her, the weak in will, the devoted to the passion which she felt for an unearthly tempter.

Thrice, with crossing and with prayer, did Obrazétz bow before the images; thrice did his son and daughter bow after him. This pious preface finished, the old man chanted the psalm—'Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High.' Thus, even in our own times, among us in Russia, the pious warrior, when going to battle, almost always arms himself with this shield of faith. With deep feeling, Khabar repeated the words after his father. All this prepared Anastasia for something terrible

she trembled like a dove which is caught by the storm in the open plain, where there is no shelter for her from the tempest that is ready to burst above her. When they arose from prayer, Obrazetz took from the shrine a small image of St George the Victorious, cast in silver, with a ring for suspending it on the bosom. 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost!' he said, with a solemn voice, holding the image in his left hand, and with his right making three signs of the cross—'with this mercy of God I bless thee, my dear and only son, Ivan, and I pray that the holy martyr, George, may give thee mastery and victory over thine enemies: keep this treasure even as the apple of thine eye. Put it not off from thee in any wise, unless the Lord willeth that the foe shall take it from thee. I know thee, Ivan, they will not take it from thee living: but they may from thy corpse. Keep in mind at every season thy father's blessing.'

Anastasia turned as white as snow, and trembled in every limb; her bosom felt oppressed as with a heavy stone, a sound as of hammering was in her ears. She seemed to hear all the images, one after another, sternly repeating her father's words. He continued: 'It is a great thing, this blessing. He who remembereth it not, or lightly esteemeth it, from him shall the heavenly Father turn away his face, and shall leave him for ever and ever. He shall be cast out from the kingdom of heaven, and his portion shall be in hell. Keep well my solemn word.'

Every accent of Obrazetz fell upon Anastasia's heart like a drop of molten pitch. She seemed to be summoned before the dreadful judgment-seat of Christ, to hear her father's curse, and her own eternal doom. She could restrain herself no longer, and sobbed bitterly; the light grew dim in her eyes; her feet began to totter. Obrazetz heard her sobs, and interrupted his exhortation. 'Nástia, Nástia! what aileth thee?' he enquired, with lively sympathy, of his daughter, whom he tenderly loved. She had not strength to utter a word, and fell into her brother's arms. Crossing himself, the boyarin put back the image into its former place, and then hastened to sprinkle his child with holy water which always stood ready in the oratory. Anastasia revived, and when she saw herself surrounded by her father and brother, in a dark, nar-

row, sepulchral place, she uttered a wild cry, and turned her dim eyes around. 'My life, my darling child, my dove! what aileth thee?' cried the father. 'Recollect thyself: thou art in the oratory. 'Tis plain some evil eye hath struck thee. Pray to the Holy Virgin: she, the merciful one, will save thee from danger.'

The father and son bore her to the image of the Mother of God. Her brother with difficulty raised her arm, and she, all trembling, made the sign of the cross. Deeply, heavily she sighed, applied her ice-cold lips to the image, and then signed to them with her hand that they should carry her out speedily. She fancied that she saw the Holy Virgin shake her head with a reproachful air.

When they had carried Anastasia to her chamber, she felt better.

Hitherto none had shared her secret thoughts: but the experienced eye of the widow Selinova had detected the nature of her malady, and she longed to know the object of her affection.

One day, they were sitting alone together, making lace. A kind of mischievous spirit whispered her to speak of the heretic. Imagine yourself thrown by destiny on a foreign land. All around you are speaking in an unknown tongue: their language appears to you a chaos of wild, strange sounds. Suddenly, amid the crowd, drops a word in your native language. Does not then a thrill run over your whole being? does not your heart leap within you? Or place a Russian peasant at a concert where is displayed all the creative luxury and all the brilliant difficulties of foreign music. The cold of nature hastens with indifference to the inexpressible sounds; but suddenly Vorobiev with her nightingale voice trills out—*The cuckoo from out the first so dark hath not cuckooed.* Look what a change comes over the half-asleep listener. Thus it was with Anastasia! Till this moment Selinova had spoken to her in a strange language, had only uttered sounds unintelligible to her; but the instant that she spoke the native word, it touched the heart-string, and all the chords of her being thrilled as if they were about to burst. Anastasia trembled, her hands wandered vaguely over her lace cushion, her face turned deadly pale. She dared not raise her eyes, and replied at random, absently.

'Ah!' thought Selinova, 'that is



the right key: that is the point whenever cometh the storm!

"Both remained silent. At length Anastasia ventured to glance at her visitor, in order to see by the expression of her face, whether she had remarked her confusion. Selineva's eyes were fixed upon her work, on her face there was not even a shade of suspicion. The crafty widow intended little by little, imperceptibly, to win the confidence of the inexperienced girl.

"And where then is *he* gone?" she asked after a short pause, without naming the person about whom she was enquiring.

"He is gone with the Great Prince on the campaign," answered Anastasia blushing; then, after a moment's thought, she added — "I suppose thou askedst me about my brother?"

"No, my dear, our conversation was about Antony the leech. What a pity he is a heretic! You will not easily find such another gallant among our Muscovites. He hath all both height and beauty: when he looketh 'tis as though he gave you large pearls: his locks lie on his shoulders like the light of dawn; he is as white and rosy as a young maiden. I wonder whence he had such beauty — whether by the permission of God, or, not naturally, by the influence of the Evil One. I could have looked at him — may it not be a sin to say, I could have gazed at him for ever without being weary!"

"At these praises Anastasia's pale countenance blushed like the dawnning that heralds the tempest. 'Thou hast then seen him?' asked the enamoured maiden, in a trembling, dying voice, and breaking off her work.

"I have seen him more than once, I have not only seen him, but wonder now, my dear — I have visited him in his dwelling!"

"The maiden shook her head; her eyes were dimmed with the shade of pensiveness; a thrill of jealousy, in spite of herself, darted to her heart. 'What! and didst thou not fear to go to him?' she said — 'Is he not a heretic?'"

"If thou knewest it, Nastenka, what wouldst thou not do for love?"

"Love?" . . . exclaimed Anastasia, and her heart bounded violently in her breast.

"Ah! if I were not afraid, I would disclose to thee the secret of my soul."

"Speak, I pray thee, speak! Fear not; see! I call the Mother of God to witness, thy words shall die with me."

"And the maiden, with a quivering hand, signed a large cross.

"If so, I will confide in thee what I have never disclosed but to God. It is not over one blue sea alone that the mist lieth, and the darksome cloud: it is not over one fair land descendeth the gloomy autumn night; there was a time when my bosom was loaded with a heavy sorrow, my rebellious heart lay drowned in woe and care: I loved thy brother, Ivan Vassilievitch. (The maiden's heart was relieved, she breathed more freely.) Thou knowest not, my life, my child, what kind of feeling is that of love, and God grant that thou mayest never know! The dark night cometh, thou canst not close thine eyes: the bright dawn breaketh, thou meetest it with tears: and the day is all weary — O, so weary! There are many worn in the fair world, but thou see'st only one, in thy bower, in the street, in the house of God. A stain lieth ever on thy breast, and thou canst not shake it off."

"Then Selineva wept sincere tears. Her

the things just depicted were her own

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"There was a deep silence. It was broken by the young widow.

"Nastenka, my life?" she began in a tone of such touching, such lively interest, as called for her reluctant confidence.

"The daughter of Obrazetz glanced at her with eyes full of tears, and shook her head.

"Confide in me, as I have confided in thee," continued Selineva, taking her hand and pressing it to her bosom. "I have lived longer in the world than thou . . . believe me, 'twill give thee ease . . . 'tis clear from every symptom, my love, what thou ailest."

"And Anastasia, sobbing, exclaimed at last — "O, my love, my dearest friend, Praskovia Vladimirovna, take a sharp knife, open my white breast, look what is the matter there!"

"And wherefore need we take the sharp knife, and wherefore need we open the white breast, or look upon the rebellious heart? Surely, by thy fair face all can tell, my child, how that fair face hath been darkened, how the fresh bloom hath faded, and bright eyes grown dull. After all, 'tis clear thou lovest some wandering falcon, some stranger youth."

"Anastasia answered not a word; she could not speak for tears, and hid

her face in her hands. At last, softened by Selinova's friendly sympathy, and her assurances that she would be easier if she would confide her secret to such a faithful friend, she related her love for the heretic. The episode of the crucifix was omitted in this tale, which finished, of course, with assurances that she was enchanted, bewitched.

"Poor Anastasia!

"Snowdrop! beautiful flower, thou springest up alone in the bosom of thy native valley! And the bright sun arises every day to glass himself in thy morning mirror; and the beaming moon, after a sultry day, hastens to fan thee with her breezy wing; and the angels of God, lulling thee by night, spread over thee a starry canopy, such as king never possessed. Who can tell from what quarter the tempest may bring from afar, from other lands, the seeds of the ivy, and scatter them by thy side; and the ivy arises and twines lovingly around thee, and chokes thee, lovely flower! This is not all: the worm has crawled to thy root, hath fixed its fang therein, and kills ye both, if some kind hand save ye not."

These extracts will enable our readers to judge for themselves the merits of M. Lajetchnikoff's style, as it appears in Mr Shaw's translation. A better selection might have been made, had we not been desirous to avoid any such anticipation of the development of the story as might diminish its interest; but we are inclined to believe that most of our readers will agree with us in thinking, that if M. Lajetchnikoff has succeeded in faithfully illustrating the manners of the age of Ivan the Great, he has also shown that he possesses brilliancy of fancy, fervour of thought, and elevation of sentiment, as well as knowledge of the movements of the heart, revealed only to the few who have been initiated into nature's mysteries.

He does not appear to be largely gifted with the power of graphic description, of placing the scenes of nature, or the living figures that people them, vividly before us—he loves rather to indulge, even to excess, mystical or passionate thoughts that are born in his own breast, and to adorn them with garlands woven from the flowers of his fancy; but these flowers are of native growth, the indigenous

productions of the Russian soil. His images often sound to our ears heavily, sometimes even familiar and mean, but they may be dignified in their native dress. He has no lively perception of the beauties of external nature; his raptures are reserved for the wonders of art, for what the human mind can create or achieve; and, curiously enough, it is architecture that seems to excite in him the greatest enthusiasm. In illustration of this feeling, we must still extract an eloquent discourse on the life of the artist, which the author puts into the mouth of Fioraventi Aristotle—a passage of much feeling, and, we fear, of too much truth:—

"Thou knowest not, Antony, what a life is that of an artist. While yet a child, he is agitated by heavy incomprehensible thought—told in the sphinx, tigers, hath already proposed its enigmas; in his bosom the Prometheus volume is already perfect and grows with his growth. His comrades are playing and making merry; they are preparing for their ripper years recollections of childhood's days of paradise—childhood, the more so, the longer the time—both, and he remembereth but the tormenting dreams of that age. Youth is at hand; for others 'tis the time of love, of soft ties of revelry—the feast of life; for the artist, none of these. Solitary, flying from every one, he avoideth the maiden, he avoideth joy; plunging into the loneliness of his soul, he there, with indescribable mourning, with tears of inspiration, on his knees before his idol imploreth her to come down upon earth to his frail dwelling. Days and nights he waiteth, and pincheth after unearthly beauty. Woe to him if she doth not visit him, and yet greater woe to him if she doth! The tender frame of youth cannot bear her bridal kiss: union with the gods is fatal to man; and the mortal is annihilated in her embrace. I speak not of the education, of the mechanic preparation. And here at every step the Material enchaineth thee, buildeth up barriers before thee: marketh a formless vein upon thy block of marble, mingling it not with thy carmine, entangling thy imagination in a net of monstrous rules and formulas, commandeth thee to be the slave of the house painter or of the stone-cutter. And what awaiteth thee, when thou hast come forth victorious from this

mechanic school—when thou hast succeeded in throwing off the heavy sum of a thousand unnecessary rules, with which pedantry hath overwhelmed thee—when thou takest as thy guide only those laws which are so plain and simple? . . . . What awaiteth thee then? Again the Material! Poverty, need, forced labour, appreciators, rivals, that ever-hungry flock which flith upon thee ready to tear thee in pieces, as soon as it knoweth that thou art a pure possessor of the gift of God. Thy soul burneth to create, but thy carcass demandeth a morsel of bread; inspiration veileth her wing, but the body asketh not only to clothe its nakedness with a decent covering, but fine cloth, silk, velvet, that it may appear before thy judges in a proper dress, without which they will not receive thee, thou and thy productions will die unknown. In order to obtain food, clothes, thou must work: a merchant will order from thee a cellar, a warehouse; the signore, stables and dog-kennels. Now at last thou hast procured thyself daily bread, aherent habit for thy bones and flesh; inspiration thirsteth for its nourishment, demanding from thy soul images and forms. Thou createst, thou art bringing thy ideal to fulfilment. How swiftly move the wheels of thy being! Thy existence is tenfold redoubled, thy pulse is beating as when thou breathest the atmosphere of high mountains. Thou spendest in one day whole months of life. How many nights passed without sleep, how many days in ceaseless chum, all filled with agitation! Or rather, there is no day nor night for thee, nor seasons of the year, as for other men. Thy blood now boileth, then freezeth; the fever of imagination wasteth thee away. Triumph setteth thee on fire, the fear of failure maddeneth thee, tearing thee to pieces, tormenting thee with dread of the judgments of men; thou agall ariseth the terror of dying with thy task unfinished. Add, too, the inevitable shade of glory, which stalketh ever in thy footsteps, and giveth thee not a moment of repose. This is the period of creation! While creating, thou hast been dwelling at the footstool of God. Crushed by thy contact with the hem of his garment, overwhelmed by inspiration from Him whom the world can

scarcely bear, a poor mortal, half alive, half dead, thou descendest upon earth, and carriest with thee what thou hast created *there*, in *His* presence! Mortals surround thy production, judging, valuing, discussing it in detail; the patrim laudeth the ornaments, the grandeur of the columns, the weight of the work; the distributors of favour gamble away thy honour, or creep like mice under thy plan, and nibble at it in the darkness of night. No, my friend, the life of an artist is the life of a martyr."

We are so much accustomed to see virtue rewarded and vice punished, that we might perhaps have been better pleased to have seen this kind of poetical justice more equitably dispensed: but the cause of virtue is perhaps as effectually served by making it attractive, as by making it triumphant, and vice is as much discouraged by making it odious or contemptible as by making it unsuccessful.

It only remains to say a few words of the translator's labours: and although we do not pretend to decide on the fidelity of the version he has given or how much his author may have lost or gained in his hands, we cannot but think that we perceive internal evidence of efforts to be faithful, even at the hazard of losing perhaps something of more value in the attempt. However this may be, it is plain that Mr Shaw is himself a vigorous and eloquent writer of his own language, as the extracts we have given may vouch. We feel greatly indebted to him for unblocking to us the stores of Russian fiction, which, if they contain many such works as *The Heretic*, will well repay the labour of a careful examination. There is about every thing Russian an air of orientalism which gives a peculiar character to their dress, their manners, their feelings, their expressions, and their prejudices, which will probably long continue to distinguish Russian literature from that of the other nations of Europe, whose steps she has followed, perhaps too implicitly, in her attempts to overtake them in the race of civilization and intellectual improvement.

## THRUSH-PICTING.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

WE have heard of certain cooks, the Udes and Vatel of their day, whose boast it was to manufacture the most sumptuous and luxurious repast out of coarse and apparently insufficient materials. We will take the liberty of comparing M. Dumas with one of these artistical *cuisiniers*, possessing in the highest degree the talent of making much out of little, by the skill with which it is prepared, and the piquant nature of the condiments applied. A successful dramatist, as well as a popular romance-writer, his dialogues have the point and brilliancy, his narrative the vivid terseness, generally observable in novels written by persons accustomed to dramatic composition. Confining himself to no particular line of subject, he rambles through the different departments of light literature in a most agreeable and desultory manner: to-day a tourist, to-morrow a novelist; the next day surprising his public by an excursion into the regions of historical romance, amongst the well-beaten highways and byways of which he still manages to discover an untrodden path, or to embellish a familiar one by the sparkle of his wit and industry of his researches. The majority of his books convey the idea of being written *currente calamo*, and with little trouble to himself; and these have a lightness and brilliancy peculiar to their lively author, which cannot fail to recommend them to all classes of readers. They are like the sketches of a clever artist, who, with a few bright and bold touches, gives an effect to his subject which no labour would enable a less talented painter to achieve. But M. Dumas can produce highly finished pictures as well as brilliant sketches, although for the present it is one of the latter that we are about to introduce to our readers.

Every body knows, or ought to know, that M. Dumas has been in Italy, and found means to make half a dozen highly amusing volumes out of his rambles in a country, perhaps,

of all others, the most familiar to the inhabitants of civilized Europe—a country which has been described and re-described *ad nauseam*, by tourists, loungers, and killers innumerable. On his way to the land of Iazzaroni he made a pause at Marseilles to visit his friend Alery, a poet and author of some celebrity; and here he managed to collect materials for a volume which we can recommend to the perusal of the daily increasing class of our countrymen who think that a book, although written in French, may be witty and amusing without being either blasphemous or indecent.

We have reason to believe that many persons who have not visited the south-eastern corner of France, think of it as a “land of the cypress and myrtle,” where troubadours wander amongst orange groves, or tinkle their guitars under the shade of the vine and the fig-tree. There is something in a name, and Provence, if it were only for the sake of its roses, might, one would think, to be a smiling and beautiful country. And so a part of it is: but in this part is assuredly not included the district around its chief city. One hears much of the vineyards and orange groves of the south. We do not profess to care much about vines, except for the sake of what they produce: most of the vineyards we ever saw looked very like plantations of gooseberry bushes, and the best of them were not so graceful or picturesque as a Kentish hop-ground. As to olives, admirable as they undoubtedly are when flanking a sparkling jug of claret, we find little to admire in the stiff, greyish, stunted sort of trees upon which they think proper to grow. But neither vines nor olives are to be found around Marseilles. Nothing but dust; dust on the roads, dust in the fields, dust on every leaf of the parched, unhappy-looking trees that surround the country-houses of the Marseillais. The fruit and vegetables consumed there are brought for miles overland, or by water from places on the coast.



flowers are scarce—objecting, probably, to grow in so arid a soil, and in a heat that, for some months of the year, is perfectly African. Game there is little or none; notwithstanding which, there are nowhere to be found more enthusiastic sportsmen than at Marseilles. It is on this hint M. Dumas speaks. His description of the manner in which the worthy burghers of Marseilles make war upon the volatiles is rather amusing.

“Every Marseillais who aspires to the character of a keen sportsman, has what is termed a *poste à feu*. This is a pit or cave dug in the ground in the vicinity of a couple of pine-trees, and covered over with branches. In addition to the pine-trees, it is usual to have *cimeaux*, long spars of wood, of which two are supported horizontally on the branches of the trees, and a third planted perpendicularly in the ground. These *cimeaux* are intended, as a sort of treacherous invitation to the birds to come and rest themselves. So regularly as Sunday morning arrives, the Marseillais Cockney installs himself in his pit, arranges a loophole through which he can see what passes outside, and waits with all imaginable patience. The question that will naturally be asked, is—What does he wait for?

“He waits for a thrush, an ortolan, a locustio, a robin-redbreast, or any other feathered and diminutive biped. He is not so ambitious as to expect a quail. Partridges he has heard of: of one, at least, a sort of phoenix, reproduced from its own ashes, and seen from time to time before an earthquake, or other great catastrophe. As to the hare, he is well aware that it is a fabulous animal of the unicorn species.

“There is a tradition, however, at Marseilles, that during the last three months of the year, flocks of wild pigeons pass over, on their way from Africa or Kamtschatka, or some other distant country. Within the memory of man no one has ever seen one of these flights; but it would nevertheless be deemed heresy to doubt the fact. At this season, therefore, the sportsman provides himself with a tame pigeon, which he fastens by a string to the *cimeaux*, in such a manner that the poor bird is obliged to keep perpetually on the wing, not be-

ing allowed rope enough to reach a perch. After three or four Sundays passed in this manner, the unfortunate decoy dies of a broken heart.”

There is not nearly so much caricature in this picture as our readers may be disposed to think. Whoever has passed a few weeks of the autumn in a French provincial town, must have witnessed and laughed at the very comical proceedings of the *chasseurs*, the high-sounding title assumed by every Frenchman who ever pointed a gun at a cock-sparrow. One sees them going forth in the morning in various picturesque and fanciful costumes, their loins girded with a broad leather belt, a most capacious game-bag slung over their shoulder, a fowl-ing-piece of murderous aspect balanced on their arm; their heads protected from the October sun by every possible variety of covering, from the Greek skull-cap to the broad-brimmed Spanish sombrero. Away they go, singly, or by twos and threes, accompanied by a whole regiment of dogs, for the most part badly bred; and worse broken curs, which, when they get into the field, go pottering about in a style that would sorely tempt an English sportsman to bestow upon them the contents of both barrels. Towards the close of the day, take a stroll outside the town, and you meet the heroes returning. “Well, what sport?” “*Pas mal, mon cher*. Not so bad,” is the reply, in a tone of ill-concealed triumph; and plunging his hand into his game-bag, the *chasseur* produces—a pitiful snipe, a wood pigeon, an exterminated quail, and perhaps something which you at first take for a deformed blackbird, but which turns out to be a water-hen. As far as our own observations go, we do aver this to be a very handsome average of a French sportsman’s day’s shooting. If by chance he has knocked down a red-legged partridge, (grey ones are very scarce in France,) his exultation knows no bounds. The day on which such a thing occurs is a red-letter day with him for the rest of his life. He goes home at once and inscribes the circumstance in the family archives.

But this state of things, it will perhaps be urged, may arise from the scarcity of game in France, as probably as from the sportsman’s want of

skill. True; but the worst is to come. After you have duly admired and examined snipe, pigeon, quail, and water-hen, your friend again rummages in the depths of his *gibecière*, and pulls out—what?—a handful of toutits and linnets, which he has been picking off every hedge for five miles round. “*Je me suis rabat-tu sur le petit gibier.*” he says, with a grin and a shrug, and walks away, a proud man and a happy, leaving you in admiration of his prowess.

M. Dumas expresses a wish to make the acquaintance of one of these modern Nimrods, and his friend Méry arranges a supper, to which he invites a certain Monsieur Louet, who plays the fourth bass in the orchestra of the Marseilles theatre. The conversation after supper is a good specimen of *persiflage*. After doing ample justice to an excellent repast, during which he had scarcely uttered a word.

“Monsieur Louet throw himself back in his chair, and looked at us all, one after the other, as if he had only just become aware of our presence, accompanying his inspection with a smile of the most perfect benevolence; then, heaving a gentle sigh of satisfaction—‘*Ma foi!* I have made a capital supper!’ exclaimed he.

“‘M. Louet! A cigar?’ cried Méry: ‘It is good for the digestion.’”

“‘Thank you, most illustrious poet!’ answered M. Louet: ‘I never smoke. It was not the fashion in my time. Smoking and boots were introduced by the Cossacks. I always wear shoes, and am faithful to my snuff-box.’”

“So saying, M. Louet produced his box, and offered it round. We all refused except Méry, who, wishing to flatter him, attacked his weak side.

“‘What delicious snuff, M. Louet! This cannot be the common French snuff?’”

“‘Indeed it is—only I doctor it in a particular manner. It is a secret I learned from a cardinal when I was at Rome.’”

“‘Ha! You have been to Rome?’ cried I.

“‘Yes, sir; I passed twenty years there.’”

“‘M. Louet,’ said Méry, ‘since you do not smoke, you ought to tell these gentlemen the story of your thrush-hunt.’”

“‘I shall be most happy,’ replied M. Louet graciously, ‘if you think it will amuse the company.’”

“‘To be sure it will,’ cried Méry. ‘Gentlemen, you are going to hear the account of one of the most extraordinary hunts that has taken place since the days of Nimrod the mighty hunter. I have heard it told twenty times, and each time with increased pleasure. Another glass of punch, M. Louet. There! Now begin.—We are all inquisience.’”

“‘You are aware, gentlemen,’ said M. Louet, ‘that every Marseillais is born a sportsman.’”

“‘Perfectly true,’ interrupted Méry: ‘it is a physiological phenomenon which I have never been able to explain; but it is nevertheless quite true.’”

“‘Unfortunately,’ continued M. Louet, ‘or perhaps I should say fortunately, we have neither lions nor tigers in the neighbourhood of Marseilles. On the other hand, we have flights of pigeons.’”

“‘There!’ cried Méry, ‘I told you so. They insist upon it.’”

“‘Certainly,’ replied M. Louet, visibly vexed; ‘and, whatever you may say to the contrary, the pigeons *do* pass. Besides, did you not lend me the other day a book of Mr Cooper’s, the *Pioneers*, in which the fact is authenticated?’”

“‘Ah, yes. Authenticated in America.’”

“‘Very well! If they pass over America why should they not pass over Marseilles? The vessels that go from Alexandria and Constantinople to America often pass here.’”

“‘Very true!’ replied Méry, thunderstruck by this last argument. ‘I have nothing more to say, M. Louet, your hand. I will never contradict you again on the subject.’”

“‘Sir, every man has a right to his opinion.’”

“‘True, but I relinquish mine. Pray go on, M. Louet.’”

“‘I was saying, then, that instead of lions and tigers we have flights of pigeons.’ M. Louet paused a moment to see if Méry would contradict him. Méry nodded his head approvingly.

“‘True,’ said he, ‘they have flights of pigeons.’”

Satisfied by this admission Louet resumed.

“ ‘You may easily imagine that at the period of the year when these flights occur, every sportsman is on the alert; and, as I am only occupied in the evening at the theatre, I am fortunately able to dispose of my mornings as I like. It was in 1810 or ’11, I was five-and-thirty years of age; that is to say, gentlemen, rather more active than I am now. I was one morning at my post, as usual, before daybreak. I had tied my decoy pigeon to the *cimeaux*, and he was fluttering about like a mad thing, when I fancied I saw by the light of the stars something perched upon my pine-tree. Unfortunately it was too dark for me to distinguish whether this something were a bat or a bird, so I remained quite quiet, waiting for the sun to rise. At last the sun rose and I saw that it was a bird. I raised my gun gently to my shoulder, and, when I was sure of my aim, I pulled the trigger. Sir, I had omitted to discharge my gun on returning from shooting the evening before. It had been twelve hours loaded, and it hung fire.

“ ‘Nevertheless I saw by the way in which the bird flew that he was touched. I followed him with my eyes till he perched again. Then I looked for my pigeon; but by an extraordinary chance a shot had cut the string which tied him, and he had flown away. Without a decoy I knew very well it was no use remaining at the post, so I resolved to follow up the thrush. I forgot to tell you, gentlemen, that the bird I had fired at was a thrush.

“ ‘Unfortunately I had no dog. When one shoots with a decoy, a dog is worse than useless—it is a positive nuisance. I was obliged, therefore, to beat the bushes myself. The thrush had run along the ground, and rose behind me when I thought I still had him in front. At the sound of his wings I turned and fired in a hurry. A shot thrown away, as you may suppose. Nevertheless I saw some feathers fall from him.’

“ ‘You saw some feathers?’ cried Méry.

“ ‘Yes, sir. I even found one, which I put in my buttonhole.’

“ ‘In that case,’ said Méry, ‘the thrush was hit?’

“ ‘That was my opinion at the time.

I had not lost sight of him, and I continued the pursuit; but the bird was scared, and this time flew away before I got within range. I fired all the same. There is no saying where a stray shot may go.’

“ ‘A stray shot is not enough for a thrush,’ said Méry, shaking his head gravely. ‘A thrush is a very hard-lived bird.’

“ ‘Very true, sir; for I am certain my two first shots had wounded him, and yet he made a third flight of nearly half a mile. But I had sworn to have him, and on I went. Impossible to get near him. He led me on, mile after mile, always flying away as soon as I came within fifty or sixty paces. I became furious. If I had caught him I think I should have eaten him alive, and the more so as I was beginning to get very hungry. Fortunately, as I had calculated on remaining out all day, I had my breakfast and dinner in my game-bag, and I eat as I went along.’

“ ‘Pardon me,’ said Méry, interrupting M. Louet: ‘I have an observation to make. Observe, my dear Dumas, the difference between the habits of the human race in northern and southern climes. In the north the sportsman runs after his game; in the south he waits for it to come to him. In the first case he takes out an empty bag and brings home a full one; in the other he takes it out full and brings it home empty. Pray, go on, my dear M. Louet. I have spoken.’ And he recommenced pulling at his cigar.

“ ‘Where was I?’ said M. Louet, who had lost the thread of his narrative through this interruption.

“ ‘Speeding over hill and dale in pursuit of your thrush.’

“ ‘True, sir. I cannot describe to you the state of excitement and irritation I was in. I began to think of the bird of Prince Camaralzaman, and to suspect that I, too, might be the victim of some enchantment. I passed Cassis and La Ciotat, and entered the large plain extending from Ligne to St Cyr. I had been fifteen hours on my feet, and I was half dead with fatigue. I made a vow to Our Lady of La Garde to hang a silver thrush in her chapel, if she would only assist me to catch the living one I was following; but she paid no at-

tention to me. Night was coming on, and in despair I fired my last shot at the accursed bird. I have no doubt he heard the lead whistle, for this time he flew so far that I lost sight of him in the twilight. He had gone in the direction of the village of St Cyr. Probably he intended to sleep there, and I resolved to do the same. Fortunately there was to be no performance that night at the Marseilles theatre."

The worthy basso goes to the inn at St Cyr, and relates his troubles to the host, who decides that the object of his pursuit must have halted for the night in a neighbouring piece of brush-wood. By daybreak M. Louet is again a-foot, accompanied by the innkeeper's dog, Soliman. They soon get upon the scent of the devoured thrush.

"Every body knows that a true sporting dog will follow any one who has a gun on his shoulder," Soliman, Soliman!" cried I; and Soliman came. Sir, the instinct of the dog was remarkable: we had hardly got out of the village when he made a point—such a point, sir!--his tail but as straight as a ram-rod. There was the thrush, not ten paces from me. I fired both barrels--Poum! Poum! Powder not worth a rush. I had used all my own the day before, and this was some I had got from my host. The thrush flew away unhurt. But Soliman had kept his eye on him, and went straight to the place where the bird was. Again he made a most beautiful point; but although I looked with all my eyes, I could not see the thrush. I was stooping down in this manner, looking for the creature, when suddenly it flew away, and so fast, that before I got my gun to my shoulder, it was out of reach. Soliman opened his eyes and stared at me; as much as to say, "What is the meaning of all this?" The expression of the dog's face made me feel quite humiliated. I could not help speaking to him. "Never mind," said I, nodding my head, "you will see next time." You would have thought the animal understood me. He again began to hunt about. In less than ten minutes he stopped as if he were cut out of marble. I was determined not to lose this chance; and I went right before the dog's nose. The bird rose literally under my feet; but I was so agitated that I fired my first barrel too

soon, and my second too late. The first discharge passed by him like a shingle ball: the second was too scattered, and he passed between it. It was then that a thing happened to me—one of those things which I should not repeat, but for my attachment to the truth. The dog looked at me for a moment with a sort of smile upon his countenance: then, coming close up to me while I was reloading my gun, he lifted his left hind leg, made water against my garter, and then turning round, trotted away in the direction of his master's house. You may easily suppose, that if it had been a man who had thus insulted me, I would have had his life, or he should have had mine. But what could I say, sir, to a dumb beast which God had not gifted with reason?"

This canine insult only acts as a spur to the indefatigable chasseur, who, dogless as he finds himself, follows up his thrush till he reaches the town of Hyeres. Here he loses all trace of the bird, but endeavours to console himself by eating the grapes which grow in the garden of his hotel. While thus engaged, a thrush perches on a tree beside him, and at first glance at the creature's profile satisfies him that it is the same bird with which he has been rejoicing in for the last two days. Unfortunately his gun is in the house, of which the thrush seems to be aware, for it continues singing and dressing its feathers on a branch within ten feet of his head. Atraid of losing sight of it, M. Louet waits till the landlord comes to announce supper, and then desires him to bring his gun. But there is a punishment of fine and imprisonment for whoever fires a shot, between sunset and sunrise, within the precincts of the town; and although the enthusiastic sportsman is willing enough to run this risk, the hotel-keeper fears to be taken for an accomplice, and refuses to fetch the gun, threatening to drive away the bird if M. Louet goes for it himself. At last they come to terms. M. Louet sups and sleeps under the tree, the bird roasts on the same; and at the first stroke of the matin bell, mine host appears with the fowling-piece. Our chasseur stretches out his hand to take it, and—the bird flies away.

M. Louet throws down the price of his supper, and scales the garden wall



in pursuit. He follows his intended victim the whole of that day, and at last has the mortification of seeing it carried away before his eyes by a hawk. Foot-sore and tired, hungry and thirsty, the unfortunate musician sinks down exhausted by the side of a road. A peasant passes by.

"My friend," said I to him, "is there any town, village, or house in this neighbourhood?"

"*Cinor si,*" answered he, "*c'è la città di Nizza un miglio avanti.*"

"The thrush had led me into Italy."

At Nice M. Louet is in great tribulation. In the course of his long ramble his money has worked a hole in his pocket, and he discovers that he is penniless just at the moment that he has established himself at the best hotel, and ordered supper for three by way of making up for past privations. He gets out of his difficulties, however, by giving a concert, which produces him a hundred crowns; and he then embarks for Toulon, on board the letter of marque, *La Vierge des Sept Douanes*. Captain Garnier.

Once on the water, there is a fine opportunity for a display of French naval heroism, at the expense, of course, of the unfortunate English, to whom M. Dumas bears about the same degree of affection that another dark-complexioned gentleman is said to do to holy water. This is one of M. Dumas's little peculiarities or affectations, it is difficult to say which. Wherever it is possible to bring in England and the English, deprecate them in any way, or turn them into ridicule, M. Dumas invariably does it, and those passages are frequently the most amusing in his books. In the present instance, it is a very harmless piece of funburlesque in which he indulges.

The armed brig in which M. Louet has embarked, falls in with a squadron of English men-of-war. Hearing a great bustle upon deck, our musician goes up to enquire the cause, and finds the captain quietly seated, smoking his pipe. After the usual salutations—

"M. Louet, have you ever seen a naval combat?" said the captain to me.

"Never, sir."

"Would you like to see one?"

"Why, captain, to say the truth, there are other things I should better like to see."

"I am sorry for it; for if you wished to see one, a real good one, your wish would soon be gratified."

"What! captain," cried I, feeling myself grow pale; "you do not mean to say we are going to have a naval combat? Ha, ha! I see you are joking, captain."

"Joking, eh? Look yonder. What do you see?"

"I see three very fine vessels."

"Count again."

"I see more. Four, five, there are six of them."

"Can you distinguish what there is on the flag of the nearest one? Here, take the glass."

"I cannot make out very well, but I think I see a harp."

"Exactly. — The Irish harp. In a few minutes they'll play us a tune on it."

"But, captain," said I, "they are still a long way off, and it appears to me, that by spreading all those sails which are now furled upon your masts and yards, you might manage to escape. In your place I should certainly run away. Excuse me for the suggestion, but it is my opinion as fourth bass of the Marseilles theatre. If I had the honour to be a sailor, I should perhaps think differently."

Very sensible advice too, M. Louet, we should have thought at least, considering the odds of six to one. But the fire-eating Frenchman thinks otherwise.

"If it were a man, instead of a bass, who made me such a proposal," replied the captain, "I should have had a word or two to say to him about it. Know, sir, that Captain Garnier *never* runs away! He fights till his vessel is riddled like a sieve, then he allows himself to be boarded, and when his decks are covered with the enemy, he goes into the powder magazine with his pipe in his mouth, shakes out the burning ashes, and sends the English on a voyage of discovery upwards."

"And the French?"

"The French too."

"And the passengers?"

"The passengers likewise."

"At that moment, a small white cloud appeared issuing from the side of one of the English ships. This was followed by a dull noise like a heavy blow on the big drum. I saw some

splinters fly from the top of the brig's gunwale, and an artilleryman, who was just then standing on his gun, fell backwards upon me. 'Come, my friend,' said I, 'mind what you are about.' And, as he did not stir, I pushed him. He fell upon the deck. I looked at him with more attention. His head was off.

'My nerves were so affected by this slight, that five minutes later I found myself in the ship's hold, without exactly knowing how I had got there.'

'Thanks to a storm, the six English men of war manage to escape from the brig, and when M. Lanet ventures to re-appear upon deck, he finds himself in the Italian port of Piombino, opposite the island of Elba. He has had enough of the water, and goes on shore, where he bargains with a vetturino to take him to Florence. A young officer of French hussars, and four Italians, are his travelling companions. The former, on learning his name and profession, asks him sundry questions about a certain Mademoiselle Zephyrine, formerly a dancer at the Marseilles theatre, and in whom he seems to take a strong interest.

Bad springs and worse roads render it very difficult to sleep. At last, on the second night of their journey, M. Lanet succeeds in getting up a doze, out of which he is roused in a very unpleasant manner. We will give his own account of it.

'Two pistol-shots, the flash of which almost burned my face, awoke me. They were fired by M. Ernest, (the hussar officer.) We were attacked by banditti.'

'*Fuocia in terra! Fuocia in terra!*' I jumped out of the carriage, and as I did so, one of the brigands gave me a blow between the shoulders, that threw me upon my face. My companions were already in that position, with the exception of M. Ernest, who was defending himself desperately. At length he was overpowered and made prisoner.

'My pockets were turned inside out, and my hundred crowns taken away. I had a diamond ring on my finger, which I hoped they would not observe, and I turned the stone inside, heartily wishing, as I did so, that it had the power of Gyges' ring, and could render me invisible. But all

was in vain. The robbers soon found it out. When they had taken every thing from us—

'Is there a musician amongst you?' said he who appeared the chief.

'Nobody answered.

'Well,' repeated he, 'are you all deaf? I asked if any of you knew how to play on an instrument.'

'Pardieu!' said a voice, which I recognised as that of the young officer; 'there's M. Lanet, who plays the bass.'

'I wished myself a hundred feet under ground.

'Which is M. Lanet?' said the brigand. 'Is it this one?' And, stooping down, he laid hold of the collar of my shooting-jacket, and lifted me on my feet.

'For Heaven's sake, what do you want with me?' cried I.

'Nothing to be so frightened about,' was the answer. 'For a week past we have been hunting every where for a musician, without being able to find one. The captain will be delighted to see you.'

'What!' cried I, 'are you going to take me to the captain?'

'Certainly we are.'

'To separate me from my companions?'

'What can we do with them? They are not musicians.'

'Gentlemen!' cried I, 'for God's sake, help me! do not let me be carried off in this manner.'

'The gentlemen will have the goodness to remain with their noses in the dust for the space of a quarter of an hour,' said the brigand. 'As to the officer, tie him to a tree,' continued he, to the four men who were holding the hussar. 'In a quarter of an hour the postillion will untie him. Not a minute sooner, if you value your life.'

'The postillion gave a sort of affirmative grant, and the robbers now moved off in the direction of the mountains. I was led between two of them. After marching for some time, we saw a light in a window, and presently halted at a little inn on a cross-road. The bandits went up stairs, excepting two, who remained with me in the kitchen, and one of whom had appropriated my fowling-piece, and the other my game-bag. As to my diamond ring and my hundred crowns, they had become perfectly invisible.

"Presently somebody shouted from above, and my guards, taking me by the collar, pushed me up stairs, and into a room on the first floor.

"Seated at a table, upon which was a capital supper and numerous array of bottles, was the captain of the robbers, a fine-looking man of thirty-five or forty years of age. He was dressed exactly like a theatrical robber, in blue velvet, with a red sash and silver buckles. His arm was passed round the waist of a very pretty girl in the costume of a Roman peasant: that is to say, an embroidered bodice, short bright-coloured petticoat, and red stockings. Her feet attracted my attention, they were so beautifully small. On one of her fingers I saw my diamond ring—a circumstance which, as well as the company in which I found her, gave me a very indifferent idea of the young lady's morality.

"What countryman are you?" asked the captain.

"I am a Frenchman, your excellency."

"So much the better!" cried the young girl.

"I saw with pleasure that, at any rate, I was amongst people who spoke my own language.

"You are a musician?"

"I am fourth bass at the Marseilles theatre."

"Bring this gentleman's bass," said the captain to one of his men. "Now, my little Rina," said he, turning to his mistress, "I hope you are ready to dance."

"I always was," answered she, "but how could I without music?"

"Non ho trovato l'istrumento," said the robber, reappearing at the door.

"What!" cried the captain in a voice of thunder; "no instrument?"

"Captain," interposed his lieutenant, "I searched every where, but could not find even the smallest violoncello."

"Bestia!" cried the captain.

"Excellency," I ventured to observe, "it is not his fault. I had no bass with me."

"Very well," said the captain, "send off five men immediately to Siena, Volterra, Grosseto—all over the country. I must have a bass by to-morrow night."

"I could not help thinking I had seen Mademoiselle Rina's face somewhere before, and I was cudgeling my memory to remember where, when she addressed the captain."

"Tonino," said she, "you have not even asked the poor man if he is hungry."

"I was touched by this little attention, and, on the captain's invitation, I drew a chair to the table, in fear and trembling I acknowledge; but it was nearly twelve hours since I had eaten any thing, and my hunger was perfectly canine. Mademoiselle Rina herself had the kindness to pass me the dishes and fill my glass: so that I had abundant opportunities of admiring my own ring, which sparkled upon her finger. I began to perceive, however, that I should not be so badly off as I had expected, and that the captain was disposed to treat me well.

"Supper over, I was allowed to retire to a room and a bed that had been prepared for me. I slept fifteen hours without waking. The robbers had the politeness not to disturb me till I awakened of my own accord. Then, however, five of them entered my room, each carrying a bass. I chose the best, and they made firewood of the others.

"When I had made my choice, they told me the captain was waiting dinner for me: and accordingly, on entering the principal room of the inn, I found a table spread for the captain, Mademoiselle Rina, the lieutenant, and myself. There were several other tables for the rest of the banditti. The room was lighted up with at least three hundred wax candles.

"The dinner was a merry one. The robbers were really very good sort of people, and the captain was in an excellent humour. When the feasting was over,

"You have not forgotten your promise, Rina, I hope?" said he.

"Certainly not," was the reply. "In a quarter of an hour I am ready."

"So saying, she skipped out of the room.

"And you, Signor Musico," said the captain, "I hope you are going to distinguish yourself."

"I will do my best, captain."

"If I am satisfied, you shall have back your hundred crowns."

"And my diamond ring, captain?"

"Oh! as to that, no. Besides, you see Rina has got it, and you are too gallant to wish to take it from her."

"At this moment Mademoiselle Rina made her appearance in the costume of a shepherdess—a bodice of silver, short silk petticoats, and a large Cashmere shawl twisted round her waist. She was really charming in this dress. I seized my bass. I fancied myself in the orchestra at Marseilles."

"What would you like me to play, Mademoiselle?"

"Do you know the shawl-dance in the ballet of *Chary?*"

"Certainly; it is my favourite."

"I began to play, Rina to dance, and the banditti to applaud. She danced admirably. The more I looked at her, the more convinced I became that I had seen her before."

"She was in the middle of a *pirouette* when the door opened, and the innkeeper entering, whispered something in the captain's ear."

"*Ove sono?*" said the latter, quietly. "Where are they?"

"A San Dalmazio."

"No nearer? Then there is no hurry."

"What is the matter?" said Rina, executing a magnificent *entrebat*.

"Nothing. Only those rascally travellers have given the alarm at Florence, and the hussars of the Grand-duchess Eliza are looking for us."

"They are too late for the performance," said Rina, laughing. "I have finished my dance."

"It was lucky, for the bow had fallen from my hands at the news I had just heard. Rina made one bound to the door, and then turning as if she had been on the stage, curtsied to the audience, and kissed her hand to the captain. The applause was deafening; I doubt if she had ever had such a triumph."

"And now, to arms!" cried the captain. "Prepare a horse for Rina and another for the musician. We will go on foot. The road to Romagna, remember! Stragglers to rejoin at Chianciano."

"For a few minutes all was bustle and preparation."

"Here I am," cried Rina running in, attired in her Roman peasant's dress.

"*L'ascri, Usseri!*" said the innkeeper.

"Off with you!" cried the captain, and every one hurried towards the stairs.

"The devil!" said the captain, turning to me. "you are forgetting your bass, I think."

"I took the bass. I would willingly have crept into it. Two horses stood ready saddled at the house door."

"Well, Monsieur le Musicien," said Rina, "do you not help me to get on my horse? You are not very gallant."

"I held out my arm to assist her, and as I did so she put a small piece of paper into my hand."

"A cold perspiration stood upon my forehead. What could this paper be? Was it a billet-doux? Had I been so unfortunate as to make a conquest, which would render me the rival of the captain? My first impulse was to throw the note away; but on second thoughts I put it in my pocket."

"*L'ascri, l'ascri!*" cried the innkeeper again, and a noise like that of a distant galloping was heard. I scrambled on my horse, which two of the robbers took by the bridle; two others led that of Mademoiselle Rina. The captain, with his carbine on his shoulder, ran beside his mistress, the lieutenant accompanied me, and the remainder of the band, consisting of fifteen or eighteen men, brought up the rear. Five or six shots were fired some three hundred yards behind us, and the balls whistled in our ears. "To the left!" cried the captain, and we threw ourselves into a sort of ravine, at the bottom of which ran a rapid stream. Here we halted and listened, and heard the hussars galloping furiously past on the high-road."

"If they keep on at that pace, they'll soon be at Grosseto," said the captain laughing."

This is the unfortunate musician's first essay in horsemanship, and when, after twelve hours' march across the country, with his bass strapped upon his shoulders, he halts at the inn at Chianciano, he is more dead than alive. He remembers, however, to read Mademoiselle Rina's note. From this, and a few words which she takes an opportunity of saying to him, he finds that she is an opera-dancer named Zephyrine, who had had an engage-



ment a year or two previously at the Marseilles theatre. She had since transferred herself to the Teatro de la Valle at Rome, where the haughty captain, Toulon, happening to witness her performance, became enamoured of her, and laid a plan for carrying her off, which had proved successful. Her lover, however, Ernest, the same officer of hussars who had been M. Louet's travelling companion, is in search of her; and, to assist him in his pursuit, she writes her name, and that of the place they are next going to, upon the window of each inn they stop at. It was for this purpose she had secured M. Louet's diamond ring.

If contrast was Dumas's object in writing this volume, he has certainly been highly successful in carrying out his intention. Most writers would have contented themselves with composing the female portion of the brigands' society, of some dark-browed Italian *contadina*, with flashing eyes and jetty ringlets, a knife in her garter, a musketoon in her brawny fist, and a dozen crucifixes and amulets round her neck. At most, one might have expected to meet with some English lady in a green veil, (all English ladies, who travel, wear green veils,) whose carriage had been attacked, and herself carried off on the road from Florence to Rome. But M. Dumas scorns such commonplace *dramatis personæ*, and is satisfied with nothing less than transporting a French ballet-dancer into the Apennines, with all her paraphernalia of gauze drapery, tinsel decorations, and operatic airs and graces; not forgetting the orchestra, in the person of the luckless bass player. Yet so ingeniously does he detail it all together, so probable does he make his improbabilities appear, that we become almost reconciled to the idea of finding Mademoiselle Zephyrine Taglionizing away upon the filthy floor of a mountain *osteria*, and are inclined to be astonished that the spectators should not be provided with bouquets to throw at her upon the conclusion of her performance.

Several days are passed in running from one place to the other, always followed by the hussars, from whom the banditti have some narrow escapes. M. Louet is taken great care of in consideration of his skill as a musician, and he on his part takes all imagi-

nable care of his bass, which he looks upon as a sort of safeguard. At length they arrive at the castle of Anticoli, a villa which the captain rents from a Roman nobleman, and where he considers himself in perfect safety. Here M. Louet is installed in a magnificent apartment, where he finds linen and clothes, of which he is much in need. His toilet completed, he is conducted to the drawing-room by a livery servant, who bears a strong resemblance to one of his friends the banditti. But we will let him tell his story in his own words.

"There were three persons in the room into which I was ushered: a young lady, a very elegantly dressed man, and a French officer. I thought there must be some mistake, and was walking backwards out of the apartment, when the lady said—

"My dear M. Louet, where are you going? Do you not mean to dine with us?"

"Pardon me," said I, "I did not recognise you, Mademoiselle."

"If you prefer it, you shall be served in your apartment," said the elegant-looking man.

"What captain," cried I, "is it you?"

"M. Louet would not be so unkind as to deprive us of his society," said the French officer with a polite bow. I turned to thank him for his civility. It was the lieutenant. It put me in mind of the changes in a pantomime.

"*Al suo comodo*," said a powdered lackey, opening the folding doors of a magnificent dining-room. The captain offered his hand to Mademoiselle Zephyrine. The lieutenant and I followed.

"I hope you will be pleased with my cook, my dear M. Louet," said the captain, waving me to a chair, and seating himself. "He is a French artist of some talent. I have ordered two or three Provençal dishes on purpose for you."

"Pah! with garlic in them!" said the French officer, taking a pinch of perfumed snuff out of a gold box. I began to think I was dreaming.

"Have you seen the park yet, M. Louet?" said the captain.

"Yes, Excellency, from the window of my room."

"They say it is full of game. Are you fond of shooting?"

" "I delight in it. Are there any thrushes in the park?"

" "Thrushes! thousands."

" "Bravo! You may reckon upon me, captain, for a supply of game. That is, if you will order my fowling-piece to be returned to me. I cannot shoot well with any other."

" "Agreed," said the captain.

" "Tonino," said Mademoiselle Zephyrine, "you promised to take me to the theatre to-morrow. I am curious to see the dancer who has replaced me."

" "There is no performance to-morrow," replied the captain, "and I am not sure if the carriage is in good condition. But we can take a ride to Tivoli or Subiaco, if you like."

" "Will you come with us, my dear M. Louet?" said Mademoiselle Zephyrine.

" "Thank you," replied I; "I am not accustomed to ride. I would rather have a day's shooting."

" "I will keep M. Louet company," said the lieutenant.

" "On retiring to my apartment that night, I found my fowling-piece in one corner, my game-bag in another, and my hundred crowns on the chimney-piece. Captain Tonino was a man of his word."

" "Whilst I was undressing, the French cook came to know what I would choose for breakfast. 'Count Villaforte,' he said, 'had ordered that I should be served in my room, as I was going out shooting.' The captain, it appeared, had changed his name as well as his dress."

" "The next morning I had just dressed and breakfasted, when the lieutenant came to fetch me, and I accompanied him down-stairs. In front of the villa four saddle-horses were being led up and down—one for the captain, one for Mademoiselle Zephyrine, and the two others for servants. The captain put a brace of double-barrelled pistols into his holsters, and the servants did the same. Master and men had a sort of fancy costume, which allowed them to wear a *contean-de-chasse*. The captain saw that I remarked all these precautions."

" "The police is shocking in this country, M. Louet," said he, "and there are so many bad characters about, that it is as well to be armed."

" "Mademoiselle Zephyrine looked

charming in her riding-habit and hat."

" "Much pleasure, my dear M. Louet," said the captain, as he got on his horse. "Beaumanoir, take care of M. Louet."

" "The best possible care, count," replied the lieutenant.

" "The captain and Zephyrine waved their hands, and cantered away, followed by their servants."

" "Pardon me, sir," said I, approaching the lieutenant; "I believe it was you whom the count addressed as Beaumanoir."

" "It was so."

" "I thought the family of Beaumanoir had been extinct."

" "Very possible. I revive it; that's all."

" "You are perfectly at liberty to do so, sir," replied I. "I beg pardon for the observation."

" "Granted, granted, my dear Louet. Would you like a dog, or not?"

" "Sir, I prefer shooting without a dog. The last I had insulted me most cruelly, and I should not like the same thing to occur again."

" "As you please. Gaetano, antic Romaio."

" "We commenced our sport. In six shots I killed four thrushes, which satisfied me that the one which I had followed from Marseilles had been an enchanted one. Beaumanoir laughed at me."

" "What!" cried he, "do you amuse yourself in firing at such game as that?"

" "Sir," replied I, "at Marseilles the thrush is a very rare animal. I have seen but one in my life, and it is to that one I owe the advantage of being in your society."

" "Here and there I saw gardeners and gamekeepers whose faces were familiar to me, and who touched their hats as I passed. They looked to me very like my old friends, the redders, in a new dress; but I had, of late, seen so many extraordinary things, that nothing astonished me any longer."

" "The park was very extensive, and enclosed by a high wall, which had light iron gratings placed here and there, to afford a view of the surrounding country. I happened to be standing near one of these gratings, when M. Beaumanoir fired at a pheasant."

" "Signore," said a countryman, who

was passing, '*questo castello e il castello d'Anticoli!*'

" 'Villager,' I replied, walking towards the grating, 'I do not understand Italian; speak French, and I shall be happy to answer.'

" 'What! Is it you, M. Louet?' exclaimed the peasant.

" 'Yes, it is,' said I; 'but how do you know my name?'

" 'Hush! I am Ernest, the hussar officer, your travelling companion.'

" 'M. Ernest! Ah! Mademoiselle Zephyrine will be delighted.'

" 'Zephyrine is really here, then?'

" 'Certainly she is. A prisoner like myself.'

" 'And Count Villaforte?'

" 'Is Captain Tonino.'

" 'And the castle?'

" 'A den of thieves.'

" 'That is all I wanted to know. Adieu, my dear Louet. Tell Zephyrine she shall soon hear from me.' So saying, he plunged into the forest.

" 'Here, Romeo, here!' cried M. Beaumanoir to his dog, who was fetching the bird he had shot. I hastened to him.

" 'A beautiful pheasant!' cried I. 'A fine cock!'

" 'Yes, yes. Who were you talking to, M. Louet?'

" 'To a peasant, who asked me some question, to which I replied, that unfortunately I did not understand Italian.'

" 'Hut!' said Beaumanoir, with a suspicious side-glance at me. Then, having loaded his gun,

" 'We will change places, if you please,' said he. 'There may be some more peasants passing, and, as I understand Italian, I shall be able to answer their questions.'

" 'As you like, M. Beaumanoir,' said I.

" 'The change was effected; but no more peasants appeared.

" 'When we returned to the house, the captain and Zephyrine had not yet come back from their ride, and I amused myself in my room with my bass, which I found to be an excellent instrument. I resolved, more than ever, not to part with it, but to take it back to France with me, if ever I returned to that country.

" 'At the hour of dinner, I repaired to the drawing-room, where I found Count Villaforte and Mademoiselle

Zephyrine. I had scarcely closed the door, when it was reopened, and the lieutenant put in his head.

" 'Captain!' said he, in a hurried voice.

" 'Who calls me captain? Here there is no captain, my dear Beaumanoir, but a Count Villaforte.'

" 'Captain, it is a serious matter. One moment, I beg.'

" 'The captain left the room. When the door was shut, and I was sure he could not hear me, I told Zephyrine of my interview with her lover. I had just finished when the captain reappeared.

" 'Well,' said Zephyrine, running to meet him. 'What makes you look so blank? Are there bad news?'

" 'Not very good ones.'

" 'Do they come from a sure source?' asked she with an anxiety which this time was not assumed.

" 'From the surest possible. From one of our friends who is employed in the police.'

" 'Gracious Heaven! What is going to happen?'

" 'We do not know yet, but it appears we have been traced from Chianciano to the Osteria Barberini. They only lost the scent behind Mount Genaro. My dear Rina, I fear we must give up our visit to the theatre to-morrow.'

" 'But not our dinner to-day, captain, I hope,' said I.

" 'Here is your answer,' said the captain, as the door opened, and a servant announced that the soup was on the table.

" 'The captain and lieutenant dined each with a brace of pistols beside his plate, and in the anteroom I saw two men armed with carbines. The repast was a silent one; I did not dine comfortably myself, for I had a sort of feeling that the catastrophe was approaching, and that made me uneasy.

" 'You will excuse me for leaving you,' said the captain, when dinner was over; 'but I must go and take measures for our safety. I would advise you not to undress, M. Louet, for we may have to make a sudden move, and it is well to be ready.'

" 'The lieutenant conducted me to my apartment, and wished me good-night with great politeness. As he left the room, however, I heard that he double-locked the door. I had nothing better to do than to throw myself on my

bed, which I did; but for some hours I found it impossible to sleep, on account of the anxieties and unpleasant thoughts that tormented me. At last I fell into a troubled slumber.

"I do not know how long it had lasted, when I was awakened by being roughly shaken.

"*Subito! subito!*" cried a voice.

"What is the matter?" said I, sitting up on the bed.

"*Non capisco, seguir me!*" cried the bandit.

"And where am I to *seguir* you?" said I, understanding that he told me to follow him.

"*Avanti! Avanti!*"

"May I take my bass?" I asked.

"The man made sign in the affirmative, so I put my beloved instrument on my back, and told him I was ready to follow him. He led me through several corridors and down a staircase; then, opening a door, we found ourselves in the park. Day was beginning to dawn. After many turnings and windings, we entered a copse or thicket, in the depths of which was the opening of a sort of grotto, where one of the robbers was standing sentry. They pushed me into this grotto. It was very dark, and I was groping about with extended arms, when somebody grasped my hand. I was on the point of crying out; but the hand that held mine was too soft to be that of a brigand.

"M. Lomet?" said a whispering voice, which I at once recognized.

"What is the meaning of all this, Mademoiselle?" asked I, in the same tone.

"The meaning is, that they are surrounded by a regiment, and Ernest is at the head of it."

"But why are we put into this grotto?"

"Because it is the most retired place in the whole park, and consequently the one least likely to be discovered. Besides there is a door in it, which communicates probably with some subterraneous passage leading into the open country."

"Just then we heard a musket shot.

"*Bravo!*" cried Zephyrine; "it is beginning."

"There was a running fire, then a whole volley.

"*Mademoiselle,*" said I, "it ap-

pears to me to be increasing very much."

"*So much the better,*" answered she.

"She was as brave as a lioness, that young girl. For my part I acknowledge I felt very uncomfortable. But it appears I was doomed to witness engagements both by land and sea.

"The firing is coming nearer," said Zephyrine.

"I am afraid so, Mademoiselle," answered I.

"On the contrary, you ought to be delighted. It is a sign that the robbers are flying."

"I had rather they fled in another direction."

"There was a loud clamour, and cries as if they were cutting one another's throats, which, in fact, they were. The shouts and cries were mingled with the noise of musketry, the sound of the trumpet, and roll of the drum. There was a strong smell of powder. The fight was evidently going on within a hundred yards of the grotto.

"Suddenly there was a deep sigh, then the noise of a fall, and one of the sentries at the mouth of the cave came rolling to our feet. A random shot had struck him, and as he just fell in, a ray of light which entered the grotto, we were able to see him writhing in the agonies of death. Mademoiselle Zephyrine seized my hands, and I felt that she trembled violently.

"*Oh, M. Lomet,*" said she, "it is very horrible to see a man die!"

"At that moment we heard a voice exclaiming - 'Stop, cowardly villain! Wait for me!'

"*Ernest!*" exclaimed Zephyrine. "It is the voice of Ernest!"

"As she spoke the captain rushed in, covered with blood.

"*Zephyrine!*" cried he, "Zephyrine, where are you?"

"The sudden change from the light of day to the darkness of the cave, prevented him from seeing us. Zephyrine made me a sign to keep silence. After remaining for a moment as if dazzled, his eyes got accustomed to the darkness. He bounded towards us with the spring of a tiger.

"Zephyrine, why don't you answer when I call? Come!"

"He seized her arm, and began dragging her towards the door at the back of the grotto.



" 'Where are you taking me?' cried the poor girl.

" 'Come with me—come along!'

" 'Never!' cried she, struggling.

" 'What! You won't go with me?'

" 'No; why should I? I detest you. You carried me off by force. I won't follow you. Ernest, Ernest, here!'

" 'Ernest!' muttered the captain. 'Ha! 'Tis you, then, who betrayed us?'

" 'M. Lonet!' cried Zephyrine, 'if you are a man, help me!'

" 'I saw the blade of a poniard glitter. I had no weapon, but I seized my bass by the handle, and, raising it in the air, let it fall with such violence on the captain's skull, that the back of the instrument was smashed in, and the hand's head disappeared in the interior of the bass. Either the violence of the blow, or the novelty of finding his head in a bass, so astonished the captain that he let go his hold of Zephyrine, at the same time uttering a roar like that of a mad bull.

" 'Zephyrine! Zephyrine!' cried a voice outside.

" 'Ernest!' answered the young girl, darting out of the grotto.

" 'I followed her, terrified in my own exploit. She was already clasped in the arms of her lover.

" 'In there,' cried the young officer to a party of soldiers who just then came up. 'He is in there. Bring him out, dead or alive.'

" 'They rushed in, but the broken bass was all they found. The captain had escaped by the other door.

" 'On our way to the house we saw ten or twelve dead bodies. One was lying on the steps leading to the door.

" 'Take away this carrion,' said Ernest.

" 'Two soldiers turned the body over. It was the last of the Beaumanoirs.

" 'We remained but a few minutes at the house, and then Zephyrine and myself got into a carriage and set out, escorted by M. Ernest and a dozen men. I did not forget to carry off my hundred crowns, my fowling-piece, and game-bag. As to my poor bass, the captain's head had completely spoiled it.

" 'After an hour's drive, we came in sight of a large city with an enormous dome in the middle of it. It was Rome.

" 'And did you see the Pope, M. Lonet?'

" 'At that time he was at Fontainebleau, but I saw him afterwards, and his successor too; for M. Ernest got me an appointment as bass-player at the Teatro de la Valle, and I remained there till the year 1830. When I at last returned to Marseilles, they did not know me again, and for some time refused to give me back my place in the orchestra, under pretence that I was not myself.'

" 'And Mademoiselle Zephyrine?'

" 'I heard that she married M. Ernest, whose other name I never knew, and that he became a general, and she a very great lady.'

" 'And Captain Tonino? Did you hear nothing more of him?'

" 'Three years afterwards he came to the theatre in disguise; was recognised, arrested, and hung.'

" 'And thus it was, sir,' concluded M. Lonet, 'that a thrush led me into Italy, and caused me to pass twenty years at Rome.'

And so ends the thrush-hunt. One word at parting, to qualify any too sweeping commendation we may have bestowed on M. Dumas in the early part of this paper. While we fully exonerate his writings from the charge of grossness, and recognize the absence of those immoral and pernicious tendencies which disfigure the works of many gifted French writers of the day, we would yet gladly see him abstain from the somewhat too Decameronian incidents and narratives with which he occasionally varies his pages. That he is quite independent of such meretricious aids, is rendered evident by his entire avoidance of them in some of his books, which are not on that account a whit the less *piquant*. With this single reservation, we should hail with pleasure the appearance on our side the Channel of a few such sprightly and amusing writers as Alexander Dumas.

## HIGH LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY.

THE volumes of which we are about to give fragments and anecdotes, contain a portion of the letters addressed to a man of witty memory, whose existence was passed almost exclusively among men and women of rank; his life, in the most expressive sense of the word, West End; and even in that West End, his chief haunt St James's Street. Parliament and the Clubs divided his day, and often his night. The brilliant rones, the steady gamblers, the borough vendors, and the lordly ex-members of ex-cabinets, were the only population of whose living and breathing he suffered himself to have any cognizance. In reverse of Gray's learned mouse, eating its way through the folios of an ancient library—and to whom

"A river or a sea was but a dish of tea,  
And a kingdom bread and butter."

to George Selwyn, the world and all that it inhabits, were concentrated in Charles Fox, William Pitt, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and the circle of men of pleasantry, loose lives, and vivacious temperaments, who, with whatever diminishing lustre, revolved round them.

Of the City of London, Selwyn probably had heard; for though fixed to one spot, he was a man fond of collecting curious knowledge; but nothing short of proof positive can ever convince us that he had passed Temple Bar. He, of course, knew that there were such things on the globe as merchants and traders, because their concerns were occasionally talked of in "the House," where, however, he heard as little as possible about them; for in the debates of the time he took no part but that of a listener, and even then he abridged the difficulty, by generally sleeping through the sitting. He was supposed to be the only rival of Lord North in the happy faculty of falling into a sound slumber at the moment when any of those dreary persons, who chiefly speak on such

subjects, was on his legs. St James's, and the talk of St James's, were his business, his pleasures, the excitors of his wit, and the rewarders of his toll. He had applied the art of French rookery to the rude material of the world, and refined and reduced all things into a *sauce piquante*—all its realities were concentrated in essences; and, disclaiming the grosser tastes of mankind, he lived upon the *aroma* of high life—an epicure even among epicures; yet not an indolent enjoyer of the luxuries of his condition, but a keen, restless, and eager *student* of pleasurable sensations—an Apicius, polished by the manners, and furnished with the arts of the most self-enjoying condition of mankind, that of an English gentleman of fortune in the 18th century.

We certainly are not the champions of this style of life. We think that man has other matters to consider than *pit's* and *consummés*, the flavour of his Burgundy and pices, or even the *bains-mouls* of his friends. We are afraid that we must, after all, regard the whole Selwyn class as little better than the brutes in their stables, or on their hearth-rugs; with the advantage to the brutes of following their natural appetites, having no twinges of either conscience or the gout, and not being from time to time stripped by their friends, or plundered by the Jews. The closing hours of the horse or the dog are also, perhaps, more contented in general, and their deaths are less a matter of rejoicing to those who are to succeed to their mangers and cushions. Of higher and more startling contemplations, this is not the place to speak. If such men shall yet have the power of looking down from some remoter planet on their idle, empty, and self-indulgent course in our own, perhaps they would rejoice to have exchanged with the lot of him whose bread was earned by the sweat of his brow, yet who had fulfilled the duties of his station; and whose hand had been with-

held by necessity from that banquet, where all the nobler purposes of life were forgotten, and where the senses absorbed the higher nature. Still, we admit that these are topics on which no man ought to judge the individual with severity. We have spoken only of the class. The individual may have had virtues of which the world can know nothing; he may have been liberal, affectionate, and zealous, when his feelings were once awakened; his purse may have dried many a tear, and soothed many a pulse of secret suffering. It is, at all events, more kindly to speak of poor human nature with fellow feeling for those exposed to the strong temptations of fortune, than to establish an arrogant comparison between the notorious errors of others, and the secret failures of our own.

But we have something to settle with Mr Jesse. He is alive, and therefore may be instructed; he is making books with great rapidity, and therefore may be advantageously warned of the perils of book-making. The title of his volumes has altogether deceived us. We shall not charge him with intending this; but it has unquestionably had the effect. "*George Selwyn and his contemporaries.*" We opened the volumes, expecting to find our witty chubbist in every page; George in his full expansion, "in his armour as he lived;" George, every inch a wit, glittering before us in his full court suit, in his letters, his anecdotes, his whims, his odd views of mankind, his caustic sneerings at the glittering world round him; an epistolary *IB.*, turning every thing into the pleasant food of his pen and pen-gency. But we cannot discover any letters from him, excepting a few very trifling ones of his youth. We have letters from all sorts of persons, great lords and little, statesmen and travellers, placemen and place-hunters; and amusing enough many of them are. Walpole furnishes some sketches, and nothing can be better. In fact the volumes exhibit, not George Selwyn, the only one whose letters we should have cared to see, but those who wrote to him. And the disappointment is not the less, that in those letters constant allusions are made to his "sparkling, delightful, sportive, characteristic, &c. &c., epis-

cles." Great ladies constantly urge him to write to *them*. Maids, wives, and widows, pour out a stream of perpetual laudation. Men of rank, men of letters, men at home, and men abroad, unite in one common supplication for "London news" *réchauffée*, spiced, and served up, by the perfect *cuisinier* of George's art of story-telling; like the horse-leech's two daughters, the cry is, "Give, give." And this is what we wanted to see. Selwyn, the whole Selwyn, and nothing but Selwyn.

It is true that there is a preface which talks in this wise:—

"It seems to have been one of the peculiarities of George Selwyn, to preserve not only every letter addressed to him by his correspondents during the course of his long life, but also the most trifling notes and memoranda. To this peculiarity, the reader is indebted for whatever amusement he may derive from the perusal of these volumes. The greater portion of their contents consists of letters addressed to Selwyn, by persons who, in their day, moved in the first circles of wit, genius, and fashion."

We have thus let Mr Jesse speak for himself. If the public are satisfied, so let it be. But people seldom read prefaces. The title is the thing, and that title is, "*George Selwyn and his contemporaries.*" If it had been "*Letters of the contemporaries of George Selwyn.*" we should have understood the matter.

Still we are not at all disposed to quarrel with the volumes. They contain a great deal of pleasant matter; and the letters are evidently, in general, the work of a higher order of persons than the world has often an opportunity of seeing in their *deshabille*. The Persian proverb, which accounted for the fragrance of a pebble by its having lain beside the rose, has been in some degree realized in these pages. They are evidently of the Selwyn school; and if he is not here witty himself, he is, like the "fat knight," the cause of wit in others. We are enjoying a part of the feast which his science had cooked, and then distributed to his friends to figure as the *chefs-d'œuvre* of their own tables. At all events, though often on trifling subjects, and often not worth preserving, they vin-

dicate on the whole the claim of English letter-writing to European superiority. Taking Walpole as the head, and nothing can be happier than his mixture of keen remark, intelligent knowledge of his time, high-bred ease of language, and exquisite point and polish of anecdote: his followers, even in these few volumes, show that there were many men, even in the midst of all the practical business and nervous agitation of public life, not unworthy of their master. We have no doubt that there have been hundreds of persons, and thousands of letters, which might equally contribute to this most interesting, and sometimes most brilliant, portion of our literature. The French lay claim to superiority in this as in every thing else: but we must acknowledge that it is with some toil we have ever read the boasted letters of De S'vignè—often pointed, and always elegant, they are too often frivolous, and almost always local. We are sick of the adorable Grignan, and her “*belles chevûres*.” The letters of Du Deffand, Esquiasse, Rodand, and even of De Stalk, though always exhibiting ability, are too hard or too hot, too fierce or too fond, for our tastes: they are also so evidently intended for any human being except the one to whom they were addressed, or rather for all human beings—they were so palpably “private effusions” for the public ear—sentiments stereotyped, and sympathies for the circulating library—that they possessed as little the interest as the character of correspondence.

Voltaire's letters are always spirited. That extraordinary man could do nothing on which his talent was not marked; but his letters are epigrammes—all is sacrificed to point, and all is written for the salons of Paris. What Talleyrand's *might* be, we can imagine from the singular subtlety and universal knowledge of that most dexterous player of the most difficult game which was ever on the diplomatic cards. But as his definition of the excellence of a letter was—“to say any thing, but mean nothing,” we must give up the hope of his contribution. Grimm's volumes are, after all, the only collection which belongs to the style of letters to which we allude. They are amusing and anec-

dotical, and, in our conception, by much the most intelligent French correspondence that has fallen into our hands. But they are too evidently the work of a man writing as a task, gathering the Parisian news as a part of his profession, and in fact sending a daily newspaper to his German patron.

Of the German epistolary literature we have seen nothing which approaches to the excellence of the English school. The conception is generally vague, vapourish, and metaphysical. And this predominates absurdly through all its classes. The poet prides himself on being as much a dreamer in his prose as in his poetry; the scholar is proud of being perplexed and pedantic; the statesman is naturally immersed in that problematic style, which belongs to the secrecy of despotic governments, and to the stiffness of circles where all is etiquette. But Walpole and his tribe have fashion wholly to themselves, and possess force without heaviness, and elegance without effeminacy.

We are strongly tempted to ask, whether there may not be letters of the gay, the refined, and the sparkling George Canning. He was constantly writing; knew every thing and every body; was engaged in all the high transactions of his time; saw human nature in all possible shades; and was a man whose talent, though capable of very noble efforts “on compulsion,” yet naturally loved a more level rank of times and things. It is perfectly true to human experience, that there are minds, which, like caged nightingales and canary-birds, though their wings were formed with the faculty of cleaving the clouds, yet pass a perfectly contented existence within their wires, and sing as cheerfully in return for their water and seeds, as if they had the range of the horizon. Canning's whole song for thirty years was in one cage or another, and he sang with equal cheerfulness in them all. The moral of all this is, that we wish Mr Jesse, or any one else, to apply himself, without delay, to the depositaries of George Canning's familiar correspondence, and give his pleasant, piquant, and graceful letters (for we are sure that they are all these) to the world.

Lord Dudley's letters have disap-



pointed every body: but it is to be observed, that we have only a small portion of them; that they were written to a college tutor; a not very exciting species of correspondent at any time, and who in this instance having nothing to give back, and plodding his way through the well-meant monotony of college news, allowed poor Lord Dudley not much more chance of brilliancy, than a smart drummer might have of producing a reveille on an unbraced drum. We must live in hope.

Lord Holland, we think, might, as the sailors say, "loom out large." The life of that ancient Whig having been chiefly employed in telling other men's stories over his own table—and much better employed, too, than in talking his original follies in public—a tolerable selection from his journals might furnish some variety: for when Whigs are eased up no longer in the stiff leaces and battered armour of their clique, they may occasionally be amusing men. But Walpole still reigns: his whims, his flirtings, his frivolities will disappear with his old china and trifling antiquities: but his best letters will always be the best of their kind among men.

George Selwyn was a man of fashionable life for the greater part of the last century, or perhaps we may more justly say, he was a man of fashionable life for the seventy-two years of his existence: for, from his cradle, he lived among that higher order of mankind who were entitled to do nothing, to enjoy themselves, and alternately laugh at, and look down upon the rest of the world. His family were opulent, and naturally associated with rank; for his father had been aide-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough—a great distinction even in that brilliant age: and his mother was the daughter of a general officer, and woman of the bedchamber to Queen Caroline. She is recorded as a woman of talents, and peculiarly of wit; qualities which seem frequently connected with long life, perhaps as bearing some relation to that good-humour which undoubtedly tends to lengthen the days of both man and woman. If the theory be true, that the intellect of the offspring depends upon the mother, the remarkable wit

of George Selwyn may be adduced in evidence of the position.

George, born in 1719, was sent, like the sons of all the court gentlemen of his age and of our own, to Eton. After having there acquired classics, aristocracy, and cricket, all consummated at Oxford, he proceeded to go through the last performance of fashionable education, and give himself the final polish for St James's; he proceeded to make the tour of Europe. What induced him to recommence his boyhood, by returning to Oxford at the ripe age of twenty-five, is among the secrets of his career, as also is the occasion of his being expelled from the university; if that occasion is not to be found in some of the hurlesques of religion which he had learned amongst the fashionable infidels of the Continent, similar to those enacted by Wilkes in his infamous monkery. But every thing in his career equally exhibits the times. At an age when he was fit for nothing else, he was considered fit to receive the salary of a sinecure; and, at twenty-one, he was appointed to a brace of offices at the mint. His share of the duty consisted of his enjoying the weekly dinners of the establishment, and signing the receipts for his quarter's pay.

Within a few years more, he came into parliament: and in his thirty-second year, by the death of his father and elder brother, he succeeded to the family estates, consisting of three handsome possessions, one of which had the additional value of returning a member to parliament. Nor was this all: for his influence in Gloucestershire enabled him to secure, during many years, his own seat for Gloucester, thus rendering his borough disposable; and thus, master of a hereditary fortune, an easy sinecurist, the possessor of two votes, and the influencer of the third—a man of family, a man of connexion, and a man of the court—George Selwyn began a path strewn with down and rose leaves.

In addition to these advantages, George Selwyn evidently possessed a very remarkable subtlety and pleasantry of understanding; that combination which alone produces true wit, or which, perhaps, would be the best definition of wit itself; for subtlety

alone may excite uneasy sensations in the hearer, and pleasantry alone may often be vulgar. But the acuteness which detects the absurd of things, and the pleasantry which throws a good-humoured colouring over the acuteness, form all that delights us in wit.

If we are to judge by the opinion of his contemporaries, and this is the true criterion after all, Selwyn's wit must have been of the very first order in a witty age. Walpole is full of him. Walpole himself, a wit, and infinitely jealous of every rival in every thing on which he fastened his fame, from a picture gallery down to a snuff-box, or from a history down to an epigram, bows down to him with almost Persian idolatry. His letters are alive with George Selwyn. The *bons-mots* which Selwyn carelessly dropped in his morning walk through St James's Street, are carefully picked up by Walpole, and planted in his correspondence, like exotics in a greenhouse. The careless brilliancies of conversation, which the one threw loose about the club-rooms of the Court End, are collected by the other, and reset by this dexterous jeweller, for the sparklings and ornaments of his stock in trade with posterity.

Yet it may reconcile those less gifted by nature and fortune to their mediocrity; to know that those singular advantages by no means constitute happiness, usefulness, moral dignity, or even public respect. Selwyn, as the French Alabé said, "had nothing to do, and he did it." His possession of fortune enabled him to be a loungeur through life, and he lounged accordingly. The conversations of the clubs supplied him with the daily toys of his mind, and he never sought more substantial employment. Though nearly fifty years in parliament, he was known only as a silent voter; and, after a life of seventy-two years, he died, leaving three and twenty thousand pounds of his savings to a girl who was not his daughter; and the chief part of his estates to the Duke of Queensberry, an old man already plethoric with wealth, of which he had never known the use, and already dying.

His passion for attending executions was notorious and unaccountable, except on the ground of that

love of excitement which leads others to drinking or the gaming-table. Those sights, from which human nature shrinks, appear to have been sought for by Selwyn with an eagerness resembling enjoyment. This strange propensity was frequently laughed at by his friends. Alluding to the practice of criminals dropping a handkerchief as a signal for the executioner, says Walpole, "George never thinks, but *à la tête tranchée*. He came to town the other day to have a tooth drawn, and told the man that he would drop his handkerchief for the signal."

Another characteristic anecdote is told on this subject. When the first Lord Holland, a man of habitual pleasantry, was confined to his bed, he heard that Selwyn, who had been an old friend, had called to enquire for his health. "The next time Mr Selwyn calls," said he, "show him up; if I am alive, I shall be delighted to see him; and, if I am dead, he will be delighted to see me."

Walpole says, after telling a story of one Arthur Moore, "I told this the other day to George Selwyn, whose passion is to see corpses and executions. He replied, 'that Arthur Moore had his coffin chained to that of his mistress.'"

"Said I, 'How do you know?'"

"Why, I—I saw them the other day in a vault in St Giles's."

"George was walking this week in Westminster Abbey, with Lord Abergavenny, and met the man who shows the tombs. 'Oh, your servant, Mr Selwyn; I expected to have seen you here the other day, when the old Duke of Richmond's body was taken up.'" Walpole then mentions Selwyn's going to see Cornberry, with Lord Abergavenny and a pretty Mrs Frere, who were in some degree attached to each other.

"Do you know what you missed in the other room?" said Selwyn to the lady. "Lord Holland's picture."

"Well, what is Lord Holland to me?"

"Why, do you know," said he, "my Lord Holland's body lies in the same vault, in Kensington church, with my Lord Abergavenny's mother."

Walpole, speaking of the share which he had in capturing a house-

breaker, says, "I dispatched a courier to White's in search of George Selwyn. It happened that the drawer who received my message had very lately been robbed himself, and had the wound fresh in his memory. He stalked up into the club-room, and with a hollow trembling voice, said, 'Mr Selwyn, Mr Walpole's compliments to you, and he has got a house-breaker for you.'"

But some of his practical pleasantries were very amusing. Lady Townshend, a woman of wit, but, in some points of character, a good deal scandalized, was supposed to have taken refuge from her recollections in Popery. "On Sunday last," says Walpole, "as George was strolling home to dinner, he saw my Lady Townshend's coach stop at Carracci's chapel. He watched: saw her go in: her footman laughed: he followed. She went up to the altar: a woman brought her a cushion: she knelt, crossed herself, and prayed. He stole up, and knelt by her. Conceive her face, if you can, when she turned and found him close to her. In his demure voice, he said, 'Pray, ma'am, how long has your ladyship left the pale of our church?' She looked furied, and made no answer. Next day he went to see her, and she turned it off upon curiosity. But is any thing more natural? No: she certainly means to go armed with every viaticum: the Church of England in one hand, Methodism in the other, and the Host in her mouth."

Every one knows that *bons-mots* are apt to lose a great deal by transmission. It has been said that the time is one-half of the merit, and the manner the other; thus leaving nothing for the wit. But the fact is, that the wit so often depends upon both, as to leave the best *bon-mot* comparatively flat in the recital. With this palliative we may proceed. Walpole, remarking to Selwyn one day, at a time of considerable popular discontent, that the measures of government were as feeble and confused as in the reign of the first Georges, and saying, "There is nothing new under the sun." "No," replied Selwyn, "nor under the grandson."

Selwyn one day observing Wilkes, who was constantly verging on libel,

listening attentively to the king's speech, said to him, "May Heaven preserve the ears you lend!" an allusion to the lines of the *Dunciad*—

"Yet, oh, my sons, a father's words attend;

So may the fates preserve the ears you lend."

The next is better. A man named Charles Fox having been executed, the celebrated Charles asked Selwyn whether he had been present at the execution as usual. "No," was the keen reply. "I make a point of never attending rehearsals."

Fox and General Fitzpatrick at one time lodged in the house of Mackay, an oilman in Piccadilly, a singular residence for two men of the first fashion. Somebody, probably in allusion to their debts, observed that such lodgers would be the ruin of Mackay. "No," said Selwyn, "it will make his fortune. He may boast of having the first pickles in London."

*Nonchalant* manners were the tone of the time: and to ent one's country acquaintance (a habit learned among the French *noblesse*) was high breeding. An old banister of the pump-room in Bath, who had frequently conversed with Selwyn in his visits there, meeting him one day in St James's Street, attempted to approach him with his usual familiarity. Selwyn passed him as if he had never seen him before. His old acquaintance followed him, and said, "Sir, you knew me very well in Bath." "Well, sir," replied Selwyn, "in Bath I may possibly know you again," and walked on.

When *High Life Below Stairs* was announced, Selwyn expressed a wish to be present at its first night. "I shall go," said he, "because I am tired of low life above stairs."

One of the waiters at Arthur's had committed a felony, and was sent to jail. "I am shocked at the commitment," said Selwyn; "what a horrid idea the fellow will give of us to the people in Newgate."

Bruce's Abyssinian stories were for a long time the laugh of London. Somebody at a dinner once asked him, whether he had seen any relics of musical instruments among the Abyssinians, or any thing in the style of

the ancient sculptures of the Thebaid. "I think I saw one lyre there," was the answer. "Ay," says Selwyn to his neighbour, "and that one left the country along with him."

Selwyn did not always spare his friends. When Fox's pecuniary affairs were in a state of ruin, and a subscription was proposed; one of the subscribers said, that their chief difficulty was to know "how Fox would take it." Selwyn, who knew that necessity has nothing to do with delicacies of this order, replied, "Take it, why, quarterly to be sure!"

Mr Jesse's anecdotes are generally well told, but their version is sometimes different from ours. Selwyn was one day walking up St James's Street with Lord Pembroke, when a couple of sweeps brushed against them. "Impudent rascals!" exclaimed Lord Pembroke. "The sovereignty of the people," said Selwyn. "But such dirty dogs," said Pembroke. "Full dress for the court of St Giles's," said Selwyn, with a bow to their sable majesties.

But Selwyn, with all his affability and pleasantry, had his dislikes, and among them was the celebrated Sheridan. The extraordinary talent and early fame of that most memorable and unfortunate man, had fixed all eyes upon him from the moment of his entering into public life; and Selwyn, who had long sat supreme in wit, probably felt some fears for his throne. At all events, he determined to keep one place clear from collision with this dangerous wit; and, on every attempt to put up Sheridan's name for admission into Brookes's, two black balls were found in the balloting-box, one of which was traced to Selwyn, while the other was supposed to be that of Lord Besborough. One ball being sufficient to exclude, the opposition was fatal; but Fox and his friends were equally determined, on their side, to introduce Sheridan; and for this purpose a curious, though not very creditable, artifice was adopted. On the evening of the next ballot, and while George and Lord Besborough were waiting, with their usual determination, to blackball the candidate, a chairman in great haste put in a note, apparently from Duncannon, to her father-in-

law Lord Besborough, to tell him that his house in Cavendish Square was on fire, and entreating him to return without a moment's delay. His lordship instantly quitted the room, and hurried homewards. Immediately after, a message was sent to George Selwyn that Miss Fagniani, the child whom he had adopted, and whom he supposed to be his own, was suddenly seized with a fit, and that his presence was instantly required. He also obeyed the summons. Both had no sooner left the room than the ballot was proceeded with, the two ominous balls were not to be found, and Sheridan was unanimously chosen. In the midst of the triumph, Selwyn and Lord Besborough returned, indignant at the trick, but of course unable to find out its perpetrators. How Sheridan and his friends looked may be imagined. The whole scene was perfectly dramatic.

Burke's speeches, which were destined to become the honour of his age, and the delight of posterity, were sometimes negligently received by the house. His splendid prolixity, which was fitter for an assembly of philosophers than an English Parliament, sometimes wearied mere men-of-business, as much as his fine metaphysics sometimes perplexed them; and the man who might have sat between Plato and Aristotle, and been listened to with congenial delight by both, was often left without an audience. One night, when Selwyn was hurrying into the lobby with a crowd of members, a nobleman coming up asked him, "Is the house up?" "No," was the reply; "but Burke is."

A model of fashionable life, Selwyn unhappily indulged in that vice which was presumed to be essential to the man of fashion. The early gaming propensities of Charles Fox are well known; he was ruined, estate, personal fortune, sinecures and reversions, and all, before he was five years in public life—ruined in every possible shape of ruin. There were times when he could not command a guinea in the world. Yet there were times when he won immensely. At one sitting he carried off £8000, but in a few more he lost £11,000. He was a capital whist player; and in the cool calm-



tion of the clubs on such subjects, it was supposed that he might have made £4000 a-year, if he had adhered to this profitable direction of his genius. But, like many other great men, he mistook his forte, and disdained all but the desperation of hazard. There he lost perpetually and prodigiously, until he was stripped of every thing, and pauperised for life.

It gives a strong conception of the universality of this vice, to find so timid and girlish a nature as the late William Wilberforce's initiated into the same career.

"When I left the University," says Wilberforce, in his later reminiscences, "so little did I know of general society, that I came up to London stored with arguments to prove the authenticity of *Rowley's Poems*," (the academic and pedantic topic of the day,) and now I was at once immersed in politics and fashion. The very first time I went to Boodle's, I won twenty-five guineas of the Duke of Norfolk. I belonged at this time to five clubs, Miles' and Evans', Brookes', Boodle's, White's, and Goose-tree's. The first time I was at Brookes', scarcely knowing any one, I joined, from mere shyness, in play at the faro-table, where George Selwyn kept bank. A friend who knew my inexperience, and regarded me as a victim dressed out for sacrifice, called to me—"What, Wilberforce, is that you?" Selwyn quite resented the interference, and turning to him, said in his most expressive tone—"Oh, sir, don't interrupt Mr Wilberforce, he could not be better employed." Nothing could be more harmonious than the style of those clubs—Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, and all your leading men frequented them, and associated upon the easiest terms. You either chatted, played at cards, or gambled, as you pleased."

We have no idea of entering into any of the scandals of the time. The lives of all the men of fashion of that day were habitually profligate. The "Grand Tour" was of but little service to their morals, and Pope's sarcastic lines were but too true.

"He travell'd Europe round,  
And gather'd every vice on foreign ground;

Till home return'd, and perfectly well-bred,  
With nothing but a solo in his head;  
Stolen from a duel, follow'd by a nun,  
And, if a borough choose him—not undone."

But this vice did not descend among the body of the people. It was limited to the idlers of high life, and even among them it was extinguished by the cessation of our foreign intercourse at the French revolution; or was at least so far withdrawn from the public eye, as to avoid offending the common decencies of a moral people.

Selwyn was probably more cautious in his habits than his contemporaries, for he survived almost every man who had begun life with him; and he lived to a much greater age than the chief of the showy characters who rose into celebrity during his career. He died at the age of seventy-two, January 25, 1791. He had long relinquished gaming, assigning the very sufficient reason, "It was too great a consumer of four things—time, health, fortune, and *thinking*." But what man of his day escaped the gout, and the natural termination of that torturing disease in dropsy? After seven years' suffering from both, with occasional intervals of relief, he sank at last. Walpole, almost the only survivor among his early friends, thus wrote on the day of his expected death:—"I have lost, or am on the point of losing, my oldest acquaintance and friend, George Selwyn, who was yesterday at the extremity. Those misfortunes, though they can be so but for a short time, are very sensible to the old: but him I loved, not only for his infinite wit, but for a thousand good qualities." He writes a few days after, "Poor Selwyn is gone; to my sorrow; and no wonder. I calagon feels it."

Selwyn, with all his pleasantry, had evidently a quick eye for his own interest. He contrived to remain in parliament for half a century, and he gathered the emoluments of some half dozen snug sinecures. Among those were the Registrar of Chancery in Barbadoes, and surveyor-general of the lands. Thus he lived luxuriously, and died rich.

Orator Henley is niched in an early part of this correspondence. The orator was known in the last

century as a remarkably dirty fellow in his apparel, and still more so in his mind. He was the son of a gentleman, and had received a gentleman's education at St John's, Cambridge. There, or subsequently, he acquired Hebrew, and even Persian; wrote a tragedy on the subject of Esther, in which he exhibited considerable poetic powers; and finished his scholastic fame by a grammar of ten languages! On leaving college, he took orders, and became a country curate. But the decency of this life did not suit his habits, and he resolved to try his chance in London for fortune and fame. Opening a chapel near Newport market, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, he harangued twice a-week, on theological subjects on Sundays, and on the sciences and literature on Wednesdays. The audience were admitted by a shilling ticket, and the butchers in the neighbourhood were for a while his great patrons. At length, finding his audience tired of common sense, he tried, like other charlatans since his day, the effect of nonsense. His manner was theatrical, his style eccentric, and his topics varied between extravagance and buffoonery. The history of such performances is invariably the same—novelty is essential, and novelty must be attained at all risks. He now professed to reform all literature, and all religion. But even this ultimately failed him. At length the butchers deserted him, and, falling from one disgrace to another, he sank into dirt and debauchery, and died in 1750 at the age of sixty-four, remembered in the world only by being pilloried in the Dunciad.

“ Embrown'd with native bronze, lo!  
 Henley stands,  
 Tuning his voice, and balancing his  
 hands:  
 How fluent nonsense trickles from his  
 tongue,  
 How sweet the periods neither said nor  
 sung.  
 Still break the benches, Henley, with thy  
 strain,  
 While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibson  
 preach in vain.”

The orator's contribution consists but of two notes; the first to Selwyn—

“ I dine at twelve all the year, but  
 shall be glad to take a glass with you

at the King's Arms any day from five to six. If I have disoblige'd Mr Parsons, (who I hear was with you,) or any of you gentlemen, I never intended it, and ask your pardons. I shall be proud to oblige my Lord Carteret, or you, or the rest, at any time. Pray let them see this.”

“ J. HENLEY.”

There appears to have been some kind of riot at one of Henley's lectures, probably a rough burlesque of his manner, in which Selwyn, then a student of Oxford, made himself conspicuous. At least the letter is addressed to him.

“ I am accountable for the peace of my congregation; and among the rules and articles of my consent and conditions as owner and minister, one rule is, to go out directly, forfeiting what has been given, if any person cannot or will not preserve those conditions; for the smallest circumstance of disorder has been inflamed to the highest outrage. The bishop's nephew began something of the kind two months ago, and made me retribution; so have others, and I must send an attorney to warn them not to come whom I suspect hereafter. You have been at this sport before.”

We now come to a man of more importance, Richard Rigby, the “ blushing Rigby” of Junius. He was the son of a linen-draper, who, as factor to the South Sea Company, acquired considerable property. This, however, his son, who had adopted public life as his pursuit, rapidly squandered in electioneering, in pleasure, and the irresistible vice of the time, play. Frederick, Prince of Wales, was the first object of all needy politicians, and Rigby for a while attached himself to this feeble personage with all the zeal of a prospective placeman. But the prince remained too long in opposition for the fidelity of courtiership, and Rigby glided over to the Duke of Bedford; who unquestionably exhibited himself a steady and zealous friend to his new adherent. The duke lent him money to pay his debts; gave him the secretaryship for Ireland on his appointment to the viceroyalty; gave him a seat in Parliament for Tavistock; was the means of his being made a privy counsellor; obtained for him a sinecure of L.4000 a-year; and

as that period when most men are sincere, on his deathbed, appointed Rigby his executor, and cancelled his bond for the sum which he had originally lent to him.

We know few instances of such steady liberality in public life, and the man who gave, and the man who received those munificent tokens of confidence, must have had more in them than the world was generally inclined to believe. The duke has been shot through and through by the pungent shafts of Junius; and Rigby was covered with mire throughout life by all the retainers of party. Yet both were evidently capable of strong friendship, and thus possessed the redeeming quality most unusual in the selfishness and struggles of political existence.

Amongst official men, Rigby is recorded as one of the most popular personages of his time. One art of official popularity, and that too a most unfailling one, he adopted in a remarkable degree—he kept an incomparable table. Sir Robert Walpole, one of the shrewdest of men, had long preserved his popularity by the same means. Rigby's paymastership of the forces enabled him to support a splendid establishment, and it was his custom, after the debates in the House of Commons, to invite the ministers and the pleasantest men of the time, to supper at his apartments in Whitehall. His wines were exquisite, his cookery was of the most *recherché* order; and by the help of a good temper, a broad laugh, natural jovialty, and a keen and perfect knowledge of all that was going on round him in the world of fashion, he made his parties a delightful resource to the wearied minds of the Cabinet.

Waxall, a very pleasant describer of men and manners, thus sketches him:—"In Parliament he was invariably habited in a full-dress suit of clothes, commonly of a dark colour, without lace or embroidery, close buttoned, with his sword thrust through the pocket. His countenance was very expressive, but not of genius; still less did it indicate timidity or modesty. All the comforts of the pay-office seemed to be eloquently depicted in it; his manner, rough yet frank, admirably set off whatever sentiments he uttered in Parliament. Like Jen-

kinson, he borrowed neither from ancient nor modern authors; his eloquence was altogether his own, addressed not to the fancy, but to the plain comprehension of his hearers. There was a happy audacity about him, which must have been the gift of nature—art could not obtain it by any efforts. He seemed not to fear, nor even to respect, the House, whose composition he well knew; and to the members of which assembly he never appeared to give credit for any portion of virtue, patriotism, or public spirit. Far from concealing those sentiments, he insinuated, or even pronounced them, without disguise; and from his lips they neither excited surprise, nor even commonly awakened reprehension."

But this flow of prosperity was to have itsebb. The jovial placeman was to feel the uncertainties of office; and on Lord North's resignation in 1782, and the celebrated Edmund Burke's appointment to the paymastership, Rigby found himself suddenly called on for a considerable arrear. It had been the custom to allow the paymaster to make use of the balances in his hands until they were called for, and this formed an acknowledged and very important part of his income. But his expenses left him no resource to meet the demand. Whether fortunately or unfortunately, Sir Thomas Rumbold, the recalled governor of Madras, had just then returned to England, under investigation by the House of Commons for malpractices in his office. It was the rumour of the day that Rigby, on the advance of a large sum by Rumbold, had undertaken to soften the prosecution against him. Whether this were the fact or not, it is certain that the charges soon ceased to be pursued, and that Rigby's nephew and heir was soon after married to Rumbold's daughter. Rigby, who had never been married, died in 1788, in his sixty-seventh year.

His letter to Selwyn, in 1745, is characteristic of the man and the time. "I am just got home from a cock match, where I have won forty pounds in ready money, and not having dined, am waiting till I hear the rattle of the coaches from the House of Commons, in order to dine at White's.



"I held my resolution of not going to the Ridotto till past three o'clock, when, finding that nobody was willing to sit any longer but Boone, who was not able, I took, as I thought, the least of two evils, and so went there rather than to bed; but found it so infinitely dull, that I retired in half an hour. The next morning I heard that there had been extreme deep play, and that Harry Furness went drunk from White's at six o'clock, and won the dear memorable sum of one thousand guineas.

"I saw Garrick in *Othello* that same night, in which, I think, he was very unmeaningly dressed, and succeeded in no degree of comparison with Quin, except in the second scene, where Iago gives the first suspicions of Desdemona."

As the letter does not describe Garrick's dress, we can only suppose it to have been remarkably absurd, when it could have attracted the censure of any one accustomed to the stage in the middle of the last century. Nothing could be more ignorant, unsuitable, or unbecoming, than the whole system of theatrical costume. Garrick, for example, usually played Macbeth in the uniform of an officer of the Guards—scarlet coat, cocked hat, and regulation sword, were the exhibition of the Highland chieftain's wardrobe, and at the period, too, when the Highland dress was perfectly known to the public eye. It must be acknowledged that we owe the reformation of the stage, in this important point, to the French. It was commenced by the celebrated Clairon, and perfected by the not less celebrated Talma.

"I supped that night, *tête-à-tête*, with Metham, who was d—d angry with Hubby Bubby (Dodgington) for having asked all the Musquetaires to supper but him. He went to sleep at twelve, and I to White's, where I staid till six. Yesterday I spent a good part of the day with my Lord Coke at a cock match: and went towards the latter end of Quin's benefit, to Marianna.

"The coaches rattle by fast, and George brings me word the House is up, and I assure you I am extremely hungry."

We now come to the name of a

man who attained a considerable celebrity in his own time, but has almost dropped into oblivion in ours, Sir Charles Haubury Williams. He was the third son of John Haubury, Esq., a Monmouthshire gentleman, and took the name of Williams on succeeding to the property of his grandfather. His mother was aunt to George Selwyn. Entering Parliament early in life, he adopted the ministerial side, and was a steady adherent to Sir Robert Walpole. He had his reward in ministerial honours, being created a Knight of the Bath: and though Sir Robert died in 1745, Williams had so far established his court influence, that he was successively appointed envoy to Saxony, minister at Berlin, and ambassador at St Petersburg. He was a man of great pleasantry, some wit, and perpetual verse-making—the name of poetry is not to be stooped to such compositions as his; but their liveliness and locality, their application to existing times and persons, and their occasional hits at politics and principles, made both them and their author popular. But the fashionable language of the day had tendencies which would not now be tolerated; and Sir Charles, a fashionable voluptuary, is charged with having written what none should wish to revive. After a residence of ten years on the Continent, he fell into a state of illness which deranged his understanding. From this he recovered, but subsequently relapsed into the same unhappy state, and died, it was surmised, by his own hand in 1759. His letter details, in his own flighty style, one of the frolics of fashion.

"The town-talk for some time past has been your child, (a note says 'apparently the Honourable John Hobart, afterwards Earl of Buckinghamshire;') the moment you turned your back he flew out, went to Lady Tankerville's drum-major, (a runt,) having unfortunately dined that day with Rigby, who pilled his head with too many bumpers, and also made him a present of some Chinese crackers. Armed in this manner, he entered the assembly, and resolving to do something that should make a noise, he gave a string of four and twenty



crackers to Lady Lucy Clinton, and bid her put it in the candle, which she very innocently did, to her and the whole room's astonishment. But when the first went off she throw the rest upon the tea-table, where, one after the other, they all went off, with much noise and not a little stench, to the real joy of most of the women present, who don't dislike an opportunity of finding fault. Lady Lucy, indeed, was plentifully abused, and Mr Hobart had his share; and common fame says he has never had a card since. Few women will curtsy to him; and I question if he ever will lead any one to their chair again as long as he lives. I leave you to judge how deeply he feels this wound. Every body says it would never have happened if you had not retired to your studies; and you are a little blamed for letting him out alone. He has sunk his chairman's wages 5s. a-week upon this accident, and intends to turn them off in Passion week, because he then can go nowhere at all. All private houses are already shut against him, and at that holy time no public place is open."

We have then some letters written in a time of great public anxiety. 1745.

"All our forces are come from Flanders. The Pretender's second son (Henry Stuart, afterwards Cardinal of York) is come to Dunkirk, where it is said there are forty transports. The rebels, it is said, are very advantageously encamped between two rivers, and are fortifying their camp."

Another hurried letter says.

"An express arrives to-day, (Dec. 8th.) while his Majesty was at chapel, which brought an account of the rebels being close to Derby, and that the Duke of Cumberland was at Merdun, four miles beyond Coventry, observing their motions."

Another of the same date, six o'clock at night, says, "The Tower guns have not fired to-day. A letter has been received, stating that the rebels had retreated towards Ashbourne."

Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, on the 9th, repeats the news, and says, "The Highlanders got nine thousand pounds at Derby, and had the books brought to them, and obliged every body to give them what they had

subscribed against them. They then retreated a few miles, but returned again to Derby, got £10,000 more, and plundered the town; they are gone again, and got back to Leake in Staffordshire, but miserably harassed; they have left all their cannon behind them, and twenty waggons of sick."

Nothing can give a stronger example of the changes which may take place in a country, than the different state of preparation for an invader, exhibited by England in 1745, and in little more than half a century after. On the threat of Napoleon's invasion, England exhibited an armed force of little less than a million, which would have been quadrupled in case of an actual descent. In 1745, the alarm was extravagant, and almost burlesque. The Pretender, with but a few thousand men—brave undoubtedly, but almost wholly unprovided for a campaign—marched into the heart of England, and reached within a hundred and thirty miles of the capital. But the enterprise was then felt to be wholly beyond his means. A powerful force under the Duke of Cumberland was already thrown between him and London. What was more ominous still, no man of English rank had joined him, London was firm, the Protestant feeling of the nation, though slowly excited, was beginning to be roused, by its recollection of the bigotry of James, and in England, this feeling will always be ultimately victorious. Even if Charles Edward had arrived in London, and seized the throne, he would have only had to commence a civil war against the nation. His retreat to the north saved England from this great calamity, and probably saved himself, and his adherents in both countries, from a more summary fate than that which drove his miserable and bigoted father from the throne.

One of the chief contributors to this correspondence is George James Williams, familiarly styled Gilly Williams; a man of high life, uncle by marriage to the minister Lord North, and lucky in the possession of an opulent office—that of receiver-general of the excise. He, with George Selwyn and Dick Edgcombe, who met at Strawberry Hill at certain seasons, formed what Walpole termed

his out-of-town party. Life seems to have glided smoothly with him, for he lived till 1785, dying at the ripe age of eighty-six.

He thus begins :—

“ Dear George—I congratulate you on the near approach of Parliament, and figure you before a glass at your rehearsals. I must intimate to you not to forget to begin closing your periods with a significant stroke of the breast, and recommend Mr Barry as a pattern, (the actor.)

“ You must observe, in letters from the country, every sentence begins with being either sorry or glad. Apropos, I am glad to hear B. Bertie (son of the Duke of Ancaster) is returned from Scarborough, having laid in such a stock of health and spirits by the waters, as to dedicate the rest of his days altogether to wind.”

In another letter he says—“ I had almost forgot to tell you, that I rode near ten miles on my way home with the ordinary of Gloucester, and have several anecdotes of the late burnings and hangings, which I reserve for your own private ear. I do not know whether he was sensible you had a partiality for his profession: but he expressed the greatest regard for you, and I am sure you may command his services.”

Gilly writes from Crome, Lord Coventry's seat in Worcestershire—

“ Our life here for a while would not displease you, for we eat and drink well, and the Earl (Coventry) holds a faro-bank every night to us, which we have as yet plundered considerably.

“ I want to know where to find you, and how long you stay at your mansion-house; for it would not be pleasant to ride so far only to see squinting Jenny and the gardener at the end of my journey. I suppose we shall see you here, where you will find the Countess of Coventry in high spirits and in great beauty.”

We now come to a brief mention of two women, the most remarkable of their day for popular admiration, if not for finish and fashion—the Gunninges, afterwards Lady Coventry and the Duchess of Hamilton. They were the daughters of an Irish country gentleman, John Gunning, of Castle Coote in Ireland. On their first appearance at court in England, the elder was in

her nineteenth, and the second in her eighteenth year. They appear to have excited a most unprecedented sensation in London. Walpole thus writes to Sir Horace Mann—

“ You, who knew England in other times, will find it difficult to conceive what indifference reigns with regard to ministers and their squabbles. The two Miss Gunninges are twenty times more the subject of conversation than the two brothers (the Pelhams) and Lord Granville. They are two Irish girls of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think there being two so handsome, and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence, for, singly, I have seen much handsomer women than either. However, they can't walk in the Park, or go to Vauxhall, but such crowds follow them, that they are generally driven away.” And this effect lasted; for, two months after, Walpole writes—“ I shall tell you a new story of the Gunninges, who make more noise than any of their predecessors since the days of Helen. They went the other day to see Hampton Court. As they were going into the Beauty room, another company arrived, and the housekeeper said—‘ This way, ladies, here are the beauties,’ the Gunninges flew into a passion, and asked her what she meant; they came to see the palace, not to be shown as sights themselves.”

To the astonishment, and perhaps to the envy, of the fashionable world, those two unportioned young women made the most splendid matches of the season. The Duke of Hamilton fell in love with the younger at a masquerade, and made proposals to her. The marriage was to take place within some months; but his passion was so vehement, that in two nights after he insisted on marrying her at the moment. Walpole tells us that he sent for a clergyman, who however refused to marry them without license or ring. At this period marriages were frequently performed in a very unceremonious and unbecoming manner. From the laxity of the law, they were performed at all hours, frequently in private houses, and sometimes even in jails, by pretended clergymen. The law, however, was subsequently and properly reformed. The Duke and

duchess are said to have been married with a curtain-ring, at half-past twelve at night, at May Fair Chapel. This precipitated the marriage of Lord Coventry, a personage of a grave stamp, but who had long paid attention to the elder sister Maria. He married her about three weeks after. Except that we are accustomed to hear of the frenzy which seizes people in the name of fashion, we should scarcely believe the effect which those two women, handsome as they were, continued to produce. On the Duchess of Hamilton's presentation at Court on her marriage, the crowd was immense; and so great was the curiosity, that the courtly multitude got on the chairs and tables to look at her. Mobs gathered round their doors to see them get into their chairs; people crowded early to the theatres when they heard they were to be there. Lady Coventry's shoemaker is said to have made a fortune by selling patterns of her shoe; and on the duchess's going to Scotland, several hundred people walked about all night round the inn where she slept, on the Yorkshire road, that they might have a view of her as she went off next morning.

Yet they appear to have been strangely neglected in their education; good-humoured and good-natured undoubtedly, but little better than hoydens after all. Lord Down met Lord and Lady Coventry at Calais, and offered to send her ladyship a tent-bed, for fear of bugs at the inn. "Oh dear!" said she, "I had rather be bit to death than lie one night from my dear Cov."

She is, however, memorable for one *étourderie*, which amused the world greatly. Old George II., conversing with her on the dulness of the season, expressed a regret that there had been no masquerades during the year, the handsome rustic answered him, that she had seen sights enough, and the only one she wanted to see now was—"a coronation." The king, however, had the good sense to laugh, and repeated it good-humouredly to his circle at supper.

Lady Coventry died a few years after of consumption, at the age of twenty-seven. It was said that her death was hastened by the habit of using white lead as a paint, the fashionable custom of the time. The

Duke of Hamilton had died two years before, in 1758, and the duchess became subsequently the wife of Colonel John Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle. The narrative observes the remarkable circumstance, that the untitled daughter of an Irish commoner should have been the wife of two dukes and the mother of four. By her first husband she was the mother of James, seventh duke, and of Douglas, eighth duke, of Hamilton; and by her second husband, of William, sixth duke, and of Henry, seventh duke, of Argyle. The duchess, though at the time of Lady Coventry's illness supposed to be in a consumption, survived for thirty years, dying in 1790.

Mason the poet commemorated Lady Coventry's death in a long elegy, which had some repute in those days, when even Hayley was called a poet. They are dawdling and dulcified to a deplorable degree.

"Yes, Coventry is dead; attend the strain,  
Daughters of Albion, ye that, light as air,  
So oft have tript in her fantastic train,  
With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair;  
For she was fair beyond your highest bloom;  
This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled.  
    &c. &c. &c.

We have then a sketch of a man of considerable celebrity in his day, Lord Sandwich. Educated at Eton and Cambridge; on leaving college, he made the then unusual exertion of a voyage round the Mediterranean, of which a volume was published by his chaplain on his return. Shortly after, taking his seat in the House of Lords, he came into ministerial employment as a Lord of the Admiralty. In 1746, he was appointed minister to the States General. And from that period, for nearly thirty years, he was employed in high public offices; was twice an ambassador, three times first Lord of the Admiralty, and twice Secretary of State. Lord Sandwich's personal character was at least accused of so much profligacy, that, if the charges be true, we cannot comprehend how he was suffered to retain employments of such importance for so many years. Wilkes,



who had known him intimately, describes him, in his letters to the electors of Aylesbury, as "the most abandoned man of the age." He is even said not to have been a man of business; yet the Admiralty was a place which can scarcely be managed by an idler, and the Secretaryship of State, in this country, can never be a sinecure. He had certainly one quality which is remarkable for conciliation, and without which no minister, let his talents be what they may, has ever been personally popular; he was a man of great affability, and of shrewd wit. The latter was exhibited, in a peculiarly cutting style, to Mr Eden, afterwards Lord Auckland. Eden, sagacious in his generation, had suddenly ratted to Pitt, adding, however, the monstrous absurdity of sending a circular to his colleagues by way of justification. Obviously, nothing could be more silly than an attempt of this order, which could only add their contempt for his understanding to their contempt for his conduct. Lord Sandwich's answer was in the most cutting spirit of scorn:—

"Sir,—Your letter is now before me, and in a few minutes will be *behind me*."

An unhappy circumstance brought Lord Sandwich with painful prominence before the world. A Miss Ray, a person of some attraction, had unfortunately lived under his protection for several years. It happened, however, that a young officer on the recruiting service, who had dined once or twice at Lord Sandwich's house in the country, thought proper to pay her some marked attentions, which, after allowing them, as it appears, to proceed to some extent, she suddenly declined. On this the officer, whose name was Hackman, and who was evidently of a fantastic and violent temperament, rushed from England in a state of desperation, flew over to Ireland, threw up his commission, and took orders in the church. But instead of adopting the quietude which would have been suitable for his new profession, the clerical robes seem to have made him more intractable than the military uniform. After some months of rambling and romance in Ireland, he rushed over to England again, resolving to conquer or die at

her feet; but the lady still rejected him, and, being alarmed at his violence, threatened to appeal to Lord Sandwich. There are many circumstances in the conduct of this unfortunate man, amounting to that perversion of common sense which, in our times, is fashionably and foolishly almost sanctioned as monomania. But nothing can be clearer than the fact, that the most unjustifiable, dangerous, and criminal passion, may be pampered, until it obtains possession of the whole mind, and leads to the perpetration of the most atrocious offences against society. The modern absurdity is, to look, in the violence of the passion for the excuse of the crime; instead of punishing the crime for the violence of the passion. We might as well say, that the violences of a drunkard were more innocent the more furiously he was intoxicated; the whole being a direct encouragement to excessive guilt. The popular feeling of justice in the last century, however, was different; robbers and murderers were put to death as they deserved, and society was relieved without burlesquing the common understandings of man. Mr Hackman was a murderer, however he might be a monomaniac, and he was eventually hanged as he deserved. The trial, which took place in April 1779, excited the most extraordinary public curiosity. By the statement of the witnesses, it appeared that a Mr Macnamara, being in the lobby of Covent Garden Theatre when the audience were coming away, and seeing Miss Ray making her way with some difficulty through the crowd to her carriage, he went forward with Irish gallantry to offer her his arm, which she accepted; and as they reached the door of the carriage, a pistol was fired close to them, when Miss Ray clapped her hand to her forehead and fell, when instantly another pistol-report followed. He thought that she had fainted away through fright; but when he raised her up, he found that she was wounded; and assisted the people in carrying her into the Shakespeare Tavern; and on Hackman's being seized, and being asked what could possess him to be guilty of such a deed, his only answer was to give his name, and say, "It is not a proper



place to ask such questions." It appeared in evidence, that Hackman had been waiting some time for Miss Ray's coming out of the theatre; that he followed her to the carriage door, and pulling out two pistols, fired one at the unfortunate woman, the ball of which went through her brain, and the other at himself, crying out as he fell, "Kill me—kill me!"

Of course, after evidence like this, there could be no defence, and none was attempted. Hackman evidently wished to have died by his own hand; but having failed there, his purpose was to perish by the law, and plead guilty. However, on being brought to trial, he said that he now pleaded not guilty, that he might avoid the appearance of condemning death—an appearance not suitable to his present condition; that, on second thoughts, he had considered the plea of guilty as rendering him accessory to a second peril of his life; and that he thought that he could pay his debt more effectually to the justice of the country by suffering his offences to be proved by evidence, and submitting to the forms of a regular trial. This, though it was penitence too late, was at least decorous language. His whole conduct on the trial showed that, intemperate as his passions were, he possessed abilities and feelings worthy of a wiser career, and a less unhappy termination. Part of his speech was even affecting.

"I stand here this day," he said, "the most wretched of human beings, and confess myself criminal in a high degree; yet while I acknowledge, with shame and repentance, that my determination against my own life was formal and complete, I protest, with that regard which becomes my situation, that the will to destroy her who was ever dearer to me than life, was never mine till a momentary frenzy overpowered me, and induced me to commit the deed I deplore. Before this dreadful act, I trust, nothing will be found in the tenor of my life which the common charity of mankind will not excuse. I have no wish to avoid the punishment which the laws of my country appoint for my crime; but being already too unhappy to feel a punishment in death, or a satisfaction in life, I submit myself with penitence

and patience to the disposal and judgment of Almighty God, and to the consequences of this enquiry into my conduct and intentions."

After a few minutes' consultation, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and he was executed two days after. It is surprising how strong an interest was felt on this subject by persons of every condition; by the populace, who love excitement from whatever quarter it may come; by the middle order, to whom the romance of the early part of the transaction, and the melancholy catastrophe were subjects of natural impression; and by the nobility, to whom the character of Miss Ray and the habits of Lord Sandwich were equally known.

The Earl of Carlisle thus writes to Selwyn, beginning with a sort of customary allusion to Selwyn's extraordinary fondness for those displays—

"Hackman, Miss Ray's murderer, is hanged. I attended his execution in order to give *you* an account of his behaviour, and from no curiosity of my own. I am this moment returned from it. Every one enquired after you. *You have friends* every where. The poor man behaved with great fortitude; no appearances of fear were to be perceived, but very evident signs of contrition and repentance."

A novel, of some pathos and considerable popularity, was founded on this unhappy transaction, and "The Letters of Mr Hackman and Miss Ray" long flourished in the circulating libraries. But the groundwork was vulgar, mean, and vicious, after all; and, divested of that colouring which imagination may throw on any event, was degrading and criminal in all its circumstances. The shame of the wretched woman herself, living in a state of open criminality from year to year; the grossness of Hackman in his proposal to make this abandoned woman his wife; the strong probability that his object might have been the not uncommon, though infinitely vile one, of obtaining Lord Sandwich's patronage, by relieving him of a connexion of which that notorious profligate, after nine years, might be weary—all characterise the earlier portion of their intercourse as destitute of all pretence to honourable feelings. The catas-

trophe is merely the work of an assassin. If there may be some slight allowance for overwhelming passion, for suddenly excited jealousy, or for remediless despair, yet those impulses act only to the extent of inflicting injury on ourselves. No love ever seeks the death of its object. It is then mere ruffianism, brute cruelty, savage fury; and even this becomes more the act of a ruffian, when the determination to destroy is formed in cold blood. Hackman carried two loaded pistols with him to the theatre. What other man carried loaded pistols there? and what could be his purpose but the one which he effected, to fire them both, one at the wretched woman, and the other at himself? The clear case is, that he was neither more nor less than a furious villain, resolved to have the life of a profligate milliner's apprentice, who preferred Lord Sandwich's house and carriage, to Mr Hackman's love and going on foot. We shall find that all similar acts originate in similar motives—here, licentiousness, and rage—the three stimulants of the highwayman, the debauchee, and the ruffian; with only the distinction, that, in the case of those who murder when they cannot possess, the three criminalities are combined.

Even with the execution of the criminal, the excitement did not cease. The papers of the day tell us, that when the body was conveyed to the surgeon's hall, so great a crowd was assembled, and the efforts to obtain entrance were so violent, that caps, gowns, wigs were torn and cast away in all directions. Old and young, men, women, and children, were trampled in the multitude. In the afternoon, the crowd diminished, and several persons of the better order made their way in, but with not a less vexatious result; for, on reaching the staircase leading to the theatre, they found themselves saluted with a shower from some engine worked under the staircase. This was rather a rough mode of tranquillizing public excitement, but seems to have been effectual. It was probably a trick of some of the young surgeons, and excited great indignation at the time. Hackman was but four-and-twenty, and of a striking figure.

The letters to which we have alluded, entitled, "Love and Madness," attracted attention in higher quarters, and even perplexed the fastidiousness of Walpole himself. In one of his letters of March, 1780, he thus writes:—"Yesterday was published an octavo, pretending to contain the correspondence of Hackman and Miss Ray. I doubt whether the letters are genuine, and yet, if fictitious, they are excused well, for introduced into his character. This appears less natural, and yet the editors were certainly more likely to be in possession of hers than his. It is not probable that Lord Sandwich should have sent what he found in her apartments to the press; no account is pretended to be given of how they came to light."

After having thus puzzled the dilettanti, it transpired that it was written by Sir Herbert Croft, Bart.

Another singular character, who, in connexion with one still more singular, remarkably occupied the ear and tongue of the *beau monde* of his day, is introduced in these volumes. This was Augustus John, Earl of Bristol, third son of John, Lord Hervey, by the beautiful Mary Lepe. He entered the sea service at an early age, and prospered as the sons of men of rank prospered in those days, being made a post-captain in 1747, when he was but three and twenty years old. Promotion was heaped upon him, and he was rapidly advanced to the rank of vice-admiral and colonel of marines. He was, however, said to be a brave and skilful officer. More good fortune was in store for him; he was placed in the king's household, was a member of Parliament, was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and finally rounded the circle of his honours by succeeding to the earldom of Bristol. The history of his wife is a continued adventure. Miss Chudleigh, maid of honour to the Princess of Wales, had, immediately on her appearance at court, become the observed of all observers. She was regarded as one of the most beautiful women of her time, was remarkably quick and witty in her conversation, of a most capricious temper and a most fantastic imagination—all qualities which naturally rendered her a topic in every

circle of the country. The circumstances of her marriage rendered her, if possible, still more a topic. On a visit at the house of a relation, she met Lord Bristol, then but a lieutenant in the navy, and plain Mr Hervey, and disregarding all the formalities of high life, they were privately married at Lainston, in Northamptonshire. They were, however, separated the next day, the lady declaring her determination never to see her husband's face again. This, of course, produced an ample fund of conversation of every kind; but the lady returned to court, and the gentleman returned to his ship, and went to sea. However, they met again, and the result was, she became a mother. From her determination to keep her marriage secret, she retired for her seclusion to a secluded spot in Chelsea, where her child was born, and where it soon after died.

It may easily be supposed, that the sudden disappearance of so conspicuous a person from the most conspiring society, must have given rise to rumours and ridicule of every kind. She returned to court nevertheless, and constantly denying her marriage, fought it out with that effrontery which is so easily forgiven, in fashionable life, to youth, wit, and beauty.

Yet she could not quite escape the flying shafts of wit herself. One day after her return, meeting the memorable Lord Chesterfield—"Think, my lord," said she, with an air of indignation, "to what lengths the scandalous chronicle will go, when it absolutely says that I have had twins." "My dear," said Lord Chesterfield, "I make it a rule never to believe above half what the world says."

She now received the attentions of many suitors, extraordinary as the circumstance may be, when the mystery of her own conduct and the surmises of the public are considered; and, to make assurance doubly sure, she determined to extinguish all proof of her hasty marriage. Ascertaining that the clergyman who had married her was dead, she went to Lainston church, and contrived to carry away the entry of her marriage from the register. Some time after this, Miss Chudleigh (for she never would take

her husband's name) married the Duke of Kingston. It was strongly asserted, though the circumstance is so dishonourable that it can scarcely be believed, that the silence of the real husband was purchased by the advance of a large sum of money from the pretended one. The marriage remained undisturbed until the death of the duke. She then came into possession of his very large disposable property, and traveled in great pomp to Rome; but the duke's nephew and heir, having his suspicions of the fact excited, commenced proceedings against the duchess for bigamy. She was tried before her peers in Westminster hall, and found guilty of the offence, in April 1776; but by claiming the privilege of peerage, she was discharged on payment of the usual fees.

It is scarcely possible to believe that a man of the rank and profession of Lord Bristol, could have been base enough to connive at his wife's marriage with the Duke of Kingston. But there can be no question, that in the prevalent opinion of the time, he had even taken a large sum of money for the purpose. In one of Walpole's letters, subsequently to the trial, he says, in his usual pithy and pungent style, "if the Pope expects his duchess back, he must create her one, for her peers have reduced her to a countess. Her folly and her obstinacy here appear in their full vigour, at least her faith in the ecclesiastical court, trusting to the infallibility of which she provoked this trial in the face of every sort of detection. The living witness of the first marriage, a register of it fabricated long after by herself, the widow of the clergyman who married her, many confidants to whom she had entrusted the secret, and even Hawkins, the surgeon, privy to the birth of the child, appeared against her. The Lords were tender, and would not probe the earl's collusion; but the ecclesiastical court, who so readily accepted their juggle, and sanctified the second match, were brought to shame—they care not if no reformation follows. The duchess, who could produce nothing else in her favour, tried the powers of oratory, and made a long oration, in which she cited the pro-



fection of her late mistress, the Princess of Wales. Her counsel would have curtailed this harangue; but she told them they might be good lawyers, but did not understand speaking to the passions. She concluded her rhetoric with a fit, and retired with rage when convicted of the bigamy."

The charge to which Walpole alludes, was, that the earl had given her a bond for £30,000 not to molest her; but as there was no proof, this gross charge certainly has no right to be implicitly received. Still it is unaccountable why he should have suffered her to have married the Duke of Kingston without any known remonstrance, and why he should have allowed her to retain the title of the duke's widow until the rightful heir instituted the proceedings. The earl died in 1779, within three years from the trial.

Among the characters which pass through this magic-lantern, is Topham Beauclerk, so frequently mentioned, and mentioned with praise, in Boswell's *Johnson*. He seems to have been a man of great elegance of manner, and peculiarity of that happy talent of conversation whose wit seems to be spontaneous, and whose anecdotes, however *recherché*, seem to flow from the subject. "Every thing," remarked Johnson, "comes from Beauclerk so easily, that it appears to me that I labour when I say a good thing."

Beauclerk was the only son of Lord Sydney Beauclerk, a son of Charles, first Duke of St Albans. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, and, from the moment of his entering fashionable life, was remarked for the elegance of manner, and the liveliness of conversation, which continued to be his distinctions to the close of his career. Unfortunately, the fashion of the time not only allowed, but seems to have almost required, an irregularity of life which would tarnish the character of any man in our more decorous day. His unfortunate intercourse with Viscountess Bolingbroke, better known by her subsequent name of Lady Diana Beauclerk, produced a divorce, and in two days after a marriage. She was the eldest daughter of Charles, the second Duke of Marl-

borough, and was in early life as distinguished for her beauty, as in later years she was for her wit.

Johnson in his old age became acquainted with Topham Beauclerk, through their common friend, Langton, and even the sage and moralist acknowledged the captivation of his manners. "What a coalition!" said Garrick, when he heard of their acquaintance, "I shall have my old friend to bail out of the roundhouse." But whatever might be the elegance of his companion's laxity, Johnson did not hesitate to rebuke him. Beauclerk, like wits in general, had a propensity to satire, on which Johnson once took him to task in this rough style—"You never open your mouth but with the intention to give pain; and you have now given me pain, not from the power of what you have said, but from my seeing the intention." At another time, applying to him that line of Pope's, slightly altered, he said—

"Thy love of folly, and thy scorn of fools;"

every thing you do shows the one, and every thing you say the other."

Another rather less intelligible rebuke occurred in his saying, "Thy body is all vice and thy mind all virtue." As the actions of the body proceed from the mind, it is difficult to conceive how the one can be impure without the other. At least Beauclerk did not appear to relish the distinction, and he was angry at the phrase. However, Johnson's attempt to appease him was a curious specimen of his magniloquence. "Nay, sir, Alexander the Great, marching in triumph into Babylon, could not have desired to have had more said to him."

Topham Beauclerk had two daughters by Lady Diana, one of whom became Lady Pembroke. He died at his house in Great Russell Street, then a place of fashion, in 1780, in his 41st year.

Selwyn's seat, Matson, in Gloucestershire, received some pretty historical reminiscences. One of Walpole's letters to Bentley, thus speaks of a visit to his friend's villa in the autumn of 1753.

"I staid two days at George Selwyn's house, which lies on Robin Hood's hill. It is lofty enough for an



Alp, yet is a mountain of turf to the very top, has woods scattered all over it, springs that long to be cascades in twenty places; and from the summits it bends even Sir George Littleton's views, by having the city of Gloucester at its foot, and the Severn widening to the horizon. The house is small but neat; King Charles (the First,) lay here at the siege, and the Duke of York, with typical fury, hacked and hewed the windows of his chamber, as a memorandum of his being there. The fact however being, that both the princes, Charles and James, who were then mere boys, remained at Minton—a circumstance frequently mentioned to Selwyn's grandfather by James II., observing:—"My brother and I were generally shut up in a chamber on the second floor during the day, where you will find that we have left the marks of our confinement inscribed with our knives at the ledges of all the windows."

The house must have been quite a treasure to Walpole, for he found in it a good picture of the famous Earl of Leicester, which he had given to Sir Francis Walsingham; and what makes it very curious, Walpole observes his age is marked on it fifty-four, in 1752. "I had never been able to discover before in what year he was born, and here is the very flower-pot and counterfeit association for which Bishop Spauldine was taken up, and the Duke of Marlborough sent to the Tower."

It is, however, by no means clear, that this was a "counterfeit association," though Walpole abandons his usual scepticism on all disputable

points with such facility. The "association" was a plot to bring back that miserable blockhead and bigot, James II., said to be signed by Marlborough, the Bishop of Rochester, Lords Salisbury, Cornbury, and Sir Basil Firebrace. On the information of one Young, the draft of the plot was found in a flower-pot in the Bishop's house at Bromley. But fortunately the days of royal terror had passed by. The crown was strong enough to treat conspiracy with contempt, and the affair was suffered to fall into oblivion. Yet it is now so notorious that many of the highest persons in the state were tampering with the exiled family, that the plot is rendered sufficiently probable. There seems to have been some political infatuation connected with the name of the Stuarts. Though, excepting the bravery of Charles I. and the pleasantry of Charles II., they all were evidently the dullest, most indolent, and most repulsive of mankind; yet many brave men periled their lives to restore them, and many men of great distinction hazarded their safety to correspond with them. The "Stuart Correspondence" was less a breach of loyalty than a libel on the national understanding.

On the whole, these volumes are interesting, in many parts—very much so. The editor has evidently done his best to illustrate and explain. But can he not discover any remnant of the letters of Selwyn himself? he might then remove the objection to his title, and please all readers together.

## NEWS FROM AN EXILED CONTRIBUTOR.

MELBOURNE, PORT PHILIP.

NEW SOUTH WALES. July 1, 1843.

BELOVED AND REV. CHRISTOPHER,

You have been pleased many times, in very decided terms, to express your ever-to-be-respected conviction that I should eventually come to something; imply to the wool-sack—possibly to the gallows; from which prophetic sentiment, I have naturally inferred that my genius was rare, and that your eagle eye had discovered it.

Before my letter reaches your generous shores, twelve months will have elapsed, most reverend Christopher, since we parted in the *Hibernian* city. Then we were as near to one another as firmly grasped hands could render us; now sixteen thousand miles effectually divide us; and whilst I sit silently wishing you ages of health and mortal happiness, the mercury of my thermometer stands lazily at freezing point, whereas your own sprightly quicksilver rushes up to 92. All things tell me of our separation. We sailed, as you will find by referring to your pocket-book—for you made a memorandum at the time—on the 14th day of November last from Cork; sighted Madeira—about thirty miles abreast—in eight days, and out of sight of it on the 22d. A fine fair wind was sent to us, and we crossed the Line, all well, on the 14th of December; then steering pretty far to westward, we luckily caught the trade-wind, and rounded the Cape in a good gale on the 15th of January. And here it came on to blow right earnestly: but we kept the gale for about eight days on our larboard quarter, and ascended on our course at a fearful rate. Our mizen mast was carried away—both our mainmasts split—and we smashed a few spars, and lost some running gear; nothing more serious happened, save the loss of as fine a young fellow as ever trode shoe-leather—a seaman. He was caught sharply by one of the ropes that gave way, and it carried him overboard like a feather. We saw him drop—the sea was running mountains high—we

could render him no assistance; and he perished under our very eyes. The wind, fortunately for us, continued on either quarter of our ship; and it is a remarkable fact, and deserving of notice, that, during the whole of our voyage, we had occasion only to *put the ship about twice*. We cast anchor in Hobson's Bay, Port Philip, on the morning of the 21st of February, having made our voyage in the short space of ninety-nine days, and the land within a quarter of an hour of the captain's reckoning. The events of the passage may be given *parvis rebus*. We had nine *accouchements* in the steerage amongst the emigrants, some of them premature from violent sea-sickness, and seven deaths—all children.

Our deaths, as I have said, were confined to the children. The adults kept free from fever; an astonishing fact, when the confinement and closeness of a steerage berth is taken into account. The voyage was agreeable. We were good friends in the cabin. The captain, a prudent, temperate man, took his three glasses of grog per diem, and no more; the first at noon, the second at dinner, the third and last at "turn-in." Your obedient servant, ever mindful of your strict injunctions, and of your eloquent discourse on sobriety and self-denial, and believing that he could not do better than regulate his watch according to the captain's chronometer, followed precisely the same rule. We maintained a glorious state of health after the first week; and if all future voyagers would do the same, let them neither eat nor drink aboard ship to the full extent of their appetites. This is simple advice, but I reckon it the first great secret which my nomadic experience enables me to put down for the benefit of my fellow-creatures; especially on board of a ship, *leave off with an appetite*. We passed our time—not having the fear of the Ancient Mariner before our eyes—in shooting albatrosses, Cape pigeons, and the like; in picking up a porpoise, a bonnitta, or a dolphin. Books, backgammon, and whist, filled

up the measure of the day. *Mem.*—had we been favoured with less wind, we should have got more porpoises. We speared many—*first-raters*; but the speed at which we cut along, prevented our securing them.

But we have cast anchor. The harbour of Hobson's Bay is a splendid inlet of the sea. The bay is very narrow at the entrance, but the moment you pass the Heads, it extends to a breadth of eight or ten miles, and to a length of twenty-two miles, from the mouth to the anchoring place. The land around the bay is flat and sandy, and covered with wood almost to the water's edge. The tree there resembles our common mountain fir: it is exactly like it in the bark: but it is called by the settlers, *the she-oak*. I reckon it to be the beef-tree, for it has its appearance when cut up, is hard, and takes a beautiful polish. Inland, this wood grows to a considerable height and thickness; but the principal part of the interior is thickly covered with the various species of the gum and peppermint trees, many of them of a singularly large growth: but more of the interior anon. Immediately opposite to the anchorage ground, there is a pretty little town called *Williamstown*, in which the water-police magistrate, an old seafaring gentleman, Captain ———, has his residence. The gallant captain has enough to do with the jolly tars, who invariably attempt to cut and run as soon as they have got here. A sailor misconducting himself on the voyage, has at least two months' reflection in the jail of Williamstown, commencing immediately upon his arrival. The news of this prison establishment will probably reach England before my letter. Should it be spoken of in your presence, say that it has been found absolutely necessary for the protection of shipmasters, and that an act was passed accordingly for its erection. *Gordon law*, so called after the first magistrate, is proverbial, and very summary. Every fellow found drunk gets two hours in the stocks, and he becomes sober there much sooner than if he had been simply fined five shillings.

The town of Melbourne is beautifully situated on the face of a hill, in

the hollow of which runs the noble river called the *Yarra-Yarra*, words which signify in the native language, "*flowing constantly*." It is distinguished by its title from the large majority of rivers, which are nearly *still*, and which, after extending only for a mile or two, form at length a species of swamp. Such rivers are generally styled *lagoons*. The *Yarra-Yarra* is navigable up to the town of Melbourne for ships of a large size—say 400 tons; but the seven miles of distance being circuitous, and the banks of sand at the mouth of the river occasionally shifting, the larger class of ships generally remain at the anchorage ground in the bay, and discharge by common lighters. At the present moment, from twenty to thirty very large ships are riding in the bay. A pretty little steamer plies three times a-day between the towns of Melbourne and Williamstown—price five shillings, up and down. Another steamer, "*The Sea Horse*," plies between Melbourne and Sydney once a fortnight: the passage is made in three days, and the fares £12 for cabin, £6 for steerage. The communication is a vast accommodation to this district. The steamer is in private hands, and did not answer at first: she now carries the mail, and promises to turn out a profitable spec. The coast is very dangerous, and at every season of the year liable to very violent gales. Even in the bay the squalls are sudden, violent, and dangerous, and many lives are lost for want of proper precaution and care, on board of small boats. Only yesterday, my friend, Mr G——, and three men, were out in a pleasure boat; in five minutes they were swept off to leeward, the boat was upset, and they were all drowned.

Melbourne is perhaps the most surprising place in her Majesty's dominions. Nothing, in the history of colonization, approaches her as regards the rapidity of advancement and extent. Six years ago there were not twenty British subjects on the spot, and at the present hour, Melbourne and its suburbs boast of a population of ten thousand souls. There are already built four splendid edifices for public worship—Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, and Inde-

pendents, are provided for—and there is in addition a very large Roman Catholic chapel in the course of erection. There are three banks all doing excellently well — “The Australasian,” “The Union Bank of Australia,” and “Port Philip’s Bank”—and there is yet a good field for another, under prudent management. The rate of discount is £10 per cent; and the interest given on deposit accounts £7 per cent. The common rate of interest, given with good mortgage security, is £20 per cent; and in some instances, where a little risk is taken, £25 and £30. Bills past due at the bank, are charged £12 per cent. A court of law (by act of Council) allows £8 per cent on all bills sued upon, with a discretionary power of extending the rate to £12 per cent, to cover any damage or loss sustained. There are two Club houses, a Royal Exchange, and some very large buildings for stores. A spacious new jail is building in a most commodious situation, and a public court house will soon follow; the one existing being but small and temporary. The new customhouse, which has been completed since my arrival, is a fine building, and forms one side of the Market Square. In front of this, and about four hundred yards distant, stands the wharf. Melbourne rejoices likewise in its theatre, or, as it is called, “*proscenium*,” which place of amusement, however, the governor does not think proper to license. His refusal is, I believe, very properly founded upon the questionable condition of the morals of the great body of the population. Two hours at the police-office any morning, afford a stranger a tolerably clear insight into this subject generally, and acquaint him particularly with the over-night deportment of the Melbourne. The police magistrate holds any thing but a sinecure. We have three newspapers in Melbourne, namely, *The Patriot*, *The Herald*, and *Gazette*, each published twice a-week: the first on Monday and Thursday, the second on Tuesday and Friday, the third on Wednesday and Saturday; so that we have a newspaper every day. The advertisements are numerous and varied in matter. I have heard upon good authority that the

proprietor of any one of these journals draws at least £4000 to £5000 per annum from the profits of them. It is not difficult to account for these enormous gains. Every thing here is sold by auction, and the advertisements are in consequence more numerous than they would otherwise be. An auctioneer alone, in good business, will pay each of the papers about £1000 per annum for printing and advertising his numerous sales. We have a supreme court with a full establishment of officers. John Wulpole Willis, Esq., was resident judge. He is now amongst you: for, by the ship which carries this letter, he starts for England, circumstances having occurred that render it necessary for him to vindicate in person a character which requires no vindication. The people of Melbourne part with the upright and learned judge with infinite regret, softened only by the certain hope they entertain of his immediate return. The resident judge holds civil courts as in England during the several terms, and criminal courts of general jail-delivery every month. The pleadings are conducted by barristers at law, who have been duly admitted in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Isle of Man. The agents, or attorneys and solicitors are those duly admitted at Sydney, at courts of Westminster in England, High Courts in Ireland, and *writers to her Majesty’s Signet in Scotland*. Others who may have served a regular apprenticeship of not less than five years to any such agent, after undergoing a necessary examination, are likewise suffered to practise as attorneys. The supreme court has been established about twelve months. Before that time all suits were carried on in Sydney. Conveyances of land may be prepared by any one, and, before professional men appeared amongst the settlers, there were some rare specimens of deeds in this branch of English law. Now they are of course better—and those to which I have adverted have fortunately paved the way for endless litigation. We have a sprinkling of military and mounted police; two very large steam mills for grinding flour and sawing timber; and in a word, all the concomitants of a large and flourishing



city. I should, however, except the public streets. These are still unpaved, and consequently in wet weather, in some places, impassable, and in dry weather insufferably dusty. I have spoken of the sudden squalls which arise often in the Bay. Whilst one of these prevails, clouds of dust are carried from the streets so dense that you cannot see half a yard before you. If you are exposed to the whirlwind, and chance to wear clothes of a dark colour, you issue from it with the appearance of a man who has been confined in a mill for a week. A house of furniture well cleaned in the morning, looks at dinner-time as if it had been coated with dirt for a twelvemonth. Should there be a sudden mortality among the ladies of Port Philip, it will undoubtedly be occasioned by this warfare with the dirt, which is carried forward day after day without any prospect of retreat on either side.

Having read thus far, you will very likely tap the floor impatiently with your foot, and say—if you have not said it already—"Well, but what is the fellow about himself?" Patience, gentle Christopher. I will tell you now. Upon my arrival with a pocket, as you are aware, not very inconveniently laden, I kept of course "my eye ahead" for any thing suitable in the farming way; sheep-stock or cattle. But it would not do. *Capital* was required to get a sheep-station, and employment as an overseer, in consequence of the depression that existed in the markets for all kinds of stock, altogether hopeless. No man is idle here longer than he can help it, unless he have the wherewithal to look to; and there are fifty modes of gaining bread here, if a man will turn to them? What could a briefless barrister do better than throw himself upon the law? I smelled out the attorneys to begin with. The first with whom I came in contact was one Mr —, from a northern county in England. He had been here only three years, and was already rattling about in his carriage. He arrived without a shoe to his foot, or a sixpence in his pocket. Another was my old and respected friend Mr —, writer to the signet, of Edinburgh, who had been here about

eighteen months, was living like a gentleman, and on the point of entering a fine new dwelling-house, which he had himself erected out of his own honourable —. Upon him I waited, and from his kindness I obtained all the information I stood in need of; and not only this, but immediate profitable employment in his office, which, with his leave, I hold until something offers—whether I shall claim admission as attorney, solicitor, and proctor, as some have done before me, or resort to my old calling of advocate is as yet an undecided question. I am now in the receipt of more than is necessary for subsistence, and I shall look before I leap. The rents of houses are extravagantly high. The poorest tradesman pays fifteen shillings a-week for his small house—and he must pay it weekly; the better class of tradesmen pay twenty and twenty-five shillings, and the higher class from two to four pounds a-week, for a petty dwelling containing only three rooms and a kitchen. A small brick cottage held by a friend of mine, and consisting of sitting-room, bedroom, servant's room, and kitchen, is considered a great bargain at a hundred pounds per annum. The hours of business are limited with strictness to seven—*ridelicit*, from nine in the morning until four p.m. You are your own master after four o'clock, and need fear no business-calls or interruptions. Whilst business, however, is going on, the excitement and bustle compel me to regard Cheapside on a Saturday afternoon, as a place of great quietness and an agreeable promenade. Fellows are riding as hard as they can tear from one end of the town to the other—cattle are driving to and fro—bullock-drays are crowding from the interior with wool—auctions are eternally at work—settlers are coming from their stations, or getting their provisions in. Tradesmen and mercantile men are hurryscurrying with their orders. A vast amount of work is done up to four o'clock, and afterwards all is silence, and the place looks unlike nothing so much as itself; and yet, notwithstanding all this bustle, money is altogether out of the question. From what exact cause or series of causes, I cannot tell you now—but the fact is certain

that the mercantile community here is nearly *bankrupt*. There is a glut of goods, a superabundance of every thing in the market. It has been wrongfully supposed in England that every thing would sell here, and the consequence has been that an overflow of every kind of commodity has poured in upon us. The supply has doubled and trebled the demand. Upon the first establishment of these settlements the wants of the people were of course many, and their prices for stock were so good, and their speculations in land so profitable and bright, that they could afford the indulgence of a luxury, no matter what price was asked to purchase it. It is very different now. The staple commodity of this colony is wool. Well, so long as all the stations or sheep-runs continued unoccupied, and new settlers arrived, the price of sheep kept naturally very high; but every station that can command a due supply of water, is now in occupation, and consequently the demand for stock has ceased. Sheep, which three years ago sold for twenty-five and eighteen shillings, command now, for first quality, eight shillings and sixpence only; ordinary quality, six shillings; and middling as low as five shillings. For cash sale by sheriff-warrant. I have seen beautiful ewes, free from all disease—2000 of them—sold for two and sixpence each! Cattle three years ago sold for ten, twelve, and sometimes fifteen pounds per head. At this moment they are so plentiful that I could purchase a drove of fat cattle, two to three hundred head—and some of them weighing eighty stone—for eight pounds a beast, and that on credit too by approved bill at four months' date. Such are a few of the reasons why a damper has come over the Port Philip market, reducing amongst other things the price of wages by nearly a third. Emigrants continue to pour in, and they stare and are grievously disappointed at the rate of wages, so very different to that which they expected. Twelve months since, a single labouring man got forty pounds per annum, with weekly rations of provisions; now with his rations, he receives only twenty-five, or at most thirty pounds per annum. Married men with young

families will not be hired at any rate, for they are only burdens on a station. A good thorough-bred shepherd maintains his price. He is still in great demand, and may command from sixty to seventy pounds per annum, with rations, cow's milk, free rent, and a portion of produce of stock in addition to all, if he chooses to put his wages to that mode of profit. Women servants were formerly much wanted. They are now ~~at~~ discount. The filthy drabs ejected from Ireland are scarcely worth their meat. I am proud to say it, and you should be proud to hear it, gentle Christopher, that a Scotch servant, male or female, is forty per cent above every other in value in this colony. Scotch servants get ahead in spite of every thing. The Scotch tradesmen have almost all of them made money; some abundantly. I have met many here from the North who brought nothing but their energy, moderation, and unconquerable perseverance with them, and they are affluent, and are becoming daily more so. Donald —, who was a servant lad at home, and is now a respected and respectable man in Melbourne, is independent. He went first to Van Diemen's Land, and came here some three years ago. "And had you arrived," he said to me the other day, "at the same time, you might now have been moving home a prosperous gentleman." However, *nul desperandum*. There is still a fair opportunity for an industrious man, who above all things has resolution to be sober in his habits. The mischief with the labouring man has been, that having suddenly discovered his wages to be high in comparison with those he received in the mother country, he has considered himself entitled to have a proportionate extra amount of enjoyment at the public-house, where drink is very high. Good tradesmen would infallibly make money, but for this great failing. The bullock dray-drivers, certainly the best paid of all the working men, absolutely think nothing of coming from the Bush into Melbourne, with twenty or thirty pounds in their pocket, and spending every farthing of the sum—in *one night*—champagne to the mast-head. The innkeepers make fortunes rapidly.

Shall I tell you how much Boniface will draw in a week? No—for you will not believe me. Certainly as much as many an innkeeper in a country town would draw in twelve months. An innkeeper's license to Government is thirty pounds per annum. This entitles him to keep his house open from six in the morning until eleven o'clock at night; ten pounds more enables him to have open house during the night; and an additional ten pounds enables him to keep a billiard-table. There are a great many houses with tables and a number of light houses: but, as I have hinted before, our police courts exhibit abominations, and a police court is a good criterion of the morals of a people. In the first formation and early beginnings of this colony, a man having sheep took up his abode in the interior, on any spot which he considered suitable and agreeable, and he was called a *squatter*. Now no individual may pasture sheep or cattle of any kind without receiving a license from Government, for which he pays ten pounds annually, and making a return every year of all his stock, servants, and increase—the license, by the way, not being available within three miles of Melbourne. The holder of such a license is called a *settler*. A settler is entitled to cut wood upon his own station or run, for firing for himself and servants; but if he cut it for sale—and we have no coal here—he pays, in addition to the ten pounds, three pounds more per annum for the permission so to do.

You shall now receive a faithful account of the settling of a settler. Suppose him to have a station in the interior, or as it is invariably styled, “in the *Bush*.” The distance is forty, fifty, or it may be eighty, miles from Melbourne, and the stock consists of from four to five thousand sheep, and from one to two hundred head of cattle. The settler, in all probability, has been accustomed in his early life to good society, has been well educated and brought up. Living at his station he sees none but his own servants, his *chère amie*, (always a part of a settler's stock,) and perhaps a few black natives, not unfrequently hostile visitors. Business calls the settler to Melbourne; he puts up at his inn; any thing in the shape

of society rejoices his heart, and forthwith he begins “the lark;” he dines out—gets fuddled, returns to his inn, finds a city friend or two waiting for him, treats them to champagne, of which, at ten shillings per bottle, they drink no end. Very well. His horse is in the stable at seven shillings and sixpence a-night, his own bill varies from six to eight pounds per diem, and at the end of a fortnight my settler is called upon to hand over a cheque upon his banker to the tune of a hundred pounds, or, if he has no bank-account, his promissory note at a very short date. Away starts the settler back to his solitude: he has given his bill, and he thinks no more about it; but the bill finds its way quickly into the hands of an attorney, and in eight days there is an execution out for recovery, with an addition of ten pounds already incurred in legal expenses. The sheriff's bailiff rides to the station and demands payment of the whole. He gets no money, but settler and bailiff return in company to Melbourne: a friend is applied to; he discounts a bill for the sum required. The attorney is paid the amount by the hands of the sheriff. The bill once more becomes due, and is once more dishonoured: expenses run up like wildfire. This time there is no escape, and a portion of the stock must be sold to avoid ruin—and it is sold sometimes at a fearful sacrifice. This is no insulated case. It is the history of nine-tenths of the thoughtless fellows who dwell away in the Bush. Such gentlemen at the present hour, in consequence of the depressed state of the stock market, are all but ruined. Any one of them, who twelve months since purchased his flock of two thousand sheep at eighteen or five-and-twenty shillings, can only reckon upon a fourth of the amount in value now. It is increase only that enables him to pay his servants, and he has as much off the wool as affords him the means of living. The sale of his wethers would not pay for the tear and wear of bullocks and drays; and if any profit does by any chance arise, it can be only from occasionally catching a few head of cattle, which, as they run wild in the woods, the settler can keep no account of, and only with difficulty



secure when they come to a lagoon for water, where they are watched, because at one time or another they are certain to appear. Horses are very dear in Melbourne: a useless brute, which in England would be dear at ten pounds, sells here quickly for thirty; a good saddle horse will fetch a hundred, and I have seen some tolerable cart horses sold for fifty and sixty pounds. In a new colony, where almost all the draught is performed by bullocks, cart horses must realize a good price. The hire of a horse and cart in Melbourne is, one pound four shillings for the day.

In addition to those above spoken of, there is another class of settlers, who were the original stock-holders and land-purchasers in the district. They have large tracts of country in the Bush, and thousands of sheep and cattle on them, and all managed by servants and overseers. These proprietors live at the clubs in Melbourne, and constitute what is here termed the *élite* of society. A short time ago these gentlemen entertained the pleasing notion, that there was to be no termination to the increase and extent of their wealth; and one very young member of the society was heard to exclaim, in apparent agony at his excessive good fortune, "mean my soul, I am become most disgustingly rich." But mark the difference! They have been living in the most extravagant manner. They discounted bills at their own pleasure here at ten per cent; and knowing well that these bills would not be honoured at maturity, they sent them to London, and cashed them there; with the funds thus raised, they speculated in the buying of land and stock, hoping to get (as in many instances they did) at least eighty per cent profit by their transactions. But now stock has fallen to a trifle; bills are falling due, rushing back from England under protest — and the bubble bursts. The banks are drawing in their accommodation, and the *élite*, who were a short time back so disgustingly rich, are, whilst I write, most disgustingly poor. This is no imaginative statement; it is a sober fact. But I do not suppose that the present state of things will last long. Speculation and the rate of interest

must come down. When the human body is disordered, it is a happy time for the doctor; when the body mercantile is diseased, it is the attorney's harvest time. If an attorney has any business at all, he must do well in Melbourne, for his fees are inordinately high. Protesting a bill is five-and-twenty shillings; noting, half-a-guinea; every letter demanding payment of account, if under twenty pounds, half-a-guinea; above twenty and under a hundred pounds, one guinea; above a hundred, two guineas. Every summons (a summons being a short printed form) before the supreme court, is charged six guineas; and the clients pay down at once, without any questions, too glad to do so, provided they can get rid of their temporary difficulties. Litigation is short and quick. Conveyancing is downright profit: a deed, however short, conveying a piece of land, however trifling, costs five guineas. There are no stamps, and the work is done in an hour. More valuable properties are conveyed by a deed generally charged nine guineas. My friend — has drawn twelve such deeds in his office in the course of one day, and with these eyes I have seen him earn six guineas in as many minutes, by appearing at the police-office when a dispute has arisen between a master and his servant. All quarrels of this kind are arranged at the police-office, when the amount of wages received by the servant does not exceed thirty pounds annually. An attorney with brains cannot fail to get ahead. He has only to use dispatch, and to begin and continue in one even and undeviating course. Our barristers are few in number. There are but four of them. There is still a glorious field for a barrister of talent, and especially if he be conversant with the nicer points of conveyancing. Any clever barrister up to the business and a good speaker, might rely upon making immediately at least a thousand a-year; the community and waiting for such a man. A fellow with no capital and no profession had better not show his face in Melbourne. It is a thousand to one against him. Compared to his position that of a labourer is an enviable one; yet any respectable and intelligent man tolerably well educated,



Coming here with four or five hundred pounds in his pocket, may certainly, in a couple of years, and in twenty different ways, triple that capital. The best and most promising is the following:—Buy in any *growing* part of the town of Melbourne, a small piece of town allotment. This will cost fifty pounds; upon this you may erect two small brick cottages, containing each two rooms and a kitchen, and well fitted for a respectable tradesman. Two hundred and forty pounds will build them up; thus the whole expense of cottages and ground is two hundred and ninety pounds at most. Each cottage will, for a moral certainty, let for one pound five shillings per week, and thus return you a clear rental of sixty-four pounds per annum, for the sum of one hundred and forty-four pounds laid out. Some capitalists are not long in discovering this mode of adding to their fortunes, and it is not surprising that such men, with ease, get speedily rich. Many individuals are personally known to me who arrived here with small means a few years back, and who are now receiving an increase of fifteen hundred pounds a-year from houses, which they have raised upon their profits and by not slow degrees. Their returns are certain, for, mark you, every tradesman pays his rent every Monday morning. There is no delay. If it be not paid the hour it is due, the landlord is empowered by law to send a bailiff to the house, to keep him there at an expense to the tenant of three shillings per day—and to request him, at the end of five days, to sell off the goods and chattels, provided the demand is still unsatisfied. I know no better investment for capital, be it large or small, than that of which I speak. There are no taxes, no ground-rents, and the tenant is bound to keep his premises in repair. If a mistake has been made in the building of houses, it is because some have overshoot the mark, and built dwellings that are *too large for the purpose required*; these large houses cost a large sum of money, and neither let readily nor nearly so high in proportion, as the smaller houses occupied by the working-classes.

I am unable to give you an accurate notion of the general appear-

ance of the country. Speaking in broad terms it is wooded, but not so densely as on the Sydney side, Van Diemen's Land, or New Zealand. The peculiar and beautiful feature of this country is the open plain which is found at every ten or twelve miles, spreading itself over a surface not less than three miles in length, and half the distance in breadth. It is as smooth as a lawn. A magnificent tree rears itself to a great height here and there upon the sward, on either side of which appears a natural park, the finest that taste could fashion or art could execute. Nature has done in fact what no art could accomplish. Gaze upon these grounds, and for a moment imagine that the enormous bullocks before you, with their fearful horns, are a gigantic herd of deer, and you have a sight that England, famous for her parks, shall in vain attempt to rival. But against this royal scene—set off a melancholy drawback, one which I fear may never be made good even by the ingenuity and indomitable energy of man. The land has an awful want of *spring water*. There are a few small holes, called lagoons, the remains of ancient rivers, met with now and then; and strange to say, one of such holes will be found to contain salt sea-water, whilst another, within a very few yards of it, has water quite fresh, or nearly so. In the former are found large sea-fish, such as cod, mullet, sea-carp, and a fish similar to our perch. I am speaking of holes discovered at a distance of a hundred and twenty miles from the sea, and having no visible communication with it. In several districts there are large rivers, but their course is uncertain, and it is impossible to say that any one river empties itself into the sea. Goulburn is a fine river, and ninety miles from this, on the banks of that river, are found very large lobsters, and other shell-fish. To stand on an eminence, and to cast your eye down into the valley beyond and beneath you, is to have an enjoyment which the ardent lover of nature alone can appreciate. Far as the eye can look, there is uninterrupted harmony. Verdant plains covered with the fleecy tribe, and here and there (alas! only but *here and there*) a speck of water, enough to vindicate

nature from the charge of utter neglect—and no more. A glance thrown in another direction brings to your view an endless tract of country deprived even of these solitary specks, where the grass grows as high as your knee, and where no man dare take his flocks and herds for lack of the sweet element. If the surface of this land were blessed with spring water as England is, the wealth of this colony would surpass the calculation of any living man. As it is, who can tell the ultimate effect of this important deprivation? There are one or two stations, on which spring water has been discovered, but it is a rare discovery and dearly prized. In Melbourne we have no water, but such as is carted by the water barrel carters from the river Yarra-Yarra. Every house has its barrel or hoghead for holding water. The Yarra-Yarra water is brackish, and causes dysentery. The complaint is now prevailing. In many parts of the interior puddle holes are made, and water is thus secured from the heavy rain that falls in the early part of summer. Water saved in this manner never becomes putrid. The leaves of the gum-tree fall into the pool abundantly, and not only give to the water a very peculiar flavour, but preserve it from all putrefaction. This gum water is safest when boiled with a little tea, and drunk cold. Every settler in the Bush drinks water in no other way, and—for want of better things—he takes tea and fresh mutton at least three times a-day. His bread is a lump of flour and water rolled into a ball, and placed in hot ashes to bake. The loaf is called “a damper.” The country, as far as I have seen it, bears evident marks of great volcanic change. You meet with a stone, round like a turnip, as hard as iron, like rusty iron in appearance, and on the outside honey-combed. There are large beds of it for miles. You then come to the flat country where the soil surpasses any thing you can conceive in richness, fit for any cultivation under heaven, and upwards of fifteen feet in depth. Before I quitted London, I heard that the climate of Australia was fine and equable, seldom varying, and well suited to a delicate constitution. I am satisfied

that many consumptive persons live here, who in Scotland would be carried off in a month. You seldom hear a person cough. In church I have listened in vain for a single *hoarse*; no, not even before the commencement of a psalm do you find the *haughting* and *chuckering* that are indispensable in England. All pipes are clear as a bell. I noticed this as a phenomenon on my first arrival. We are now, as you would say, in the dead of winter; a strange announcement to a British ear in the month of July. The air is chill in the morning and evening, before sunrise and after sunset, but during the day the weather is as fine as in the finest September day in Scotland. Notwithstanding what I have said, I would not have you ground any theory upon my remarks as yet—or deceive Sir James Clark, and the rest of the medical gentlemen, who are looking on all sides of the world for a climate for their hopeless invalids. I have stated facts, but those which follow are no less authentic. On the 30th and 31st of December last, the thermometer at the observatory stood in the shade at 70 deg. and 72 deg. noon. On the 1st of January at noon, and up to three o'clock, P.M., it stood in the shade at 92 deg. and 93 deg. On the 2d it rose to 95 deg. at noon, and fell at sunset, eight P.M., to 69 deg. In the middle of the aforesaid month of December the thermometer was 86 deg. at breakfast time, and before dinner down to 63 deg. These memoranda, gained from undoubted sources, would show the climate—in summer at least—to be more variable than my reference proves it; yet I am told that even in summer time you hear of little sickness amongst grown up people. New comers suffer from dysentery, and children are attacked in the same way. I have had two visitations, from which I rallied in the course of four and twenty hours, with the aid of arrow root, port wine, and laudanum. A free use of vegetables is always dangerous to strangers, and they are obtained here in perfection. The weather is too hot for apples, pears, and gooseberries in the summer. Grapes and other English hot-house fruits come to delicious maturity in the open air. The melons are inconceivably

Exquisite, and grow, as they were wont in Paradise before the fall, without care or trouble spent upon them. The seed is put into the earth; a little water is given to it at that time, and the thing is done—"c'est un fait accompli." Potatoes grow at any season of the year, and cauliflowers and turnips spring up almost in a night like mushrooms. There are some five farms in cultivation around Melbourne, and the crops of wheat are very fair in quality but fall off in quantity. Thirty bushels per acre is considered a good crop. Oats grow too much to straw, and are generally cut in the shot blade, winnowed, and carted to Melbourne and sold for hay. Rye-grass hay does not answer, and clover is not more successful; but vetches have just been introduced on a small scale, and nothing yet grown has succeeded so well as green food for horses and cows. Hay of fine quality is brought from Van Diemen's Land, but it is very dear. A cart load of good eaten hay sells here for about forty-five shillings. Van Diemen's Land hay is at present eleven guineas per ton.

The aboriginal natives of this colony are a very savage race, and all the efforts hitherto made by missionaries, protectors, and others, have ever given promise or warrant of effectual civilization. The males are tall, and of fierce aspect; the skin and hair are exceedingly black—the latter very smooth. In many instances, the features are striking and good. The women are slender, and during the summer, naked; in winter, the females in the immediate neighbourhood procure clothes from the inhabitants of Melbourne, and cut, as you may suppose, a very original figure. Nothing will induce the natives to work. They live in the Bush, and the hark of a large tree forms their habitation. There are three distinct tribes around us in a circuit of about a hundred miles, and the difference of features amongst these tribes is easily observed. The three tribes speak three different languages unintelligible to one another. They meet at different periods of the year, and hold what they term a "*corroborice*,"—that is—a dance. Their bodies on these occasions are covered with oil, red

paint, and green leaves. I have seen two hundred at a meeting, but they assemble double that number at times. The festival concludes in a pitched battle. There is a grand fight with clubs, or arrows and spears. Three or four are generally killed in the onslaught, and as many of the survivors as are fortunate enough to get a bite, feast upon the fat of the victims' breasts. This fat is their richest dainty. Those who are able to form an opinion on the subject, pronounce the aborigines of this colony to be *cannibals*. Many of their children disappear, and it is generally supposed that they are devoured by their friends and acquaintances. In many districts of the interior, the blacks have lately committed many depredations amongst the sheep, and many of the drails are shot without judge or jury. Two natives are now in the jail of Melbourne under sentence of death, for committing a dreadful murder upon two sailors who were cast ashore from a whaler. These savages had been for thirteen years under the instruction of a protector and others. They belonged originally to Van Diemen's Land, but migrated to a part of this colony called Portland Bay. They spoke English quite well, yet, notwithstanding all their advantages, they perpetrated this cruel and cold-blooded murder, and then cunningly hid the bodies in the ground. They were detected by the merest chance, in consequence of their being in possession of a few articles which had formerly belonged to the unhappy mariners. None of the natives is allowed to carry fire-arms, and a heavy fine is inflicted upon any individual who is known to give them spirits. They are passionately fond of spirits, and next to these of *loaf bread*. The females are called by the males "*Loubras*," and the males are designated "*Coolies*." There is not promiscuous cohabitation. When a *Coolie* reaches the age of twenty-one, he is allowed to choose his own "*Loubra*." Every male who then takes unto himself a helpmate, loses a front tooth, which is knocked out of him. The natives generally tattoo their arms and breasts, but not their faces; many carry a long white wooden pin, or a feather, pierced through the thin part of the nose;

and they all twist kangaroo teeth and the bones of fishes more or less in their hair. Every thing small and diminutive they call "*Pickaninnie*," and any thing very good, "*Merr jig*." Their language is a queer, rattling, hard-sounding gibberish, incomprehensible to most people; they speak as fast as possible, laugh immoderately at trifles, and are excellent mimics. Their own children they stile "*Pickaninnies*."

From all that I have seen, I do not hesitate to say, that this country will prove a splendid field for future generations. At the present time, no man should venture here who is unprepared for many privations and a numerous list of annoyances. The common necessities of life he will certainly find, but none of his ancient and English luxuries. Society is, as you may guess, very limited. You may acknowledge an acquaintance with any one, without committing yourself. To say that you know a man intimately is hazardous; I mean—a man whose friendship you have cultivated only since your arrival. "There are many whom you have known at home, and whose friendship it is a pride and a pleasure to renew in your exile. But, as a general rule, "*keep yourself to yourself*" is a serviceable adage. If it be attended to—*well*. If it be neglected—you run your head against a stone in less than no time.

If any man have a competency, let him not travel hither to enjoy it. If he has a little money, and desires with a little trouble and inconvenience to double his capital in the shortest possible space of time—let him come out, and fearlessly. Living is cheap enough as far as the essentials are concerned. Butcher meat, not surpassed in any part of England, Scotland, or Ireland, is to be had at twopence per pound; the fine four pound loaf for sixpence halfpenny; brown sugar, fourpence; white, sixpence; candles, sixpence per pound; tea, the finest, three shillings the pound; fresh butter, one shilling and threepence per pound. Wild fowl in abundance. Vegetables are cheaper than in any part of England. Wines of moderate price, but not of good quality. Spirits first-rate, and every kind cheaper than in England, except

whisky, which is seventeen and eighteen shillings per gallon; very old at twenty-one and twenty-two. The wine most wanted here is claret. A great deal of it is drunk during the summer, but the quality of it is bad. Fish are abundant in the river and pools, but the people will not trouble themselves to catch them. However, for eightpence or two shillings, you may get a good dish of mutteel, carp, or a small fish called "*flatties*." I have never seen any of the salmon tribe, or any fish like a sea or river trout. Wild swans—both black and white—qualls, snipes, cranes, and water-hens, are everywhere abundant; and in the Bush, the varieties of the parrot kind are out of number. Kangaroos, opossums, and flying-squirrels, are common near the town, and afford plenty of amusement to the sportsman. No game license required! *Sunday* used to be the tradesman's day for shooting, and to a new comer the proceeding had a very queer appearance. By act of council, Sunday shooting is prohibited under a heavy penalty, which has been inflicted on several transgressors, but, like most laws, this is evaded. *Shooting* is forbidden, but *hunting* is not. Accordingly numerous parties sally forth on the Sabbath to hunt the kangaroo. The dog used for the sport is a cross between a rough greyhound and a bull; but others follow in the pack. Every man, woman, and child, keeps a dog. Some families have eight or nine running over a house, and the natives have them without number. A few months ago these animals congregated so thickly in the streets, that the magistrates directed the police to shoot all that were not registered and had a collar with the owner's name; as many as fifty were killed in a morning. It costs nothing to feed a dog; the heads of bullocks and the heads and feet of sheep are either thrown away or given to any one who asks for them. The *bone manure system*, if brought into operation, would help to keep the streets from a bony nuisance. *Memento*: Let the next emigrant to this colony bring a good strong fox-hound bitch with him; he will find it to his advantage. A cross between her and a Newfoundland or large greyhound would do any thing. There are



a couple of fox-hounds here, but no bitch. It would do your heart good to see the pace at which the fellows ride. Twenty miles on horseback they think about as much of as we do of five. There is nothing to obstruct the animals; they are not even shod, and they fly over the smooth sward. A hundred and twenty miles is reckoned a journey of a day and a half. A dray, with eight, ten, or twelve bullocks in it, according to load, will travel thirty miles a-day. When the folks travel, they take no shelter in a house or hut for the night. When night approaches, they alight, and tie their horses to a stump; they draw down some of the thick branches of the gum-tree, and peel off the bark of a large tree, kindle a fire with a match, or, for want of this, rubbing two sticks together, get up a blaze, and fall to sleep beside it. If the traveller be accompanied by a dray, the tarpauling is drawn round, and he sleeps beneath it.

Not amongst the least of the annoyances found here are the ants. There are three species of the insect, and they are all very large. Many of them are an inch long, and they bite considerably. A hand bitten by some of the monsters will swell to the size of a man's head. Along the coast, and in every house, smaller ants prevail, and these innumerable. The number of the latter, which you shall find upon your blanket any day of the year, is literally not to be computed. No house is free from this little disturber, who spares neither age nor sex. I have stood upon the sea beach adorned with white trousers, which in less than ten minutes have been covered with hundreds of the vermin. It is an easy transition from the trousers to the inner legs. But this is nothing when you are used to it. The *grey horse* won't live in the colony. So it is said; at all events none are seen; and I am very sure that every emigrant ship brings its fair stock. It is a wise ordination that forbids *their* settling. The *mark* fly is indigenous, and thrives wonderfully, as you shall hear. This fly is very like our British bluebottle, with a somewhat greener head, and a body entirely yellow. I have seen two *mark* flies strike (as it seemed) a joint of meat, just as it was removing from the spit,

leaving their fly blows there. Before the joint had been ten minutes upon the table, small white mawks were moving upon the surface of the meat in considerable numbers. If by any chance these animals are suffered to accompany the meat to the safe or larder, in the course of twenty-four hours the small white mawks increase to the length of one-eighth of an inch, and are found crawling in hundreds and moving about, as you have observed the yellow flies buzzing over the old and rotten carcass of a horse that has been exposed for weeks. In the winter these creatures are, of course, less troublesome than in summer. Wire meat-covers are in constant use during the latter season.

Thus far had I got in my epistle, when a torrent of ill news rushed in upon us, and compelled me to delay my scribble. I am sorry to say, that in addition to the account which I have already given of the depressed state of the markets, I must add some ismial intelligence. The markets are in a deplorable state, and so is the mercantile community in general. Every day there is a fresh bankruptcy, and the heaviest yet has just taken place. I cannot but believe that if more emigrant labourers come out just now, they must starve. Any man with ten or fifteen thousand pounds could buy half of the district for ready cash. The moneyed men are making fearful hands as it is. Let emigration stop for a time, and the markets must look up again. At the present moment every thing is selling cheaper here than in England; men's wages are down to the ordinary English rate. So long as the banks afford seven per cent for deposits, moneyed men will lie in wait for bargains, and until such present themselves, will lock up the capital which at first was in circulation through the immense speculations in land and stock. The men who saw no end to speculation are gone and floored, every one of them. Will you believe that Messrs ——— sent out three thousand pounds worth of brandy to Sydney, and so glutted the market that part of the cargo was bought low enough to make it a good spec to reship it for England. Such is the fact. There never was a better moment than the present for a

hit in hand—sheep are at so low a figure, and settlers so hard run. The former I still believe will gradually rise; for, on the Sydney side, the process of boiling down sheep for the sake of the tallow, has commenced, and if it succeed, as I believe it will, the standard value of a sheep will be fixed at something like eight shillings. So much for the fleece and skin, so much for the bones, so much for the kidney fat, and so much for the tallow or fat recovered by boiling the carcass. The great object of this colony must be to increase the export produce, and to bring capital in its place. Wool no doubt is, and will prove to be, the staple commodity; and in time, the settlers will pay more attention to the getting up of it, and to the packing. But above all they must speedily rid themselves of their bloodsuckers, a set of men who charge enormous commissions for anticipated sales, and what not, amounting to thirty and forty per cent; a sum that is nothing short of utter ruin to a poor fellow who has nothing but his wool to depend upon. Had Judge Willis remained amongst us, he would have rooted out whole nests of these hornets. I have no fear of the ultimate success of the colonists, if they will but be faithful to

themselves. They have a splendid country, and its capabilities are now only beginning to be known. Before the end of the present year, our exports will consist of wool, bark, tallow, gum, hides, furs, and last, although not least, the finest cured beef in the world. If the latter article of produce is acknowledged as it deserves to be, and finds and establishes an eastern market, nothing will prevent the colony from rising to importance. As far as price is concerned, we can compete with any country in the world. We have no politics in Port Philip. The community are far better employed in attending to their commercial affairs. Let them but persevere honestly and prudently in their course, and they must do well.

And so much for my first epistle, honoured Christopher. If it afford you amusement, you shall hear from me again. I have spoken the truth, and have writ down simple facts. As such, receive them, and communicate them to your neighbours. And now, with affectionate remembrances to yourself and all enquiring friends,

Believe me,

Reverend Christopher,

Your grateful and attached,

JOHN WILLIAM.

#### THE PROPHECY OF THE TWELVE TRIBES.

"And Jacob called unto his sons, and said, Gather yourselves together, that I may tell you *that* which shall befall you in the last days.

"Gather yourselves together, and hear, ye sons of Jacob; and hearken unto Israel your father."  
—Genesis, xlix. 1, 2, &c.

THE Patriarch sat upon his bed—

His cheek was pale, his eye was dim;  
Long years of woe had bow'd his bend,  
And feeble was the giant limb.

And his twelve mighty sons stood nigh,  
In grief—to see their father die!

But, sudden as the thunder-roll,

A new-born spirit fill'd his frame,  
His fainting visage flash'd with soul,  
His lip was touch'd with living flame;  
And hurst, with more than prophet fire,  
The stream of Judgment, Love, and Ire.

"REUBEN,\* thou spearhead in my side,  
Thy father's first-born, and his shame;

\* The privileges of the first-born passed away from the tribe of Reuben, and were divided among his brethren. The double portion of the inheritance was given to

Unstable as the rolling tide,  
A blight has fall'n upon thy name.  
Decay shall follow thee and thine.  
Go, outcast of a hallow'd line!

"SIMEON and LEVI,\* sons of blood  
That still hangs heavy on the land;  
Your flocks shall be the robber's food,  
Your folds shall blaze beneath his brand.  
In swamp and forest shall ye dwell.  
Be scatter'd among Israel!

"JUDAH!† All hail, thou priest, thou-king!  
The crown, the glory, shall be thine;  
Thine, in the flight, the eagle's wing—  
Thine, on the hill, the oil and wine.  
Thou lion! nations shall turn pale  
When swells thy roar upon the gale.

"Judah, my son, ascend the throne,  
Till comes from heaven the unborn king—  
The prophesied, the mighty one,  
Whose heel shall crush the serpent's sting.  
Till earth is paradise again,  
And sin is dead, and death is slain!

"Wile as the surges, ZEBULON,‡  
Thy daring keel shall plough the sea;  
Before thee sink proud Sidon's sun,  
And strong Issachar toil for thee.  
Thou, reaper of his corn and oil,  
Lord of the giant and the soil!

"Whose banner flames in battle's van!  
Whose mail is first in slaughter gored!  
Thou, subtler than the serpent, DAN,§  
Prince of the arrow and the sword.  
Woe to the Syrian charioteer  
When rings the rushing of thy spear!

Joseph—the priesthood to Levi—and the sovereignty to Judah. The tribe never rose into national power, and it was the first which was carried into captivity.

\* The massacre of the Shechemites was the crime of the two brothers. For a long period the tribe of Simeon was depressed: and its position, on the verge of the Amalekites, always exposed it to suffering. The Levites, though finally entrusted with the priesthood, had no inheritance in Palestine: they dwelt scattered among the tribes.

† The tribe of Judah was distinguished from the beginning of the nation. It led the van in the march to Palestine. It was the first appointed to expel the Canaanites. It gave the first judge, Othniel. It was the tribe of David, and, most glorious of all titles, was *the Tribe of our Lord*.

‡ Zebulun was a maritime tribe, its location extending along the sea-shore, and stretching to the borders of Sidon. The tribe of Issachar were located in the country afterwards called Lower Galilee; were chiefly tillers of the soil; were never distinguished in the military or civil transactions of the nation, and, as they dwelt among the Canaanites, seem to have habitually served them for hire. Issachar is characterised as the "strong ass"—a drudge, powerful but patient.

§ The tribe of Dan were remarkable for the daring of their exploits in war, and not less so for their stratagems. Their great chieftain Samson, distinguished alike for strength and subtlety, might be an emblem of their qualities and history.

" Crush'd to the earth by war and woe,  
 GAD,\* shall the cup of bondage drain,  
 Till bold revenge shall give the blow.  
 That pays the long arrear of pain.  
 Thy cup shall glow with tyrant-gore,  
 Thou be my son—and man once more !

" Loved NAPHTALI,† thy snow-white hind  
 Shall bask beneath the rose and vine.  
 Proud ASHER, to the mountain wind  
 Shall star-like blaze, thy battle-sign.  
 All bright to both, from birth to tomb,  
 The heavens all sunshine, earth all bloom !

" JOSEPH,‡ come near—my son, my son !  
 Egyptian prince, Egyptian sage,  
 Child of my first and best-loved one,  
 Great guardian of thy father's age.  
 Bring EPHRAIM and MANASSEH nigh,  
 And let me bless them ere I die.

" Hear me—Thou God of Israel !  
 Thou, who hast been his living shield,  
 In the red desert's lion-dell,  
 In Egypt's famine-stricken field,  
 In the dark dungeon's chilling stone,  
 In Pharaoh's chain—by Pharaoh's throne.

" My son, all blessings be on thee.  
 Be blest abroad, be blest at home ;  
 Thy nation's strength—her living tree,  
 The well to which the thirsty come ;  
 Blest be thy valley, blest thy hill,  
 Thy father's God be with thee still !

" Thou man of blood, thou man of might,  
 Thy soul shall ravin, BENJAMIN.§  
 Thou wolf by day, thou wolf by night,  
 Rushing through slaughter, spoil, and sin ;  
 Thine eagle's beak and vulture's wing  
 Shall curse thy nation with a king !"

Then ceased the voice, and all was still :  
 The hand of death was on the frame ;  
 Yet gave the heart one final thrill,  
 And breathed the dying lip one name.  
 " Sons, let me rest by Leah's side !"  
 He raised his brow to heaven—and died.

HAVILAH.

\* Gad, a tribe engaged in continual and memorable conflicts.

† Naphtali and Asher inhabited the most fertile portions of Palestine.

‡ The two tribes Ephraim and Manasseh, descended from Joseph, possessed the finest portion of the land, along both sides of the Jordan. The united tribes numbered a larger population than any of the rest. Besides Joshua, five of the twelve judges of Israel were of the united tribes. In the formation of the kingdom of Israel, an Ephraimite was the first king.

§ The tribe of Benjamin was conspicuous for valour. But its turbulence and ferocity wrought its fall, in the great battles recorded in Judges xix. and xx. Saul was of this fierce tribe. It was finally lost in that of Judah.

This great prophecy was delivered about three hundred years before the conquest of Palestine.



## A BEWAILMENT FROM BATH;

## OR, POOR OLD MAIDS.

MR EDITOR!—You have a great name with our sex! CHRISTOPHER NORTH is, in our flowing cups—of Bohemia—"freshly remembered." To you, therefore, as to the Sir Philip Sidney of modern Arcadia, do I address the voice of my bewailment. Not from any miserable coveting after the publicities of printing. All I implore of you is, a pinch of your crutch into the very heart of a matter involving the best interests of my sex!

You, dear Mr Editor, who have your eyes garnished with Solomon's spectacles about you, cannot but have perceived on the parlour-tables and book-shelves of your fair friends—by whose fireplaces you are courted even as the good knight, and the *Spectator*, by the Lady Tazards of the days of Anne—a sudden inundation of tabby-bound volumes, addressed, in supercilious letters, to the "Wives of England"—the "Daughters of England"—the "Grandmothers of England." A few, arrayed in modest calf or embossed linen, address themselves to the sober latitudes of the manse or parsonage-house. Some treat, without permission, of "Woman's Mission"—some, in defiance of custom, of her "Duties." From exuberant 4to, down to the fid-fad concentration of 12mo—from crown demy to diamond editions—no end to these chartered documentations of the sex! The women of this favoured kingdom of Queen Victoria, appear to have been unexpectedly weighed in the balance, and found wanting in morals and manners; or why this sudden emission of codes of morality?

No one denies, indeed, that woman has, of late, ris' wonderfully in the market; or that the weaker sex is coming it amazingly strong. The sceptres of three of the first kingdoms in Europe are swayed by female hands. The first writer of young France is a woman. The first astronomer of young England, *idem*. Mrs Trollope played the Chesterfield and the deuce with the Yankees. Miss

Martineau turned the head of the mighty Brongham. Mademoiselle d'Angevillie ascended Mont Blanc, and Mademoiselle Rachel has replaced Corneille and Racine on their crumbling pedestals. I might waste hours of your precious time, sir, in perusing a list of the eminent women now competing with the rougher sex for the laurels of renown. But you know it all better than I can tell you. You have done honour due, in your time, to Joanna Baillie and Mrs Jamieson, to Caroline Southey and Miss Férier. You praised Mrs Butler when she deserved it; and probably esteem Mary Howitt, and Mary Mitford, and all the other Maries, at their just value—to say nothing of the Maria of Edgworthstown, so fairly worth them all. I make no doubt that you were even one of the first to do homage to the Swedish Richardson, Frederika Bremer; though, having sown your wild oats, you keep your own counsel about novel reading.

You will, therefore, probably sympathize in the general amazement, that, at a moment when the sex is signaling itself from pole to pole—when a Grace Darling obtains the palm for intrepidity—when the Honourable Miss Grimston's *Prayer-Book* is read in churches—when Mrs Fry, like hunger, eats through stone walls to call felons to repentance—when a king has descended from his throne, and a prince from royal highnesshood, to reward the virtues of the fair partners to whom they were unable to impart the rights of the blood-royal—when the fairest specimen of modern sculpture has been supplied by a female hand, and woman, in short, is at a premium throughout the universe, all this waste of sermonizing should have been thrown, like a wet blanket, over her shoulders!

But this is not enough, dear Mr Editor. I wish to direct your attention towards an exclusive branch of the grievance. I have no doubt that, in your earlier years, instead of court-

ing your fair friends, as Burns appears to have done, with copies of your own works, you used to present unto them the "*Legacy of Dr Gregory to his Daughters*"—or "*Mrs Chapone's Letters*," or Miss Bowdler's, or Mrs Trimmer's, appropriately bound and gilt; and thus apprized of the superabundance of prose provided for their edification, are prepared to feel, with me, that if they have not Mrs Barbauld and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded by the frippery tomes which load the counters of our bazars. *This* perception has come of itself. If I could *only* be fortunate enough to enlarge your scope of comprehension!

My dear Mr Editor, I am what is called a lone woman. Shakspeare, through whose recklessness originate half the commonplaces of our land's language, thought proper to define such a condition as "SINGLE BLESSEDNESS"—though he aptly enough engrafts it on a thorn! For my part, I cannot enough admire the theory of certain modern poets, that an angel is an ethereal being, composed by the interunion in heaven, of two mortals who have been faithfully attached on earth—and as to "blessedness" being ever "single," either in this world or the next, I do not believe a word about the matter! "Happiness," Lord Byron assures us, "was born a twin!"

I do not mean to complain of my condition—far from it. But I wish to say, that since, from the small care taken by English parents to double the condition of their daughters, it is clear the state of "single blessedness" is of higher account in our own "favoured country" than in any other in Europe; it certainly behoves the guardians of the public weal to afford due protection and encouragement to spinsters.

Every body knows that Great Britain is the very fatherland of old maids. In Catholic countries, the superfluous daughters of a family are disposed of in convents and *béguinages*, just as in Turkey and China they are, still more humanely, drowned. In certain provinces of the east, pigs are expressly kept, to be turned into the streets at daybreak, for the purpose of devouring the female infants exposed during

the night—thus benevolently securing them from the after torments of single "blessedness."

But a far nobler arrangement was made by that greatest of modern legislators, Napoleon—whose code entitles the daughters of a house to share, equally with sons, in its property and bequeathments; and in France, a woman with a dowry is as sure of courtship and marriage, as of death and burial. Nay, so much is marriage regarded among the French as the indispensable condition of the human species, that parents proceed as openly to the task of procuring a proper husband for their daughter, as of providing her with shoes and stockings. No false delicacy—no pitiful manoeuvres! The affair is treated like any other negotiation. It is a mere question of two and two making four, which enables two to make one. How far more honest than the angling and trickery of English match-making—which, by keeping men constantly on the defensive, predisposes them against attractions to which they might otherwise give way! However, as I said before, I do not wish to complain of my condition.

I only consider it hard that the interests of the wives of England are to be exclusively studied, when the unfortunate females who lack the consolations of matronhood are in so far greater want of sustenance; and that all the theories of the perfectionment of the fair sex now issuing from the press, should purport to instruct young ladies how to qualify themselves for wives, and wives how to qualify themselves for heaven: and not a word addressed, either in the way of exhortation, remonstrance, or applause, to the highly respectable order of the female community whose cause I have taken on myself to advocate. Have not the wives of England husbands to whisper wisdom into their ears? Why, then, are *they* to be coaxed or lectured by tabby-bound volumes, while *we* are left neglected in a corner? Our earthly career, the Lord he knows, is far more trying—*our* temptations as much greater, as our pleasures are less; and it is mortifying indeed to find our behaviour a thing so little worth interference. We may conduct ourselves, it seems, as indecorously as

we think proper, for any thing the united booksellers of the United Kingdom care to the contrary!

Not that I very much wonder at literary men regarding the education of wives as a matter of moment. The worse hulves of Socrates, Milton, Hooker, have been thorns in their sides, urging them into blasphemy against the sex. But is this a reason, I only ask you, for leaving, like an uncultivated waste, that holy army of martyrs, the spinsterhood of Great Britain?

Mr Editor, act like a man! Speak up for us! Write up for us! Tell these little writers of little books, that however they may think to secure dinners and suppers to themselves, by currying favour with the rulers of the roast, *the greatest of all women have been SINGLE!* Tell them of our Virgin Queen, Elizabeth—the patroness of their calling, the protectress of learning and learned men. Tell them of Joan of Arc, the conqueror of even English chivalry. Tell them of all the tender mercies of the *Sœurs de Charité!* Tell them that, from the throne to the hospital, the spinster, unharassed by the cares of private life, has been found most fruitful in public virtue.

Then, perhaps, you will persuade them that we are worth our schooling; and the “Old Maids of England” may look forward to receive a tabby-bound manual of their duties, as well as its “Wives.” I have really no patience with the selfish conceit of these married women, who fancy their well-doing of such importance. See how they were held by the ancients!—treated like beasts of burden, and denied the privilege of all mental accomplishment. When the Grecian matrons affected to weep over the slain, after some victory of Themistocles, the Athenian general bade them “dry their tears, and practise a single virtue in atonement of all their weaknesses.” It was to their single wo-

men the philosophers of the portico addressed their lessons; not to the domestic drudges, whom they considered only worthy to inspect the distaffs of their slaves, and produce sons for the service of the country.

In Bath, Brighton, and other spinster colonies of this island, the demand for such a work would be prodigious. The sale of canary-birds and poodles might suffer a temporary depression in consequence; but this is comparatively unimportant. Perhaps—who knows—so positive a recognition of our estate as a definite class of the community, might lead to the long desiderated establishment of a lay convent, somewhat similar to the *beguinages* of Flanders, though less ostensibly subject to religious law—a convent where single gentlewomen might unite together in their meals and devotions, under the government of a code of laws set forth in their tabby-bound Koran.

Metinks I see it—a modern temple of Vesta, without its tell-tale fires—square, rectangular, simple, airy, isolated—chaste as Diana and quiet as the grave—the frescoed walls commemorating the legend of Saint Ursula and her eleven thousand—the sacrifice of Jephtha’s daughter—Elizabeth Carter translating Epictetus—Harriet Martineau revising the criminal code. In the hall, dear Editor, should hang the portrait of Christopher North—in that locality, appropriately, a Kit-cat!

Ponder upon this! The distinction is worthy consideration. As the newspapers say, it is an “unprecedented opportunity for investment!” For the sole Helicon of the institution shall be “Blackwood’s Entire”—its lady abess

Your humble servant to command,  
(for the old maids of England,)

TABITHA GLUM.

1st Jan. 1844.

Lansdowne, Bath.

## MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

## PART VIII.

"Have I not in my time heard Hons roar?  
 Have I not heard the sea, puft up with wind,  
 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?  
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
 Have I not in the pitched battle heard  
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"  
 SHAKESPEARE.

THE action was a series of those grand manœuvres in which the Prussians excelled all the other troops of Europe. From the spot on which I stood, the whole immense plain, to the foot of the defiles of Argonne, was visible; but the combat, or rather the succession of combats, was fought along the range of hills at the distance of some miles. These I could discover only by the roar of the guns, and by an occasional cloud of smoke rising among the trees. The chief Prussian force stood in columns in the plain below me, in dark masses, making an occasional movement in advance from time to time, or sending forth a mounted officer to the troops in action. Parks of artillery lay formed in the spaces between the columns, and the baggage, a much more various and curious sight than the troops, halting in the wide grounds of what seemed some noble mansion, had already begun to exhibit the appearance of a country fair. Excepting this busy part of the scene, few things struck me as less like what I had conceived of actual war, than the quietness of every thing before and around me. The columns might nearly as well have been streets of rock; and the engagement in front was so utterly lost to view in the forest, that, except for the occasional sound of the cannon, I might have looked upon the whole scene as the immense picture of a quiet Flemish holiday. The landscape was beautiful. Some showery nights had revived the verdure, of which France has so seldom to boast in autumn; and the green of the plain almost rivalled the delicious verdure of home. The chain of hills, extending for many a league, was covered with one of the most extensive forests of the kingdom. The colours of this

vast mass of foliage were glowing in all the powerful hues of the declining year, and the clouds, which slowly descended upon the horizon, with all the tinges of the west burning through their folds, appeared scarcely more than a loftier portion of those sheets of gold and purple which shone along the crown of the hills.

But while I lingered, gazing on the rich and tranquil luxury of the scene, almost forgetting that there was war in the world, I was suddenly recalled to a more substantial condition of that world by the sound of a trumpet, and the arrival of my troop, who had at length struggled up the hill, evidently surprised at finding me there, when the sutlers were in full employment within a few hundred yards below. Their petition was unanimous, to be allowed to refresh themselves and their horses at this rare opportunity; and their request, though respectful in its words, yet was so decisive in its tone, that to comply was fully as much my policy as my inclination. I mounted my horse, and proceeded, according to the humble "command" of my brave dragons. This was a most popular movement—the men, the very horses, evidently rejoiced. The fatigue of our hard riding was past in a moment—the riders laughed and sang, the chargers snorted and pranced; and, when we trotted, huzzaing, into the baggage lines, half their motley crowd evidently conceived that some sovereign prince was come in fiery haste to make the campaign. We were received with all the applause that is given by the sutler to all arrivals with a full purse in the holsters, and a handsome valise, no matter from what source filled, on the croupe of the charger. - But we had scarcely begun



to taste the gifts that fortune had sent us in the shape of huge sausages and brown bread—the *luxuries*! for which the soldier of Teutichland woos the goddess of war—than we found ourselves ordered to move off the ground, by the peremptory mandate of a troop of the Royal Guard, who had followed our movement, more hungry, more thirsty, and more laced and capuled than ourselves. The Hulus tossed their lances; and it had nearly been a business of cold steel, when their officer rode up, to demand the sword of the presumptuous mutineer who had thus daringly questioned his right to starve us. While I was deliberating for a moment between the shame of a forced retreat, and the awkwardness of taking the bull by the horns, in the shape of the King's Guard, I heard a loud laugh, and my name pronounced, or rather roared, in the broadest accents of Germany. My friend Varnhorst was the man. The indefatigable and good-humoured Varnhorst, who did every thing, and was every where, was shaking my hand with the honest grasp of his honest nature, and congratulating me on my return.

"We have to do with a set of sharp fellows," said he, "in these French: a regiment of their light cavalry has somehow or other made its way between the columns of our infantry, and has been picking up stragglers last night. The duke, with whom you happen to have established a favouritism that would make you a chamberlain at the court of Brunswick, if you were not assassinated previously by the envy of the other chamberlains, or pinked by some lover of the '*dames d'honneur*,' was beginning to be uneasy about you; and, as I had the peculiar good fortune of the Chevalier Marston's acquaintance, I was sent to pick him up if he had fallen in honourable combat in the plains of Champagne, or if any fragment of him were recoverable from the hands of the peasantry, to preserve it for the family mausoleum."

I anxiously enquired the news of the army, and the progress of the great operation which was then going on.

"We have beaten every thing before us for these three hours," was the

answer. "The resistance in the plain was slight; for the French evidently intended to make their stand only in the forest. But the duke has pushed them strongly on the right flank; and, as you may perceive, the attack goes on in force." He pointed to the entrance of one of the defiles, where several columns were in movement, and where the smoke of the firing lay heavily above the trees. He then laid his watch on the table beside our champagne flask. "The time is come to execute another portion of my orders. What think you of following me, and seeing a little of the field?"

"Nothing could delight me more. I am perfectly at your service."

"Then mount, and in five minutes I shall show you one of the first officers in Europe, the Count Clairfait—he is a Walloon, 'tis true, and has the ill luck to be an Austrian brigadier besides, and, to finish his misfortune, has served only against the Turks. But for all that, if any man in the army now in the field is fit to succeed to the command, that man is the Count Clairfait. I only wish that he were a Prussian."

"Has he had any thing to do in this campaign?"

"Every thing that has been done. He has commanded the whole advance guard of the army; and let me whisper this in your ear—if his advice had been taken a week ago, we should by this time have been smoking our cigars in the Palais Royal."

"I am impatient to be introduced to the Comte; let us mount and ride on." He looked at his watch again.

"Not for ten minutes to come. If I made my appearance before him five minutes in advance of the time appointed by my orders, Clairfait would order me into arrest if I were his grandmother. He is the strictest disciplinarian between this and the North Pole."

"A faultless monster himself, I presume."

"Nearly so; he has but one fault—he is too fond of the sabre and bayonet. 'Charge,' is his word of command. His school was among the Turks, and he fights *à la Turque*."

"I should like him the better for it. That dash and daring is the very thing for success."

"Ay, ay—edge and point are good things in their way. But they are the temptations of the general. Frederick's maxim was—The bullet for the infantry, the spur for the dragoon. The weight of fire is the true test of infantry, the rapidity of charge is the true test of cavalry. The business of a general is manœuvring—to menace masses by greater masses, to throw the weight of an army on a flank, to pierce a centre while the flanks were forced to stand and see it beaten; these were Frederick's lessons to his staff: and if Clairfait shall go on, with his perpetual hand to hand work, those sharp Frenchmen will soon learn his trade, and perhaps pay him back in his own coin. But, Halt squadron. Dress—advance in parade order."

While I was thus taking my first tuition in the art of heroes, we had rode through a deep ravine, from which, with some difficulty, we had struggled our way to a space of more level ground. Our disorder on reaching it, required all the count's ready skill to bring us into a condition fit for the eye of this formidable Austrian. But before we were complete, a group of mounted officers were seen coming from a column of glittering lances and sabres, resting on the distant verge of the plain. My friend pronounced the name of Clairfait, and I was introduced to the officer who was afterwards to play so distinguished a part in the gallant and melancholy history of the Flemish fields. I had pictured to myself the broad, plump face of the Walloon. I saw a countenance, darkened probably by the salty exposure of his southern campaigns, but of singular depth and power. It was impossible to doubt, that within the noble forehead before me, was lodged an intelligence of the first order. His manners were cold, yet not uncourteous, and to me he spoke with more than usual attention. But when he alluded to the proceedings of the day, and was informed by Varnhorst that the time appointed for his movement was come, I never saw a more rapid transition from the phlegm of the Netherlander to the vividness of the man of courage and genius. Waiting with his watch in his hand for the exact moment appointed in

the brief despatch, it had no sooner arrived than the word was given, and his whole force, composed of Austrian light infantry and cavalry, moved forward. Nothing could be more regular than the march for the first half mile; but we then entered a portion of the forest, or rather its border, thinly scattered over an extent of broken country: to preserve the regularity of a movement along a high-road, soon began to be wholly impossible. The officers soon gave up the attempt in despair, and the troops enjoyed the disorder in the highest degree. The ground was so intersected with small trenches, cut by the foresters, that every half dozen yards presented a leap, and the clumps of bushes made it continually necessary to break the ranks. Wherever I looked, I now saw nothing but all the animation of an immense skirmish, the use of sabre and pistol alone excepted. Between two and three thousand cavalry, mounted on the finest horses of Austria and Turkey, galloping in all directions, some springing over the rivulets, some dashing through the thickets, all in the highest spirits, calling out to each other, laughing at each other's mishaps, their horses in as high spirits as themselves, bounding, rearing, neighing, springing like deer; trumpets sounding, standards tossing, officers commanding in tones of helpless authority, to which no one listened, and at which they themselves often laughed. The whole, like a vast school broke loose for a holiday: the most joyous, sportive, and certainly the most showy display that had ever caught my eye. The view strongly reminded me of some of the magnificent old hunting pieces by Snyders, the field sports of the Archduke Ferdinand, with the landscape and horses by Rubens and Jordans: there we had every thing but the stag or the boar, and the dogs. We had the noble trees, the rich deep glades, the sunny openings, the masses of green; and all crowded with life. But how infinitely superior in interest! No holiday sport, nor imperial pageant, but an army rushing into action; one of the great instruments of human power and human change called into energy. Thousands of bold lives about to be periled; a victory about to be achiev-

ed, which might fix the fate of Europe; or perhaps losses to be sustained which might cover the future generation with clouds; and all this is on the point of being done. No lazy interval to chill expectancy; within the day, within the hour, nay, within the next five hundred yards, the decisive moment might be come.

Still we rushed on; the staff pausing from time to time to listen to the distant cannonade, and ascertain by its faintness or loudness, the progress of the attack which had been made off the great centre and right defiles of the forest. In one of these, while I had ridden up as near as the broken ground would suffer me, towards Count Clairfait, he made a gesture to me to look upwards, and I saw, almost for the first time, a smile on his countenance. I followed the gesture, and saw, what to me was the novelty of a huge shell, leisurely as it seemed, traversing the air. The Count and his staff immediately galloped in all directions; but I had not escaped a hundred yards, when the shell dropped into the spot where I had been standing, and burst with a tremendous explosion almost immediately on its touching the ground. The cavalry had dispersed, and the explosion was, I believe, without injury. But this, at least, gave evidence that the enemy were not far off, and the eagerness of the troops was excited to the highest pitch: all pressed forward to the front, and their cries, in all the languages of the frontier of Europe, the voices of the officers, and the clangour of the bugles and trumpets became an absolute Babel, but an infinitely bold and joyous one. The yagers were now ordered to clear the way, and a thousand Tyrolese and Transylvanian sharpshooters rushed forward to line the border. A heavy firing commenced, and the order was given to halt the cavalry until the effect of the fire was produced. This was speedily done; the enemy, evidently in inferior force and unprepared for this attack, gave way, and the first squadrons which reached the open ground made a dash among them, and took the greater part prisoners.

This whole day was full of splendid exhibitions. On reaching the edge of the wood, the first object below us

was the succession of deep columns which I had seen some hours before, and which appeared to have been rooted to the ground ever since. But an aide-de-camp from the circle where the count stood, darted down on the plain, and, as if a flash of lightning had awoke them, all were instantly in motion. The columns on the right now made a sudden rush forward, and to my surprise, four or five strong brigades, which rapidly followed from the centre, took up their position.

Varnhorst, who had been beside me during the whole day, now exhibited great delight. "I told you," said he, "that Clairfait would turn out well. I see that he has been taught in our school. Observe that manœuvre;" he continued his comment with increasing force of gesture—"That was the Great Frederic's favourite, the oblique formation. The finest invention in tactics; with that he gained Roshach, and beat the French and Austrians; with that he gained the battle of Breslau; and with that he gained the grand fight of Torgau, and finished the war. Yet the king always said that he had learned the manœuvre from Epaminondas, and was only fighting the battle of Leuctra over again. But look there!" He pointed to a rising ground, a bluff of the forest ridge, to which a battalion of sharpshooters were hastening; it had seemed destitute of defence, and the sharpshooters were already beginning to scramble up its sides; when on the instant a large body of the enemy which had been covered by the forest, rushed upon its summit with a shout, and poured down a general volley. The whole Prussian line returned it by one tremendous discharge. The drums and trumpets struck up, the battalions and squadrons advanced, singing their national hymn. The skirmishers poured forward and the battle began. How shall I speak of what I felt at that moment; the sensation was indescribable! It was mingled of all feelings but personal. I was absorbed in that glorious roar, in that bold burst of human struggle, in all that was wild, ardent, and terrible in the power of man. I had not a thought of any thing but of the martial pomp and spirit-stirring grandeur of the scene before me. I was aroused



from my contemplations by the loud laugh of my veteran friend; he was trying the benefit of a large brandy flask, which I remembered, and with some not very respectful opinion of his temperance, to have seen him place in one of his bolsters at our visit to the sutlers. He now offered it to me. "You look wretchedly pale," said he: "our kind of life is too rough for you gentlemen diplomats, and you will find this glass right Nantz, the very best thing, if not the only good thing, that its country has to give." This took me down from my heroics at once; the brandy was first-rate, and I found myself restored to the level of the world at once, and infinitely the better for the operation. We now followed the advance of the troops. The leading columns had already forced their way into the entrance of the forest; but it was a forest of three leagues' depth and twice the number in length, a wooded province, and the way was fought foot by foot. It is only justice to the French to say, that they fought well—held the pass boldly—often charged our advance, and gave way only when they were on the point of being surrounded. But our superiority of discipline and numbers combined, did not suffer the success to be for a moment doubtful. Still, as we followed, the battle raged in the depths of the forest, already as dark as if night had come on—our only light the incessant illumination of the musketry, and the bursts of fire from the howitzers and guns.

As we were standing on the last height at the entrance of the defile, "Look round," exclaimed Varnhorst, "and take your first lesson in our art, if you ever adopt the trade of soldier-ship. The Duke has outwitted the Frenchman. I suspected something of this sort in the morning, when I first heard his guns so far to the right. I allow that the enemy may be puzzled for a while who has five passes to defend, with half a dozen leagues between them, and a Prussian army in front ready to make him choose. He has evidently drawn off the strength of his troops to the Duke's point of attack, and has stripped the wing before us. Clairfait's mass has been thrown upon it, and the day is our own. Onward."

The roads and the surrounding glades gave fearful evidence of the obstinacy of the struggle; but it also gave some curious evidence of the force of habit in making light of the troubles of life. The cavalry, which had been comparatively unemployed, from the nature of the service during the day, had taken advantage of the opportunity to consult their own comfort as much as possible. On the flank and rear of the infantry the troopers had taken the whole affair *en amateur*, and had lit their camp-fires, cooked their rations, handsomely augmented by the general spoliation of the hen-camps within many a league. Something like a fair was established round them by the sutlers; while the shells were actually falling, and many a branch was shattered over their banners by the shot which constantly whizzed through the trees. But, "*Vive la fortune!*" Even the sober Tenton and the rough son of the Banat could enjoy the few moments that war gives to festivity, and what the next night or morning might bring was not suffered to disturb their sense of "*schnapps*," and their supper.

The tramping of horses in our rear, and the galloping of the chasseurs of the ducal escort, now told us that the generalissimo was at hand. He rode up in high spirits, received our congratulations with princely courtesy, and bestowed praises on the troops, and especially on Clairfait, which made the count's dark features absolutely glow. The whole group rode together until we reached the open country. A decisive success had unquestionably been gained; and in war the first success is of proverbial importance. On this point, the duke laid peculiar weight on the few words which he could spare to me.

"M. Marston," he observed, taking me cordially by the hand, "we are henceforth more than friends, we are comrades. We have been in the field together; and, with us Prussians, that is a tie for life."

I made my acknowledgments for his highness's condescension. Business then took the lead.

"You will now have a good despatch to transmit to our friends in England. The Count Clairfait has shown himself worthy of his reputa-



tion. I understand that the enemy's force consisted chiefly of the household troops of France; if so, we have beaten the best soldiers of the kingdom, and the rest can give us but little trouble. You will remark upon these points; and now for Paris."

A cry, or rather a shout of assent from the circle of officers, echoed the words, and we all put spurs to our horses, and followed the *cortège* through the noble old groves. But before we reached its confines, the firing had wholly ceased, and the enemy were hurrying down the slope of the Argonne, and crossing in great disorder a plain which separated them from their main body. Our light troops and cavalry were dashing in pursuit, and prisoners were continually taken. From the spot where we halted, the light of the sinking day showed us the rapid breaking up of the fugitive column: the guns, one by one, left behind; the muskets thrown away, and the soldiers scattered, until our telescopes could discover scarcely more than a remnant reaching the protection of the distant hill.

We supped that night on the green sward. The duke had invited his own staff, and that of Clairfait, to his tent, in honour of the day, and I never spent a gayer evening. His incomparable finish of manners, mingled with the cordiality which no man could more naturally assume when it was his pleasure, and his mixture of courtly pleasantry with the bold humour which campaigning, in some degree, teaches to every one, made him, if possible, more delightful, to my conception, than even in our first interview. Towards the close of the supper, which, like every thing else round him, was worthy of Sardanapalus, he addressed himself to me, and giving a most gracious personal opinion of what my "services had merited from the English minister," said that, "limited as his own means of rewarding zeal and ability might be, he begged of me to retain a slight memorial of his friendship, and of our day together on the heights of Argonne." Taking from the hand of Guiscard the ribbon and star of the "Order of Merit," the famous order instituted by the Great Frederic, he

placed it round my neck, and proposed my health to the table as a "Knight of Prussia."

This was a flattering distinction, and, if I could have had entire faith in all the complimentary language addressed to me by the sitters at that stately table, I should have had visions of very magnificent things. But there is no antidote to vanity equal to an empty purse. If I had been born to one of the leviathan fortunes of our peerage, I might possibly have imagined myself possessed of all the talents of mankind, and with all its distinctions waiting for my acceptance; but I never could forget the grave lesson that I was a younger son. I sat, like the Roman in his triumph, with the slave, to lecture him, behind. However, I had a more ample evidence of the sincerity with which those compliments were paid, in the higher degree of trust reposed in me from day to day.

After the repast was ended, and the principal part of the guests had withdrawn, I was desired to wait for the communication of important intelligence—Guiscard and Varnhorst being the only officers of the staff who remained. A variety of papers, taken in the portfolio of one of the French generals who had fallen in the engagement of the day, were laid before us, and our little council proceeded to examine them. They were of a very various kind, and no bad epitome of the mind of a gallant and crackbrained coxcomb. Reflections on the conduct of the Allied armies, and conjectures on their future proceedings—both of so fantastic a kind, that the duke's gravity often gave way, and even the grim Guiscard sometimes wore a smile. Then came in a letter from some "*compère*" in Paris, a tissue of gossip and grumbling, anecdotes of the irregularities of private life, and merciless abuse of the leaders of party. Interspersed with those were epistles of a more tender description; from which it appeared that the general's heart was as capacious as his ambition, and that he contrived to give his admiration to half a dozen of the *élite* of Parisian beauty at a time. Varnhorst was delighted with this portion of the correspondence; even the pre-

sence of the duke could not prevent him from bursting into explosions of laughter: and he ended by imploring possession of the whole, as models of his future correspondence, in any emergency which compelled him to put pen to paper in matters of the sex. But nearly the last of the documents in the portfolio was one deserving of all attention. It was a statement of the measures which had been enjoined by the Republican government for raising the population in arms; and, as an appendix, the muster-roll of the various corps which were already on their way to join the army of Dumourier. The duke read this paper with a countenance from which all gaiety had vanished, and handed it to Guiscard to read aloud.

"What think you of that, gentlemen?" asked the duke, in his most deliberate tone.

Varnhorst, in his usual unhesitating style, said—"It tells us only that we shall have some more fighting; but, as we are sure to beat them, the more the better. Your highness knows as well as any man alive, that the maxim of our great master was, 'Begin the war by fighting as many pitched battles as you can. Skirmishes teach discipline to the rabble; allow the higher orders time to escape, the government to tamper, and to encourage the resistance of all. Pitched battles are thunderbolts; they finish the business at once; and, like the thunderbolts, they appear to come from a source which defies resistance by man.'"

"I think," said Guiscard, with his deep physiognomy still darkening, "that we lost what is the most difficult of all things to recover—time."

The duke bit his lip. "How was it to be helped, Guiscard? You know the causes of the delay; they were many and stubborn."

"Ay," was the reply, with an animation, which struck me with surprise, "as many as the blockheads in Berlin, and as stubborn as the rock under our feet, or the Aulic council."

"Well," said the duke, turning to me, with his customary grace of manner—"What does our friend, the Englishman, say?"

Of course, I made no pretence to giving a military opinion. I merely

said, "That I had every reliance on the experienced conduct of his highness, and on the established bravery of his army."

"The truth is, M. Marston, as Guiscard says, we *have* lost time, though it is no fault of ours; and I observe, from these papers, that the enemy availed themselves of the delay, by bringing up strong corps from every point. Still, our duty lies plain before us; we *must* advance, and rescue the unfortunate royal family—we *must* tranquillize France, by overthrowing the rabble influence, which now threatens to subvert all law; and having done that, we may then retire, with the satisfaction of having fought without ambition, and been victorious without a wish for aggrandizement." After a pause, which none attempted to interrupt, he finished by saying—"I admit that our work is likely to become more difficult than I had supposed."

Varnhorst's sanguine nature bore this with visible reluctance. "Pardon me, your highness, but my opinion is for instant action, whatever may happen. Let us but move to-morrow morning, and I promise you another battle of Rosbach within the next twelve hours." The idea was congenial to the gallantry of the duke; he smiled, and shook the bold speaker by the hand.

"I see, by these lists," said Guiscard, as he slowly perused the returns, "that the troops with which we have been engaged to-day amounted to little more than twenty thousand men, under the new general, Dumourier. They fought badly, I think. I scarcely expected that they would have fought at all since the emigration of their officers. Sixteen or eighteen thousand men are already moving up from Flanders; a strong corps under my old acquaintance and countryman, Kellerman—and whatever he may be as an officer, a bolder and braver veteran does not exist—are coming, by forced marches, from the Rhine; the sea-coast towns are stripped of their garrisons, to supply a supplementary force; and I should not be surprised to find that we rather under, than over, calculated the force which will be in line against us within a week.

"So be it!" exclaimed Varnhorst.

"What are troops without discipline, and generals without science? Both made to be beaten. The fifty thousand Prussians with us would march through Europe. I am for the advance. That was a brilliant dash of Clairfait's this afternoon. Let us match it to-morrow morning."

"It was admirable!" replied the duke, with the colour mounting to his cheek. "Any officer in Europe might envy the decision, the daring, and the success. His sagacity in discovering the weak point of the enemy's position, and his skill in its attack, deserve all praise. His flank movement *was* perfectly admirable."

"Well, we have only to try him again," exclaimed Varuhorst, with increasing animation. "We have turned the position, and taken a thousand prisoners and some guns. Our men are in high spirits; and, if I were in command of a corps to-morrow, my only countersign would be—'Paris.'"

"Varuhorst," said the duke, "you have only anticipated my intention with regard to yourself. You shall have a command: the three brigades of Prussian grenadiers shall be given into your charge, and you shall operate on the flank. It is my wish to make our principal movement in that direction, and I *know* you well."

Varuhorst's gratitude almost denied him words; but his countenance spoke better than his tongue.

One of those papers contained a detail of several projects by the leading members of the Assembly for the government of France. Guiscard, after bending his wise head over them, pronounced them all equally futile, and equally tending to democracy. The duke was of the opposite opinion, and after a glance at the papers, observed—"that he thought some of those schemes ingenious; but that they so closely resembled the ideas thrown out in Germany, under the patronage of the Emperor Joseph, as to deprive them of any strong claim to originality." "No," said he gaily, "I shall never believe that Frenchmen are changed, until I hear that there is no ballet in Paris; you might as well tell me, that the Swiss will abjure the money which makes a part of his distinction, as the Frenchman give up the

laced coat, the powdered queue, and the order of St Louis at his button-hole. Those things are the man, they are his mind, his senses, himself. He is a creation of monarchy—a clever, amusing, ingenious, and brave one; but rely upon my knowledge of human nature—if French nature be any thing of the kind—that Paris, a capital without balls, and a government without embroidery, will disgust him beyond all forgiveness. It is my opinion, that if democracy were formed to-morrow, it would be danced away in a week; or if every pedigree in France were burned in this evening's fire, you would have the Boulevards crowded with marquises and marchionesses before the month was over. Is my friend *un peu philosophe*?" He laughed at his own picture of a revolution, and his pleasantry of manner would have made his sentiments popular on any subject. Still, our long-bearded friend, Guiscard, was not to be convinced.

"I may have every contempt," said he, in a hurried tone, for the shallowness of idlers and talkers attempting to mould men by theories; but the question whether France is to remain a monarchy or not, is one of the most pressing importance to your highness's operations. It is only in this practical sense that I should think of the topic at all. You have taken the frontier towns, and have beaten the frontier army. Thus, so far as the regular force of France is concerned, the war is at an end. But then comes the grand point. A country of thirty millions of people cannot be conquered, if they can but be roused to resist. All the troops of Europe—nay, perhaps all the princes of the earth—might perish before they fully conquered a country so large as France, with so powerful a population. This seems even to be one of the provisions of Providence against ambition, that an invasion of a populous country is the most difficult operation in the world, unless the people welcome the invader. It gives every ditch the character of a fortress, and every man the spirit of a soldier. I recollect no instance in European history, where an established kingdom was conquered by invasion. They all stand at this hour, as they



stood a thousand years ago. In France, we found the people without leaders, without troops, and without experience in war; of course they have not resisted our hussars and guns. But they have not joined us. In any other country of Europe, we should have recruits crowding to ask for service. But the French farmer shuts up his house; the peasant flies; the citizen barricades his gates, and gives a cannon-shot for an answer. The whole land rejects us, if it dares not repel; and, if we conquer, we shall have to colonize."

"Well, we must fight them into it," said Varnhorst.

"Or leave them to fight themselves out of it," I observed—"my national prejudices not being favourable to reasoning at the point of the bayonet."

"Or take the chances of the world, and float on wherever the surge carries us," laughed the duke.

But Guiscard was still inflexible. His deep eye flashed with a light which I never could have looked for under those projecting brows. His cheek was visited by a tinge which argued a passionate interest in the subject; and, as he spoke, his tongue uttered a nervous and powerful eloquence, which showed that Guiscard was thrown among camps, while he might have figured in senates and councils. Of course, at this distance of time, I can offer but a faint memory of his bold and spontaneous wisdom.

"I can see no result for France but democracy. This war is like no other since the fall of the Roman Empire. It is a war of the passions. What man can calculate the power of those untried elements? I implore your highness to consider with the deepest caution every step to be taken from this moment. Europe has no other commander whom it can place in a rank with yourself; and if you, at the head of the first army of Europe, shall find it necessary to retreat before the peasantry of France, it will form a disastrous era in the art of war, and a still more disastrous omen to every crowned head of Europe."

The duke looked uneasy. But he merely said with a smile—"My dear Guiscard, we must keep these sentiments to ourselves in camp. You are a cosmopolite, and look on these

things with too refined a speculation. Like myself, you have dined and supped with the Diderots and Raynals—pleasant people, no doubt, but dangerous advisers."

"I have!" exclaimed his excited hearer; "and neither I, nor any other man, would have met them without admiring their talents. But I always looked on their *coterie* as a sort of moral lunatics, the madder the more light they have."

"Our question is simply one of fact," said the duke.

"Yes, and of a fact on which the fate of Europe hinges at this moment! The monarchy of France is already cloven down. What wild shape of power is now to take up its fallen sword? The sovereignty of time, laws, and loyalty are in the grave, and the funeral rites will be bloody; but what hand is to make the ground of that grave firm enough to bear the foundations of a new throne?"

"The heels of our boots and the hoofs of our horses will trample it solid enough!" exclaimed Varnhorst.

"The much stronger probability is," replied Guiscard, "that they will trample it into a mire so deep, that we may reckon the Allied powers fortunate if they can draw themselves out of it. France is revolutionized irrecoverably. Three things have been done within the last three months, any one of which would overthrow the strongest government on the Continent. By confiscating the property of the nobles, she has set the precedent for breaking down all property, thrown the prize into the hands of the populace, and thus, after corrupting them by the robbery, has bound them by the bribe. By destroying and banishing the persons of the nobility, she has done more than extinguish an antagonist to the mob—she has swept away a protector of the people. The provinces will henceforth be helpless; Paris will be the sovereign, and Paris itself will have the mob for its master. And by her third step, the ruin of the church, she has given the death-blow to the few and feeble feelings which acknowledged higher objects than those of the hour. The pressing point for us, is, how the Revolution will act upon the military spirit of the nation. The French may succumb;



but they make good soldiers, they are the only nation in Europe who have an actual fondness for war, who contemplate it as a pastime, and, in spite of all their defeats, regard it as their natural path to power."

"But they fly before our squadrons," observed the duke.

"Yes, as schoolboys fly before their master, until they are strong enough to rebel; or as the Indians fled before the lances and horses of Cortes, until they became accustomed to them. It would be infinitely wiser to leave the republicans to struggle with each other, than unite them by a national attack. Mohs, like the wolves, always fall upon the first wounded. The first faction that receives a blow in those campaigns of the Palais Royal, will have all the others tearing it to fragments. The custom will spread; every new drop of blood will let loose a torrent in retaliation; and when France has thus been drained of her fever, will be the time, either to restore her, or to paralyse for ever her power of disturbing the world."

The sound of a gun from either flank of the army, reminded us that the hour of the evening hymn had come. It broke up our council. The incomparable harmony of so many thousand voices ascended into the air; and at the discharge of another gun, all was still once more. The night had now fallen, and the fatigues of the day made repose welcome. But the conversation of the last hour made me anxious to obtain all the knowledge of the actual state of the country, and the prospects of the campaign, which could be obtained from Guiscard. Varnhurst, full of a soldier's impetuosity, was gone to the quarters of his grenadiers, and was busy with hurried preparations for the morrow. The duke had retired, and, through the curtains of his tent, I could see the lamps by whose light his secretaries were in attendance, and with whom he would probably pass the greater part of the next twelve hours. With Guiscard I continued pacing up and down in front of our quarters, listening to the observations of a mind as richly stored, and as original, as I have ever met. He still persisted in his conviction, "that we had come at the wrong

time, either too early or too late; before the nation had grown weary of anarchy, and after they had triumphed over the throne. The rebound," said he energetically, "will be terrible. Ten times our force would be thrown away in this war. The army may drive all things before its front; but it will be assailed in the rear, in the flanks—every where. It is like the lava which I have seen pour down from Etua into the sea. It drove the tide before it, and threw the water up in vapour; but they were too powerful for it after all. And there stands the lava fixed and cold, and there roll the surges once again, burying it from the sight of man."

A sudden harmony of trumpets, from various points of the vast encampment, pierced the ear, and in another moment the whole line of the hills was crowned with flame. The signal for lighting the fires of the Austrian and Prussian outposts had been given, and the effect was almost magical. In this army all things were done with a regularity almost perfect. The trumpet spoke, and the answer was instantaneous. All comparisons are feeble to realities of this order—seen, too, while the heart of man is quickened to enjoy and wonder, and feels scarcely less than a new existence in the stirring events every where round him. The first comparison that struck me was the vague one of a shower of stars. The mountain pinnacles were in a blaze. The general fires of the bivouacs soon spread through the forest, and down the slopes of the hills, all round to the horizon.

The night was fine, the air flowed refreshingly from the verdure of the immense woods, and the scent of the thyme and flowers of the heath, pressed by my foot, rose "woolngly on the air." All was calm and odorous. The flourish of the evening trumpets still continued to swell in the rich harmonies which German skill alone can breathe, and thoughts of the past and the future began to steal over my mind. I was once more in England, gazing on the splendid beauty of Ciotilde; and imagining the thousand forms in which my weary fortunes must be shaped, before I dared

offer her a share in my hopes of happiness. I saw Mariamne once more, with her smile reminding me of Shakespeare's exquisite picture—

“ Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful,

In the contempt and anger of that lip!”

Then came a vision of my early home. The halls of Mortimer castle—the feebly surviving parent there, whom I still loved—the heartless and haughty brother—the pomp and pageantry to which he was born; while I was flung out into the wilderness, like the son of the handmaid, to perish, or, like him, escape only by a miracle. At that hour, perhaps, there were revels in the house of my fathers, while their descendant was wandering on a hill-side, in the midst of hostile armies, exposed to the chances of the conflict, and possibly only measuring with his pace the extent of his grave. But while I was thus sinking in heart, my hand, in making some unconscious gesture, struck the badge of Frederic's order on my bosom. What trifles change the current of human thoughts! That star threw more light over my darkness than the thousand constellations that studded the vault above my head. Success, honours, and public name, filled my mind. I saw all things, events, and persons through a brilliant haze of hope; and determining to follow fortune wherever she might lead me, abjured all thoughts of calamity in my unfriended, yet resolute career. Is it to consider the matter too curiously, to conceive that the laws of nature affect the mind? or that the spirit of man resembles an instrument, after all—an *Æolian harp*, which owes all its pulses to the gusts that pass across its strings, and in which it simply depends upon the stronger or the feebler breeze, whether it shall smile with joyous and triumphant chords, or sink into throbs and sounds of sorrow?

The galloping of horses roused me. It was Guiscard with an escort. “What! not in your bed yet?” was his hurried salutation. So much the better; you will have a showy despatch to send to England to-night. Clairfait has just outdone himself. He

found that the French were retreating, and he followed them without loss of time. His troops had been so dispersed by the service of the day, that he could collect but fifteen hundred hussars; and with these he gallantly set forth to pick up stragglers. His old acquaintance, Chazot, whom he had beaten the day before, was in command of a rearguard of ten thousand men. His fifteen hundred brave fellows were now exposed to ruin; and doubtless, if they had exhibited any show of retreating, they must have been ruined. But here Clairfait's *à la Turque* style was exactly in place. He ordered that not a shot should be fired, but that the spur and sabre should do the business; and at once plunged into the mass of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. In five minutes the whole were put to the rout—guns, baggage, and ammunition taken; and the French general-in-chief as much stripped of his rearguard, as ever a peacock was plucked of his tail.”

“Will the duke follow up the blow?” was my enquiry.

“Beyond doubt. I have just left him giving orders for the advancement of the whole line at daybreak; and unless M. Dommourier is remarkably on the alert, we shall have him supping in the camp within the next twenty-four hours. But you will have better intelligence from himself: for he bade me prepare you for meeting him, as he rides to the wing from which the march begins.”

“Excellent news! You and Varnhorst will be field-marshal before the campaign is over.” His countenance changed.

“No; my course unfortunately lies in a different direction. The duke has been so perplexed, by the delays continually forced upon him by the diplomacy of the Allied cabinets, that he has been more than once on the point of giving up the command. Clairfait's success, and the prospect of cutting off the retreat of the French, or of getting between them and Paris, have furnished him with new materials; and I am now on my way to Berlin, to put matters in the proper point of view. Farewell, Marston, I am sorry to lose you as a comrade; but we must meet again—no laurels

for me now. The duke must not find me here; he will pass by within the next five minutes."

The noble fellow sprang from his horse, and shook my hand with a fervour which I had not thought to be in his grave and lofty nature.

"Farewell!" he uttered once more, and threw himself on his saddle, and was gone.

I had scarcely lost the sound of his horse's hoofs, as they rattled up the stony ravine of the hill, when the sound of a strong body of cavalry announced the approach of the generalissimo. He soon rode up, and addressed me with his usual courtesy. "I really am afraid, Mr Marston, that you will think me in a conspiracy to prevent your enjoying a night's rest, for all our meetings, I think, have been at the 'witching hour!' But would you think it too much to mount your horse now, and ride with me, before you send your despatches to your cabinet? I must visit the troops of the left wing without delay; we can converse on the way."

I was all obedience, a knight of Prussia, and therefore at his highness's service.

"Well, well. I thought so. You English gentlemen are ready for every thing. In the mean time, while your horse is saddling, look over this letter. That was a gallant attempt of Clairfait's, and if we had not been too far off to support him, we might have pounced upon the main body as effectually as he did upon the rear. Chazot has escaped, but one of M. Dumourier's aides-de-camp, a remarkably intelligent fellow, has been taken, and on him has been found the papers which I beg you to peruse."

It was a letter from the commander-in-chief to the *Bureau de la Guerre* in Paris.

"MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE, — I write this, after having been on horseback for eighteen hours. We must have reinforcements without a moment's delay, or we are lost—the honour of France is lost—France herself is lost. I have with me less than 20,000 men to defend the road to Paris against 100,000. The truth must be told—truth becomes a citizen. We have been beaten! I have been unable to hold the passes of

Argonne, and the enemy's hussars are already scouring the country in my rear. I have sent order upon order to Kellerman, and all my answer is, that he is preparing to advance; but he has not stirred a step. I daresay, that he is playing trictrac at Metz this moment.

"My march from the Argonne has been a bold manœuvre, but it has cost us something. Chazot, to whom I entrusted the protection of the march, and to whom I had given the strictest orders to keep the enemy's light troops at a distance, has suffered himself to be entrapped by those experienced campaigners, and has lost men. Duval fought bravely at the head of his brigade, and Miranda narrowly escaped being taken, in a dashing attempt to save the park of artillery. He had a horse killed under him, and was taken from the field insensible. Marmont, who takes this, will explain more. He is a promising officer—give him a step. In the mean time, send me every man that you can. *France is in danger.*"

"The object now," observed the duke, "will be, to press upon the enemy in his present state of disorder, until we shall either be enabled to force him to fight a pitched battle at a disadvantage, or strike in between him and the capital. And now forward!"

I mounted, and we rode through the camp—the duke occasionally giving some order for the morning to the officers commanding the successive divisions, and conversing with me on the points in discussion between England and the Allies. He was evidently dissatisfied with continental politics.

"The king and the emperor are both sincere; but that is more than I can always say for those about them. We have too many Italians, and even Frenchmen, at our German courts. They are republicans to a man; and, by consequence, every important measure is betrayed. I can perceive, in the manœuvres of the enemy's general, that he must have been acquainted with my last despatch from Berlin; and, I am so thoroughly persuaded of the fact, that I mean to manœuvre to-morrow on that conviction. The order from Berlin is, that I shall act



upon his flanks. Within two hours after daylight I shall make a push for his centre; and, breaking through that, shall separate his wings, and crush them at my leisure. One would think," said he, pausing, and looking round him with the exultation of conscious power, "that the troops had overheard us, and already anticipated a victory."

The sight from the knoll, where we drew our bridles, was certainly of the most striking kind. The fires, which at first I had seen glittering only on the mountain tops, were now blazing in all quarters; in the cleared spaces of the forest, on the heaths and in the ravines: the heaps of fagots gathered for the winter consumption of the cities, by woodmen of the district, were put in requisition, and the axes of the pioneers laid many a huge larch and elm on the blaze. Soldiers seldom think much of those who are to come after them; and the flames shot up among the thickets with the most unsparing brilliancy. Cheerfulness, too, prevailed; the sounds of laughter, and gay voices, and songs, arose on every side. The well-preserved game of this huge hunting-ground, the old vexation of the French peasant, now fell into hands which had no fear of the galleys for a shot at a wild boar, or bringing down a partridge. The fires exhibited many a substantial specimen of forest luxury in the act of preparation. No man enjoys rest and food like the soldier. A day's fighting and fasting gives a sense of delight to both, such as the man of cities can scarcely conceive. No epicure at his most *recherche* board ever knew the true pleasure of the senses, equal to the campaigner stretched upon the grass, until his supper was ready, and then sitting down to it. I acknowledge, that to me that simple rest, and that simple meal, often gave a sense of enjoyment which I have never even conceived in the luxuries of higher life. The instantaneous sleep that followed; the night without a restless moment; the awaking with all my powers refreshed, and yet with no complete an-consciousness of the hours past away, as if I had lain down but the moment before, and started from night into sunshine—all belong to the campaigner: he has his troubles, but his enjoyments are his own, exclusive, delicious, incomparable.

An officer of the staff now rode up to make a report on some movement of the division intended to lead in the morning, and the duke gave me permission to retire. He galloped off in the direction of the column, and I slowly pursued my way to my quarters. Yet I could not resist many a halt, to gaze on the singular beauty of the bursts of flame which lighted the landscape. More than once, it reminded me of the famous Homeric description of the Trojan bivouac by the ships. All the images were the same, except that, for the sea, we had the endless meadows of Champagne, and, for the ships, the remote tents of the enemy. We had the fire, the exulting troops, the carouse, the picketed horses, the shouts and songs, the lustre of the autumnal sky, and the bold longings for victory and the dawn. Even in Pope's feeble translation, the scene is animated—

"The troops exulting sate in order round,

And beaming fires illumined all the ground."

Then follows the famous simile of the moon, suddenly throwing its radiance over the obscure features of the landscape.

But Homer, the poet of realities, soon returns to the true material—

"So many flames before proud Ilium blaze,

And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays,

A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,

And shoot a shadowy lustre o'er the field.

Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,

Whose umber'd arms by fits thick flashes send;

• Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,

And ardent warriors wait the rising morn."

I leave it to others to give the history of this campaign, one of the most memorable of Europe from its consequences—the tramp of that army roused the slumbering giant of France. If the Frenchman said of a battle, that it was like a ball-room, you see little beyond your opposite partner; he might have said of a campaign, that you scarcely see even so much. The largeness of the scale is beyond



all personal observation. I can answer only for myself, that I was on horseback before daybreak, and marched in the midst of columns which had no more doubt of beating up the enemy's quarters than they had of eating their first meal. All were in the highest spirits; and the opinions of the staff, among whom the duke had assigned me a place, were so sanguine, that I felt some concern at their reaching the ear of the captive aide-de-camp. This induced me to draw him away gradually from the crowd. I found him lively, as his countrymen generally are, but exhibiting at once a strength of observation and a frankness of language which are more uncommon.

"I admit," said he, "that you have beaten us; but this is the natural effect of your incomparable discipline. Our army is new, our general new, every thing new but our imprudence, in venturing to meet your 100,000 with our 25,000. Yet France is not beaten. In fact, you have not met the French up to this hour."

"What!" I exclaimed in surprise; "of what nation are the troops which we have fought in the Argonne, and are now following through the high-road to Paris? The Duke of Brunswick will be amused by hearing that he has been wasting his cannon-shot on spectres."

"Ah, you English," he replied with a broad laugh, which made me still more doubt his nation. "are such matter-of-fact people, that you require substance in every thing. But what are the troops of France? Brave fellows enough, but not one of them has ever seen a shot fired in his life: even the few battalions which we had in America saw nothing but hedge-firing. The men before you have never seen more service than they could find in a cabaret, or hunting a highwayman. Some of them, I admit, have served their king in the shape of shouldering their muskets at his palace gates in Versailles, or marching in a procession of cardinals and confessors to Notre-Dame. My astonishment is, that at the first shot they did not all run to their soup, and at the second leave their muskets to take care of themselves. But they are brave; and, if they once learn to fight, the pupils will beat the master."

"You are a philosopher, Monsieur, but, I hope, no prophet. I think I observe in you something of our English blood after all. You have opinions, and speak them."

"Not quite English, nor quite French. My father was a borderer; so not even exactly either English or Scotch. He took up arms for the son of James—of course was ruined, as every one was who had to do with a Stuart from the beginning of time—luckily escaped after the crash of Cul-boden, entered the Scottish Brigade here, and left to me nothing but his memory, his sword, and the untarnished name of Macdonald." I bowed to a name so connected with honour, and the lively aide-de-camp and I became, from that moment, fast friends. After a long and fatiguing march, about noon, in one of the most sultry days of a British autumn, our advanced guard reached the front of the enemy's position. The outposts were driven in at once, and the whole army, as it came up, was formed in order of battle. Rumours had been spread of large reinforcements being on their way; and the clouds of dust which rose along the plain, and the confused sound of baggage-waggons and heavy guns behind the hills, rendered it probable. Still the country before us was clear to the eye, and our whole force moved slowly forward to storm a range of heights, in the shape of a half-moon, which commanded the field. This was one of the sights which nothing but war can furnish, and to which no other sight on earth is equal. The motion, the shouts, the rapidity of all things—the galloping of the cavalry—the rolling of the parks of artillery—the rush of the light troops—the pressing march of the battalions—and all glittering with all the pomps of war, waving standards, flashing sabres, and the blaze thrown back from the columns' bayonets, that looked like sheets of steel, made me almost breathless. The aide-de-camp evidently enjoyed the sight as much as myself, and gave way to that instinct, by which man is a wolf, let the wise say what they will, and exalts in war. But when he heard shots fired from the range of hills, his countenance changed.

"There must be some mistake here," he said, with sudden gravity.

"Dumourier could never have intended to hold his position so far in advance, and so wholly unprotected. Those troops will be lost, and the whole campaign may be compromised."

The attack now commenced along the line, and the resistance was evidently serious. A heavy fire was sustained for some time; but the troops gradually established themselves on the lower part of the range. "I know it all now!" exclaimed my agitated companion, after a long look through my glass: "it is Kellerman's corps," said he, "which ought to have been a league to the rear of its present position at this moment. He must have received counter orders since I left him, or been desperately deceived; another half hour there, and he will never leave those hills but a prisoner or a corpse." From the shaking of his bridle, and the nervous quivering of his manly countenance, I saw how eagerly he would have received permission to bring the French general out of his dilemma. But he was a man of honour, and I was sure of him. In the midst of a thunder of cannon, which absolutely seemed to shake the ground under our feet, the firing suddenly ceased on the enemy's side. The cessation was followed on ours; there was an extraordinary silence over the field, and probably the generalissimo expected a flag of truce, or some proposal for the capitulation of the enemy's corps. But none came; and after a pause, in which aides-de-camp and orderlies were continually galloping between the advance and the spot where the duke stood at the head of his staff, the line moved again, and the hill was in our possession. But Kellerman was gone; and before our light troops could make any impression on the squadrons which covered the movement, he had again taken up a position on the formidable ground which was destined to figure so memorably in the annals of French soldiery, the heights of Valmy.

"What think you now, my friend?" was my question.

"Just what I thought before," was the answer. "We want science, without which bravery *may* fail; but we have bravery, without which science *must* fail. Kellerman may have been deceived in his first posi-

tion, but he has evidently retrieved his error. He has now shortened his distance from his reinforcements, he has secured one of the most powerful positions in the country, and unless you drive him out of it before night-fall, you might as well storm Ehrenbreitstein, or your own Gibraltar, by morning."

"Well, the experiment is about to be made, for my glass shows me our howitzers *en masse*, moving up to cannonade him with grape and canister. He will have an uneasy bivouac of it."

"Whether Kellerman can manoeuvre, I do not know. But that he will fight, I am perfectly sure. He is old, but one of the most daring and firm officers in our service. If it is in his orders to maintain those heights, he will hold them to his last cartridge and his last man."

Our conversation was now lost in the roar of artillery: and after a tremendous fire of an hour on the French position, which was answered with equal weight from the heights, a powerful division was sent to assail the principal battery. The attempt was gallantly made, and the success seemed infallible, when I heard, through all the roar, the exclamation of Macdonald, "Brave Steingell!" At the words, he pointed to a heavy column of infantry hurrying down the ravine in rear of the redoubt.

"Those are from the camp," he exclaimed, "and a few thousands more will make the post impregnable."

The sight of the column seemed to have given renewed vigour to both sides; for, while the French guns rapidly increased their fire, aided by the musketry of the newly arrived troops, the Prussian artillerymen, then the first in Europe, threw in their balls in such showers, that the forest, which hitherto had largely screened the enemy, began to fall in masses; branch and trunk were swept away, and the ground became as naked of cover as if it had been stripped by the axe. The troops thus exposed could not withstand this "iron hail," and they were palpably staggered. The retreat of a brigade, after suffering immense loss, shook the whole line, and produced a charge of our dragoons up the hill. I gave an involuntary glance at Macdonald. He was pale and exhausted;

but in another moment his eye sparkled, his colour came, and I heard him exclaim, "Bravo, Chazot! All is not lost yet." I saw a group of mounted officers galloping into the very spot which had been abandoned by the brigade, and followed by the colours of three or four battalions, which were planted directly under our fire. "There comes Chazot with his division!" cried the aide-de-camp; "gallant fellow, let him now make up for his ill fortune! Monsieur Brunswick will not sleep on the hill of Valmy to-night. He has been unable to force the centre; and now both flanks are secured: another attack would cost him ten thousand men. Nor will Monsieur Brunswick sleep on the hills of Valmy to-morrow. Dumourier was right; there was his Thermopylae. But it will not be stormed. *Fire to France!*"

The prediction was nearly true. The unexpected reinforcements, and the approach of night, determined the generalissimo to abandon the assault for the time. The fire soon slackened, the troops were withdrawn, and, after a heavy loss on both sides, both slept upon the field.

I was roused at midnight from the deep sleep of fatigue, by an order to attend the duke, who was then holding a council. Varnhorst was my summoner, and on our way he slightly explained the purpose of his mission. "We are all in rather bad spirits at the result of to-day's action. The affair itself was not much, as it was only between detachments, but it shows two things; that the French are true to their revolutionary nonsense, and that they can fight. On even ground we have beaten them, and shall beat them again; but if Champagne gives them cover, what will it be when we get into the broken country that lies between this and Paris? Still there has been no rising of the people, and until then, we have nothing to fear for the event of the campaign."

"What then have you to fear?" was my question. "What calls the council to-night?"

"My good friend," said Varnhorst with a grave smile, which more reminded me of Gulscard, "remember the Arab apologue, that every man is born with two strings tied to him, one large and visible, but made of twisted

feathers; the other so fine as to be invisible, but made of twisted steel. Thus there are few men without a visible motive, which all can see, and an invisible one—which, however, pulls them just as the puller pleases. Berlin pulls now, and the duke's glory and the good of Europe must be sacrificed to policy."

"But will the king suffer this? Will the emperor stand by and see this done?"

"They are both zealous for the liberation of the unfortunate royal family. But, *entre nous*—and this is a secret which I scarcely dare whisper even in a French desert—their counsellors have other ideas. Poland is the prize to which the ministers of both courts look. They know that the permanent possession of French provinces is impossible. It is against the will of your great country, against the deepest request of the French king, and against their own declarations. But Polish seizures would give them provinces to which nobody has laid claim, and which nobody can envy. The consequence is, that a negotiation is on foot at this moment to conclude the war by treaty, and, having ensured the safety of the royal family, to withdraw the army into Lorraine."

"Why am I then summoned?"

"To put your signature to the preliminaries."

I started with indignation. "They shall wait long enough if they wait till I sign them. I shall not attend this council."

"Observe," said Varnhorst, "I have spoken only on conjecture. If I return without you, my candour will be rewarded by an instant sentence for Spandau."

This decided me. I shook my gallant friend by the hand, the cloud passed from his brow, and we rode together to the council. This was of a more formal nature than I had yet witnessed. Two officers expressly sent from Vienna and Berlin, a kind of military envoys, had brought the decisions of their respective cabinets upon the crisis. The duke said little. He had lost his gay nonchalance of manners, and was palpably dispirited and disappointed. His address to me was gracious as ever; but he was more of the prince and the diplomatist, and less of the soldier. Our sit-



thing closed with a resolution, to agree upon an armistice, and to make the immediate release of the king one of the stipulations. I combated the proposal as long as I could with decorum. I placed, in the strongest light that I could, the immense impulse which any pause in our advance must give to the revolutionary spirit in France, or even in Europe—the impossibility of relying on any negotiation which depended on the will of the rabble—and, above all, the certainty that the first sign of tardiness on the part of the Allies would overthrow the monarchy, which was now kept in existence only by the dread of our arms. I was overruled. The proposal for the armistice was signed by all present but one—that one myself. And as we broke up silently and sullenly, at the first glimpse of a cold and stormy dawn, the fit omen of our future fate, I saw a secretary of the duke, accompanied by Macdonald, sent off to the headquarters of the enemy.

All was now over, and I thought of returning to my post at Paris. I spent the rest of the day in paying parting civilities to my gallant friends, and ordered my calèche to be in readiness by morning. But my prediction had been only too true, though I had not calculated on so rapid a fulfilment. The knowledge of the armistice was no sooner made public—and, to do the French general justice, he lost neither time nor opportunity—than it was regarded as a national triumph. The electric change of public opinion, in this most electric of all countries, raised the people from a condition of the deepest terror to the highest confidence. Every man in France was a soldier, and every soldier a hero. This was the miracle of twenty-four hours. Dumourier's force instantly swelled to 100,000 men. He might have had a million, if he had asked for them. The whole country became impassable. Every village poured out its company of armed peasants; and, notwithstanding the diplomatic cessation of hostilities, a real, universal, and desperate peasant war broke upon us on every side.

After a week of this most harassing warfare, in which we lost ten times the number of men which it would have cost to march over the bodies of

Dumourier's army to the capital, the order was issued for a general retreat to the frontier. I remembered Mordecai's letter; but it was now too late. Even if I could have turned my horse's head to a French post, I felt myself bound to share the fortunes of the gallant army to which I had been so closely attached. In the heat of youth, I went even further; and, as my mission had virtually ceased, and I wore a Prussian order, I took the undiplomatic step of proposing to act as one of the duke's aides-de-camp until the army had left the enemy's territory. Behold me now; a hulan of the duke's guard! I found no reason to repent my choice, though our service was remarkably severe. The present war was chiefly against the light troops and irregulars of the retreating army—the columns being too formidable to admit of attack, at least by the multitude. Forty thousand men, of the main army of France, were appointed to the duty of “seeing us out of the country.” But every attempt at foraging, every movement beyond the range of our cannon, was instantly met by a peasant skirmish. Every village approached by our squadrons, exhibited a barricade, from which we were fired on; every forest produced a succession of sharp encounters; and the passage of every river required as much precaution, and as often produced a serious contest, as if we were at open war. Thus we were perpetually on the wing, and our personal escapes were often of the most hair-breadth kind. If we passed through a thicket, we were sure to be met by a discharge of bullets; if we dismounted from our horses to take our hurried and scanty meal, we found some of them shot at the inn-door; if we flung ourselves, as tired as hounds after a chase, on the straw of a village stable, the probability was that we were awakened by finding the thatch in a blaze. How often we envied the easier life of the battalions! But there an enemy, more fearful than the peasantry, began to show itself. The weather had changed to storms of rain and bitter wind; the plains of Champagne, never famed for fertility, were now as wild and bare as a Russian steppe. The worst provisions, supplied on the narrowest



scale—above all, disgust, the most fatal canker of the soldier's soul—spread disease among the ranks; and the roads on which we followed the march, gave terrible evidence of the havoc that every hour made among them. The mortality at last became so great, that it seemed not unlikely that the whole army would thus melt away before it reached the boundary of this land of death.

The horror of the scene even struck the peasantry, and whether through fear of the contagion, or through the uselessness of hunting down men who were treading to the grave by thousands, the peasantry ceased to follow us. Yet such was the wretchedness of that hideous progress, that this cessation of hostility was scarcely a relief. The animation of the skirmishes, though it often cost life, yet kept the rest more alive; the stratagem, the adventure, the surprise, nay, even the failure and escape, relieved us from the dreadful monotony of the life, or rather the half-existence, to which we were now condemned. Our buoyant and brilliant career was at an end; we were now only the notes and mourners of a funeral procession of seventy thousand men.

I still look back with an indescribable shudder at the scenes which we were compelled to witness from day to day during that month of misery: for the march, which began in the first days of October, was protracted till its end. I had kept up my spirits when many a more vigorous frame had sunk, and many a maturer mind had desponded: but the perpetual recurrence of the same dreary spectacles, the dying, and the more fortunate dead, covering the highways, the fields, and the village streets, at length sank into my soul. Some recollections of earlier principles, and the memory of my old friend Vincent, prevented my taking the summary and unhappy means of ridding myself of my burden, which I saw daily resorted to among the soldiery—a bullet through the brain, or a bayonet through the heart, cured all. But, thanks to early impressions, I was determined to wait the hand of the enemy, or the course of nature. Many a night I lay down beside my starving charger, with something of a hope that I should never see another morning; and many

a morning, when I dragged my feeble limbs from the cold and wet ground, I looked round the horizon for the approach of some enemy's squadron, or peasant band, which might give me an honourable chance of escape from an existence now no longer endurable. But all was in vain. For leagues round no living object was visible, except that long column, silently and slowly winding on through the distance, like an army of spectres.

My diminished squadron had at length become almost the only rear-guard. From a hundred and fifty as fine fellows as ever sat a charger, we were now reduced to a third. All its officers, youths of the first families of Prussia, had either been left behind dying in the villages, or had been laid in the graves by the road-side, and I was now the only commandant. Perhaps even this circumstance was the means of saving my life. My new responsibility compelled me to make some exertion; and I felt that, live or die, I might still earn an honourable name. Even in those darkest hours, the thought that Clotilde might ask where and how I finished my ill-fortuned career, and perhaps give a moment's sorrow to one who remembered her to the last, had its share in restoring me to a sense of the world. In that sort of fond frenzy, which seems so fantastic when it is past, but so natural, and is actually so irresistible while it is in the mind, I wrote down my feelings, wild as they were—my impossible hopes, and a promise never to forget her while I remained in this world, and, if there could be an intercourse between the living and the dead, in that world to which I felt myself hastening. I then bade her a solemn and heartfelt farewell. Placing the paper in my bosom, with a locket containing a ringlet of her beautiful hair, which Marianne had contrived to obtain for me, the only legacy I had to offer, I felt as if I had done my last duty among mankind.

Still we wandered on, through a country which had the look of a boundless cemetery. Not a peasant was met; not a sound of human labour, joy or sorrow, reached the ear; not a smoke rose from mansion or cottage; all was still, except when the wind burst in bitter gusts over

the plain, or the almost ceaseless rain swelled into sheets, and sent the rivers roaring down before us. If the land had never been inhabited, or had been swept of its inhabitants by an avenging Providence, it could not have been more solitary. I never conceived the idea of the wilderness before. It was the intensity of desolation.

We seemed even to make no progress. We began to think that the scene would never change. But one evening, when the troop had lain down under the shelter of a knoll, my sergeant, a fine Hungarian, whose eyes had been sharpened by hussar service on the Turkish border, aroused me, saying that he had discovered French horse-tracks in advance of us. We were all instantly on the alert, the horse-tracks were found to be numerous, and it was evident that a strong body of the enemy's cavalry had managed to get in between us and the army. It is true that there was a treaty, in which the unmolested movement of the duke was an article. But, it might have been annulled; or the French general might have been inclined to make a daring experiment on our worn-down battalions; or, at all events, it was our business to keep him as far off as we could. We were on horseback immediately. The track led us along the high-road for one or two leagues, and then turned off towards a village on a height at some distance. We now paused, and the question was, whether to follow the enemy, or to dismount and try to rest ourselves, and our tired horses, for the night. We had scarcely come to the decision of unloosing girths, when the sky above the village showed a sudden glow; and a confused clamour of voices came upon the wind. Dispatching an orderly to the duke, to inform him of the French movement, we rode towards the village. We found the road in its immediate neighbourhood covered with fugitives; who, however, instead of flying from us with the usual horror of the peasantry, threw themselves beside our stirrups, hung on our bridles, and implored us with every wild gesticulation to hasten to the gates. All that I could learn from the outcries of men, women, and children, was, that their

village, or rather town—for we found it of considerable size—had been the quarters of some of the Austrian cavalry, and that the officers had given a ball, to which the leading families had been invited. The ball was charged as a national crime by the democrats in Paris, and a regiment of horse had been sent to punish the unfortunate town.

To attack such a force with fifty worn-out men, was obviously hopeless, and my hulans, brave as they were, hung down their heads; but a fresh concourse came rushing from the gates with even louder outcries than before, and the words, *massacre* and *conflagration*, were heard with fearful emphasis. While I pondered for a moment on our want of means, a fine old man, with his white hair stained with blood from a sabre wound in his forehead, clung to my charger's neck, and implored me, by the honour of soldiership, to make but one effort against the revolutionary brigands, as he termed them. "I am a French officer and noble!" he exclaimed—"I have served my king, I have a son in the army of Condé, and now the wretches have seized on my only daughter, my Amalia, and they are carrying her to their accursed guillotine." I could resist no longer; yet I looked round despairingly at my force. "Follow me," said the agonized old man; "one half of the villains are drunk in the cafés already, the other half are busy in that horrid procession to the axe. I shall take you by a private way, and you may fall upon them by surprise. You shall find me, and all who belong to me, sword in hand by your side. Come on; and the God of battles, and protector of the unhappy, will give you victory." He knelt at my feet, with his hands upraised—"For my child's sake!"—he continued faintly to exclaim—"for my innocent child's sake!" I saw tears fall down some of our bronzed faces, and I had but one word to utter; but that was—"Forward!" We followed our guide swiftly and silently through the narrow streets; and then suddenly emerging into the public square, saw such a sight of terror as never before met my eyes.

## SECESSION FROM THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

A GREAT revolution has taken place in Scotland. A greater has been threatened. Nor is that danger even yet certainly gone by. Upon the accidents of such events as may arise for the next five years, whether fitted or not fitted to revive discussions in which many of the Non-seceders went in various degrees along with the Seceders, depends the final (and, in a strict sense, the very awful) question. What is to be the fate of the Scottish church? Lord Aberdeen's Act is well qualified to tranquillize the agitations of that body; and at an earlier stage, if not intercepted by Lord Melbourne, might have prevented them in part. But Lord Aberdeen has no power to stifle a conflagration once thoroughly kindled. That must depend in a great degree upon the favourable aspect of events yet in the rear.

Meantime these great disturbances are not understood in England; and chiefly from the differences between the two nations as to the language of their several churches and law courts. The process of ordination and induction is totally different under the different ecclesiastical administrations of the two kingdoms. And the church courts of Scotland do not exist in England. We write, therefore, with an express view to the better information of England proper. And, with this purpose, we shall lead the discussion through four capital questions:—

I. *What* is it that has been done by the moving party?

II. *How* was it done? By what agencies and influence?

III. What were the *immediate results* of these acts?

IV. What are the *remote results* yet to be apprehended?

I. First, then, *WHAT* is it that has been done?

Up to the month of May in 1834, the fathers and brothers of the "Kirk" were in harmony as great as humanity can hope to see. Since May 1834, the church has been a fierce crater of volcanic agencies, throwing out of her bosom one-third of her children; and

these children are no sooner born into their earthly atmosphere, than they turn, with unnatural passions, to the destruction of their brethren. What can be the grounds upon which an *acharnement* so deadly has arisen?

It will read to the ears of a stranger almost as an experiment upon his credulity, if we tell the simple truth. Being incredible, however, it is not the less true; and, being monstrous, it will yet be recorded in history, that the Scottish church has split into mortal feuds upon two points absolutely without interest to the nation: 1st, Upon a demand for creating clergymen by a new process; 2dly, Upon a demand for Papal latitude of jurisdiction. Even the order of succession in these things is not without meaning. Had the second demand stood first, it would have seemed possible that the two demands might have grown up independently, and so far conscientiously. But, according to the realities of the case, this is *not* possible; the second demand grew out of the first. The interest of the Seceders, as locked up in their earliest requisition, was that which prompted their second. Almost every body was contented with the existing mode of creating the pastoral relation. Search through Christendom, lengthways and breadthways, there was not a public usage, an institution, an economy, which more profoundly slept in the sunshine of divine favour or of civil prosperity, than the peculiar mode authorized and practised in Scotland of appointing to every parish its several pastor. Here and there an ultra-Presbyterian spirit might prompt a murmur against it. But the wise and intelligent approved; and those who had the appropriate—that is, the religious interest—confessed that it was practically successful. From whom, then, came the attempt to change? Why, from those only who had an alien interest, an indirect interest, an interest of ambition in its subversion. As matters stood in the spring of 1834, the patron of each benefice, acting under the severest restraints—restraints which (if the church courts did their



duty) left no room or possibility for an unfit man to creep in, nominated the incumbent. In a spiritual sense, the church had all power: by refusing, first of all, to "license" unqualified persons; secondly, by refusing to "admit" out of these licensed persons such as might have become warped from the proper standard of pastoral fitness, the church had a negative voice, all-potential in the creation of clergymen; the church could exclude whom she pleased. But this contented her not. Simply to shut out was an ungracious office, though mighty for the interests of orthodoxy through the land. The children of this world, who became the agitators of the church, clamoured for something more. They desired for the church that she should become a lady patroness; that she should give as well as take away; that she should wield a sceptre, courted for its bounties, and not merely feared for its austerities. Yet how should this be accomplished? Openly to translate upon the church the present power of patrons—that were too revolutionary, that would have exposed its own object. For the present, therefore, let this device prevail—let the power nominally be transferred to congregations; let this be done upon the plea that each congregation understands best what mode of ministrations tends to its own edification. There lies the semblance of a Christian plea; the congregation, it is said, has become anxious for itself; the church has become anxious for the congregation. And then, if the translation should be effected, the church has already devised a means for appropriating the power which she has unsettled: for she limits this power to the communicants at the sacramental table. Now, in Scotland, though not in England, the character of communicant is notoriously created or suspended by the clergyman of each parish; so that, by the briefest of circuits, the church causes the power to revolve into her own hands.

That was the first change—a change full of Jacobinism; and for which, to be published was to be denounced. It was necessary, therefore, to place this Jacobin change upon a basis privileged from attack. How should that be done? The object was to create a new clerical

power; to shift the election of clergymen from the lay hands in which law and usage had lodged it; and, under a plausible mask of making the election popular, circuitously to make it ecclesiastical. Yet, if the existing patrons of church-benefices should see themselves suddenly denuded of their rights, and within a year or two should see these rights settling determinately into the hands of the clergy, the fraud, the fraudulent purpose, and the fraudulent machinery, would have stood out in gross proportions too palpably revealed. In this dilemma the reverend agitators devised a second scheme. It was a scheme bearing triple harvests: for, at one and the same time, it furnished the motive which gave a constructive coherence and meaning to the original purpose, it threw a solemn shadow over the rank worldliness of that purpose, and it opened a diffusive tendency towards other purposes of the same nature, as yet undeveloped. The device was this: in Scotland, as in England, the tithing process by which a parish clergyman is created, subdivides itself into several successive acts. The initial act belongs to the patron of the benefice: he must "present;" that is, he notifies the fact of his having conferred the benefice upon A. B. to a public body which officially takes cognizance of this act; and that body is, not the particular parish concerned, but the presbytery of the district in which the parish is seated. Thus far the steps, merely legal, of the proceedings, were too definite to be easily disturbed. These steps are sustained by Lord Aberdeen as realities, and even by the Non-intrusionists were tolerated as formalities.

But at this point commenced other steps not so rigorously defined by law or usage, nor so absolutely within one uniform interpretation of their value. In practice they had long sunk into forms. But ancient forms easily lend themselves to a revivification by meanings and applications, new or old, under the galvanism of democratic forces. The disturbers of the church, passing by the act of "presentation" as an obstacle too formidable to be separately attacked on its own account, made their stand upon one of the two acts which lie next in success-



sion. It is the regular routine, that the presbytery, having been warned of the patron's appointment, and having "received" (in technical language) the presentee—that is, having formally recognised him in that character—next appoint a day on which he is to preach before the congregation. This sermon, together with the prayers by which it is accompanied, constitute the probationary act according to some views; but, according to the general theory, simply the inaugural act by which the new pastor places himself officially before his future parishioners. Decorum, and the sense of proportion, seem to require that to every commencement of a very weighty relation, imposing new duties, there should be a corresponding and ceremonial entrance. The new pastor, until this public introduction, could not be legitimately assumed for known to the parishioners. And accordingly at this point it was—viz. subsequently to his authentic publication, as we may call it—that, in the case of any grievous scandal known to the parish as outstanding against him, arose the proper opportunity furnished by the church for lodging the accusation, and for investigating it before the church court. In default, however, of any grave objection to the presentee, he was next summoned by the presbytery to what really *was* a probationary act at their bar; viz. an examination of his theological sufficiency. But in this it could not be expected that he should fail, because he must previously have satisfied the requisitions of the church in his original examination for a license to preach. Once dismissed with credit from this bar, he was now beyond all further probation whatsoever; in technical phrase, he was entitled to "admission." Such were the steps, according to their orderly succession, by which a man consummated the pastoral tie with any particular parish. And all of these steps, subsequent to the "reception" and inaugural preaching, were now summarily characterised by the revolutionists as "spiritual;" for the sake of sequestering them into their own hands. As to the initiatory act of presentation, that might be secular, and to be dealt with by a secular law. But the rest were acts which belonged

not to a kingdom of this world.

"These," with a new-born scrupulosity never heard of until the revolution of 1834, clamoured for new casuistics; "these," said the agitators, "we cannot consent any longer to leave in their state of collapse as mere inert or ceremonial forms. They must be revived. By all means, let the patron present as heretofore. But the acts of 'examination' and 'admission,' together with the power of altogether refusing to enter upon either, under a protest against the candidate from a clear majority of the parishioners—these are acts falling within the spiritual jurisdiction of the church. And these powers we must, for the future, see exercised according to spiritual views."

Here, then, suddenly emerged a perfect ratification for their own previous revolutionary doctrine upon the creation of parish clergymen. This new scruple was, in relation to former scruples, a perfect linch-pin for locking their machinery into cohesion. For vainly would they have sought to defeat the patron's right of presenting, unless through this sudden pause and interdiction imposed upon the latter acts in the process of induction, under the pretext that these were acts competent only to a spiritual jurisdiction. This plea, by its tendency, rounded and secured all that they had yet advanced in the way of claim. But, at the same time, though indispensable negatively, positively it stretched so much further than any necessity or interest inherent in their present innovations, that not improbably they faltered and shrank back at first from the immeasurable field of consequences upon which it opened. They would willingly have accepted less. But, unfortunately, it sometimes happens, that, to gain as much as is needful in one direction, you must take a great deal more than you wish for in another. Any principle, which could carry them over the immediate difficulty, would, by a mere necessity, carry them incalculably beyond it. For if every act bearing in any one direction a spiritual aspect, showing at any angle a relation to spiritual things, is therefore to be held spiritual in a sense excluding the interference of the civil power, there falls to the

ground at once the whole fabric of civil authority in any independent form. Accordingly, we are satisfied that the claim to a spiritual jurisdiction, in collision with the claims of the state, would not probably have offered itself to the ambition of the agitators, otherwise than as a measure ancillary to their earlier pretension of appointing virtually all parish clergymen. The one claim was found to be the integration or *sine quâ non* complement of the other. In order to sustain the power of appointment in their own courts, it was necessary that they should defeat the patron's power; and, in order to defeat the patron's power, ranging itself (as sooner or later it would) under the law of the land, it was necessary that they should decline that struggle, by attempting to take the question out of all secular jurisdictions whatever.

In this way grew up that twofold revolution which has been convulsing the Scottish church since 1834: first, the audacious attempt to disturb the settled mode of appointing the parish clergy, through a silent robbery perpetrated on the crown and great landed aristocracy: secondly, and in prosecution of that primary purpose, the far more frantic attempt to renew in a practical shape the old disputes so often agitating the forum of Christendom, as to the bounds of civil and spiritual power.

In our rehearsal of the stages through which the process of induction ordinarily travels, we have purposely omitted one possible interlude or parenthesis in the series; not as wishing to conceal it, but for the very opposite reason. It is right to withdraw from a *representative* account of any transaction such varieties of the routine as occur but seldom: in this way they are more pointedly exposed. Now, having made that explanation, we go on to inform the Southern reader—than an old traditional usage has prevailed in Scotland, but not systematically or uniformly, of sending to the presentee, through the presbytery, what is designated a "*call*," subscribed by members of the parish congregation. This call is simply an invitation to the office of their pastor. It arose in the disorders of the seven-

teenth century; but in practice it is generally admitted to have sunk into a mere formality throughout the eighteenth century; and the very position which it holds in the succession of steps, not usually coming forward until *after* the presentation has been notified, (supposing that it comes forward at all,) compels us to regard it in that light. Apparently it bears the same relation to the patron's act as the Address of the two Houses to the Speech from the Throne: it is rather a courteous echo to the personal compliment involved in the presentation, than capable of being regarded as any *original* act of invitation. And yet, in defiance of that notorious fact, some people go so far as to assert, that a call is not good unless where it is subscribed by a clear majority of the congregation. This is amusing. We have already explained that, except as a liberal courtesy, the very idea of a call destined to be inoperative, is and must be moonshine. Yet between two moonshines, some people, it seems, can tell which is the denser. We have all heard of Barmecide banquets, where, out of tureens filled to the brim with—nothing, the fortunate guest was helped to vast masses of—air. For a hungry guest to take this tantalization in good part, was the sure way to win the esteem of the noble Barmecide. But the Barmecide himself would hardly approve of a duel turning upon a comparison between two of his tureens, question being—which had been the fuller, or of two nihilities which had been seasoned the more judiciously. Yet this in effect is the reasoning of those who say that a call, signed by fifty-one persons out of a hundred, is more valid than another signed only by twenty-six, or by nobody; it being in the mean time fully understood that neither is valid in the least possible degree. But if the "*call*" was a Barmecide call, there was another act open to the congregation which was not so.

For the English reader must now understand, that over and above the passive and less invidious mode of discountenancing or forbearing to countenance a presentee, by withdrawing from the direct "*call*" upon him, usage has sanctioned another and stronger sort of protest; one which

takes the shape of distinct and clamorous *objections*. We are speaking of the routine in this place, according to the course which it *did* travel or *could* travel under that law and that practice which furnished the pleas for complaint. Now, it was upon these "objections," as may well be supposed, that the main battle arose. Simply to want the "call," being a mere zero, could not much lay hold upon public feeling. It was a case not fitted for effect. You cannot bring a blank privation strongly before the public eye. "The 'call' did not take place last week;" well, perhaps it will take place next week. Or again, if it should never take place, perhaps it may be religious carelessness on the part of the parish. Many parishes notoriously feel no interest in their pastor, except as a quiet member of their community. Consequently, in two of three cases that might occur, there was nothing to excite the public: the parish had either agreed with the patron, or had not noticeably dissented. But in the third case of positive "objections," which (in order to justify themselves as not frivolous and vexatious) were urged with peculiar emphasis, the attention of all men was arrested. Newspapers reverberated the fact: sympathetic groans arose: the patron was an oppressor: the parish was under persecution: and the poor clergyman, whose case was the most to be pitied, as being in a measure *endowed* with a lasting fund of dislike, had the mortification to find, over and above this resistance from within, that he bore the name of "intruder" from without. He was supposed by the fiction of the case to be in league with his patron for the persecution of a godly parish; whilst in reality the godly parish was persecuting *him*, and hallooing the world *ab extra* to join in the hunt.

In such cases, of pretended objections to men who have not been tried, we need scarcely tell the reader, that usually they are mere cabals and worldly intrigues. It is next to impossible that any parish or congregation should sincerely agree in their opinion of a clergyman. What one man likes in such cases, another man detests. Mr A., with an ardent na-

ture, and something of a histrionic turn, dwells upon a fine rhetorical display. Mr B., with more simplicity of taste, pronounces this little better than theatrical ostentation. Mr C. requires a good deal of critical scholarship. Mr D. quarrels with this as unsuitable to a rustic congregation. Mrs X., who is "under concern" for sin, demands a searching and (as she expresses it) a "faithful" style of dealing with consciences. Mrs Y., an aristocratic lady, who cannot bear to be mixed up in any common charge together with low people, abominates such words as "sin," and wills that the parson should confine his "observations" to the "shocking demoralization of the lower orders."

Now, having stated the practice of Scottish induction, as it was formerly sustained in its first stage by law, in its second stage by usage, let us finish that part of the subject by reporting the *existing* practice as regulated in all its stages by law. What law? The law as laid down in Lord Aberdeen's late Act of Parliament. This statement should, historically speaking, have found itself under our *third* head, as being one amongst the consequences immediately following the final rupture. But it is better placed at this point; because it closes the whole review of that topic: and because it reflects light upon the former practice—the practice which led to the whole mutinous tumult: every alteration forcing more keenly upon the reader's attention what had been the previous custom, and in what respect it was held by any man to be a grievance.

This Act, then, of Lord Aberdeen's, removes all *legal* effect from the "call." Common sense required *that*. For what was to be done with patronage? Was it to be sustained, or was it not? If not, then why quarrel with the Non-intrusionists? Why suffer a schism to take place in the church? Give legal effect to the "call," and the original cause of quarrel is gone. For, with respect to the opponents of the Non-intrusionists, *they* would bow to the law. On the other hand, if patronage is to be sustained, then why allow of any lingering or doubtful force to what must often operate as a conflicting claim? "A call," which carries with it any legal force, anni-



illustres patronage. Patronage would thus be exercised only on sufferance. Do we mean then, that a "call" should sink into a pure fiction of ceremony, like the English *congé-d'élire* addressed to a dean and chapter, calling on them to elect a bishop, when all the world knows that already the see has been filled by a nomination from the crown? Not at all; a moral weight will still attach to the "call," though no legal coercion: and, what is chiefly important, all those doubts will be removed by express legislation, which could not but arise between a practice pointing sometimes in one direction, and sometimes in another, between legal decisions again upholding one view, whilst something very like legal prescription was occasionally pleaded for the other. Behold the evil of written laws not rigorously in harmony with that sort of customary law founded upon vague tradition or irregular practice. And here, by the way, arises the place for explaining to the reader that irreconcilable dispute amongst Parliamentary lawyers as to the question whether Lord Aberdeen's bill were *enactory*, that is, created a new law, or *declaratory*, that is, simply expounded an old one. If *enactory*, then why did the House of Lords give judgment against those who allowed weight to the "call?" That might need altering; that might be highly inexpedient; but if it required a new law to make it illegal, how could those parties be held in the wrong previously to the new act of legislation? On the other hand, if *declaratory*, then show us any old law which made the "call" illegal. The fact is—that no man can decide whether the act established a new law, or merely expounded an old one. And the reason why he cannot—is this: the practice, the usage, which often is the law, had grown up variously during the troubles of the seventeenth century. In many places political reasons had dictated that the elders should nominate the incumbent. But the ancient practice had authorized patronage: by the act of Queen Anne (10th chap.) it was even formally restored; and yet the patron in known instances was said to have waived his right in deference to the "call." But why? Did he do so, in courteous compliance with

the parish, as a party whose reasonable wishes ought, for the sake of all parties, to meet with attention? Or did he do so, in humble submission to the parish, as having by their majorities a legal right to the presentation? There lay the question. The presumptions from antiquity were all against the call. The more modern practice had occasionally been for it. Now, we all know how many colourable claims of right are created by prescription. What was the exact force of the "call," no man could say. In like manner, the exact character and limit of allowable objections had been ill-defined in practice, and rested more on a vague tradition than on any settled rule. This also made it hard to say whether Lord Aberdeen's Act were *enactory* or *declaratory*, a predicament, however, which equally affects all statutes for removing doubts.

The "call," then, we consider as no longer recognised by law. But did Lord Aberdeen by that change establish the right of the patron as an unconditional right? By no means. He made it strictly a conditional right. The presentee is *now* a candidate, and no more. He has the most important vote in his favour, it is true: but that vote may still be set aside, though still only with the effect of compelling the patron to a new choice. "Calls" are no longer doubtful in their meaning, but "objections" have a fair field laid open to them. All reasonable objections are to be weighed. But who is to judge whether they are reasonable? The presbytery of the district. And now pursue the action of the law, and see how little ground it leaves upon which to hang a complaint. Every body's rights are secured. Whatever be the event, first of all the presentee cannot complain, if he is rejected only for proved insufficiency. He is put on his trial as to three points only: 1. Is he orthodox? 2. Is he of good moral reputation? 3. Is he sufficiently learned? And note this, (which in fact Sir James Graham remarked in his official letter to the Assembly,) strictly speaking, he ought not to be under challenge as respects the third point; for it is your own fault, the fault of your own licensing courts (the presbyteries,) if he is not qualified so far. You should



not have created him a licentiate, should not have given him a license to preach, as must have been done in an earlier stage of his progress, if he were not learned enough. (Once learned, a man is learned for life. As to the other points, he may change; and *therefore* it is that an examination is requisite. But how can he complain, if he is found by an impartial court of venerable men objectionable on any score? If it were possible, however, that he should be wronged, he has his appeal. Secondly, how can the patron complain? *His* case is the same as his presentee's case; his injuries the same; his relief the same. Besides, if *his* man is rejected, it is not the parish man that takes his place. No; but a second man of his own choice: and, if again he chooses amiss, who is to blame for *that*? Thirdly, can the congregation complain? They have a *general* interest in their spiritual guide. But as to the preference for oratory—for loud or musical voice—for peculiar views in religion—these things are special: they interest but an exceedingly small minority in any parish; and, what is worse, that which pleases one is often offensive to another. There are cases in which a parish would reject a man for being a married man: some of the parish have unmarried daughters. But this case clearly belongs to the small minority; and we have little doubt that, where the objections lay “for cause not shown,” it was often for *this* cause. Fourthly, can the church complain? Her interest is represented, 1, not by the presentee; 2, not by the patron; 3, not by the congregation; but 4, by the presbytery. And, whatever the presbytery say, *that* is supported. Speaking either for the patron, for the presentee, for the congregation, or for themselves as conservators of the church, that court is heard; what more would they have? And thus in turn every interest is protected. Now the point to be remarked is—that each party in turn has a separate influence. But on any other plan, giving to one party of the four an absolute or uncontrollable power, no matter which of the four it be—all the rest have none at all. Lord Aberdeen has reconciled the rights of patrons for the first time

with those of all other parties interested. Nobody has more than a conditional power. Every body has *that*. And the patron, as necessity requires, if property is to be protected, has in all circumstances the reversionary power.

II. *Secondly, How were these things done?* By what means were the hands of any party strengthened, so as to find this revolution possible?

We seek not to refine; but all moral power issues out of moral forces. And it may be well, therefore, rapidly to sketch the history of religion, which is the greatest of moral forces, as it sank and rose in this island through the last two hundred years.

It is well known that the two great revolutions of the seventeenth century—that in 1649, accomplished by the Parliament armies, (including its reaction in 1660,) and secondly, that in 1688-9—did much to unsettle the religious tone of public morals. Historians and satirists ascribe a large effect in this change to the personal influence of Charles II., and the foreign character of his court. We do not share in their views; and one eminent proof that they are wrong, lies in the following fact—viz. that the sublimest act of self-sacrifice which the world has ever seen, arose precisely in the most triumphant season of Charles's career, a time when the reaction of hatred had not yet neutralized the sunny joyousness of his Restoration. Surely the reader cannot be at a loss to know what we mean—the renunciation in one hour, on St Bartholomew's day in 1662, of two thousand benefices by the non-conforming clergymen of England. In the same year, occurred a similar renunciation of three hundred and sixty benefices in Scotland. These great sacrifices, whether called for or not, argue a great strength in the religious principle at that era. Yet the decay of external religion towards the close of that century, is proved incontestably. We ourselves are inclined to charge this upon two causes; first, that the times were controversial; and usually it happens—that, where too much energy is carried into the controversies or intellectual part of

religion, a very distinguished fervour attends the culture of its moral and practical part. This was perhaps one reason; for the dispute with the Papal church, partly, perhaps, with a secret reference to the rumoured apostasy of the royal family, was pursued more eagerly in the latter half of the seventeenth than even in any section of the sixteenth century. But, doubtless, the main reason was the revolutionary character of the times. Morality is at all periods fearfully shaken by intestine wars, and by instability in a government. The actual duration of war in England was not indeed longer than three and a half years, viz. from Edgehill fight, in the autumn of 1642, to the defeat of the king's last force under Sir Jacob Astley at Stow-in-the-wolds in the spring of 1646. Any other fighting in that century belonged to mere insulated and discontinuous war. But the insecurity of every government between 1638 and 1702, kept the popular mind in a state of fermentation. Accordingly, Queen Anne's reign might be said to open upon an irreligious people. This condition of things was further strengthened by the unavoidable interweaving at that time of politics with religion. They could not be kept separate; and the favour shown even by religious people to such partisan zealots as Dr Sacheverell, evidenced, and at the same time promoted, the public irreligion. This was the period in which the clergy thought too little of their duties, but too much of their professional rights; and if we may credit the indirect report of the contemporary literature, all apostolic or missionary zeal for the extension of religion, was in those days a thing unknown. It may seem unaccountable to many, that the same state of things should have spread in those days to Scotland; but this is no more than the analogies of all experience entitled us to expect. Thus we know that the instincts of religious reformation ripened every where at the same period of the sixteenth century from one end of Europe to the other; although between most of the European kingdoms there was nothing like so much intercourse as between England and Scotland in the eighteenth cen-

tury. In both countries, a cold and lifeless state of public religion prevailed up to the American and French Revolutions. These great events gave a shock every where to the meditative, and, consequently, to the religious impulses of men. And, in the mean time, an irregular channel had been already opened to these impulses by the two founders of Methodism. A century has now passed since Wesley and Whitfield organized a more spiritual machinery of preaching than could then be found in England, for the benefit of the poor and labouring classes. These Methodist institutions prospered, as they were sure of doing, amongst the poor and the neglected at any time, much more when contrasted with the deep slumbers of the Established church. And another ground of prosperity soon arose out of the now expanding manufacturing system. Vast multitudes of men grew up under that system—humble enough by the quality of their education to accept with thankfulness the ministrations of Methodism, and rich enough to react, upon that beneficent institution, by continued endowments in money. Gradually, even the church herself, that mighty establishment, under the cold shade of which Methodism had grown up as a neglected weed, began to acknowledge the power of an extending Methodist influence, which originally she had haughtily despised. First, she murmured; then she grew anxious or fearful; and finally, she began to find herself invaded or modified from within, by influences springing up from Methodism. This last effect became more conspicuously evident after the French Revolution. The church of Scotland, which, as a whole, had exhibited, with much unobtrusive piety, the same outward torpor as the church of England during the eighteenth century, betrayed a corresponding resuscitation about the same time. At the opening of this present century, both of these national churches began to show a marked rekindling of religious fervour. In what extent this change in the Scottish church had been due, mediately or immediately, to Methodism, we do not pretend to calculate; that is, we do not pretend to settle the proportions. But mediately the

Scottish church must have been affected, because she was greatly affected by her intercourse with the English church, (as, *e.g.*, in Bible Societies, Missionary Societies, &c. ; ) and the English church had been previously affected by Methodism. *Immediately* she must also have been affected by Methodism, because Whitfield had been invited to preach in Scotland, and *did* preach in Scotland. But, whatever may have been the cause of this awakening from slumber in the two established churches of this island, the fact is so little to be denied, that, in both its aspects, it is acknowledged by those most interested in denying it. The two churches slept the sleep of torpor through the eighteenth century : so much of the fact is acknowledged by their own members. The two churches awoke, as from a trance, in or just before the dawning of the nineteenth century : this second half of the fact is acknowledged by their opponents. The Wesleyan Methodists, that formidable power in England and Wales, who once reviled the Establishment as the dormitory of spiritual drones, have for many years hailed a very large section in that establishment—viz., the section technically known by the name of the Evangelical clergy—as brothers after their own hearts, and corresponding to their own strictest model of a spiritual clergy. That section again, the Evangelical section, in the English church, as men more highly educated, took a direct interest in the Scottish clergy, upon general principles of liberal interest in all that could affect religion, beyond what could be expected from the Methodists. And in this way grew up a considerable action and reaction between the two classical churches of the British soil.

Such was the varying condition, when sketched in outline, of the Scottish and English churches. Two centuries ago, and for half a century beyond that, we find both churches in a state of trial, of turbulent agitation, and of sacrifices for conscience which involved every fifth or sixth beneficiary. Then came a century of languor and the carelessness which belongs to settled prosperity. And finally, for both has arisen a half cen-

tury of new light—new zeal—and, spiritually speaking, of new prosperity. This deduction it was necessary to bring down, in order to explain the new power which arose to the Scottish church during the last generation of suppose thirty years.

When two powerful establishments, each separately fitted to the genius and needs of its several people, are pulling together powerfully towards one great spiritual object, vast must be the results. Our ancestors would have stood aghast as at some fabulous legend or some mighty miracle, could they have heard of the scale on which our modern contributions proceed for the purposes of missions to barbarous nations, of circulating the Scriptures, (whether through the Bible Society, that is the National Society, or Provincial Societies,) of translating the Scriptures into languages scarcely known by name to scholars, of converting Jews, of organizing and propagating education. Towards these great objects the Scottish clergy had worked with energy and with little disturbance to their unanimity. Confidence was universally felt in their piety and in their discretion. This confidence even reached the supreme rulers of the state. Very much through ecclesiastical influence, new plans for extending the religious power of the Scottish church, and indirectly of extending their secular power, were countenanced by the Government. Jealousy had been disarmed by the upright conduct of the Scottish clergy, and their remarkable freedom hitherto from all taint of ambition. It was felt, besides, that the temper of the Scottish nation was radically indisposed to all intriguing or modes of temporal ascendancy in ecclesiastical bodies. The nation, therefore, was in some degree held as a guarantee for the discretion of their clergy. And hence it arose, that much less caution was applied to the first encroachment of the Non-intrusionists, than would have been applied under circumstances of more apparent doubt. Hence it arose, that a confidence from the Scottish nation was extended to this clergy, which too certainly has been abused.

In the years 1824-5, Parliament had passed acts "for building additional places of worship in the highlands



and islands of Scotland." These acts may be looked upon as one section in that general extension of religious machinery which the British people, by their government and their legislature, have for many years been promoting. Not, as is ordinarily said, that the weight of this duty had grown upon them simply through their own treacherous neglect of it during the latter half of the eighteenth century; but that no reasonable attention to that duty could have kept pace with the scale upon which the claims of a new manufacturing population had increased. In mere equity we must admit—not that the British nation had fallen behind its duties, (though naturally it might have done so under the religious torpor prevalent at the original era of manufacturing extension,) but that the duties had outstripped all human power of overtaking them. The efforts, however, have been prodigious in this direction for many years. Amongst those applied to Scotland, it had been settled by parliament that forty-two new churches should be raised in the highlands, with an endowment from the Government of L.120 annually for each incumbent. There were besides more than two hundred chapels of ease to be founded: and towards this scheme the Scottish public subscribed largely. The money was entrusted to the clergy. *That* was right. But mark what followed. It had been expressly provided by Parliament—that any district or circumjacent territory, allotted to such parliamentary churches as the range within which the incumbent was to exercise his spiritual ministrations, should *not* be separate parishes for any civil or legal effects. Here surely the intentions and directions of the legislature were plain enough, and decisive enough.

How did the Scottish clergy obey them? They erected all these jurisdictions into *bona fide* "parishes," enjoying the plenary rights (as to church government) of the other parishes, and distinguished from them in a merely nominal way as parishes *quoad sacra*. There were added at once to the presbyteries, which are the organs of the church power, 203 clerical persons for the chapels of ease,

and 42 for the highland churches—making a total of 245 new members. By the constitution of the Scottish church, an equal number of lay elders (called ruling elders) accompany the clerical elders. Consequently 490 new members were introduced at once into that particular class of courts (presbyteries) which form the electoral bodies in relation to the highest court of General Assembly. The effect of this change, made in the very teeth of the law, was twofold. First, it threw into many separate presbyteries a considerable accession of voters—all owing their appointments to the General Assembly. This would at once give a large bias favourable to their party views in every election for members to serve in the Assembly. Even upon an Assembly numerically limited, this innovation would have told most abusively. But the Assembly was *not* limited; and therefore the whole effect was, at the same moment, greatly to extend the electors and the elected.

Here, then, was the machinery by which the faction worked. They drew that power from Scotland rekindled into a temper of religious anxiety, which they never could have drawn from Scotland lying torpid, as she had lain through the 18th century. The new machinery, (created by Parliament in order to meet the wishes of the Scottish nation,) the money of that nation, the awakened zeal of that nation; all these were employed, honourably in one sense, that is, not turned aside into private channels for purposes of individuals, but factiously in the result, as being for the benefit of a faction; honourably as regarded the open mode of applying such influence—a mode which did not shrink from exposure; but most dishonourably, in so far as privileges, which had been conceded altogether for a spiritual object, were abusively transferred to the furtherance of a temporal intrigue. Such were the methods by which the newborn ambition of the clergy moved; and that ambition had become active, simply because it had suddenly seemed to become practicable. The presbyteries, as being the effectual electoral bodies, are really the main springs of the ecclesiastical administration. To govern them, was in



effect to govern the church. A new scheme for extending religion, had opened a new avenue to this control over the presbyteries. That opening was notoriously unlawful. But not the less, the church faction precipitated themselves ardently upon it; and but for the faithfulness of the civil courts, they would never have been dislodged from what they had so suddenly acquired. Such was the extraordinary leap taken by the Scottish clergy, into a power of which, hitherto, they had never enjoyed a fraction. It was a movement *per saltum*, beyond all that history has recorded. At cock-crow, they had no power at all; when the sun went down, they had gained (if they could have held) a papal supremacy. And a thing not less memorably strange is, that even yet the ambitious leaders were not disturbed; what they had gained was viewed by the public as a collateral gain, indirectly adhering to a higher object, but forming no part at all of what the clergy had sought. It required the scrutiny of law courts to unmask and decompose their true object. The obstinacy of the defence betrayed the real *animus* of the attempt. It was an attempt which, in connexion with the Veto Act, (supposing that to have prospered,) would have laid the whole power of the church at their feet. What the law had distributed amongst three powers, patron, parish, and presbytery, would have been concentrated in themselves. The *quoad sacra* parishes would have riveted their majorities in the presbyteries; and the presbyteries, under the real action of the Veto, would have appointed nearly every incumbent in Scotland. And this is the answer to the question, when treated merely in outline—*How were these things done?* The religion of the times had created new machineries for propagating a new religious influence. These fell into the hands of the clergy; and the temptation to abuse these advantages led them into revolution.

III. Having now stated WHAT was done, as well as HOW it was done, let us estimate the CONSEQUENCES of these acts; under this present, or third section, reviewing the immediate consequences which have taken effect

already, and under the next section, anticipating the more remote consequences yet to be expected.

In the spring of 1834, as we have sufficiently explained, the General Assembly ventured on the fatal attempt to revolutionize the church, and (as a preliminary towards *that*) on the attempt to revolutionize the property of patronage. There lay the extravagance of the attempt; its short-sightedness, if they did not see its civil tendencies; its audacity, if they *did*. It was one revolution marching to its object through another; it was a vote, which, if at all sustained, must entail a long inheritance of contests with the whole civil polity of Scotland.

“*Non quantum sati parva tabella vehit!*”

It might seem to strangers a trivial thing, that an obscure court, like the presbytery, should proceed in the business of induction by one routine rather than by another: but was it a trivial thing that the power of appointing clergymen should lapse into this perilous dilemma—either that it should be intercepted by the Scottish clerical order, and thus, that a lordly hierarchy should be suddenly created, disposing of incomes which, in the aggregate, approach to half a million annually; or, on the other hand, that this dangerous power, if defeated as a clerical power, should settle into a tenure exquisitely democratic? Was *that* trivial? Doubtless, the Scottish ecclesiastical revenues are not equal, nor nearly equal, to the English; still, it is true, that Scotland, supposing all her benefices equalized, gives a larger *average* to each incumbent than England, of the year 1830. England, in that year, gave an average of £299 to each beneficiary; Scotland gave an average of £303. That body, therefore, which wields patronage in Scotland, wields a greater relative power than the corresponding body in England. Now this body, in Scotland, must finally have been the *clerus*; but supposing the patronage to have settled nominally where the Veto Act had placed it, then it would have settled into the keeping of a fierce democracy. Mr. Frey has justly remarked, that in such a case the hired ploughmen of a parish, *mercenary*

hands that quit their engagements at Martinmas, and can have no filial interest in the parish, would generally succeed in electing the clergyman. That man would be elected generally, who had canvassed the parish with the arts and means of an electioneering candidate; or else, the struggle would lie between the property and the Jacobinism of the district.

In respect to Jacobinism, the condition of Scotland is much altered from what it was; pauperism and great towns have worked "strange defeasures" in Scottish society. A vast capital has arisen in the west, on a level with the first-rate capitals of the Continent—with Vienna or with Naples; far superior in size to Madrid, to Lisbon, to Berlin; more than equal to Rome and Milan; or again to Munich and Dresden, taken by couples: and in this point, beyond comparison with any one of these capitals, that whilst they are connected by slight ties with the circumjacent country, Glasgow keeps open a communication with the whole land. Vast laboratories of encouragement to manual skill, too often dissociated from consideration of character; armies of mechanics, gloomy and restless, having no interfusion amongst their endless files of any gradations corresponding to a system of controlling officers; these spectacles, which are permanently offered by the *castra stativa* of combined mechanics in Glasgow and its dependences, (Paigley, Greenock, &c.,) supported by similar districts, and by turbulent collieries in other parts of that kingdom, make Scotland, when now developing her strength, no longer the safe and docile arena for popular movements which once she was, with a people that were scattered, and habits that were pastoral. And at this moment, so fearfully increased is the overbalance of democratic impulses in Scotland, that perhaps in no European nation—hardly excepting France—has it become more important to hang weights and retarding forces upon popular movements amongst the labouring classes.

This being so, we have never been able to understand the apparent apathy with which the landed body met the first promulgation of the *Veto Act* in May 1834. Of this apathy,

two insufficient explanations suggest themselves:—1st, It seemed a matter of delicacy to confront the General Assembly, upon a field which they had clamorously challenged for their own. The question at issue was tempestuously published to Scotland as a question exclusively spiritual. And by whom was it thus published? The Southern reader must here not be careless of dates. *At present*, viz. in 1844, those who fulminate such views of spiritual jurisdiction, are simply dissenters; and those who vehemently withstand them are the church, armed with the powers of the church. Such are the relations between the parties in 1844. But in 1834, the revolutionary party were not only in the church, but (being the majority) they came forward as the church. The new doctrines presented themselves at first, not as those of a faction, but of the Scottish kirk assembled in her highest court. The *prestige* of that advantage, has vanished since then; for this faction, after first of all falling into a minority, afterwards ceased to be any part or section of the church; but in that year 1834, such a *prestige* did really operate; and this must be received as one of the reasons which partially explain the torpor of the landed body. No one liked to move *first*, even amongst those who meant to move. But another reason we find in the conscientious scruples of many landholders, who hesitated to move at all upon a question then insufficiently discussed, and in which their own interest was by so many degrees the largest.

These reasons, however, though sufficient for suspense, seem hardly sufficient for not having solemnly protested against the *Veto Act* immediately upon its passing the Assembly. Whatever doubts a few persons might harbour upon the expediency of such an act, evidently it was contrary to the law of the land. The General Assembly could have no power to abrogate a law passed by the three estates of the realm. But probably it was the deep sense of that truth, which reined up the national resistance. Sure of a speedy collision between some patron and the infringers of his right; other parties stood back for the present, to

watch the form which such a collision might assume.

In that same year of 1834, not many months after the passing of the Assembly's Act, came on the first case of collision; and some time subsequently a second. These two cases, Auchterarder and Marnoch, commenced in the very same steps, but immediately afterwards diverged as widely as was possible. In both cases, the rights of the patron and of the presentee were challenged peremptorily; that is to say, in both cases, parishioners objected to the presentee without reason shown. The conduct of the people was the same in one case as in the other; that of the two presbyteries travelled upon lines diametrically opposite. The first case was that of *Auchterarder*. The parish and the presbytery concerned, both belonged to Auchterarder; and there the presbytery obeyed the new law of the Assembly: they rejected the presentee, refusing to take him on trial of his qualifications: And why? we cannot too often repeat—simply because a majority of a rustic congregation had rejected him, without attempting to show reason for his rejection. The Auchterarder presbytery, for *their* part in this affair, were prosecuted in the Court of Session by the injured parties—Lord Kinnoul, the patron, and Mr Young, the presentee. Twice, upon a different form of action, the Court of Session gave judgment against the presbytery; twice the case went up by appeal to the Lords; twice the Lords affirmed the judgment of the court below. In the other case of *Marnoch*, the presbytery of Strathbogie took precisely the opposite course. So far from abetting the unjust congregation of rustics, they rebelled against the new law of the Assembly, and declared, by seven of their number against three, that they were ready to proceed with the trial of the presentee, and to induct him (if found qualified) into the benefice. Upon this, the General Assembly suspended the seven members of presbytery. By the mode of proceeding, the Assembly decided that they should be able to elude the intentions of the presbytery: it being supposed that, whilst suspended, the presbytery had no power to ordain; and that, without

ordination, there was no possibility of giving induction. But here the Assembly had miscalculated. Suspension would indeed have had the effects ascribed to it; but in the mean time, the suspension, as being originally illegal, was found to be void: and the presentee, on that ground, obtained a decree from the Court of Session, ordaining the presbytery of Strathbogie to proceed with the settlement. Three of the ten members composing this presbytery, resisted; and they were found liable in expenses. The other seven completed the settlement in the usual form. Here was plain rebellion; and rebellion triumphant. If this were allowed, all was gone. What should the Assembly do for the vindication of their authority? Upon deliberation, they deposed the contumacious presbytery from their functions as clergymen, and declared their churches vacant. But this sentence was found to be a *brutum fulmen*; the crime was no crime, the punishment turned out no punishment: and a minority, even in this very Assembly, declared publicly that they would not consent to regard this sentence as any sentence at all, but would act in all respects as if no such sentence had been carried by vote. *Within* their own high Court of Assembly, it is, however, difficult to see how this refusal to recognise a sentence voted by a majority could be valid. Outside, the civil courts came into play; but within the Assembly, surely its own laws and votes prevailed. However, this distinction could bring little comfort to the Assembly at present; for the illegality of the deposal was now past all dispute; and the attempt to punish, or even ruin, a number of professional brethren for not enforcing a by-law, when the by-law itself had been found irreconcilable to the law of the land, greatly displeased the public, as vindictive, oppressive, and useless to the purposes of the Assembly.

Nothing was gained, except the putting on record an implacability that was *confessedly* impotent. This was the very lunacy of malice. Mortifying it might certainly seem for the members of a supreme court, like the General Assembly, to be baffled by those of a subordinate court: but still,



since each party must be regarded as representing far larger interests than any personal to themselves, trying on either side, not the energies of their separate wits, but the available resources of law in one of its obscurer chapters, there really seemed no more room for humiliation to the one party, or for triumph to the other, than there is amongst reasonable men in the result from a game, where the game is one exclusively of chance.

From this period it is probable that the faction of Non-Intrusionists resolved upon abandoning the church. It was the one sole resource left for sustaining their own importance to men who were now sinking fast in public estimation. At the latter end of 1842, they summoned a convocation in Edinburgh. The discussions were private; but it was generally understood that at this time they concerted a plan for going out from the church, in the event of their failing to alarm the Government by the notification of this design. We do not pretend to any knowledge of secrets. What is known to every body is—that, on the annual meeting of the General Assembly, in May 1843, the great body of the Non-intrusionists moved out in procession. The sort of theatrical interest which gathered round the Seceders for a few hurried days in May, was of a kind which should naturally have made wise men both ashamed and disgusted. It was the merest effervescence from that state of excitement which is nursed by novelty, by expectation, by the vague anticipation of a "scene," possibly of a quarrel, together with the natural interest in seeing men whose names had been long before the public in books and periodical journals.

The first measure of the Seceders was to form themselves into a pseudo-General Assembly. When there are two suns visible, or two moons, the real one and its duplicate, we call the mock sun a *parhelios*, and the mock moon a *paraselene*. On that principle, we must call this mock Assembly a *para-synodos*. Rarely, indeed, can we applaud the Seceders in the fabrication of names. They distinguish as *quoad sacra* parishes those which were peculiarly *quoad politica* parishes; for in that view only they had been interesting to the Non-intrusionists.

Again, they style themselves *The Free Church*, by way of taunting the other side with being a servile church. But how are they any church at all? By the courtesies of Europe, and according to usage, a church means a religious incorporation, protected and privileged by the State. Those who are not so privileged are usually content with the title of Separatists, Dissenters, or Nonconformists. No wise man will see either good sense or dignity in assuming titles not appropriate. The very position and aspect towards the church (legally so called) which has been assumed by the Non-Intrusionists—viz. the position of protestors against that body, not merely as bearing, amongst other features, a certain relation to the State, but specifically *because* they bear that relation, makes it incongruous, and even absurd, for these Dissenters to denominate themselves a "church." But there is another objection to this denomination—the "Free Church" have no peculiar and separate Confession of Faith. Nobody knows what are their *credenda*—what they hold indispensable for fellow-membership, either as to faith in mysteries or in moral doctrines. Now, if they reply—"Oh! as to that, we adopt for our faith all that ever we *did* profess when members of the Scottish kirk"—then in effect they are hardly so much as a dissenting body, except in some elliptic sense. There is a grievous *hiatus* in their own title-deeds and archives; they supply it by referring people to the muniment chest of the kirk. Would it not be a scandal to a Protestant church if she should say to communicants—"We have no sacramental vessels, or even ritual; but you may borrow both from Papal Rome." Not only, however, is the Kirk to *lend* her Confession, &c.; but even then a plain rustle will not be able to guess how many parts in his Confession are or may be affected by the "reformation" of the Non-intrusionists. Surely, he will think, if this reformation were so vast that it drove them out of the national church, and absolutely exploded them, then it is known that it must have intervened and indirectly modified innumerable questions: a difference that was punctually limited to this one or these two



clauses, could not be such a difference as justified a rupture. Besides, if they have altered this one or these two clauses, or have altered their interpretation, how is any man to know (except from a distinct Confession of Faith) that they have not even *directly* altered much more? Notoriety through newspapers is surely no ground to stand upon in religion. And now it appears that the unlettered rustic needs two guides—one to show him exactly how much they have altered, whether two points or two hundred, as well as *which* two or two hundred; another to teach him how far these original changes may have ~~been~~ with them secondary changes ~~and~~ sequences into other parts of the Christian system. One of the known changes, viz. the doctrine of popular election as the proper qualification for parish clergymen, possibly is not fitted to expand itself or ramify, except by analogy. But the other change, the infinity which has been suddenly turned off like a jet of gas, or like the rushing of wind through the tubes of an organ, upon the doctrine and application of *spirituality*, seems fitted for derivative effects that are innumerable. Consequently, we say of the Non-intrusionists—not only that they are no church; but that they are not even any separate body of Dissenters, until they have published a “Confession” or a *revised* edition of the Scottish Confession.

IV. Lastly, we have to sum and to appreciate the *ultimate* consequences of these things. Let us pursue them to the end of the vista.—First in order stands the dreadful shock to the National Church Establishment; and that is twofold: it is a shock from without, acting through opinion, and a shock from within, acting through the contagion of example. Each case is separately perfect. Through the opinion of men standing *outside* of the church, the church herself suffers wrong in her authority. Through the contagion of sympathy ~~stealing~~ *stealing* over men ~~inside~~ *inside* of the church, peril arises of other shocks in a second series, which would so exhaust the church by reiterated convulsions, as to leave her virtually dismembered and shattered for all her great national functions.

As to that evil which acts through opinion, it works by a machinery, viz. the press and social centralization in great cities, which in these days is perfect. Right or wrong, justified or *not* justified by the acts of the majority, it is certain that every public body—how much more, then, a body charged with the responsibility of upholding the truth in its standards!—suffers dreadfully in the world's opinion by any feud, schism, or shadow of change among its members. This is what the New Testament, a code of philosophy fertile in new ideas, first introduced under the name of *scandal*; that is, any occasion of serious offence ministered to the weak or to the sceptical by differences irreconcilable in the acts or the opinions of those whom they are bound to regard as spiritual authorities. Now here, in Scotland, is a feud past all arbitration: here is a schism no longer theoretic, neither beginning nor ending in mere speculation: here is a change of doctrine, *on one side or the other*, which throws a sad umbrage of doubt and perplexity over the pastoral relation of the church to every parish in Scotland. Less confidence there must always be henceforward in great religious incorporations. Was there any such incorporation reputed to be more internally harmonious than the Scottish church? None has been so tempestuously agitated. Was any church more deeply pledged to the spirit of meekness? None has split asunder so irreconcilably. As to the grounds of quarrel, could any questions or speculations be found so little fitted for a popular intemperance? Yet no breach of unity has ever propagated itself by steps so sudden and irrevocable. One short decennium has comprehended within its circuit the beginning and the end of this unparalleled hurricane. In 1834, the first light angury of mischief skirted the horizon—a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. In 1843, the evil had “travelled on from birth to birth.” Already it had failed in what may be called *que* conspiracy; already it had entered upon a second, viz. to rear up an *Anti-Kirk*, or spurious establishment, which should twist itself with snake-like folds about the legal establishment; surmount it as a Roman

vinea surmounted the fortifications which it beleaguered; and which, under whatsoever practical issue for the contest, should at any rate overlook, molest, and insult the true church for ever. Even this brief period of development would have been briefer, had not the law courts interposed many delays. Demurs of law process imposed checks upon the uncharitable haste of the *odium theologicum*. And though in a question of schism it would be a *petitio principii* for a neutral censor to assume that either party had been originally in error, yet it is within our competence to say, that the Seceders it was whose bigotry carried the dispute to that sad issue of a final separation. The establishment would have been well content to stop short of that consummation: and temperaments might have been found, compromises both safe and honourable, had the minority built less of their reversionary hopes upon the policy of a fanciful martyrdom. Martyrs they insisted upon becoming: and that they *might* be martyrs, it was necessary for them to secede. That Europe thinks at present with less reverence of Protestant institutions than it did ten years ago, is due to one of these institutions in particular; viz. to the Scottish kirk, and specifically to the minority in that body. They it was who spurned all mutual toleration, all brotherly indulgence from either side to what it regarded as error in the other. Consequently upon *their* consciences lies the responsibility of having weakened the pillars of the Reformed churches throughout Christendom.

Had those abuses been really such, which the Seceders denounced, were it possible that a primary law of pure Christianity had been set aside for generations, how came it that evils so gross had stirred no whispers of reproach before 1834? How came it that no aurora of early light, no pre-lusive murmurs of scrupulosity even from themselves, had run before this wild levanter of change? Heretofore or now there must have been huge error on their own showing. Heretofore they must have been traitorously below their duty, or now mutinously beyond it.

Such conclusions are irresistible; and upon any path, seceding or not seceding, they menace the worldly credit of ecclesiastical bodies. That evil is now past remedy. As for the other evil, that which acts upon church establishments, not through simple failure in the guarantees of public opinion, but through their own internal vices of composition; here undeniably we see a chasm traversing the Scottish church from the very gates to the centre. And unhappily the same chasm, which marks a division of the church internally, is a link connecting it externally with the Seceders. How stands the case? Did the Scottish Kirk, at the late crisis, divide broadly into two mutually excluding sections? Was there one of these bisections which said *Yes*, whilst the other responded *No*? Was the affirmative and negative shared between them as between the black chessmen and the white? Not so; and unhappily not so. The two extremes there were, but these shaded off into each other. Many were the *nuances*; multiplied the combinations. Here stood a section that had voted for all the changes, with two or three exceptions; there stood another that went the *whole* length as to this change, but no part of the way as to that; between these sections arose others that had voted arbitrarily, or *eclectically*, that is, by no law generally recognised. And behind this eclectic school were grouped others who had voted for all novelties up to a certain day, but after *that* had refused to go further with a movement party whose tendencies they had begun to distrust. In this last case, therefore, the divisional line fell upon no principle, but upon the accident of having, at that particular moment, first seen grounds of conscientious alarm. The principles upon which men had divided were various, and these various principles were variously combined. But, on the other hand, those who have gone out ~~with~~ the men who approved totally, not partially—unconditionally, not within limits—up to the end, and not to a given day. Consequently those who stayed in comprehended all the shades and degrees which the men of violence excluded. The Seceders were unanimous to a man, and of necessity;

for he who approves the last act, the extreme act, which is naturally the most violent act, *a fortiori* approves all lesser acts. But the establishment, by parity of reason, retained upon its rolls all the degrees, all the modifications, all who had exercised a wise discretion, who, in so great a cause, had thought it a point of religion to be cautious; whose casuistry had moved in the harness of peace, and who had preferred an interest of conscience to a triumph of partisanship. We honour them for that policy; but we cannot hide from ourselves, that the very principle which makes such a policy honourable at the moment, makes it dangerous in reversion. For he who avows that, upon public motives, he once resisted a temptation to schism, makes known by that avowal that he still harbours in his mind the germ of such a temptation: and to that scruple, which once he resisted, hereafter he may see reason for yielding. The principles of schism, which for the moment were suppressed, are still latent in the church. It is urged that, in quest of unity, many of these men succeeded in resisting the instincts of dissension at the moment of crisis. True: But this might be because they presumed on winning from their own party equal concessions by means less violent than schism; or because they attached less weight to the principle concerned, than they may see cause for attaching upon future considerations; or because they would not allow themselves to sanction the cause of the late Secession, by going out in company with men whose principles they adopted only in part, or whose manner of supporting those principles they abhorred. Universally it is evident, that little stress is to be laid on a negative act; simply to have declined going out with the Seceders proves nothing, for it is equivocal. It is an act which may cover indifferently a marked hostility to the Secession party, or an absolute friendliness, but a friendliness not quite equal to so extreme a test. And, again, this negative act may be equivocal in a different way; the friendliness may not only have existed, but may have existed in strength sufficient for any test whatever: not the principles of the Seceders, but their Jacobinical

mode of asserting them, may have proved the true nerve of the repulsion to many. What is it that we wish the English reader to collect from these distinctions? Simply that the danger is not yet gone past. The earthquake, says a great poet, when speaking of the general tendency in all dangers to come round by successive and reiterated shocks—

“The earthquake is not satisfied at once.”

All dangers which lie deeply seated are recurrent dangers; they intermit, only as the revolving lamps of a lighthouse are periodically eclipsed. The General Assembly of 1843, when closing her gates upon the Seceders, shut in, perhaps, more of the infected than at that time she succeeded in shutting out. As respected the opinion of the world outside, it seemed advisable to shut out the least number possible; for in proportion to the number of the Seceders, was the danger that they should carry with them an authentic impression in their favour. On the other hand, as respected a greater danger, (the danger from internal contagion,) it seemed advisable that the church should have shut out (if she could) very many of those who, for the present, adhered to her. The broader the separation, and the more absolute, between the church and the secession, so much the less anxiety there would have survived lest the rent should spread. That the anxiety in this respect is not visionary, the reader may satisfy himself by looking over a remarkable pamphlet, which professes by its title to separate the *wheat from the chaff*. By the “wheat,” in the view of this writer, is meant the aggregate of those who persevered in their recusant policy up to the practical result of secession. All who stopped short of that consummation, (on whatever plea,) are the “chaff.” The writer is something of an incendiary, or something of a fanatic; but he is consistent with regard to his own principles, and so elaborately careful in his details as to extort admiration of his energy and of his patience in research.

But the reason for which we notice this pamphlet, is, with a view to the proof of that large intestine mischief which still lingers behind in the



vitals of the Scottish establishment. No proof, in a question of that nature, can be so showy and ostensive to a stranger, as that which is supplied by this vindictive pamphlet. For every past vote recording a scruple, is the pledge of a scruple still existing, though for the moment suppressed. Since the secession, nearly 450 new men may have entered the church. This supplementary body has probably diluted the strength of the revolutionary principles. But they also may, perhaps, have partaken to some extent in the contagion of these principles. True, there is this guarantee for caution, on the part of these new men, that as yet they are pledged to nothing; and that, seeing experimentally how fearfully many of their older brethren are now likely to be fettered by the past, they have every possible motive for reserve, in committing themselves, either by their votes or by their pens. In their situation, there is a special inducement to prudence, because there is a prospect, that for *them* prudence is in time to be effectual. But for many of the older men, prudence comes too late. They are already fettered. And what we are now pointing out to the attention of our readers, is, that by the past, by the absolute votes of the past, too sorrowfully it is made evident, that the Scottish church is deeply tainted with the principles of the secession. These germs of evil and of revolution, speaking of them in a *personal* sense, cannot be purged off entirely until one generation shall have passed away. But, speaking of them as *principles*, capable of vegetation, these germs may or may not expand into whole forests of evil, according to the accidents of coming events, whether fitted to tranquillize our billowy aspects of society; or, on the other hand, largely to fertilize the many occasions of agitation, which political fermentations are too sure to throw off. Let this chance turn out as it may, we repeat for the information of Southerners—that the church, by shutting off the persons of particular agitators, has not shut off the principles of agitation; and that the *cordon sanitaire*, supposing the spontaneous exile of the Non-intrusionists to be regarded in that light, was not drawn

about the church until the disease had spread widely *within* the lines.

Past votes may not absolutely pledge a man to a future course of action; warned in time, such a man may stand neutral in practice: but thus far they poison the fountains of wholesome unanimity—that, if a man can evade the necessity of squaring particular *actions* to his past opinions, at least he must find himself tempted to square his opinions themselves, or his counsels, to such past opinions as he may too notoriously have placed on record by his votes.

But, if such are the continual dangers from reactions in the establishment, so long as men survive in that establishment who feel upbraided by past votes, and so long as enemies survive who will not suffer these upbraidings to slumber—dangers which much mutual forbearance and charity can alone disarm: on the other hand, how much profounder is the inconsistency to which the Free church is doomed!—They have rent the unity of that church, to which they had pledged their faith—but on what plea? On the plea, that in cases purely spiritual, they could not in conscience submit to the award of the secular magistrate. Yet how merely impracticable is this principle, as an abiding principle of action! Churches, that is, the charge of particular congregations, will be with *them* (as with other religious communities) the means of livelihood. Grounds innumerable will arise for excluding, or attempting to exclude, each other from these official stations. No possible form regulating the business of ordination, or of induction, can anticipate the infinite objections which may arise. But no man interested in such a case, will submit to a judge appointed by insufficient authority. Daily bread for his family, is what few men will resign without a struggle. And that struggle will of necessity come for final adjudication to the law courts of the land, whose interference in any question affecting a spiritual interest, the Free church has for ever pledged herself to refuse. But in the case supposed, she will not have the power to refuse it. She will be cited before the tribunals, and can elude that citation in no way but by surrendering the



point in litigation; and if she should adopt the notion, that it is better for her to do *that*, than to acknowledge a sufficient authority in the court by pleading at its bar, upon this principle once made public, she will soon be stripped of every thing, and will cease to be a church at all. She cannot continue to be a depository of any faith, or a champion of any doctrines, if she lose the means of defending her own incorporations. But how can she maintain the defenders of her rights, or the dispensers of her truths, if she refuses, upon immutable principle, to call in the aid of the magistrate on behalf of rights, which, under any aspect, regard spiritual relations? Attempting to maintain these rights by private arbitration within a forum of her own, she will soon find such arbitration not binding at all upon the party who conceives himself aggrieved. The issue will be as in Mr O'Connell's courts, where the parties played at going to law; from the moment when they ceased to play, and no longer "made believe" to be disputing, the award of the judge became as entire a mockery, as any stage mimicry of such a transaction.

This should be the natural catastrophe of the case; and the probable evasion of that destructive consummation, to which she is carried by her principles, will be—that, as soon as her feelings of rancour shall have cooled down, these principles will silently drop out of use; and the very reason will be suffered to perish for which she ever became a dissenting body. With this however, we, that stand outside, are noways concerned. But an evil, in which we are concerned, is the headlong tendency of the Free church, and of all churches adulterating with her principle, to an issue not merely dangerous in a political sense, but ruinous in an anti-social sense. The artifice of the Free church lies in pleading a spiritual relation of any case whatever, whether of doing or suffering, whether positive or negative, as a reason for taking it out of all civil control. Now we may illustrate the peril of this artifice, by a reality at this time impending over society in Ireland. Dr Higgins, titular bishop of Ardagh, has undertaken, upon this very plea of a spiritual power not amenable to civil

control, a sort of warfare with Government, upon the question of their power to suspend or defeat the O'Connell agitation. For, says he, if Government should succeed in thus intercepting the direct power of haranguing mobs in open assemblies, then will I harangue them, and cause them to be harangued, in the same spirit, upon the same topics, from the altar or the pulpit. An immediate extension of this principle would be—that every disaffected clergyman in the three kingdoms, would lecture his congregation upon the duty of paying no taxes. This he would denominate passive resistance; and resistance to bad government would become, in his language, the most sacred of duties. In any argument with such a man, he would be found immediately falling back upon the principle of the Free church: he would insist upon it as a spiritual right, as a case entirely between his conscience and God, whether he should press to an extremity any and every doctrine, though tending to the instant disorganization of society. To lecture against war, and against taxes as directly supporting war, would wear a most colourable air of truth amongst all weak-minded persons. And these would soon appear to have been but the first elements of confusion under the improved views of spiritual rights. The doctrines of the *Levelers* in Cromwell's time, of the *Anabaptists* in Luther's time, would exalt themselves upon the ruins of society, if governments were weak enough to recognise these spiritual claims in the feeblest of their initial advances. If it were possible to suppose such chimeras prevailing, the natural redress would soon be seen to lie through secret tribunals, like those of the dreadful *Feldengericht* in the middle ages. It would be absurd, however, seriously to pursue these anti-social chimeras through their consequences. Stern remedies would summarily crush so monstrous an evil. Our purpose is answered, when the necessity of such insupportable consequences is shown to link itself with that distinction upon which the Free church has laid the foundations of its own establishment. Once for all, there is no act or function belonging to an officer of a church, which is

not spiritual by one of its two Janus faces. And every examination of the case convinces us more and more that the Seceders took up the old papal distinction, as to acts spiritual or not spiritual, not under any delusion less or more, but under a simple necessity of finding some evasion or other which should meet and embody the whole rancour of the moment.

But beyond any other evil consequence prepared by the Free Church, is the appalling spirit of Jacobinism which accompanies their whole conduct, and which latterly has avowed itself in their words. The case began Jacobinically, for it began in attacks upon the rights of property. But since the defeat of this faction by the law courts, language seems to fail them, for the expression of their hatred and affected scorn towards the leading nobility of Scotland. Yet why? The case lies in the narrowest compass. The Duke of Sutherland, and other great landholders, had refused sites for their new churches. Upon this occurred a strong fact, and strong in both directions; first, for the seceders; secondly, upon better information, *against* them. The *Record* newspaper, a religious journal, ably and conscientiously conducted, took part with the Secession, and very energetically; for they denounced the noble duke's refusal of land as an act of "persecution;" and upon this principle—that, in a county where his grace was pretty nearly the sole landed proprietor, to refuse land (assuming that a fair price had been tendered for it) was in effect to show such intolerance as might easily tend to the suppression of truth. Intolerance, however, is not persecution; and, if it were, the casuistry of the question is open still to much discussion. But this is not necessary; for the ground is altogether shifted when the duke's reason for refusing the land comes to be stated: he had refused it, not unconditionally, not in the spirit of Non-intrusion courts, "*without reason shown*," but on this unanswerable argument—that the whole efforts of the new church were pointed (and professedly pointed) to the one object of destroying the establishment, and "sweeping it from the land." Could any guardian of public interests, under so

wicked a threat, hesitate as to the line of his duty? By granting the land to parties uttering such menaces, the Duke of Sutherland would have made himself an accomplice in the unchristian conspiracy. Meantime, next after this fact, it is the strongest defence which we can offer for the duke—that in a day or two after this charge of "persecution," the *Record* was forced to attack the Seceders in terms which indirectly defended the duke. And this, not in any spirit of levity, but under mere conscientious constraint. For no journal has entered so powerfully or so eloquently into the defence of the general principle involved in the Secession, (although questioning its expediency,) as this particular *Record*. Consequently any word of condemnation from so earnest a friend, comes against the Seceders with triple emphasis. And this is shown in the tone of the expostulations addressed to the *Record* by some of the Secession leaders. It spares us, indeed, all necessity of quoting the vile language uttered by members of the Free Church Assembly, if we say, that the *neutral* witnesses of such un-Christian outrages have murmured, remonstrated, protested, in every direction: and that Dr Macfarlane, who has since corresponded with the Duke of Sutherland upon the whole case—viz. upon the petition for land, as affected by the shocking menaces of the Seceders—has, in no other way, been able to evade the double mischief of undertaking a defence for the indefensible, and at the same time of losing the land irretrievably, than by affecting an unconsciousness of language used by his party little suited to his own sacred calling, or to the noble simplicities of Christianity. Certainly it is unhappy for the Seceders, that the only disavowal of the most fiendish sentiments heard in our days, has come from an individual not authorized, or at all commissioned by his party—from an individual not showing any readiness to face the whole charges, disingenuously dissembling the worst of them, and finally offering his very feeble disclaimer, which equivocates between a denial and a palliation—not until *after* he found himself in the position of a petitioner for favours.

Specifically the great evil of our days, is the abiding temptation, in every direction, to popular discontent, to agitation, and to systematic sedition. Now, we say it with sorrow, that from no other incendiaries have we heard sentiments so wild, fierce, or maliciously democratic, as from the leaders of the Secession. It was the Reform Bill of 1832, and the accompanying agitation, which first suggested the *retro* agitation of 1834, and prescribed its tone. From all classes of our population in turn, there have come forward individuals to disgrace themselves by volunteering their aid to the chief conspirators of the age. We have earls, we have marquesses, coming forward as Corn-League agents; we have magistrates by scores angling for popularity as Repealers. But these have been private parties, insulated, disconnected, disowned. When we hear of Christianity prostituted to the service of Jacobinism—of divinity becoming the handmaid to insurrection—and of clergymen in masses offering themselves as promoters of anarchy, we go back in thought to that ominous organization of irreligion, which gave its most fearful aspects to the French Revolution.

Other evils are in the rear as likely to arise out of the *funds* provided for the new Seceders, were the distribution of those funds confessedly unobjectionable, but more immediately under the present murmurs against that distribution. There are two funds: one subscribed expressly for the building of churches, the other limited to the "sustentation" of incumbents. And the complaint is—that this latter fund has been invaded for purposes connected with the first. The reader can easily see the motive to this injustice: it is a motive of ambition. Far more display of power is made by the annunciation to the world of six hundred churches built, than of any difference this way or that in the comfort and decorous condition of the clergy. This last is a domestic feature of the case, not fitted for public effect. But the number of the churches will resound through Europe. Meantime, *at present*, the allowance to the great body of Seceding clergy averages but £80 a-year; and the allegation is—that, but for the improper in-

terference with the fund on the motive stated, it *would* have averaged £150 a-year. If any where a town parish has raised a much larger provision for its pastor, even *that* has now become a part of the general grievance. For it is said that all such special contributions ought to have been thrown into one general fund—liable to one general principle of distribution. Yet again, will even this fund, partially as it seems to have been divided, continue to be available? Much of it lies in annual subscriptions: now, in the next generation of subscribers, a son will possibly not adopt the views of his father; but assuredly he will not adopt his father's zeal. Here, however, (though this is not probable,) there may arise some compensatory cases of subscribers altogether new. But another question is pressing for decision, which menaces a frightful shock to the schismatical church: female agency has been hitherto all potent in promoting the subscriptions; and a demand has been made in consequence—that women shall be allowed to vote in the church courts. Grant this demand—for it cannot be evaded—and what becomes of the model for church government as handed down from John Knox and Calvin? Refuse it, and what becomes of the future subscriptions?

But these are evils, it may be said, only for the Seceders. Not so: we are all interested in the respectability of the national teachers, whatever be their denomination: we are all interested in the maintenance of a high standard for theological education. These objects are likely to suffer at any rate. But it is even a worse result which we may count on from the changes, that a practical approximation is thus already made to what is technically known as Voluntaryism. The "*United Secession*," that is the old collective body of Scottish Dissenters, who, having no regular provision, are carried into this voluntary system, already exult that this consummation of the case cannot be far off. Indeed, so far as the Seceders are dependent upon *annual* subscriptions, and coupling that relation to the public with the great doctrine of these Seceders, that congregations are universally to appoint their own pastors, we do not



see how such an issue is open to evasion. The leaders of the new Secession all protest against Voluntaryism: but to that complexion of things they travel rapidly by the mere mechanic action of their dependent (or semi-dependent) situation, combined with one of their two characteristic principles.

The same United Secession Journal openly anticipates another and more diffusive result from this great movement; viz. the general disruption of church establishments. We trust that this anticipation will be signally defeated. And yet there is one view of the case which saddens us when we turn our eyes in that direction. Among the reasonings and expostulations of the Schismatic church, one that struck us as the most eminently hypocritical, and ludicrously so, was this: "You ought," said they, when addressing the Government, and exposing the error of the law proceedings, "to have stripped us of the temporalities arising from the church, stipend, glebe, parsonage, but not of the spiritual functions. We had no right to the emoluments of our stations, when the law courts had decided against us, but we *had* a right to the laborious duties of the stations." No gravity could refuse to smile at this complaint—verbally so much in the spirit of primitive Christianity, yet in its tendency so insidious. For could it be possible that a competitor introduced by the law, and leaving the duties of the pastoral office to the old incumbent, but pocketing the salary, should not be hunted on the public roads by many who might otherwise have taken no part in the feud? This specious claim was a sure and brief way to secure the hatefulness of their successors. Now, we cannot conceal from ourselves that something like

this luridous condition of things might be realized under two further revolutions. We have said, that a second schism in the Scottish church is not impossible. It is also but too possible that Puseyism may yet rend the English establishment by a similar convulsion. But in such contingencies, we should see a very large proportion of the spiritual teachers in both nations actually parading to the public eye, and rehearsing something very like the treacherous proposal of the late Seceders, viz. the spectacle of one party performing much of the difficult duties, and another party enjoying the main emoluments. This would be a most unfair mode of recommending Voluntaryism. Falling in with the infirmities of many in these days, such a spectacle would give probably a fatal bias to that system in our popular and Parliamentary counsels. This would move the sorrow of the Seceders themselves: for they have protested against the theory of all Voluntaries with a vehemence which that party even complain of as excessive. Their leaders have many times avowed, that any system which should leave to men in general the estimate of their own religious wants as a pecuniary interest, would be fatal to the Christian tone of our national morals. Checked and overawed by the example of an establishment, the Voluntaries themselves are far more fervent in their Christian exertions than they could be when liberated from that contrast. The religious spirit of both England and Scotland under such a change would droop for generations. And in that one evil, let us hope, the remotest and least probable of the many evils threatened by the late schism, these nations would have reason by comparison almost to forget the rest.



## SETTING FOR A PORTRAIT.

WHAT could induce you, my dear Eusebius, to commit yourself into the hands of a portrait-painter? And so, you ask me to go with you. Are you afraid, that you want me to keep you in countenance, where I shall be sure to put you out? You ask too petitioningly, as if you suspected I should refuse to attend your *execution*; for you are going to be *be-headed*, and soon will it be circulated through your village, that you have had your *head taken off*. I will not go with you—it would spoil all. You are afraid to trust the painter. You think he may be a physiognomist, and will hit some characteristic which you would quietly let slip his notice; and you flatter yourself that I might help to mislead him. Are you afraid of being made too amiable, or too plain? No, no! You are not vain. Whence comes this vagary?—well, we shall all know in good time. Were I to be with you, I should talk—perhaps maliciously—on purpose to see how your features would unsettle and shift themselves to the vagrant humour, that though one would know another from habit, and their old acquaintanceship, the painter would never be able to keep them steadily together. I should laugh to see every lineament “going ahead,” and art “non compos.”

I will, however, venture to put down some plain directions how you are to sit. First, let me tell you how you are not to sit. Don't, in your horror of a sentimental amiable look, put on yourself the air of a Diogenes, or you will be like nothing human—and if you shun Diogenes, you may put on the likeness of a still greater fool. No man living can look more wise than you; but if you fall out with wisdom, or would in your whim show contempt on it, no one can better play the fool. You are the laughing or crying Philosopher at pleasure—but sit as neither, for in either character you will set the painter's house in a roar. I fear the very plaster figures in it will set you off—to see yourself in such motley company, with Bacchus and Hercules, and Jupiter and Saturn, with his marble children to

devour. You will look Homer and Socrates in the face; and I know will make antics, throw out, and show fight to the Gladiator. This may be, if your painter, as many of them do, affect the antique; but if he be another sort of guess person, it may be worst still with you. You may not have to make your bow to a Venus Anadyomene—but how will you be able to face the whole Muggletonian synod? Imagine the “Complete Body,” from the Evangelical Magazine, framed and glazed, round the walls, and all looking at you in the condemned cell. Against this you must prepare; for many country artists prefer this line to the antique. It is their connexion—and should you make a mistake and go to the wrong man, you will most assuredly be added to the Convocation, if not put to head a controversy as frontispiece. It will be in vain for you to say, “Fronti nulla fides;” “*ὄψις γὰρ αὐτῶν*” before you get there, or nobody will know you. Take care lest your physiognomy be canvassed by many more besides the painter. Are you prepared to have your every lineament scrutinized by every body? to hear behind a screen the disparagement of your lips, your eyes thought deceitful, and, in addition, a sentence of general ugliness passed upon you? So you must stoop to paint-pots, have daubs of reds, and yellows, and greys perked up against your nose for comparison. Your man may be a fancy mesmerizer, or mesmerize you, now that it is flying about like an epidemic, without knowing it. If he can, he will surely do it, to keep you still: that is the way to get a good sitter. Eusebius in a *coma*! answering all comers, like one of the heads in the play of Macbeth! But I was to tell you how to sit—that is the way, get into a *coma*—that will be the painter's best chance of having you; or, when he has been working for hours, he may find you a Proteus, and that you have slipped through his fingers after all his toil to catch you. I will tell you what happened to a painter of my acquaintance. A dentist sat to him two days—the third the painter work-

ed away very hard—looked at the picture, then at his sitter. “Why, sir,” said he; “I find I have been all wrong—what can it be? Why, sir, your mouth is not at all like what it was yesterday.” “Ah! ah! I will tell you what it is,” replied the French dentist; “ah! good—my mouse is not the same—no indeed—yesterday I did have my jaw in, but I did lend it out to a lady this day.” Don’t you think of this now while you are sitting. You know the trick Garrick played the painter, who, foiled in his attempt, started up, and said—“You must be Garrick or the devil!” Then as to attitude, ’tis ten to one but you will be put into one which will be quite uncomfortable to you. One, perhaps, after a pattern. I should advise you to resist this—and sit easy—if you can. Don’t put your hand in your waistcoat, and one arm akimbo, like a Captain Macheath, however he may entreat you; and don’t be made looking up, like a martyr, which some wonderfully affect; and don’t be made turn your head round, as if it was in disgust with the body; and don’t let your stomach be more conspicuous than the head, like a cucumber running to seed. Don’t let him put your arm up, as in command, or accompanied with a rapt look as if you were listening to the music of the spheres; don’t thrust out your foot conspicuously, as if you meant to advertise the blacking. Some artists are given to fancy attitudes such as best set off the coats, they are but nature’s journeymen at the faces; don’t fancy that the cut, colour, or cloth of your coat will exempt you from the penalty of their practice. Why, Eusebius, they have lay-figures, and dress them just as you see them at the tailor’s or perfumer’s; and one of these things will be put up for you—a mannikin for Eusebius! In such hands the coat is by far the best piece of work, you may be sure your own won’t be taken for a pattern. You will despise it when you see it, and it will be one you can never change—it will defy vamping. You may be, at any time new varnished whenever after generations shall wish to see how like a dancing-master the old gentleman must have looked. It is enough to make you a dancing bear now to think of it. Others, again,

equip you with fur, and make you look as if you were in the Hudson’s Bay Company. Luckily for you, flowered dressing-gowns are out, or you might have been represented a Mantellui. What can you be doing! It is difficult to put you in your positions. There are some that will turn you about and about a half an hour or more before they begin, as they would a horse at the fair—ay, and look in your mouth too. If they cannot get you otherwise into an attitude, they will shampoo you into one. And, remember, all this they will do, because they have not the skill to paint any one sitting quite easy. Don’t have a roll in your hand—that always signifies a member of Parliament. Don’t have your finger on a book—that would be a pedantry you could not endure. I cannot imagine what you will do with your hands. Ten to one, however, but the painter leaves them out, or copies them out of some print when you are gone. This will be picking and stealing that you will have no hand in. What to do with any one’s hands is a most difficult thing to say—too many do not know what to do with them themselves; and, under the suffering of sitting, I think you will be one of them. If there is a child in the room, you will be making rabbits with your fingers. Then you are at the mercy of the painter’s privilege—the foreground and background. If you have the common fate, your head will be stuck upon a red curtain, a watered pattern. If your man has used up his carmine, you will be standing in a fine colonnade, waiting with the utmost patience for the burst of a thunder cloud that makes the marble column stand out conspicuously, and there will be a distant park scene; and thus you will represent the landed interest: or you will perhaps have your glove in your hand—a device adopted by some, to intimate that they are hand and glove with all the neighbouring gentry. And it is a common thing to have a new hat and a walking-cane upon a marble table. This shows the sitter has the use of his legs, which otherwise might be doubted, and is therefore judicious. If you are supposed to be in the open air, you will not know at first sight that you are

so represented, until you have learned the painter's hieroglyphic for trees. You will find them to be angular sorts of sticks, with red and yellow flag-rags flapping about; and ten to one but you have a murky sky, and no hat on your head; but as to such a country as you ever walked in, or ever saw, don't expect to see such a one as a background to your picture, and you will readily console yourself that you are turning your back upon it. If you are painted in a library, books are cheap—so that the artist can afford to throw you in a silver inkstand into the bargain, and a pen—such a pen! the goose wouldn't know it that bred it—and perhaps an open letter to answer, with your name on the cover. If you are made answering the letter, that will never be like you—perhaps it would be more like it if the letter should be unopened. Now, do not flatter yourself, Eusebius, that all these things are matters of choice with you. “*Non omnia possumus omnes*,” is the regular rule of the profession; some stick to the curtain all their lives, from sheer inability to set it—to draw it aside. You remember the sign-painter that went about painting red lions, and his reply to a refractory landlord who insisted upon a white lamb. “You may have a white lamb if you please, but when all is said and done, it will be a great deal more like a red lion.” And I am sorry to say, the faces too, are not unfrequently in this predicament, for they have a wonderful family likeness, and these run much by counties. A painter has often been known totally to fail, by quitting his beat. There is certainly an advantage in this: for if my gentleman should be so unfortunate as to have no ancestors, he may pick up at random, in any given county in England, a number that will very well match, and all look like blood-relations. There is an inn where this resemblance was greatly improved, by the advice of an itinerant of the profession, who, at a very moderate price, put wigs on all the Vandyks. And there you see some danger, Eusebius, that—be represented how you may—you are not sure of keeping your condition ten years; you may have, by that time, a hussar cap put upon your unconscious head.

But portraits fare far worse than that.

I remember, when a boy, walking with an elderly gentleman, and passing a broker's stall, there was the portrait of a fine florid gentleman in regimentals; he stopped to look at it—he might have bought it for a few shillings. After we had gone away,—“that,” said he, “is the portrait of my wife's great uncle—member for the county, and colonel of militia: you see how he is degraded to these steps.” “Why do you not rescue him?” said I. “Because he left me nothing,” was the reply. A relative of mine, an old lady, hit upon a happy device; the example is worth following. Her husband was the last of his race, for she had no children. She took all the family portraits out of their frames, rolled up all the pictures, and put them in the coffin with the deceased. No one was more honourably accompanied to the grave—and so he slept with his fathers. It has not, to be sure, Eusebius, much to do with your portrait, but thinking of these family portraits, one is led on to think of their persons, &c.: so I must tell you what struck me as a singular instance of the *‘sic nos non nobis.’* I went with a cousin, upon a sort of pilgrimage at some distance, to visit some family monuments. There was one large handsome marble one in the chancel. You will never guess how it had been treated. A vicar's wife had died, and the disconsolate widower had caused a square marble tablet, with the inscription of his wife's virtues, to be actually inserted in the very centre of our family monument: and yet you, by sitting for your portrait, hope to be handed down unimpaired to generations to come,—yes, they will come, and you will be a mark for the boys to shoot peas at—that is, if you remain at all in the family—you may be transferred to the weaver's garret, or the public-house, and have a pipe popped through the canvass into your mouth, to make you look ridiculous. I really think you have a chance of being purchased, to be hung up in the club parlour as pictorial president of the Odd-Fellows. Why should you be exempt from what kings are subject too? The “king's head” is a sign in many a highway, to



countenance ill-living. You too, will be bought at a broker's—have your name changed without your consent—and be adopted into a family whereof you would heartily despise the whole kith and kin. If pride has not a fall in the portraits of the great and noble, where shall we find it?"

A painter once told me, that he assisted one of the meanest of low rich men, to collect some family portraits; he recommended to him a fine Velasquez. "Velasquez!—who's he?" said the head of his family. "It is a superb picture, sir—a genuine portrait by the Spaniard, and doubtless, of some Spanish nobleman." "Then," said he, "I won't have it: I'll have no Spanish blood contaminate my family, sir." "Spanish blood," rejected by the plebeian! I have known better men than you, Eusebius—excuse the comparison—vaunted up and engraved upon the spur of the moment, for celebrated highwaymen or bloody murderers. But this digression won't help you out in your sitting. Let me see what the learned say upon the subject—what advice shall we get from the man of academies. Here we have him, Gerrard Larresse; you may be sure that he treats of portrait-painting, and with importance enough too. Here it is—*Of Portraiture*. But that is far too plain. We must have an emblem:—

"Emblem touching the handling of portraits."

"Nature with her many breasts, is in a sitting posture. Near her stands a little child, lifting her garment off her shoulders. On the other side stands Truth, holding a mirror before her, wherein she views herself down to the middle, and is seemingly surprised at it. On the frame of this glass, are seen a gilt pallet and pencils. Truth has a book and palm-branch in her hand." What do you think of that, Eusebius, for a position? But why Nature or Truth should be surprised at viewing herself down to the middle, I cannot imagine. It evidently won't do to surprise you in that manner. Poor Gerrard, I see, thinks it a great condescension in him to speak of portrait-painting at all; he calls it, "departing from the essence of art, and subjecting (the painter) to

all the defects of nature." Hear that, Eusebius! you are to sit to be a specimen of the defects of nature. He is indignant that "such great masters as Vandyke, Lely, Van Loo, the old and young Bakker, and others," possessed of great talents, postponed what is noble and beautiful to what is more ordinary. There you are again, Eusebius, with your ordinary visage, unworthy such men as the old and young Bakker, whoever they were. But since there must be portraits, he could endure the method of the ancients, who, "used to cause those from whom the commonwealth had received extraordinary benefits, either in war or civil affairs, or for eminence in religion, to be represented in marble or metal, or in a picture, that the sight of them, by those honours, might be a spur to posterity to emulate the same virtues. This honour was first begun with their deities; afterwards it was paid to heroes, and of consequence to philosophers, orators, religious men, and others, not only to perpetuate their virtues, but also to embalm their names and memories. But now it goes further; a person of any condition whatsoever, have he but as much money as the painter asks, must sit for his picture. This is a great abuse, and sprung from as laudable a cause."

Are you not ashamed to sit after that? He is not, however, without his indulgences. He will allow something to a lover and a husband.

"Has a citizen's wife but an only babe? he is drawn at half a year old; at ten years old he sits again; and for the last time, in his twenty-fifth year, in order to show her tender folly; and then she stands wondering how a man can so alter in that time. Is not this a weighty reason? a reprobable custom, if painters did not gain by it. But again, portraits are allowable, when a lover is absent from his mistress, that they may send each other their pictures, to cherish and increase their loves: a man and wife parted so may do the same." You undertake, you perceive, a matter of some responsibility—you must account to your conscience for the act of sitting for your picture. Then there is a chapter upon defects, which, as I suppose he presumes people don't know



themselves, he catalogues pretty fully, till you are quite out of humour with poor human nature. The defects are "natural ones—accidental ones—usual ones." Natural—"a wry face, squint eyes, wry mouth, nose," &c. Accidental. "Loss of an eye, a cut on the cheek, or other part of the face, pits of the small-pox and the like." Usual. "Contraction of the eyes and mouth, or closing or gaping of the latter, or drawing it in somewhat to this or that side, upwards or downwards," &c. As for other bodily infirmities, how many have wry necks, hunchbacks, bandy legs—withered or short arms, or one shorter than another: dead or lame hands or fingers." Now, are you so sure of the absence of all these defects, that you venture? You must think yourself an Adonis, and not think that you are to be flattered, by having any very considerable number of your defects hid. "The necessary ones ought to be seen, because they *help the likeness*: such as a wry face, squint eye, low forehead, thinness and fatness: a wry neck, too short or too long a nose: wrinkles between the eyes: rudeness or paleness of the cheeks, or lips: pimples or warts about the mouth; and such like." After this, it is right you should know that "Nature abhors deformity." Nay, that we always endeavour to hide our own—and which do you mean to hide, or do you intend to come out perfect? I daresay you can discover some little habits of your own, Eusebius, free from vanity as you are, that tend to these little concealments! Do you remember how a foolish man lost a considerable sum of money once, by forgetting this human propensity? He had lost some money to little K—— of Bath, the deformed gambler—and being nettled at his loss, thought to pique the winner. "I'll wager," said he, "£50, I'll paint out the worst leg in company."—"Done," said K—— to his astonishment. "The man does not know himself," thought he, for there sat K—— crouched up all shapes by the fireside. The wagerer, to win his bet, at once cried, "Why, that," pointing to K——'s leg, which was extended towards the grate. "No," said K—— quietly unfolding the other from beneath the chair, and showing it, "that's

worse." By which you may learn the fact—that every man puts his best leg foremost. But we must not quit our friend Gerard yet. I like his grave conceit. I rejoice to find him giving the painters a rap over their knuckles. He says, Eusebius, that they are fond of having "smutty pictures" in their rooms; and roundly tells them, that though fine pictures are necessary, there is no need of their having such subjects as "Mars and Venus, and Joseph and Potiphar's Wife." Now, though I do not think our moderns offend much in this respect—the hint is good—and some exhibit studies from models about their rooms, that evidently suit without their stays. Gerard was the man for contrivances—here is a capital one. He does not quite approve of painting a wooden leg; but if it be to be done, see with what skill even that in the hands of a Gerard may be dignified—and the painter absolved, "*lege solutus*." "But if the hero insist upon the introducing such a leg, on a supposition that 'tis an honour to have lost a limb in his country's service, the painter must then comply with his desires; or *else contrive it lying on a table covered with red velvet*." But capital as this is, it is not all. He quite revels in contrivances; "If he desire it after the antique manner, it must be contrived in a bas-relief, wherein the occasion of it may be represented; or it may hang near him on a wall, with its buckles and straps, as is done in hunting equipages; or else it may be placed among the ornaments of architecture, to be more in view." You see he scorns to hide it—has worked up his imagination to conceive all possible ways of showing it: depend upon it he longed to paint a wooden leg, to which the face should be the appendage, the leg the portrait. "*Hoc ligno*," not "*hoc signo vinces*." But here Gerard bonuces—giving an instance of a gentleman "who, being drawn in little, and comparing the smallness of the eyes with his own, asked the painter whether he had such? However, in complaisance, and for his pleasure, he desired that one eye at least might be as big as his own, the other to remain as it was." Fie, Gerard! you have spoiled your emblem by taking the mirror out of truth's hand.

He is particular about postures and backgrounds. "It will not be improper to treat also about easiness and sedateness in posture, opposed to stir and bustle, and the contrary—namely, that the picture of a gentlewoman of repute, who, in a grave and sedate manner, turns towards that of her husband, hanging near it, gets a great decorum by *moving and stirring hind-works*, whether by means of waving trees, or crossing architecture of stone and wood, or any thing else that the master thinks will best *contrast*, or oppose, the *sedate posture of his principal figure*." Here you see, Eusebins, how hind-works tend to keep up a *bustle*! "And because these are things of consequence, and may not be plainly apprehended by every one," he explains himself by ten figures in one plate—and such figures! As a sitter, he would place you very much above the eye—that is, technically speaking, adopt a low horizon; "because—the because is a because—because it's certain that when we see any painted figure, or object, in a place where the life can be expected, as standing on the ground, leaning over a balcony or balustrade, or out at a window, &c., it deceives the eye, and by being seen unawares, (though expected,) causes sometimes a pleasing mistake; or it frightens and surprises others, when they meet with it unexpectedly, at such places as aforesaid, and where there is *any likelihood* for it." Your artist will probably put you on an inverted box, and sitting in a great chair, probably covered with red morocco leather, in which you will not be at home, and in any manner comfortable. We see this deal box sometimes converted into a marble step, as a step to a throne, and such it is in one of the pictures of the Queen; but it is so ill coloured, that it looks for all the world like a great cheese; it should be sent to the farmers who made the Queen the cheese present, to show the pride of England walking upon the "fat of the land." He presents us with many methods of showing the different characters of persons to be painted, some of which will be novel to you. For instance, you would not expect directions to represent a secretary of state with the accompaniments of a goose. "With

a secretary the statue of Harpocrates, and in tapestry or bas-relief, the story of Alexander shutting Hephaestion's mouth with a seal-ring; also the emblem of fidelity, or a goose with a stone in its bill." Methinks the director, or governor, of the East India Company, must look very small beside his bedizened accessory, meant to represent Company. "She is to be an heroine with a scallop of mother-of-pearl on her head, in the nature of an helmet, and thereon a coral branch: a breast ornament of scales; pearls and corals about her neck: buskins on her legs, with two dolphins conjoined head to head, adorned with sea-shells; two large shells on her shoulders, a trident in her hand, and her clothing a long mantle; a landskip behind her of an Indian prospect, with palm and cocoa trees, some figures of *blacks*, and elephant's teeth. This figure also suits an admiral, or commander at sea, when a sea-fight is introduced instead of a landskip." Such a figure may, indeed, be more at home at sea, and such a one may have been that famous lady, whose captain so "very much applauded her," and

"Made her the first Lieutenant  
Of the gallant Thunder Bomb."

Not a painter of the present day, it seems, knows how to paint the clergy. Mr Pickersgill has done quite common things, and simply shown the cloth and the band—that is poor device. See how Gerard would have it done. Every clergyman should be a Dr Beattie. "With a divine agrees the statue of truth, represented in a Christian-like manner, or else this same emblem in one of his hands, and his other on his breast, besides tapestries, bas-reliefs, or paintings, and some Christian emblems of the true faith; and representation of the Old and New Testament—in the offskip a temple." All the portraits of the great duke are defective, inasmuch as none of them have "Mars in a niche," or Victory sitting on a trophy, or a statue of Hercules. You probably have no idea what a great personage is a "sea-insurer." He is accompanied by Arion on a dolphin; and in a picture a sea-haven, with a ship under sail making towards it; on the shore

the figure of Fortune, and (who are, think you, the "supercargoes?") over the cargo "Castor and Pollux." In this mode of portrait-painting it would be absolutely necessary to go back to the old plan of putting the names underneath the personages; and even then, though you write under such, this is Castor, this Pollux, and this the sea-insurer, it will ever puzzle the whole ship's crew to conjecture how they came there together. Gerard admits we cannot paint what we have not seen, and by example rather condemns his own recommendations. Fewer have seen Castor and Pollux, than have seen a lion, and he says men cannot paint what they have not seen. "As was the case of a certain Westphalian, who, representing Daniel in the lions' den, and having never seen a lion, he painted hogs instead of lions, and wrote underneath, 'These should be lions.'"

By this time, Eusebius, you ought to know how ~~to~~ sit, if you have not made up your mind not to sit at all. You need not, however, be much alarmed about the emblems—modern masters cut all that matter short. They won't throw in any superfluous work, you may be sure of that, unless you should sit to Landseer, and he will paint your dog, and throw in your superfluous self for nothing. You would be like Mercury with the statuette, mortified to find his own image thrown into the bargain.

Besides your own defects, you have to encounter the painter's. His unsteady, uncertain hand, may add an inch to your nose before you are aware of it. It is quite notorious that few painters paint both eyes of the same size; and after your utmost efforts to look straight in his face, he may make you squint for ever, and not see that he has done so. Unless he be himself a sensible man, he will be sure to make you look like a fool. Then, what is like to-day will be unlike to-morrow. His megillips will change, so that in six months you may look like a copper Indian; or the colours may fade, and leave you the ghost of what you were. Again, he may paint you lamentably like, odiously like, yet give you a sinister expression, or at least an unpleasant one. Then, if you remonstrate, he is offended; if you

refuse to take it, he writes you word that if not paid for and removed by next Tuesday, he will add a tail to it, and dispose of it to Mr Polito. Did not Hogarth do something of this kind? If he please himself he may not satisfy you, and if you are satisfied, none of your friends are, who take an opportunity of the portrait to say sarcastic things of you. For in that respect you may be most like your picture, or it most like you, for every body will have some fault to find with it. Why, don't you remember but last year some *friends* joked out the eye from a portrait, even after it had been on the exhibition walls. Then, what with the cleaning and varnishing, you have to go through as many disorders as when you were a child. You will have the picture-cleanner's measles. It was not long ago, I saw a picture in a most extraordinary state; and, on enquiry, I found that the cook of the house had rubbed it over with fat of bacon to make it bear out, and that she had learned it at a great house, where there is a fine collection, which are thus bacon'd twice every year. You are sure not to keep even your present good looks, but will become smoked and dirty. Then must you be cleaned, and there is an even chance that in doing it they put out at least one of your eyes, (I saw both eyes taken out of a Correggio,) and the new one to be put in will never match the other. The ills that flesh is heir to, are nothing to the ills its representative is heir to. At best, the very change of fashion in dress will make you look quizzical in a few years. For you are going to sit when dress is most unbecoming, and it is only by custom that the eye is reconciled to it, so that all the painted present generation must look ridiculous in the eyes of posterity. Don't have your name put on the canvass; then you may console yourself that, in all these mortal chances and changes, whatever happens to it, you will not be known. I have one before me now with the name and all particulars in large gilt letters. Happily this ostentation is out; you may therefore hope, when the evil day comes, *fallere*, to escape notice. I hope the painter will give you that bold audacious look which



may stare the beholder in the face, and deny your own identity; no small advantage, for doubtless the "*εἰκὼν Ἀγίας*" of Bellerophon was but his portrait, which, by a haug-look expression, intimated death. Your painter may be ignorant of phrenology, and without knowing it, may give you some detestable bumps; and your picture may be borrowed to lecture upon, at inns and institutions, and anecdotes rimmed up or forged, to match the painter's doing—the bumps he has given you.

You must not, however, on this account, think too ill of the poor painter. He is subject to human infirmities—so are you—and his hand and eye are not always in tune. He has, too, to deal with all sorts of people—many difficult enough to please. You know the fable of the painter who would please every body, and pleased nobody. You sitters are a whimsical set, and most provokingly shift your features and position, and always expect miracles, at a moment, too; you are here to-day, and must be off to-morrow. It is nothing to you, that paint won't dry for you, so even that must be forced, and you are rather varnished in than painted, and no wonder if your faces go to pieces, and you become nearly almost as soon as you have had the life's blood in you, and that with the best carmine. And often you take upon yourselves to tell the painter what to do, as if you knew yourselves better than he, though he has been staring at nothing but you for an hour or two at a time, perhaps. You ask him, too, perpetually what feature he is now doing, that you may call up a look. You screw up your mouths, and try to put all the shine you can into your eyes, till, from continual effort, they look like those of a shotten herring; and yet you expect all to be like what you are in your ordinary way. After he has begun to paint your hair, you throw it about with your hands in all directions but the right, and all his work is to begin over again. You have no notion how ignorant of yourselves you are. I happened to call, some time since, upon a painter with whom I am on intimate terms. I found him in a roar of laughter, and quite alone. "What is the matter?"

said L. "Matter!" replied he; "why, here has Mr. B. been sitting to me these four days following, and at last, about half an hour ago, he, sitting in that chair, puts up his hand to me, thus, with 'Stop a moment, Mr. Painter; I don't know whether you have noticed it or not, but it is right that I should tell you that I have a slight cast in my eye.' You know Mr. B., a worthy good man, but he has the very worst gimlet eye I ever beheld." Yes, and only slightly knew it, Eusebius. And I have to say, he thought his defect wondrously exaggerated, when, for the first time, he saw it on canvass: and perhaps all his family noticed it there, whom custom had reconciled into but little observation of it, and the painter was considered no friend of the family. For the poor artist is expected to please all down to the youngest child, and perhaps that one most, for she often ruins the rest. And people do not too much consider the feelings of painters. I knew an artist, a great humourist, who spent much time at the court at Lisbon. He had to paint a child. I believe the Prince of the Brazil. I remember, as if I saw him act the scene but yesterday, and it is many years ago. Well, the maid of honour, or whatever was her title, brought the child into the room, and remained some time, but at length left him alone with the painter. When he found himself only in this company, his pride took the alarm. He put on great airs, frowned, pouted, looked disdainful, superbly swelling, and got off the chair, retreating slowly, scornfully. The artist, who was a great mimic, imitated his every gesture, and, with some extravagance, frowned as he frowned, swelled as he swelled, blew out his breath as the child did, advanced as he retreated, till the child at length found himself pinned in the corner, at which the artist put on such a ridiculous expression, that risible nature could stand it no longer; pride was conquered by humour, and from that hour they were on the most familiar terms. It was not an ill-done thing of our Henry VIII. when he made one of his noble courtiers apologize to Holbein for some slight, bidding him, at the same time, to know that he could make a hundred such



as he, but it was past his power to make a Holbein. And you know how a great monarch picked up Titian's pencil which had fallen. How greatly did Alexander honour Apelles, in that he would suffer none else to paint his portrait. And when the painter, by drawing his Campaspe, fell in love with her, he presented her to him. It is a bad policy, Eusebius, to put slights upon these men—and it is more, it is ungenerous; they may revenge themselves upon you whenever they please, and give you a black eye too, that will never get right again. They can, in effigy, put every limb out of joint; and you being no anatomist, may only see that you look ill, and know not where you are wrong. All you sitters expect to be flattered, and very little flattery do you bestow. Perversely, you won't even see your own likenesses. Take, for instance, the following scene, which I had from a miniature painter:—A man upwards of forty years of age, had been sitting to him—on of as little pretensions as you can well imagine; you would have thought it impossible that he could have had an boucopathie proportion of vanity—of personal vanity at least; but it turned out otherwise. He was described as a greasy bilious man, with a peculiarly conventicle aspect—that is, one that affects a union of gravity and love. "Well, sir," said the painter, "that will do—I think I have been very fortunate in your likeness." The man looks at it, and says nothing, puts on an expression of disappointment. "What! don't you think it like, sir?" says the artist. "Why—ye-es, it is li-i-ke—but—" "But what, sir?—I think it exactly like. I wish you would tell me where it is not like?" "Why, I'd rather you should find it out yourself. Have the goodness to look at me."—And here my friend the painter declared, that he put on a most detestably affected grin of amiability.—"Well, sir, upon my word, I don't see any fault at all: it seems to me as like as it can be; I wish you'd be so good as to tell me what you mean." "Oh, sir, I'd rather not—I'd rather you should find it out yourself—look again." "I can't see any difference, sir; so if you don't tell me, it can't be altered." "Well, then, with reluctance, if I must tell

you, I don't think you have given my *sweet expression about the eyes.*" Oh, Eusebius, Eusebius, what a mock you would have made of that man; you would have floated his vanity about his ears for him gloriously; I would have given a crown to have had him sit to you, and you should have let me be by, to attend your colours. How we would have bedaubed the fellow before he had left the room, with his sweet eyes! But there, your patient painter must endure all that, and not give a hint that he disagrees in the opinion; or if he speak his mind on the occasion, he may as well quit the town, for under the influence of those sweet eyes, nor man, woman, nor child, will come to sit to him. And consider, Eusebius, their misery in having such sitters at all. They are not Apollos, and Venuses, nor Adonises, that knock at painters' doors. Not one in a hundred has even a tolerably pleasant face. I certainly once knew a rough-dealing artist, who told a gentleman very plainly—"Sir, I do not paint remarkably ugly people." But he came to no good. Not but that a clever fellow might do something of this kind with management, with good effect; get the reputation of being a painter of "beauties," with a little skill, make beauties of every body, and stoutly maintain that he never will have any others sit to him. I am not quite certain, that something of this kind has been practised, or I do not think I should have the art to invent it. All those who sit during a courtship, to present their portraits as lovers, I look upon it as a professed cheat, and mean to be most egregiously flattered; and if the thing succeeds through the painter's skill, within six months after the marriage, he, the painter, is called the cheat, and the portrait not in the least like. So easy is it to get out of repute, by doing your best to please them with a little flattery. You will never get into a book of beauty, Eusebius. Hitherto, the list runs in the female line. The male will soon come in, depend upon it.

Have a little pity upon the poor artist, who would, but cannot, flatter—who is conscious of his inability to put in those blandishments that shall give a grace to ugliness—from whose

hand unmitigated ugliness becomes uglier—who, at length, driven from towns, where people begin to see this, as a dauber, takes refuge among the farm houses; at first paints the farmers and their wives, their ugly faces stretching to the very edge of the frames, and is at last reduced to paint the favourite cow, or the fat ox—the prodigal (alas! no; the simply miserable, in mistaking his profession) feeding the swine, and with them, and they not over-prond of his doings. Then there is another poor, self-deluded character among the tribe. I have the man in my eye at this moment. It is not long since I paid him a visit to see a great historical composition, which I had been requested to look at. It was the most miserable of all miserable daubs; yet so conspicuously set off with colours and hardness, that the eye could not escape it. It was a most determined eyesore. The quiet, the modest demeanour of the young man at first deceived me; I ventured to find some trifling fault. The artist was up—still his manner was quiet—somewhat, in truth, contemptuously so: but, as for modesty, I doubt not he was modest in every other matter relating to himself; but, in art, he as calmly talked of himself, Michael Angelo, and Raffaele, as a trio—that two had obtained immortality of fame, and that he sought the same, and, he trusted, by the same means, and believed with similar powers: as calmly did he speak in this manner, as if it were a thing long settled in his own mind and in fate—and in the manner of an indulgent communication. He lamented the lack of taste and knowledge in the world; that so little was real art appreciated, that he was obliged to submit to the drudgery of portrait. *Submit!*—and such portraits. Poor fellow! how long will he get sitters to *submit*? I have recently heard the fate of one of his great compositions. He had persuaded the vicar and churchwardens of a parish to accept a picture. He attended the putting it up. It was a fine old church. With the quietest conceit, he had a fine east window blocked up to receive the picture—had the tables of Commandments mutilated, and thrust up in a corner—damaged the wall to give

effect to the picture—and really believed that he was conferring an honour and benefit upon the parishioners and the county. Soon, however, men of better taste and sense began to cry out. The incumbent died. His successor related to me the shocking occurrence of the picture. He had it removed, and the damage done to the edifice repaired. And what became of the grand historical? The churchwarden alone, who, in the pride of his heart and ignorance, had paid the poor artist for the colours, gladly took the picture. His account of it was, that it was so powerful in his small room, as to affect several ladies to tears—and that he had covered it with a thin gauze, to keep down the *fierceness of the sentiment*: for it was too affecting. Now, here is a man, who, if you should happen to sit to him, will think it the greatest condescension to take your picture, and will paint you such as you never would wish to be seen or known. There is a predilection now for schools of design; and the world will teem with these poor creatures.

Many there are, however, who, having considerable ability, have much to struggle against—who love the profession of art, and with that unaccountable giving themselves up to it, are quite unfit for any other occupation in life, yet, from adverse circumstances—ill health, strange temperaments—do not succeed. Many years ago, I knew a very interesting young man, and a very industrious one, too, of very considerable ability as a painter, but not, at that time, of portraits. While hard at work, getting just enough to live by, he was seized with an illness that threatened rapid consumption. The kind physician who gratuitously visited him, told him one day—"You cannot live here. I do not say that you have a year of safety in this climate, or a month of safety, but you have not weeks. You must instantly go to a warmer climate." Ill, and without means, beyond the few pounds he could gather from his hasty breaking-up, he had courage to look on the cheerful side of things, and went off in the first vessel to the West Indies. I saw him afterwards. He gave me a history of his adventures. He went

from island to island—became portrait-painter—a painter of scenes—of any thing that might offer; by good conduct, urbanity, gentleness, and industry, was respected, liked, and patronized; lived, and sent home a thousand pounds or two—came to England to see his friends for a few months. I saw him on his way to them. He was then in health and spirits—told me the many events of the few years—and in six weeks the climate killed him. But the anecdote of his turning portrait-painter is what I have to tell. On the passage, they touched at one of the islands, and he found but very little money in his pocket; and, while others went off to hotels, or estates of friends, he went his way quietly to seek out cheap lodgings. He found such, which the good woman told him he could have in three hours. He afterwards learned that she waited that time for the then tenant *to die in the bed which he was to occupy*. Walking away to pass the time, he met some of his fellow passengers, who asked him if he had been to see the governor. He had not. They told him it was necessary he should go. So thither he went. Now, the governor asked him, “What brought him out to the West Indies?” He replied, that he came as an artist. “An artist!” said the governor. “That is a novelty indeed. Have you any specimens?” “I should like to see them.” Now, among his things, he had a miniature of himself, painted by a man who attained eminence in the profession, and whom I knew well. Here, with an ingenuousness characteristic of the man, he acknowledged to me how, starvation staring him in the face, he stared in the governor’s; and the governor being rather a hard-featured man, whose likeness, though he had never taken a portrait, he thought he could hit; when the governor admired the miniature, and asked him, “If it was his?” he did not resist the temptation, and said, “Yes.” Upon which the governor sat to him. Then others sat to him; and so he left the island, with a replenished purse, and from that time became a portrait-painter. If the poor fellow had been the veriest dauber, you, Eusebius, would have sat to him twenty times over, and have told all

the country round quite as great a fib as he did the governor, that he was a very Raffaele in outline, and Titian in colouring. And what shall the “recording angel” do? Poor fellow! he had no conceit.

But you, Eusebius, need not trust or give your countenance, in the way of the art to any man because you like his history or his manners. A thing you are very likely to do in spite of this advice, though you multiply portraits for “Saracen’s Heads.”

Foolish artists themselves, who affect to talk of the great style, and set themselves up as geniuses, speak slightly of portrait-painting, as degrading—as pandering to vanity, &c. I verily believe, that half this common cant arose from jealousy of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Degradation indeed!—as if Raffaele and Titian, and Vandyk and Reynolds, degraded the art, or were degraded by their practice; and as to pandering to vanity—view it in another light, and it is feeding affliction.

I knew a painter, who honourably refused to paint a lady’s picture, when he waited upon her on purpose, sent by some injudicious friends to take her portrait in her last days. She had been a woman of great celebrity—she received the painter—but, with a weakness, pointed first to one side of the room where were portraits of earls and bishops, saying, “these are or were all my particular friends”—and then to the other side of the room, to a well filled library—“and these are all my works.” “Now,” said the painter to me. “I did not think it fair to her reputation to take her portrait—and she had had many taken at better times.” Here was one who would not pander to vanity. After all, it is astonishing how few flattering painters there have been. Even he who made Venus, Minerva, and Juno, starting with astonishment at the presence of Queen Elizabeth, certainly made her by far the ugliest of the quartette. You may see the picture at Hampton Court. She must have been difficult to please, for she insisted upon being painted without shadow. “Glorious Gloriana” was to be the sun of female beauty. She is quite as well as some in “The Book.” For modern “beauty” manufacturers make



beauty to consist in silliness or sentimentality.

Do you believe in the story of the origin of portrait—the Grecian maid and her lover? I cannot—for I have often tried my hand, and such frights were the result, that it would have been a cure for love.

For lack of the art of portrait-painting, we have really no idea what mankind were like before the time of our Eighth Harry. What we see could not possibly be likenesses, because they are not humanity. But in Holbein's heads, such as the royal collection, published by Chamberlaine, we begin to see what men and women were. What our early Henrys and Edwards were: what the court or the people were, we cannot know; they are buried in the night of not, like the brave who lived before the time of Agamemnon. Perhaps it is quite as well—"omne ignotum pro mirifico"—and who would lose the pleasure of wonder and conjecture, with all its imaginary phantasmagoria? We might have a mesmeric *comu* that might put us in possession of the past, if it can of the future—and gratify curiosity woefully at the expense of what is more valuable than that kind of truth. A mesmeric painter may take the portrait of Helen of Troy, and you may knock at your twenty neighbours' doors, and find perhaps a greater beauty, especially if chronology be trusted as to her age at the Trojan war. Would you like to see a veritable portrait of Angelica—or of your Orlando in his madness?

The great portrait-painter—the sun, in his diurnal course all over the world, may be, for aught we know, photographing mankind, and registering us, too; and, if we are to judge from the specimens we do see, this collection cannot be very flattering. Who dares call the sun a flatterer?

" . . . Solem quis dicere falsum  
Audeat?"

At the very moment that you are sitting to your man, to be set off with smirk and smile and the graces of art, you are perhaps making a most formidable impression elsewhere. You would not like to

"Look upon this picture, and on this."

Some poor country people have an

unaccountable dislike to having their portraits taken. Savages think them second selves, and that may be bewitched and punished; possibly something of this feeling may be at the bottom of the dislike. I was once sketching in a country village, and an old woman went by, and I put her into the picture. Some, looking over me, called out to her that her likeness was taken. She cried, because she had not her best cap and gown on. I was once positively driven from a cottage door, because a woman thought I was "taking her off." I know not but that it was a commendable wish in the old woman to appear decent before the world, and so might have been the fine lady's wish—

"Betty, put on a little red,  
One surely need not look a fright when dead."

We choose to be satirical, and call it vanity; but put both anecdotes into tolerably good grave Latin, and name them Portia and Lucretia, and we should have as fine a sentiment as the boasted one of the hero endeavouring to fall decently. There may be but little difference, and that only just what we, in our humours, choose to make it. I am sure you, Lucius, will stand up for the old village crone, and the fine lady, too. But the fraternity of the brush, if they do now and then promote vanity, much more commonly gratify affection. Private portraits seem to me to be things so sacred, that they ought not to survive the immediate family or friends for whose gratification they are painted. I much like the idea of burying them at last. I will show you how estimable these things sometimes are. You remember a portrait I have—a gentleman in a dress of blue and gold—in crayon. Did I ever tell you the anecdote respecting him? If not, you shall have it, as I had it from my father. If you recollect the picture, you must recollect that it is of a very handsome man. His horses took fright, the carriage was overturned, and he was killed upon the spot. The property came to my father. One day an unknown lady, in a handsome equipage, stopped at his door, and, in an interview with him, requested a portrait of this very person, not the one you have seen, but



another in oil-colour, and of that the head only. My father cut it out, and gave it to her. Many many years afterwards it was returned to him by an unknown hand, with no account of the accident that caused the death, pasted on the back; and it is now in my possession. The lady was never known. No, Eusebius, we must not deny portrait-painters, nor portrait painting. It is the line in which we excel—and that we have above all others patronized, and had great men too arise from one encouragement—Who are so rich in Vandyks as we are? And some we have had better than the world allow them to be—Sir Peter Lady was occasionally an admirable painter—though Sir Joshua did say, “we must go beyond him now.” There was Sir Joshua, himself, and Gainsborough—would that either were alive to take you. Eusebius, though I were to pay for the sitting. I think too, that I should have given the preference to Gainsborough—it would have been so true. Did you ever see his portrait of Foote?—so unaffected—it must be like. I won’t be invidious by naming any, where we have so many able portrait-painters—but if you have not fixed upon your man, come to me, and I will tell half-a-dozen, and we will go to them, and you shall judge for yourself—and if you like miniature, there are those who will make what is small great. What wonderful power Cooper had in this way. I recently had in my hands a wondrous and marvellous portrait of Andrew Marvell by him. The sturdy honest Andrew. This man Cooper, had such wonderful largeness of style, of execution too, even in his highest finished small oil pictures—such as in this of Andrew Marvell. We had an age, certainly, of very bad taste, and it was not extinct in the days of Sir Joshua and Gainsborough; nay, sometimes under both of these, I am sorry to say, it was even made worse. The age of shepherds and shepherdesses—in the case of Gainsborough, brought down to downright rustics. This, of making the sitters affect to be what they were not, was bad enough—and it was any thing but poetical. But it was infinitely worse in the itinerants of the day—and is very well ridiculed by Goldsmith,

who lived much among painters, in his *Vicar of Wakefield* and family sitting for the family picture. We have happily quite got out of that folly. But we are getting into one of most unpoetical pagantry—portrait likenesses. We have not seen yet a good portrait of Wellington, and the Queen, or the Prince; and if they must send their portraits to foreign courts, let them be advised to learn, if they know not yet how, and we are told they do, to paint them themselves. Montaigne tells us, that he was present one day at Bar-le-due, when King Francis the Second, for a memorial of René, King of Sicily, was presented with a picture the king had drawn of himself. Some how or other, kings and queens are apt to have too many trappings about them: and the man is often chosen to paint, who paints velvets and satins best, and faces the worst. That is the reason we have them so ill done; and even if the faces are well painted, they are overpowered by the ostentation of the dress. Now, the Venetian portrait-painters contrived to keep down the glare of all this ornament, to make it even more rich, but not obtruding. I remember seeing a portrait of our queen, where, in a large bonnet, her face looked like a small pip in the midst of an orange. It would be a good thing, too, if you could contrive to spend a week or so in company with your painter before you sit, that he may know you. Many a characteristic may be lost, for want of knowing that it is a characteristic; and may give you that in expression which does not belong to you, while he may miss “your sweet expression about your eyes.” He may purse up your large and generous mouth, because you may screw it for a moment to keep some ill-timed conceit from bolting out, and, besides missing that noble feature, may give you an expression of a caution that is not yours. A painter the other day, as I am assured, in a country town, made a great mistake in a characteristic, and it was discovered by a country farmer. It was the portrait of a lawyer—an attorney, who, from humble pretensions, had made a good deal of money, and enlarged thereby his pretensions, but somehow or other not very much

enlarged his respectability. To his pretensions was added that of having his portrait put up in the parlour, as large as life. There it is, very flashy and very true—one hand in his breast, the other in his small-clothes' pocket. It is market-day—the country clients are called in—opinions are passed—the family present, and all complimentary—such as, “Never saw such a likeness in the course of all my born days. As like ‘un as he can stare.” “Well, sure enough, there he is.” But at last—there is one dissentient! “‘Tain’t like—not very—no, ‘tain’t,” said a heavy middle-aged farmer, with rather a dry look, too, about his mouth, and a moist one at the corner of his eye, and who knew the attorney well. All were upon him. “Not like!—How not like? Say where is it not like?” “Why, don’t you see,”

said the man, “he’s got his hand in his breeches’ pocket. It would be as like again if he had his hand in any other body’s pocket.” The family portrait was removed, especially as, after this, many came on purpose to see it; and so the attorney was lowered a peg, and the farmer obtained the reputation of a connoisseur.

But it is high time, Eusebius, that I should dismiss you and portrait-painting, or you will think your thus sitting to me worse than sitting for your picture; which picture, if it be of my Eusebius as I know him and love him, will ever be a living speaking likeness, but if it be one but of outward feature and resemblance, it will soon pass off to make up the accumulation of dead lumber—while do you, Eusebius, as you are, *vive raleque*.

## MY FRIEND.

“**WOULDEST** thou be friend of mine?—

Thou must be quick and bold  
When the right is to be done,  
And the truth is to be told;

Wearing no friend-like smile  
When thine heart is hot within.  
Making no truce with fraud or guile,  
No compromise with sin.

Open of eye and speech,  
Open of heart and hand,  
Holding thine own but as in trust  
For thy great brother-band.

Patient and stout to bear,  
Yet bearing not for ever;  
Gentle to rule, and slow to bind,  
Like lightning to deliver!

True to thy fatherland.  
True to thine own true love;  
True to thine altar and thy creed,  
And thy good God above.

LONDON, January 1844.

But with no bigot scorn  
For faith sincere as thine,  
Though less of form attend the prayer,  
Or more of pomp the shrine;

Remembering Him who spake  
The word that cannot lie,  
“Where two or three in my name meet  
There in the midst am I!”

I har thee not from faults—  
God wot, it were in vain!  
Inalienable heritage  
Since that primeval stain!

The wisest have been fools—  
The surest stumbled sore:  
Strive thou to stand—or fall’n arise.  
I ask thee not for more!

This do, and thou shalt knit  
Closely my heart to thine;  
Next the dear love of God above.  
Such Friend on earth, be mine!

O. O.

## THE LAND OF SLAVES.

"Le printemps—le printemps!"—*Berenger.*

'Twas a sunny holiday,  
Scene, Killarney—time, last May;  
In the fields the rustic throng,  
Every linnet in full song,  
Not a cloud to threaten rain,  
As I walk'd with lovely Jane.

While we wander'd round the bay,  
Came the gayest of the gay,  
Pouring from a painted barge,  
Anchor'd by the flowery marge;  
Sporting round its cliffs and caves:—  
Ireland is the land of slaves!

Next we met an infant group,  
Never was a happier troop;  
Dancing o'er the primrose plain.  
"Joyous infancy!" said Jane;  
"Free from care as winds and waves."  
—"No, my darling, *these* are slaves!"

On we walk'd—a garden shade  
Show'd us matron, man, and maid,  
Laughing, talking, *all* coquetting,  
"Here," said Jane, "I see no fretting:  
Mammon makes but fools or knaves."  
—"No, my darling, *these* are slaves!"

On we walk'd—we saw a dome,  
Fill'd with furious dupes of Rome,  
Ranting of the sword and chain.  
"Let us run away," said Jane:  
"How that horrid rebel raves!"  
—"No, my darling, *these* are slaves!"

As we ran, a monster-crowd  
Stopp'd us, uttering vengeance loud;  
Giving nobles to the halter,  
Cursing England's throne and altar,  
Brandishing their pikes and staves.  
"Love," said Jane, "are all *these* slaves?"

*Ains.*

## THE PRIEST'S BURIAL.

He is dead!—he died of a broken heart,  
Of a frighten'd soul, and a frenzied brain:  
He died—of playing a desperate part  
For folly; which others play'd for gain.  
Yet o'er his turf the rebels rave!  
Be silent, wretches!—spare the grave!

He is dead!—bewilder'd, betray'd, beguiled;  
 Swept on by faction's fiery blast.  
 In its blood-stain'd track, a fool, a child!  
 His doom is fix'd—his lot is cast.  
 Yet scowl by his bier earth's blackest knave.  
 Be silent, wretches!—spare the grave!

They dress'd the cold clay in mimic state,  
 And the peasants came crowding round;  
 And many a vow of revenge and hate  
 In that hour on their souls was bound—  
 Oh! ruthless creed, that never forgave!  
 Be silent, wretches!—spare the grave!

They bore him along by the village road,  
 And they yell'd at the village spire!  
 And they laid him at rest in his long abode,  
 In a storm of revenge and ire;  
 And round him their furious banners wave.  
 Be silent, wretches!—spare the grave!

Then o'er him the bigot chant was sung.  
 And was said the bigot prayer,  
 And wild hearts with many a thought were stung.  
 That left its venom there,  
 To madden in many a midnight cave.  
 Be silent, wretches!—spare the grave!

All is done: he is buried—the crowd depart.  
 He is laid in his kindred clay.  
 There, freed from the torture that ate his heart.  
 He rests, till the last great day.  
 O Thor! who alone canst defend and save,  
 Wake Ireland wise from this lowly grave.

#### PRUDENCE.

"Bide your time."—*Rebel song.*

BIDE your time—bide your time!  
 Patience is the true sublime.  
 Heroes, bottle up your tears;  
 Wait for ten, or ten score, years.  
 Shrink from blows, but rage in rhyme:  
 Bide your time—bide your time!

Bide your time—bide your time!  
 Snakes are safest in their slime.  
 Sages look before they leap;  
 Heroes, to your hovels creep.  
 Christmas loves a pantomime:  
 Bide your time—bide your time!

Bide your time—bide your time!  
 "Shoulder arms"—but never prime.  
 Keep your skins from Saxon lead;  
 Plunder paupers for your bread.  
 Popish begging is no crime:  
 Bide your time—bide your time!

*Alan.*



## FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

WHOEVER has travelled in the highlands of Scotland, or the mountains of Wales, must have observed the remarkable difference which exists between artificial plantations, and the natural woods of the country. Planted *all at once*, the former grow up of uniform height, and all their trees present nearly the same form and symmetry. Sown at different periods, with centuries between their growth, the latter exhibit every variety of age and form, from the decaying patriarchs of the forest, which have survived the blasts of some hundred years, to the infant sapling, which is only beginning to shoot under the shelter of a projecting rock or stem. Nor is the difference less remarkable in the room which is severally allotted for growth, in the artificial plantations and in the wilds of nature. The Larches or firs, in the stiff and angular inclosure, are always crowded together; and, if not thinned by the care of the woodman, will inevitably choke each other, or shoot up thin and unhealthy, in consequence of their close proximity to each other, and the dense mass of foliage which overshadows the upper part of the wood. But no such danger need be apprehended in the natural forest. No woodman is called to thin its denizens. No forester's eye is required to tell which should be left, and which cut away, in the vast array. In the ceaseless warfare of the weaker with the stronger, the feeble plants are entirely destroyed. In vain the infant sapling attempts to contend with the old oak, the branches of which overshadow its growth—it is speedily crushed in the struggle. Nor are the means of removing the useless remains less effectual. The hand of nature insensibly clears the waste of its incumbrances; the weakness of time brings them to the ground when their allotted period is expired; and youth, as in the generations of men, springs beside the decay of age, and finds ample room for its expansion over the fallen remains of its paternal stems.

The difference between the artificial plantation and the natural wood,

illustrates the distinction between the imaginary communities which the political economist expects to see grow up, in conformity with his theories, and acting in obedience to his dictates, and the nations of flesh and blood which exist around us, of which we form a part, and which are immediately affected by ill-judged or inapplicable measures of commercial regulation. Nations were planted by the hand of nature; they were not sown, nor their place allotted by human foresight. They exist often close to each other, and under apparently the same physical circumstances, under every possible variety of character, age, and period of growth. The difference even between those ruled by the same government, and inhabited apparently by the same race, is prodigious. Who could suppose that the Dutchman, methodical, calculating, persevering, was next neighbour to the fiery, warlike, and impetuous Frenchman? Or that the southern and western Irish, vehement, impassioned, and volatile, came from the same stock which pervades the whole west of Britain? England, for centuries the abode of industry, effort, and opulence, is subject to the same government, and situated in the same latitude as Ireland, where indolence is almost universal, wealth rare, and manufactures in general unknown. Russia, ignorant, united, and ever victorious, adjoins Poland, weak, distracted, and ever vanquished; and Prussia has risen with unheard-of rapidity in national strength, and every branch of industry, at the very time when Spain was fast relapsing into slavery and barbarism.

Familiar as these truths are to all, they seem to have been, in an unaccountable manner, forgotten by our modern political economists; and the oblivion of them is the principal cause of the remarkable failure which has attended the application to practice of all their theories. They invariably forget the different age of nations; they overlook the essential difference between communities with different national character, or in different stages

of manufacturing or commercial advancement, and fall into the fatal error of supposing that one general system is to be readily embraced by, and found applicable to, a cluster of nations existing under every possible variety of physical, social, and political circumstances. Fixing their eyes upon their own country, or rather upon the peculiar interest to which they belong in their own country, they reason as if all mankind were placed in the same circumstances, and would be benefited by the arrangements which they find advantageous. They forget that all nations were not planted at the same time, nor in the same soil: that the difference in their age, the inequality in their growth, the variety in their texture, is as great as in the trees of the forest, the seeds of which have been scattered by the hand of nature; that the incessant warfare of the weaker with the stronger, exists not less in the social than the physical world; and that all systems founded on the oblivion of that continued contest, must ever be traversed by the strongest of all moral laws,—the instinct of SELF-PRESERVATION.

We have said that the modern theories when applied to practice, have, in a remarkable manner, failed. In saying so, we have chiefly in view the acknowledged failure of the strenuous efforts made by England, during the last twenty years, to effect an interchange in the advantages of free trade, and the entire disappointment which has attended the long establishment, on a great scale, of the reciprocity system. To the first we shall advert in the present paper; the second will furnish ample room for reflection in another.

The abstract principles on which the doctrines of free trade are founded, are these; and we put it to the warmest advocates of those principles, whether they are not fairly stated. All nations were not intended by nature, nor are they fitted by their physical circumstances, to excel in the same branches of industry; and it is the variety in the production which they severally can bring to maturity, which at once imposes the necessity for, and occasions the profit of, commercial intercourse. Nothing, therefore, can be so unwise as to at-

tempt, either by arbitrary regulations, to create a branch of industry in a country for which it is not intended by nature, or to retain it in that branch where it is created by forced prohibitions. Banish all restrictions, therefore, from commerce; let every nation apply itself to that particular branch of industry for which it is adapted by nature, and receive in exchange the produce of other countries, raised, in like manner, in conformity with their natural capabilities. Then will the industry of each people be turned into the channel most advantageous and lucrative to itself; each will enjoy the immense advantage of purchasing the commodities it requires at the cheapest possible rate; hopeless or absurd hot-bed attempts to force extraneous industry will cease; and, in the mutual interchange of the surplus produce of each, the foundation will be laid of an advantageous and durable commercial intercourse. England, on this principle, should not attempt to raise wine, nor France iron or cotton goods; but the calicoes and hardware of Great Britain should be exchanged for the wines and fruits of France: both nations will thus be enriched, and a vast commercial traffic grow up, which, being founded on mutual interest and attended with mutual advantage, may be expected to be durable, and to extinguish, in the end, the rivalry of their respective people, or the jealousy of their several governments.

Such is the theory of free trade; and it may be admitted it wears at first sight a seducing and agreeable aspect. Let us now enquire how far experience, the great test of truth, has verified its doctrines, or demonstrated its practicability. To illustrate this matter, we shall have recourse to no mean or doubtful authority; we shall have recourse to the statement of an enlightened but candid contemporary, whose advocating of a moderate system of free trade has excited no small anxiety in the British empire; and which report, from the information and ability it displays, has assigned to the present accomplished head of the Board of Trade.

The efforts made in Great Britain to introduce a general system of free trade, especially within the last three

years, are thus enumerated in the *Foreign and Colonial Review*."

"England, without gaining or asking a single boon from any foreign country, has—

"1. Reduced by about one-half the duties upon foreign corn.

"2. By nearly the same amount, the duties on foreign timber.

"3. Has removed her prohibitions against the importation of cattle and other animals for food, and has fixed upon them duties, ranging on the average at about ten per cent *ad valorem*.

"4. Has made flesh meat admissible.

"5. Has reduced the duty on salt provisions for home consumption by one-third, and one-half; and has placed them on a footing of entire equality with the British article for the supply of the whole marine frequenting her ports.

"6. Has lowered her duties on vegetables and seeds in general to one-half, one-sixth, and even one-twelfth (in the case of that most important esculent, the potatoe) of what they formerly were.

"7. Has made all *great* articles of manufacture, except silk, which is reserved for future negotiations, admissible at duties of ten, twelve and a half, and fifteen per cent, and only in some few instances so much as twenty per cent.

"8. Upon some minor articles of manufacture, where our people lie under heavy disadvantages in obtaining the raw material, and where their habits have been formed in their particular occupation, wholly under the shelter, and therefore upon the responsibility of the law, she has retained duties in some cases as high as thirty per cent *ad valorem*, but yet has reduced them to rates insignificant in comparison with those formerly charged.

"9. In her colonies, she has fixed the ordinary rules of differential duties upon foreign productions at four and seven per cent, with exceptions altogether trifling in amount, on which a higher charge has been laid for special reasons.

"10. She has withdrawn the prohibition to export machinery, except so far as regards the linen manufacture, and the spinning of the yarns employed in it.

"11. With regard to many other ar-

ticles, such as butter and cheese, indeed, with regard to all articles to which the simple and essential interests of the revenue will allow the same rules to be applied—it has been declared that they are only temporarily exempted from the operations of those rules; and it is well understood, that no time will be allowed to pass, except such as is necessary, before the work is completed; and lastly,

"12. She has not even excluded from the benefit of these reductions the very countries under whose simultaneous enactments, of a hostile character, she is at this moment suffering; these advantages will be enjoyed by the tar and cordage of Russia; by the corn and timber, the woollens, linens, and hosiery of northern Germany; by the gloves, the boots and shoes, the light writing-papers, the perfumery, the corks, the straw-hats, the cottons and cambrics, the dressed skins, the thrown silk, and even (from an incidental charge with respect to the charge of duty on the bottles) the wines of France; by the salt provisions, the ashes, the turpentine, the rice, the furs and skins, the sperm oil of America; and she in particular may expect to derive advantage from the alteration in our colonial import duties upon the great articles of flour, salt, provisions, fish and lumber." \*

Such have been the sacrifices which Great Britain has recently made in order to secure a system of free commercial enterprise throughout the world. Let us now enquire what return she has met with for these concessions; and the recent occurrences in this respect are detailed in the same unexceptionable authority.

"Within the last year, France has passed an ordinance, doubling the duty on linen yarns—a measure hostile enough, had it been uniform in its application to all countries; but, lest there should be any ambiguity about its meaning, she has actually left open her Belgian frontier to that article at the former duty, on the condition that Belgium should levy the high French duty in her custom-houses, so as to prevent the transit of the British yarns through that country. To this disreputable and humiliating proposal, Belgium has consented. Again, amidst the loudest professions from the Prussian government, of an anxiety to

\* *Foreign and Colonial Review*, Vol. i. p. 235.



advance the relaxation of commercial restrictions, that government has, nevertheless, adopted a proceeding not less hostile or mischievous than the measure of France with regard to linen yarns. The Congress of the Deputies of the Zollverein, at Stuttgart, have in a new tariff, which was to take effect on the 1st of January, besides some minor alterations of an unfavourable kind, decreed, upon the proposal of Prussia, that goods mixed of cotton and wool, if of more than one colour, shall pay fifty thalers the centner, instead of thirty; that is, instead of a very high, shall be liable to an exorbitant, and, as it may prove, a prohibitory duty. Next, America, as all our readers must be aware, has, after a struggle, passed a tariff, subverting altogether the arrangement established by the Compromise Act of 1833, and imposing upon the various descriptions of manufactured goods rates of duty varying from thirty to forty and fifty per cent and upwards, which have had the effect of stopping a great portion of the shipments of cotton goods to that country from Great Britain during the past autumn, and, without doubt, have added greatly to the distresses of our manufacturing population. Besides these greater instances, Russia, according to her wont in such matters, and Spain, have published, within the last fifteen months, new tariffs, of which it is difficult to say whether they are still worse than, or only as execrably bad, as those which they succeeded; but, in the close rivalry between the old and the new, the latter seem, upon the whole, entitled to the palm of prohibitive rigour. And Portugal, likewise, has augmented the duties payable upon certain classes of her imports, by a measure of the recent date of March 1841, and by another of last year. In the mean time, Spain has concluded a treaty with Belgium for the admission of her wools. And the king of Prussia has effected an arrangement with the czar, which, in certain particulars, secures, upon his own frontier, a relaxation of the iron strictness of the Russian system. England has concluded no commercial treaty with any of these powers; and the negotiation with France, which the measures of Lord Palmerston interrupted in 1840, at the very period of its ripeness, appears still

to slumber—owing, we believe, in part, to the prevalence of an anti-Anglican feeling in that country, which, for the credit of common sense and of human nature, we trust will be temporary; but much more to the high protective notions, and the political activity and influence of the French manufacturers, which overawe an administration far less strong, we regret to say, than it deserves.”

Our recent attempts, therefore, to introduce a general system of free trade among nations have proved a signal failure. On the admission of the most enlightened advocates for that species of policy. Nor have our earlier efforts been more successful. Mr Huskisson, as it is well known, introduced, full twenty years ago, the system of free trade, and repealed the navigation laws, in the hope of making the Northern Powers of Europe more favourable to the admission of British manufactures, and materially reduced the duties on French silks, watches, wines, and jewellery, in the hope that the Government of that country would see the expediency of making a corresponding reduction in the duties levied on our staple manufactures in the French harbours. But after twenty years' experience of these concessions on our part, the French Government are so far from evincing a disposition to meet us with a similar conciliatory policy, that they have done just the reverse. Scarcely a year has elapsed without some additional duty being imposed on our fabrics in their harbours; and the great reductions contained in Sir R. Peel's tariff were immediately met, as already noticed, by the imposition of an additional and very heavy duty on British linens. Nay, so far has the free trade system been from enlarging the market for our manufactures in Europe, that after twenty years' experience of its effects, and an increase over Europe generally of fully a third in numbers, and at least a half in wealth, it is an ascertained fact, that our exports to the European States are less than they were forty years ago. “That part of our commerce,” says Mr Porter, himself a decided free trader,



"which, being carried on with the rich and civilized inhabitants of European nations, should present the greatest field for extension, will be seen to have fallen off in a remarkable degree. The annual average exports to the whole of Europe were *less in value by nearly twenty per cent*, on an average of five years, from 1832 to 1836, than they were during the five years that followed the close of the war; and it affords strong evidence of the unsatisfactory footing on which our trading regulations with Europe are established, that our exports to the United States of America, which, with their population of 12,000,000, (in 1837,) are situated 3000 miles from us across the Atlantic, have amounted to more than half the sum of our shipments to the whole of Europe, with a population fifteen times as great as that of the United States of America, and with an abundance of productions suited to our wants, which they are naturally desirous of exchanging for the produce of our mines and looms." \*

This was written by Mr Porter in 1837; but while subsequent times have evinced an increased anxiety on the part of this country to extend the principles of free trade, they have been met by such increased determination on the part of the European governments to *resist the system*, and adhere more rigorously to their protecting policy, that the disproportion is now universal, and is every day be-

coming more remarkable. The following table will show that our exports to Europe, notwithstanding our twelve reciprocity treaties with its maritime powers, and unceasing efforts to give a practical exemplification of the principles of free trade, are stationary or declining.†

In one particular instance, the entire failure of the free trade system to procure any corresponding return from the very continental states whose harbours it was chiefly intended to open, has been singularly conspicuous. In February 1821 the reciprocity system, in regard to shipping, was introduced by Mr Huskisson, and acted upon by the legislature: and the following reason was assigned by that eminent man for deviating from the old navigation laws of Cromwell, which had so long constituted the strength of the British navy. Mr Huskisson maintained— "That the period had now arrived, when it had become indispensable to introduce a more liberal system in regard to the admission of foreign shipping into our harbours, if we would avoid the total exclusion of our manufactures into their harbours. The exclusive system did admirably well, as long as we alone acted upon it; when foreign nations were content to take our goods, though we excluded their shipping. But they had now become sensible of the impolicy of such a system, and, right or wrong, were resolved to resist it. Prussia, in particular, had resisted all the anxious endea-

\* Porter's *Progress of the Nation*. Vol. i. p. 101.

† Table showing the date and value of Exports of British Iron Manufactures to Europe in the after-mentioned years.

	Northern Europe.	Southern Europe.	Total.
1814	£14,113,773	£12,753,816	£26,867,589
1815	11,791,092	8,764,552	20,555,644
1816	11,369,086	7,284,467	18,653,553
1817	11,408,083	9,685,491	19,093,574
1818	11,809,243	7,639,139	19,448,382
1819	9,805,397	6,896,287	16,601,684
1820	11,289,891	7,139,042	18,428,933
1833	9,513,549	5,686,049	15,000,498
1834	9,505,892	8,503,141	18,007,033
1835	10,302,316	8,161,117	18,463,433
1836	9,999,861	9,011,205	19,000,066
1837	11,097,436	7,789,126	18,187,662
1838	11,258,473	9,481,272	20,739,745
1839	11,991,236	9,370,241	21,367,477

yours of this country, to effect the introduction of goods of our manufacture, on favourable terms, into her harbours; and the reason assigned was, that the navigation laws excluded her shipping from ours. The reciprocity system has been rendered indispensable by the prohibitory system, which other European powers have adopted. The only means of meeting the heavy duties they have imposed on our goods and shipping, is to place our duties upon a system of perfect reciprocity with theirs. Foreign nations have no advantages over us in the carrying trade; from the London report, it clearly appeared, that the ships of Norway, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, France, and Holland, cannot compete with British, either in long or short voyages. But at any rate, the repeal of our discriminating duties has become a matter of neces-

sity, if we would propose any trade with these countries."\*

Such were Mr Huskisson's reasons. They were grounded on alleged necessity. He said in substance:—"The navigation laws are very good things; and if we could only persuade other nations to take our goods, while we virtually shut out their shipping, it would, doubtless, be very advisable to continue the present system. But you can no longer do this. Foreign nations see the undue advantage which has been so long obtained of them. They insist upon an exchange of interests. We, as the richer and the more powerful, are called on to make the first advances. We must relinquish our navigation laws in favour of their staple manufacture, shipping, if we would induce them to admit, on favourable terms, our staple article, cotton goods." These were

\* Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, February 13, 1823; and Annual Register, 1823, p. 104.

Table showing the British and Foreign tonnage, with Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Prussia, since 1823, when the reciprocity system began, in each of the following years:—

Years.	SWEDEN.		NORWAY.		DENMARK.		PRUSSIA.	
	British Tons.	Foreign Tons.	British Tons.	Foreign Tons.	British Tons.	Foreign Tons.	British Tons.	Foreign Tons.
1821	23,005	8,508	13,855	61,342	5,312	3,969	79,590	37,720
1822	20,799	13,692	13,377	87,974	7,006	3,910	102,847	58,270
1823	20,986	22,529	13,122	117,015	4,413	4,795	81,202	86,013
1824	17,074	40,092	11,419	135,272	6,738	23,689	94,664	151,621
1825	15,906	53,141	14,825	157,910	15,158	50,943	189,214	182,752
1826	11,829	16,939	15,603	90,726	22,000	56,544	119,060	120,589
1827	11,719	21,822	13,945	96,420	10,825	52,456	150,718	109,184
1828	14,877	24,700	10,826	85,771	17,464	49,293	133,753	99,195
1829	16,536	25,046	9,985	86,205	24,576	53,390	125,918	127,861
1830	12,116	23,158	6,459	84,585	12,210	51,420	102,758	139,646
1831	11,450	38,689	4,518	114,865	6,552	62,190	83,908	140,532
1832	8,335	25,755	3,798	82,155	7,268	35,772	62,079	89,187
1833	10,009	29,454	5,901	98,931	6,840	38,620	41,735	108,753
1834	15,353	35,910	6,403	98,303	5,691	53,282	32,021	118,111
1835	12,036	35,061	2,592	95,049	6,007	49,008	25,514	124,144
1836	10,865	42,439	1,573	125,875	2,152	51,907	42,567	174,439
1837	7,608	42,602	1,045	88,004	5,357	55,961	67,566	145,742
1838	10,425	38,991	1,364	110,817	3,406	57,554	86,734	175,643
1839	8,859	49,270	2,582	109,228	5,535	106,960	111,470	229,208
1840	11,933	53,337	3,166	114,241	6,327	103,067	112,709	237,984

Mr Huskisson's principles; and it may be admitted that, in the abstract, they were well-founded; for all commercial intercourse, to be beneficial and lasting, must be founded on a mutual exchange of advantages. But, in carrying into execution this principle, he committed a fatal mistake, which has already endangered, without the slightest advantage, and, if persevered in, may ultimately destroy the commercial superiority of Great Britain. He virtually repealed, by the 4 Geo. IV. c. 77, and the 5 Geo. IV. c. 1, the navigation laws, by authorizing the King, by an order in council, to permit the exportation and importation of goods in foreign vessels, on payment of the same duties as were chargeable on British vessels, in favour of those countries which did not levy discriminating duties on British vessels bringing goods into their harbours, and to levy on the vessels of such countries the same tonnage duties as they charged on British vessels. This was, in effect, to say—We will admit your vessels on the same terms on which you admit ours; and nothing, at first sight, could seem more equitable.

But, nevertheless, this system involved a fatal mistake, the pernicious effects of which have now been amply demonstrated by experience, and which lies at the bottom of the whole modern doctrines of free trade. *It stipulates for no advantage corresponding to the concession made*, and thus the reciprocity was on one side only. Mr Huskisson repealed, in favour of the Baltic powers, the British navigation laws; that is, he threw open to Baltic competition, without any protection, the British shipping interest: but *he forgot to exact from them any corresponding favour for British iron or cotton goods in the Baltic harbours*. He said—"We will admit your shipping on the same terms on which you admit ours." What he should have said is—"We will admit your shipping into our harbours on the same terms you admit *our cotton goods* into your harbours." This would have been real reciprocity, because each side would have given free ingress to that staple commodity in which its neighbour had the advantage; and thus the most important branch of industry of each

would have been secured an inlet into the other's territories. The British tonnage might have been driven out of the Baltic trade by the shipowners of Denmark and Norway; but the Prussian cotton manufactories would have been crushed by the British. It might then have come to be a question of whether the upholding of our shipping interest or the extension of our cotton manufactures was the most advisable policy. But no such question need be considered now. We have gained nothing by exposing our shipping interest to the ruinous competition of the Baltic vessels. The Danish, Norwegian, and Prussian ships have come into our harbours; but the British cotton and iron goods have not entered theirs. The reciprocity system has been all on one side. After having been twenty years in operation, it has failed in producing *the smallest concession* in favour of British manufactures, or producing in those states with whom the reciprocity treaties were concluded, *the smallest extension of British exports*. Since we so kindly permitted it, they have taken every thing and given nothing. They have done worse. They have taken good and returned evil. The vast concession contained in the repeal of our navigation laws, has been answered by the enhanced duties contained in the Prussian Zollverein. Twenty-six millions of Germans have been arrayed under a commercial league, which, by levying duties, practically varying from thirty to fifty, though nominally only ten per cent. effectually excludes British manufactures; and, after twenty years' experience, our exports are only a few hundred thousands a-year, and our exports of cotton manufactures *only a few hundreds a-year*, to the whole States of Northern Europe, in favour of whom the navigation laws were swept away, and an irreparable wound inflicted on British maritime interests, and in whose wants Mr Huskisson anticipated a vast market for our manufacturing industry, and an ample compensation for the diminution of our shipping interest.

Nature has established this great and all-important distinction between the effects of wealth and national age on the productions of agriculture and of manufactures. The reason is this:—



If capital, machinery, and knowledge, conferred the same immediate and decisive advantage on agricultural than they do on manufacturing industry, old and densely-peopled states would possess an undue superiority over the ruder and more thinly-inhabited ones; the multiplication of the human race would become excessive in the seats in which it had first taken root, and the desert parts of the world would never, but under the pressure of absolute necessity, be explored. The first command of God to man, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it," would be frustrated. The apprehensions of the Malthusians as to an excessive increase of mankind, with its attendant dangers, would be realized in particular places, while nineteen-twentieths of the earth lay neglected in a state of nature. The desert would be left alone in its glory. The world would be covered with huge and densely-peopled excrescences—with Babylons, Romes, and Londons—in which wealth, power, and corruption were securely and permanently interwoven, and from which the human race would never diverge but under the pressure of absolute impossibility to wrench a subsistence from their over-peopled vicinities.

These dangers, threatening alike to the moral character and material welfare of nations, are completely prevented by the simple law, the operations of which we every day see around us—viz. that wealth, civilization, and knowledge, ~~and~~ rapidly and indefinitely to the powers of manufacturing and commercial, but comparatively slowly to those of agricultural industry. This simple circumstance effectually provides for the dispersion of the human race, and the check of an undue growth in particular communities. The old state can always undersell the young one in manufactures, but it is everlastingly undersold by them in agriculture. Thus the equalization of industry is introduced, the dispersion of the human race secured, and a limit put to the perilous multiplication of its numbers in particular communities. The old state can never rival the young ones around it in raising subsistence; the young ones can never rival the old one in manufactured

articles. Either a free trade takes place between them, or restrictions are established. If the commercial intercourse between them is unrestricted, agriculture is destroyed, and with it national strength is undermined in the old state, and manufactures are nipped in the bud in the young ones. If restrictions prevail, and a war of tariffs is introduced, the agriculture of the old state, and with it its national strength, is preserved, but its export of manufactures to the adjoining states is checked, and they establish growing fabrics for themselves. Whichever effect takes place, the object of nature in the equalization of industry, the limitation of aged communities, and the dispersion of mankind, is gained. In the first, by the ruin of the old empire from the decay of its agricultural resources: in the second, by the check given to its manufacturing progress, and the transference of mercantile industry to its younger rivals.

Generally the interests and necessities of the young states introduce a prohibitory system to exclude the manufactures of the old one: and it is this necessity which England is now experiencing, and vainly endeavours to obviate, by introducing a system of free trade. But in one memorable instance, and one only, the preponderance of a particular power rendered this impossible, and illustrated on a great scale, and over the whole civilized world, for a course of centuries, the effects of a perfect freedom of trade. The Roman empire, spreading as it did round the shores of the Mediterranean, afforded the utmost facilities for a great internal traffic: while the equal policy of the emperors, and indeed the necessity of their situation, introduced a perfect freedom in the interchange of commodities between every part of their vast dominions. And what was the result? Why, that the agriculture of Italy was destroyed—that 300,000 acres in the champaign of Naples alone reverted to a state of nature, and were tenanted only by wild-boars and buffaloes, before a single barbarian had crossed the Alps—that the Grecian cities were entirely maintained by grain from the plains of Podolia—and the mistress of the world, according



to the plaintive expression of the Roman annalist, depended for her subsistence on the floods of the Nile.\* Not the corruption of manners, not the tyranny of the Cæsars, occasioned the ruin of the empire, for they affected only a limited class of the people; but the practical working of free trade, joined to domestic slavery, which destroyed the agricultural population of the heart of the empire, and left only effeminate urban multitudes to contend with the hardy barbarians of the north.

The advocates of free trade are not insensible to the superior advantages of the rising over the old state in agriculture, and of the latter over the former in manufactures. On the contrary, it is a secret but clear sense of the reality of this distinction, which causes them so strenuously to contend for the removal of all restrictions. They hope, by so doing, to effect a great extension of their sales in foreign countries, without, as they pretend, creating any diminution in their own. But the views which have now been given show that this is a vain conceit, and demonstrate how it has happened, that the more strenuously England contends for the principles of free trade, and the more energetically that she carries them into practice, the more decided is the resistance which she meets from foreign states in the attempt, and the more rigorously do they act on the principles of protection. It is because they are striving to become manufacturing and commercial communities that they do this—it is a clear sense of the ruin which awaits them, if deluged with British goods, which makes them so strenuous in their system of exclusion. The more that we open our trade, the more will they close theirs. They think, and not without reason, that we advocate unrestricted commercial intercourse only because it would be profitable to us, and deprecate our old system of exclusion only because it has now been turned against ourselves. "Now, then," say they, "is the time, when England is suffering under the system of exclusion, which we have at length had sense enough to borrow from her,

to draw closer the bonds of that system, and complete the glorious work of our own elevation on her ruins. Our policy is clearly chalked out by hers; we have only to do what she deprecates, and we are sure to be right." It is evident that these views will be permanently entertained by them, because they are founded on the strongest of all instincts, that of self-preservation. When we cease to be a great manufacturing nation, when we are no longer formidable rivals, they will open their harbours; but not till then. In striving to introduce a system of free trade, therefore, we gratuitously inflict a severe wound on our domestic industry, without any chance even of a compensation in that which is destined for the foreign markets. We let in their goods into our harbours, but we do not obtain admission, nor will we ever obtain admission, for ours into theirs. The reciprocity is, and ever must be, all on one side.

It is by mistaking the dominant influence among the continental states, that so large a portion of the community are deceived on this subject. They say, if we take their grain and cattle, they will take our cotton goods; that their system of exclusion is entirely a consequence of, and retaliation for, ours. Can they produce a single instance in which our concessions in favour of their rude produce have led to a corresponding return in favour of ours? How can it be so, when, in all old states, the mould is the prevailing interest which sways the determinations of government? The landholders, separated from each other, without capital, almost all burdened with debt, are no match in the domestic struggle for the manufacturing and commercial interests. Their superiority is founded on a very clear footing—the same which has rendered the British House of Commons omnipotent. They hold the purse. It is their loans which support the credit of Government; it is by the customs which their imports pay that the public revenue is to be chiefly raised. The more popular that governments become, the more strong-

\* Tacitus, Vol. xiv. p. 21; Michelet's *Hist. de France*, Vol. i. p. 217.

ly will their influence appear in the war of tariffs. If pure democracies were established in all the neighbouring states, we would be met in them all by a duty of sixty per cent. Witness the American tariff of 1842, and the progressive increases of duties against us since the popular revulsions we have festered and encouraged in France, Belgium, and Portugal.

Is, then, a free and untrammelled system of commercial intercourse, such as might exist between nations, and must exist at last, in a war of tariffs and the infliction of mutual injury? We consider it is impossible between nations, both manufacturing, and claiming to be so, and in the same circumstances. It is more folly to suppose it; because interests which are continually arising on each side, and which, if attempted, would only widen the breach, are not of reciprocity, but of commercial treaty, in which, in consideration of certain branches of our manufactures being admitted on favourable terms, we agree to admit certain

articles of their produce on equally advantageous conditions. Thus, a treaty, by which we agreed to admit, for a moderate duty, the wines of France, which we can never rival, in return for their admitting our iron and cotton goods on similar terms, would be a measure of equal benefit to both countries. It would be as wise a measure as Mr. Huskisson's reduction of the duties on French silks, gloves, and clocks, was a gratuitous and unwarranted injury to staple branches of our own industry. The only countries to which the reciprocity system is really applicable, are distant states in an early state of civilization, whose natural products are essentially different from our own, and whose stage of advancement is not such as to have made them enter on the career of manufacture of jealousy, and of trade. Colonies unite all these advantages, and it is in them that the real sources of our strength, and the only secure markets for our produce, are to be found. But that subject, so vast, so interesting, so vital to our individual and national advancement must be reserved for a future occasion.

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## ETHIOPIA.

From the various circumstances of our day, the impression is powerfully made upon intelligent men in Europe, that some extraordinary change is about to take place in the general condition of mankind. A new ardour of human intercourse seems to be spreading through all nations. Europe has laid aside her perpetual wars, and seems to be assuming a *habit* of peace. Even France, hitherto the most belligerent of European nations, is evidently abandoning the passion for conquest, and beginning to exert her fine powers in the cultivation of commerce. All the nations of Europe are either following her example, or sending out colonies of greater or less magnitude, to till the wild portions of the world. Regions hitherto utterly neglected, and even scarcely known, are becoming objects of enlightened regard; and mankind, in every quarter, is approaching, with greater or less speed, to that combined interest and mutual intercourse, which are the first steps to the true possession of the globe.

But, we say it with the gratification of Englishmen, proud of their country's fame, and still prouder of its principles—that the lead in this noblest of all human victories, has been clearly taken by England. It is she who pre-eminently stimulates the voyage, and plants the colony, and establishes

the commerce, and civilizes the people. And all this has been done in a manner so little due to popular caprice or national ambition, to the mere will of a sovereign, or the popular thirst of possession, that it invests the whole process with a sense of unequalled security. Resembling the work of nature in the simplicity of its growth, it will probably also resemble the work of nature in the permanence of its existence. It is not an exotic, fixed in an unsuitable soil by a capricious planting; but a seed self-sown, nurtured by the common air and dews, assimilated to the climate, and striking its roots deep in the ground which it has thus, by its own instincts, chosen. The necessities of British commerce, the urgency of English protection, and the overflow of British population, have been the great acting causes of our national efforts; and as those are causes which regulate themselves, their results are as regular and unshaken, as they are natural and extensive. But England has also had a higher motive. She has unquestionably mingled a spirit of benevolence largely with her general exertions. She has laboured to communicate freedom, law, a feeling of property, and a consciousness of the moral debt due by man to the Great Disposer of all, wherever she has had the power in her hands. No people

*The Highlands of Ethiopia.* By Major W. CORNWALLIS HARRIS, H.E.I.C. Engineers. 8 vols.

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have ever been the worse for her, and all have been the better, in proportion to their following her example. Wherever she goes, oppression decays, the safety of person and property begins to be felt, the sword, the scythe, the pen and the ploughshare commence alike to reclaim the mental and the physical soil, and civilization comes, like the dawn, however slowly advancing, to prepare the heart of the barbarian for the burst of light, in the rising of Christianity upon his eyes.

The formation of a new route between India and Europe by the Red Sea—a route, though well known to the ancient world, yet wholly incapable of adoption by any but an Arab horsemanship, from the perpetual tumults of the country—compelled England to look for a resting-place and depot for her steam-ships at the mouth of the Red Sea. Aden, a desolated port, was the spot fixed on; and the steam-vessels touching there were enabled to prepare themselves for the continuance of their voyage. We shall subsequently see how strikingly British protection has changed the desolation of this corner of the Arab wilderness, how extensively it has become a place of commerce, and how effectually it will yet furnish the means of increasing our knowledge of the interior of the great Arabian peninsula.

It is remarkable that Africa, one of the largest and most fertile portions of the globe, remains one of the least known. Furnishing materials of commerce which have been objects of universal desire since the deluge—gold, gems, ivory, fragrant gums, and spices—it has still remained almost untraversed by the European foot, except along its coast. It has been circumnavigated by the ships of every European nation, its slave-trade has divided its profits and its populations among the chief nations of the eastern and western worlds; and yet, to this hour, there are regions of Africa, probably amounting to half its bulk, and possessing kingdoms of the size of France and Spain, of which Europe has no more heard than of the kingdoms of the planet Jupiter. The extent of Africa is enormous;—5000 miles in length, 4500 in breadth, it forms nearly a square of 18,430,000 square

miles! the chief part solid ground; for we know of no mediterranean to break its continuity—no mighty reservoir for the waters of its hills—and scarcely more than the Niger and the Nile for the means of penetrating any large portion of this huge continent.

The population naturally divides itself into two portions, connected with the character of its surface—the countries to the north and the south of the mountains of Kong and the Jebel-al-Kenr. To the north of this line of demarcation, are the kingdoms of the foreign conquerors, who have driven the original natives to the mountains, or have subjected them as slaves. This is the Mahometan land. To the south of this line dwells the Negro, in a region a large portion of which is too hot for European life. This is Central Africa: distinguished from all the earth by the unpeopled mixture of squalidness and magnificence, simplicity of life yet fury of passion, savage ignorance of its religious notions yet fearful worship of evil powers, its homage to magic, and desperate belief in spells, incantations, and the *fitish*. The configuration of the country, so far as it can be conjectured, assists this universal barbarism. Divided by natural barriers of hill, chasm, or river, into isolated states, they act under a general impulse of hostility and disunion. If they make peace, it is only for purposes of plunder; and, if they plunder, it is only to make slaves. The very fertility of the soil, at once rendering them indolent and luxurious, excites their passions, and the land is a scene alike of prodigality and profusion. To the south of this vast region lies a third—the land of the Caffre, occupying the eastern coast, and, with the Bejougans and the Hottentots, forming the population of the most promising portion of this continent. But here another and more enterprising race have fixed themselves; and the great English colony of the Cape, with its dependent settlements, has begun the first real conquest of African barbarism. Whether Aden may not act on the opposite coasts of the Red Sea, and Abyssinia become once more a Christian land; or whether even some impulse may not directly come from Africa itself, are questions belonging



to the future. But there can scarcely be a doubt, that the existence of a great English viceroyalty in the most prominent position of South Africa, the advantages of its government, the intelligence of its people, their advancement in the arts essential to comfort, and the interest of their protection, their industry, and their example, must, year by year, operate in awaking even the negro to a feeling of his own powers, of the enjoyment of his natural faculties, and of that rivalry which stimulates the skill of man to reach perfection.

The name of Africa, which, in the Punic tongue, signifies "ears of corn," was originally applied only to the northern portion, lying between the Great Desert and the shore, and now held by the pashalics of Tunis and Tripoli. They were then the granary of Rome. The name Lybia was derived from the Hebrew *Leb*, (heat,) and was sometimes partially extended to the continent, but was geographically limited to the provinces between the Great Syrtis and Egypt. The name Ethiopia is evidently Greek, (burning, or black, visage.)

There is strong reason to believe that the Portuguese boast of the sixteenth century—the circumnavigation of Africa—was anticipated by the Phœnician sailors two thousand years and more. We have the testimony of Herodotus, that Necho, king of Egypt, having failed in an attempt to connect the Nile with the Red Sea by a canal, determined to try whether another route might not be within his reach, and sent Phœnician vessels from the Red Sea, with orders to sail round Africa, and return by the Mediterranean. It is not improbable that, from being unacquainted with the depth to which it penetrates the south, he had expected the voyage to be a brief one. It seems evident that the navigators themselves did not conceive that it could extend beyond the equator, from their surprise at seeing the sun rise on their right hand. The narrative tells us—"The Phœnicians, taking their course from the Red Sea, entered into the Southern Ocean on the approach of autumn;

they landed in Lybia, planted corn, and remained till the harvest. They then sailed again. After having thus spent two years, they passed the Columns of Hercules in the third, and returned to Egypt." Herodotus doubted their story—"Their relation," says the honest old Greek, "may obtain belief from others, but to me it seems incredible; for they affirmed, that, having sailed round Africa, they had the sun on their right hand. Thus was Africa for the first time known."

Thus the very circumstance which the old historian regarded as throwing doubt on the discovery, is now one of the strongest corroborations of its truth.\* There appear to have been several attempts to sail along the west coast, by ancient expeditions; but to the Portuguese is due the modern honour of having first sailed round the Cape. From 1412, the Portuguese, under a race of adventurous princes, had extended their discoveries: but it occupied them sixty years to reach the Line, and nearly thirty years more to reach the Cape, which they first called Cabo Formoso, (Stormy Cape.) But the king gave it the more lucky, though the less poetical, title which it now bears.

The triumph of Columbus, in his discovery of the New World in 1492, raised the emulation of the Portuguese, then regarded as the first navigators in the world; yet it was not until four years after, that their expedition was sent, to equalize the stupendous accession to the Spanish domains, by the possession of the East. In July 1497, Gama sailed, reached Calicut May 2, 1498, and returned to Portugal, covered with well-earned renown, after a voyage of upwards of two years.

Having given this brief outline of the divisions and character of the mighty continent, which seemed important to the better understanding of the immediate subject, we revert to the intelligent and animated volumes of Captain (now Major) Harris.

A letter from the Bombay government, 29th April 1841, gave him this distinguished credential:—

"Sir—I am directed to inform you that the Honourable the Governor in Council, having formed a very high estimate of your talents and acquirements, and of the spirit of enterprise and decision, united with prudence and discretion, exhibited in your recently published travels through the territories of the Maselakatze to the Tropic of Capricorn, has been pleased to select you to conduct the mission which the British Government has resolved to send to Sahela Selasse, the king of Shoa, in Southern Abyssinia, whose capital, Ankober, is supposed to be about four hundred miles inland from the port of Tajura, on the African coast."

[Then followed the mention of the vessels appointed to carry the mission.]

(Signed) "J. P. WILLOUGHBY,  
Secretary to Government."

The persons comprising the mission were Major W. C. Harris, Bombay Engineers, Captain Douglas Graham, Bombay army, principal assistant, with others, naturalists, draftsmen, &c., and an escort of two sergeants and fifteen rank and file, volunteers from H. M. 6th foot and the Bombay Artillery.

On the afternoon of a sultry day in April, Major Harris, with his gallant and scientific associates, embarked on board the East India Company's steamship Auckland, in the harbour of Bombay, on their voyage to the kingdom of Shoa in Southern Abyssinia, in the year 1841. The steam frigate pursued her way prosperously through the waters, and on the ninth day was within sight of Cape Aden, after a voyage of 1680 miles. The Cape, named by the natives, Jebel Shemshan, rises nearly 1800 feet above the ocean, is frequently capped with clouds, a wild and fissured mass of rock, and evidently intended by nature for one of those great beacons which announce the approach to an inland sea. On rounding the Cape, the British eye was delighted with the sight of the Red Sea squadron, riding at anchor within the noble bay. The arrival of the frigate also caused a sensation on the shore; and Major Harris happily describes the feelings with which a new arrival is hailed by the British garrison on that dreary spot, their

only excitement being the periodical visits of the packets between Suez and Bombay. In the dead of the night a blue light shoots up in the offing. It is answered by the illumination of the block ship, then the thunder of her guns is heard, then, as she nears the shore, the flapping of her paddles is heard through the silence, then the spectral lantern appears at the mast-head, and then she rushes to her anchorage, leaving in her wake a long phosphoric train.

Wherever England drops an anchor, a new scene of existence has begun. At Aden, the supply of coal for the steam-ships has introduced a new trade; gangs of brawny Seedies, negroes from the Zanzibar coast, but fortunately enfranchised, make a livelihood by transferring the coal from the depots on shore to the steamers. Though the most unmusical race in the world, they can do nothing without music, but it is music of their own—a tambourine beaten with the thigh-bone of a calf; but their giant frames go through prodigious labour, carry immense sacks, and drink prodigious draughts to wash the coal-dust down. Such is the furious excitement with which they rush into this repulsive operation, that Major Harris thinks that for every hundred tons of coal thus embarked, at least one life is sacrificed: those strong savages, at once inflamed by drink, and overcome with toil, throwing themselves down on the dust or the sand, to rise no more. This shows the advantage of English philosophy: our coal-heavers in the Thames toil as much, are nearly as naked, nearly as black, and probably drink more; but we never hear of their dying in a fit of rapture in the embrace of a coal-sack. When the day is done, drunk or sober, washed or unwashed, they go home to their wives, sleep untroubled by the cares of kings, and return to fresh dust, drink, and dirt, next morning.

The coast of Arabia has no claims to the picturesque: all its charms, like those of the oyster, lie within the roughest of possible shells. Its first aspect resembles heaps of the clinders of a glass-house—a building whose heat seems to be fully realized by the temperature of this fearful place. England has a resident there. Captain

Haynes, named as political agent. That any human being, who could exist in any other place, would remain in Aden, is one of the wonders of human nature. An officer, of course, must go wherever he is sent; but such is the innate love for a post, that if this gallant and intelligent person were roasted to death, as might happen in one of the coolest days of the Ethiopian summer, there would be a thousand applications before a month was over, to the Foreign Office, for the honour of being carbonaded on the rocks of Aden.

The promontory has all the marks of volcanic eruption, and is actually recorded, by an Arab historian of the tenth century, to have been thrown up about that period. "Its sound, like the rumbling of thunder, might then be heard many miles, and from its entrails vomited forth red-hot stones, with a flood of liquid fire." The crater of the extinguished volcano is still visible, though shattered and powdered down by the tread under which Alps and Apennines themselves crumble away—that of Time. The only point on which we are sceptical is the late origin of the promontory. Nothing beyond a sand-hill or a heap of ashes has been produced on the face of nature since the memory of man. That a rock, or rather a mountain chain, with a peak 1800 feet high, should have been produced at any time within the last four thousand years, altogether tasks our credulity. The powers of nature are now otherwise employed than in rough-hewing the surface of the globe. She has been long since, like the sculptor, employed in polishing and finishing—the features were hewn out long ago. Her master-hand has ever since been employed in smoothing them.

Aden's reputation for barrenness is an old one—"Aden," says Ben Batuta of Tangiers, "is situate upon the sea-shore; a large city without either seed, water, or tree." This was written five hundred years ago; yet the ruins of fortifications and watch-towers along the rocks, show that even this human oven was the object of cupidity in earlier times; and the British guns, bristling among the precipices, show that the desire is

undecayed even in our philosophic age.

Yet the Arab imagination has created its wonders even in this repulsive scene; and the generation of monkeys which tenant the higher portion of the rocks, are declared by Arab tradition to be the remnant of the once powerful tribe of Ad, changed into apes by the displeasure of Heaven, when "the King of the World," Sheddad, renowned in eastern story, presumptuously dared to form a garden which should rival Paradise. The prophet Hnd remonstrated; but his remonstrances went for nothing, and the indignant monarch and his courtiers suddenly found their visages simious, their tongues chattering, and their lower portions furnished with tails—a species of transformation, which, so far as regards visage and tongue, is supposed to be not unfrequent among courtiers to this day. But this showy tradition goes further still. The Bostan al Irem (Garden of Paradise) is believed still to exist in the deserts of Aden: though geographers differ on its position. It still retains its domes and bowers—both of indescribable beauty; its crystal fountains, and its walks strewn with pearls for sand. It is true, that no living man can absolutely aver that he has seen this place of wonders; but that is a mere result of our very wicked age. This has not been always the case; for Abdallah Ibn Abou Kelaba passed a night in its palace in the reign of Moowiyeh, the prince of the Faithful. Lucky the man who shall next find it, but unlucky the world when he does; for then the day of the general conflagration will be at hand. In the mean time, it remains, like the top of Mount Mern, covered with clouds, or, like the inside of a Chinese puzzle, a work of unrivalled art, conceivable but intangible by man.

In this pleasant mingling of fact, visible to his shrewd eye, and fiction drawn from ancient fancy, Major Harris leads us on. But Aden is not yet exhausted of wonders—an island in its bay, Seerah, (the fortified black isle,) is pronounced to have been the refuge of Cain on the murder of Abel; and its volcanic and barren chaos is no unequal competitor for the honour with the rocks of the Caucasus.



But England, which changes every thing, is changing all this. Within the next generation, the railway will run down the romances of Nutrib; a cotton ~~manufactory~~ will send up its smoke to blot ~~the~~ the celestial blue, by day, and shoot forth its sullen illumination by night, over the haunted ~~spire~~; the minstrel will turn policeman; and the sheik be a justice of peace; political economy will have its itinerant lecturers, enlightening the Bedouins on the principles of rent and taxes; the city will have a lord mayor and corporation of the deepest black; the volcano will be planted with villas; turnpikes will measure out the sands; a hotel will flourish on the summit of Jebel Shemsian; and Aden will differ from Liverpool in nothing but being two thousand miles further from the smoke and multitudes of London.

The Arab is still the prominent person among the native population of this territory. Major Harrie describes him well. The bronzed and sunburnt visage, surrounded by long matted locks of raven hair; the slender but wiry and active frame, and the energetic gait and manner, proclaimed the unimpaired descendant of Ishmael. He nimbly mounts the crupper of his now unladen dromedary, and at a trot moves down the bazar. A checked kerchief round his brows, and a kilt of dark blue calico round his frame, comprise his slender costume. His arms have been deposited outside the Turkish wall; and as he looks back, his meagre, ferocious aspect, flanked by that tangled web of hair, stamps him the roving tenant of the desert. It is curious to find in this remote country a custom similar to that of the fiery cross, which in old times summoned the Celtic tribes to arms. On the alarm of invasion, a branch, torn by the priest from the asfet, (a tree bearing a fruit like the Siberian crab,) is lighted in the fire, the flame is then quenched in the blood of a newly slaughtered ram. It is then sent forth with a messenger to the nearest clan. Thus, great numbers are assembled with remarkable promptitude. In the invasion under Ibrahim Pasha, sixteen thousand of these wild warriors were assembled from one tribe. They crept into the

Egyptian camp by night, and, using only their daggers, made such formidable slaughter, that the Pasha was glad to escape by a precipitate retreat.

The Jews form an important part of the population, as artizans and manufacturers. Feeling the natural veneration for the Chosen People in all their misfortunes, and convinced that the time will come when those misfortunes will be obliterated, it is highly gratifying to find, that even in this place of their ancient sufferings, they are beginning to feel the benefit of British protection. Hitherto, through their indefatigable industry, having acquired opulence in Arabia as elsewhere, they were afraid either to display or to enjoy it; but now, under the protection of the British flag, they not merely enjoy their wealth, but they publicly practise the rights of their religion. Some slabs with Hebrew inscriptions mark the place of their dead. They have schools for the education of their children; and their men and women, arrayed in their holiday apparel, sit fearlessly in the synagogue, and listen to the reading of the law and the prophets, as of old. It is a great source of gratification to the philanthropist to find, that wherever England extends her power, industry, commerce, and peace are the natural result. Aden, barren as the soil is, is evidently approaching to a prosperity which it never possessed even in its most flourishing days. Emigrants from Yemen and from both shores of the Red Sea, are daily crowding within the walls, through the security which they offer against native oppression. In the short space of three years, the population has risen to twenty thousand souls. Substantial dwellings are rising up in every quarter, and at all the adjacent ports hundreds of native merchants are only waiting the erection of permanent fortifications, in token of our intending to remain, to flock under the guns with their families and wealth. The opinion of this intelligent writer is, that Aden, as a free port, whilst she pours wealth into a now impoverished land, must ere long become the queen of the adjacent seas, and rank amongst the most useful dependencies of the British crown.

The mission having remained some



time at Aden, to purchase horses and stores, sailed on the 15th May; and, on losing sight of Aden, the members of the mission characteristically took the "Pilgrims' vow" not to shave until their return. On the 17th they opened the town of Tajura, on the verge of a broad expanse of blue water, over which a gossamerlike fleet of fishing catamarans already plied their craft. Their pilot, an old Arab, was a man of fun, and the specimens of his tongue are good. In some reference to the anchorage, he said, "Now if we only had two-fathom Ali here, you would not have all these difficulties. When they want to lay out an anchor, they have nothing to do but to hand it over to Ali, and he walks away with it into six or eight feet without any ado. I went once upon a time in the dark to grope for a berth on board of his huggalow, and, stumbling over some one's toes, enquired to whom they belonged. 'To Ali,' was the reply. 'And whose knees are these?' said I, after walking half across the deck. 'Ali's.' 'And this head in the scuppers, pray whose is it?' 'Ali's; what do you want with it?' 'Ali again!' I exclaimed; 'then I must even look for stowage elsewhere.'"

The sight of a shark in the harbour let loose the old jester again. "A friend of mine," said he, "pilot of a vessel almost as fast a sailer as my own, which is acknowledged to be the best in these seas, was bound to Mocha with camels on board. When off the high table-land betwixt the Bay of Tajura and the Red Sea, one of the beasts dying, was hove overboard. Up came a shark ten times the size of that fellow there, and swallowed the camel, leaving only his hinder legs sticking out of his jaws; but before he had time to think where he was to find stowage for it, up came another tremendous fellow and bolted the shark, camel, legs, and all."

In return for this anecdote, the major gave him the story of the two Kilkenny cats in the saw-pit, which brought, until nothing remained of either but the tail and a bit of the bone. The old pilot doubted, "How can that be?" said he, revolving the business seriously in his mind. "As for the story I have told you, it is as true as the Koran."

After a short stay and presentation to the Sultan of Tajura, a slave-port, with a miserable old man for its master, the mission once more set forth for Shoa; yet even here we glean a specimen of Arab speech. "Trees attain not to their growth in a single day," said an Arab, when remonstrating with the sultan on his inordinate love of lucre. "Take the tree as your text, and learn that property is to be gathered only by slow degrees." "True," said the old miser; "but, sheik, you must have lost sight of the fact, that my leaves are already withered, and that, if I would be rich, I have not a moment to lose."

The packing up for the journey was a new source of trouble; every camel-driver found fault with his load. However, at length every article was stowed, except a hand-organ and a few stand of arms. At length, a great hulking savage offered to take the arms, provided they were cut in two to suit the back of his animals. We have then another instance of Arab drollery. "You are a tall man," said the old pilot; "suppose we shorten you by the legs." "No, no," said the barbarian, "I am flesh and blood, and shall be spoiled." "So will the contents of these cases, you offspring of an ass," said the old man, "if you divide them."

The progress to the interior from the port of Tajura, led them over immense ranges of basaltic cliffs, where the heat of the sun was felt with an intensity scarcely conceivable by European feelings. In this land of fire, the road skirting the base of a barren range covered with heaps of lava blocks, and its foot marked by piles of stones, the memorials of deeds of blood, the lofty conical peak of Jebel Seearo rose in sight, and not long afterwards the far-famed Lake Assad, surrounded by its dancing mirage, was seen sparkling at its base.

The first glimpses of this phenomenon, "though curious, was far from pleasing"—"an elliptical basin, seven miles in its transverse axis, filled half with smooth water of the deepest cerulean hue, and half with a sheet of glittering snow-white salt, marked by huge hot-rolling mountains, that dip their peaks into its very bowl, and on the south by craggy, half-formed rocks of lava, broken and di-

vided by chasma. No sound broke on the ear, not a ripple played on the water. The molten surface of the lake lay like burnished steel, the fierce sky was without a cloud, and the angry sun, like a ball of metal at a white heat, rode in full blaze."

It is scarcely wonderful, that among a people devoted to superstition, those terrible passes and sultry hollows should be marked as the haunts of the powers of evil. Adyll, a deep mysterious cavern at the extremity of one of those melancholy plains, is believed to be the especial abode of gins and *afreets*, whose voices are heard in the night, and who carry off the traveller to devour him without remorse. A late instance was mentioned of a man who was compelled by the weariness of his camel to fall behind the caravan, and who left no remnants behind him but his spear and shield. Major Harris well describes this spot as one which, from its desolate position, might be believed to be the last stage of the habitable world. "A close mephitic stench, impeding respiration, arose from the stifling exhalations of the stagnant lake. A frightful glare from the white salt and limestone hillocks threatened extinction to the vision, and a sickening heaviness in the loaded atmosphere was enhanced rather than alleviated by the fiery breath of the north-westerly wind, which blew without interruption during the day. The air was inflamed, the sky sparkled, and columns of burning sand, which at quick intervals towered high into the atmosphere, became so illuminated as to appear like tall pillars of fire. Crowds of horses, mules, and camels, tormented to madness by the poisonous gad-fly, flocked to share the only bush; and, disputing with their heels the slender shelter it afforded, compelled several of the party to seek refuge in caves formed below by fallen masses of volcanic rock, heated to the temperature of a potter's kiln, and fairly baking up the marrow in the bones." The heat in this place, with the thermometer under the shade of cloaks and umbrellas, was at 126°. It is only surprising how any of the party survived. Certainly if Abyssinia is to be approached only by this road, the prospect of an intercourse with it from the east, appears among

the most improbable things of this world.

One of the advantages of continental travel has been long since said to be, its teaching us how many comfortable things we enjoy at home; and it appears that no Englishman can comprehend the value of that despised fluid, fresh water, until he has left the precincts of his own fortunate land: but it is in Africa, and peculiarly on this Abyssinian high-road, that the value of a draught of spring water is to be especially estimated. "Since leaving the shores of India," says Major Harris, "the party had gradually been in training towards a disregard of dirty water. On board a ship of any description, the fluid is seldom very clear or very plentiful. At Cape Aden, there was little perceptible difference between the sea water and the land water. At Tadjura, the beverage obtainable was far from being improved in quality by the taint of the new skins in which it was transferred from the only well; and now, in the very heart of the scorching Tehenna, where a opious draught of pure water seemed absolutely indispensable every five minutes, the mixture was the very acme of abomination. Fresh hides stripped from the he-goat, besmeared inside as well as out with old tallow and strong bark tan, filled from an impure well at Sagallo, tossed and tumbled during two days and nights under a distilling heat," formed a drink which we should conclude to be little short of poison. However, the human throat learns to accommodate itself to every thing in time, and the time came when even this abomination was longed for.

But the worst was not yet come. It was midnight when the party commenced the steep ascent of the southeastern boundary of the lake, a ridge of volcanic rocks. "The north-east wind had scarcely diminished its parching fierceness, and in hot suffocating gusts swept over the glittering expanse of water and salt, where the moon shone brightly; each deadly puff succeeded by the stillness that foretells a tropical hurricane. The prospect around was wild—beetling, basaltic cones, and jagged slabs of shattered lava."

The path itself was formidable,

winding along the crest of the ridge over sheets of broken lava, with scarcely more than sufficient width to admit of the progress in single file. "The horrors of this dismal night set all description at defiance." The hope of water, though at the distance of sixteen miles, excited them for a while; but at length even this excitement failed. And "owing to the heat, fasting, and privation, the limbs of the weaker refused the task, and after the first two miles they dropped fast into the rear. Under the fiery blast of the midnight sirocco the cry for water, uttered feebly and with difficulty by numbers of parched throats, now became incessant; and the supply for the whole party falling short of a gallon and a half, it was not long to be answered. A tiny sip of diluted vinegar for a moment assuaged the burning thirst which raged in the vitals; but its effects were transient, and, after struggling a few steps, they sank again, declaring their days to be numbered, and their resolution to rise up no more. Dogs incontinently expired upon the road, horses and mules that once lay down were abandoned to their fate; while "the lion-hearted soldier, who had braved death at the cannon's mouth, subdued and unmanned by thirst, lay gasping by the wayside, hailing approaching dissolution with delight, as the termination of tortures which were no longer to be endured." As another day dawned, and the "round red sun" again rose over the lake of salt, the courage even of those who had borne up against this fiery trial began to flag: "a dizziness came before the drowsy eyes, giddiness seized the brain, and the hope held out by the guides, of water in advance, seemed like the delusion of a dream."

In this crisis, at which our chief wonder is, that Major Harris and his explorers were ever heard of again, or had left any memorials of themselves but their bones, a wild Bedouin was seen, "like a delivering angel," hurrying forward with a large skin, filled with muddy water. This well-timed supply was divided among the fainting people: a quantity was poured over the face and down the throat of each; and at a late hour, "ghastly, haggard, and exhausted,

like men who had escaped from the jaws of death, the whole had contrived to straggle into a camp, which, but for the foresight and firmness of the son of Ali Abi, (who had sent the water,) few individuals would have reached alive."

After traversing this terrible desert of fifty miles—a barrier to all general and commercial intercourse, which we should think impassable, however it might be overcome by a small party of bold and hardy men, well led, furnished with every supply, water excepted, which could sustain them through its horrors, (and which yet, through that single want, had nearly perished)—they pursued a long and difficult march through a dreary country, scantily peopled, dotted with robber clans, and exhibiting impediments of all kinds in the knavery and villany of the native authorities; until they reached the borders of Abyssinia. We had by no means been aware that volcanoes had made so large a share of this portion of Africa. The whole border seems to be volcanic, and to remain in its blasted and broken surface, evidence of its having been, in remote ages, perhaps in the earliest, the scene of most intense and general volcanic action.

In Major Harris's animated description—"singular and interesting indeed is the wild scenery in the vicinity of the treacherous oasis of Sultelli. A field of extinct volcanic cones, vomited out of the entrails of the earth, and each encircled by a black belt of vitrified lava, environs it on three sides; and of these Mount Abida, three thousand feet in height, whose cup, enveloped in clouds, stretches some two and a half miles in diameter, would seem to be the parent. Beyond, the still loftier crater of Atulloo, the ancient landmark of the now-decayed empire of Ethiopia, is visible in dim perspective; and, looming hazily in the extreme distance, is the great blue Abyssinian range."

In any part of Africa a river of tolerable magnitude is an object of the most anxious interest; and the approach to the Hawash, the boundary river of the kingdom of Shoa, was looked to with eager speculation. At length the height was reached from



which was obtained "an exhilarating prospect over the dark, lone valley of the long looked-for Hawash. The course of the river was marked by a dense belt of trees and verdure, stretching towards the base of the great mountain range, of which the cloud-capped cone, which frowns over the capital of Shoa, forms the most conspicuous feature." The mission now began to exult:—"Though still far distant, the ultimate destination of the embassy appeared almost to have been gained, and none had an idea of the length of time that must elapse before his foot should press the soil of Ankober." A day of intense heat was as usual followed by a heavy fall of rain, which, owing to the unaccommodating arrangement of striking the tents at sunset, thoroughly drenched the whole party.

The new difficulty was, how to cross the Hawash, "second of the rivers of Abyssinia, and rising in the very heart of Ethiopia, at an elevation of 8000 feet above the sea. It is fed by niggardly tributaries from the high bulwarks of Shoa and Eilat, and flows, like a great artery, through the arid plains of the Adail, green and wooded throughout its long course, and finally absorbed in the lagoons of Aussa. The canopy of fleecy clouds, which, as mid-day dawned, hung thick and heavy over the lofty blue peaks beyond, gave sad presage of the deluge that was pouring between its verdant banks from the higher regions of the source."

The party now descended to enjoy the real luxuries of shade and water, in a region where they had hitherto seen nothing but salt and lava. At first thinly wooded, they found the soil covered with tall rank grass, from which, however, the perpetual incursions of the robber tribes scare the flocks and herds. Deeper down, they entered among gum-bearing acacias and fruit-trees. "Guinea-fowl rose before them, groves of tamarisk, ringing to the voice of the bell-bird, flanked every open glade, and the fractured branches of the noble trees gave proof of the presence of the most ponderous of the mammals."

Forcing their way, with some difficulty, through this jungle, they obtained their first near view of the

river, a "deep volume of turbid water," covered with drift wood, and rolling, at the rate of three miles an hour, between clayey walls twenty-five feet in height. The breadth fell short of sixty yards, but the flood was not yet at its maximum. Willows, drooping over the stream, were festooned with recent drift, hanging many feet above the level of the banks; and it was evident that the waters had lately been out, to the overflowing of the country for many miles." The river, now upwards of 2200 feet above the level of the ocean, forms, in this quarter, the nominal boundary of the kingdom of Shoa.

They were now on "the spot which exhibited the forest life of Africa." In a lake adjoining the river, the hippopotamus "rolled his unwieldy carcass to the surface, amid floating crocodiles, protruding his snout to blow a snort that might be heard at the distance of a mile." An unfortunate donkey, which had been partly drowned and partly strangled, was thrown out of the camp. No sooner had night fallen, than this prey roused the appetites of the whole forest. While the rain descended in torrents, the howl and growl of wild beasts was heard at their banquet on the donkey throughout the night. Lightning played over the woods; the "violent snapping of the branches proclaimed the nocturnal movements of the elephant and hippopotamus;" the loud roar and startling snort were constantly heard; and by morning every vestige of the dead animal, even to the skull, had disappeared.

Africa, in all its provinces, is the scene of the boldest field sports in the world—India and its tigers, perhaps, excepted. But Africa excels even India in the variety and multitude of its mighty savages—lions, elephants, panthers, and hippopotami; the sands, the forests, the jungles, the rivers, the marshes, everything and place abounds with brute life, on the largest, the boldest, and the fiercest scale. Africa, with the human race on the lowest grade, has the brute on the highest, and its true name is the great kingdom of savage nature.

A two-ounce ball had been lodged in the forehead of a hippopotamus on the evening of reaching the Hawash;



but the animal having dived, the natives, in some jealousy of the skill of the British rifle, declared that it had not been mortally struck. The next dawn, however, decided the question, for the "freckled pink sides of a dead hippopotamus were to be seen high above the surface, as the distended carcass floated like a monstrous buoy at anchor." Hawsaers were carried out with all diligence, and the "colossus" was towed ashore amidst the acclamations of the whole caravan. Then came a native scene. A tribe of savages, who had waited, squatting, to see the arrival of the monster, threw aside their bows and arrows, and, stripping its thick hide from the ribs, attacked it with the vigour of an African horde. Donkeys and women were laden with incredible despatch, and, "staggering under huge flaps of meat," the savages went their way.

The soil now became swampy, yet only the more filled with animal existence. *Le Aïm*, (the White Water,) a lake which they skirted, of two miles' diameter, was the haunt of countless wild-owl, geese, mallards, teal, herons, flamingoes. A party of Bedouin women deposed to having seen another "party" of elephants taking a bath in the spot half an hour before, and the prints of their huge feet in the moist sands corroborated the testimony. Hideously withered women followed the march of the mission, carrying curds, and covered over with marsh-flies. Above, vast flights of locusts, which had stripped the coast, were pouring in towards Abyssinia. "They quite darkened the air" where the caravan halted; and above them again were a host of adjutant birds, sometimes bursting down through the mass, and then stooping to the ground, and stalking along to devour the killed and wounded. This is the land, too, of the hurricane. Nature is queen or tyrant here; the thunder bears the sensorium; the lightning burns out the eyes; the rain is a cataract; the hail is a continued volley of ice; the clouds stoop to earth, and bury the daylight like a shroud; the rivers become torrents; the dry plain becomes first a swamp, and then a sea. Tents and tarpaulins are useless to keep out the deluge from above, or

are beaten down by its weight on the heads of the unfortunates who trust to them for shelter, until at length the caravan, stripped of all covering, has no resource but to bide the pelting of the pitiless storm, and, shivering and shelterless, wait until the hurricane has howled itself away.

At length they reached the city of Furri, loaded, for the thirty-fifth time, with the baggage of the British embassy. The caravan, escorted by a detachment of three hundred matchlock men, with flutes playing, and muskets echoing, and the heads of the warriors decorated with white plumes, on the 16th July entered the frontier town of the kingdom of Efat. Clusters of conical-roofed houses, covering the sides of twin hills, here presented the first permanent habitations that had greeted the eye since leaving the sea-coast—rude and ungainly, but right welcome signs of transition from depopulated waste to the abodes of man. The African seems a robber by nature, and the sight of the bags and boxes excited the national propensity in a most violent degree. Even the royal ministers and courtiers seem to have felt a passion for looking into those prohibited treasures, which evidently tempted their virtue in a most perilous degree. Meanwhile a special messenger arrived, bearing reiterated compliments from the Negos, (king,) with a horse and a mule from the royal stud, attired in the peculiar trappings which belong to majesty. Those animals awoke all the loyal curiosity of the people. At the sight women and girls, enveloped in blood-red shifts, who had thronged to stare at the strangers, burst into a stream of acclamation. A group of hooded widows thrust their fingers into their ears and joined in the clamour. The escort and camel-drivers placed no bounds to their hilarity. A fat ox, that had been promised, was turned loose among the spectators, pursued by fifty savages with their gleaming creases, and hamstringed by a dexterous blow, which threw it bellowing to the earth in the height of its mad career, and tribes of lean ears commenced an indiscriminate engagement over the garbage.

The neighbouring nations look upon the population of this province with

great contempt. They say that their tongues are long for lying, their arms are long for stealing, and their legs are long for running away.

The mission now approached another region, perhaps the finest in Africa. Every change in the climate and soil in Africa is in extremes, and barrenness and unbounded fertility lie side by side.

"As if by the touch of the magician's wand, the scene now passes, in an instant, from parched wastes to the green and lovely islands of Abyssinia, presenting one scene of rich and thriving cultivation. The baggage having at length been consigned to the shoulders of six hundred grumbling Moslem porters—for here the camel, from the steepness of the hills, was useless—and forming a line, which extended upwards of a mile, the embassy, on the morning of the 17th, commenced the ascent of the Abyssinian Alps: the flutes again played; the wild warriors of the escort again chanted their songs. It was a cool and lovely morning, and an invigorating breeze played over the mountains' side, on which, now less than ten degrees from the equator, flourished the vegetation of northern climes. The rough and stony road wound on, by a steep ascent, over hill and dale, now skirting some precipitous ascent, now dipping into the basin of some verdant hollow, where it suddenly emerged into a succession of shady lanes, bounded by flowering hedgerows."

All this is so ~~like~~ England, and so unlike Africa, that we should suspect the major's memory to have been as active at least as his observation. But the work contains so much internal evidence of accuracy, independently of the confidence attached to the character of the intelligent writer himself, that we must believe the heart of Ethiopia to possess scenes that would be worthy of the heart of our own fresh and flower-bearing island. (The scene which follows is quite Arcadian.)

"The wild rose, the fern, the ~~larkspur~~, and the honeysuckle, smiled ~~upon~~ a succession of highly cultivated ~~terraces~~, and on every eminence stood a cluster of conically thatched houses, enveloped by green hedges, and partially ~~embowered~~ amid dark trees, ~~as the troop~~ passed on, the peasant ~~abandoned~~ his occupation to gaze at the novel ~~pro-~~

spect; while merry groups of hooded women, decked in scarlet and crimson, left their avocations in the hut to welcome the king's guests with a shrill ~~strolch~~, which rang from every hand. Birds warbled among the groves. At various turns of the road the prospect was rugged, wild, and beautiful. The first Christian village was soon revealed on the summit of a height. Three principal ranges of hills were next crossed in succession. Lastly, the view opened upon the wooded site of Ankober, occupying a central position in a horseshoe crescent of mountains, still high above, which enclose a magnificent amphitheatre of ten miles in diameter. This is clothed throughout with a splendid, vigorous, and varied vegetation."

The embassy now halted, waiting for permission to enter the capital, and taking up their quarters in a town three thousand feet above Furr, on the frontier. The escort of the troop fired a salute on entering, and, as they marched along, performed the war dance. A veteran ~~emerged~~ before the ranks with a drawn sword between his teeth, and the martial song was chorused by three hundred Christian throats. The prospect from this elevated point mutually struck the travellers with astonishment and admiration. The site of the town is only one of the thousand cones into which the mountain side is broken as it approaches the plain. The prospect over the plain was boundless, and countless villages met the eye upon the mountain slope. Wherever the plough could go, all was cultivated. Wheat, barley, Indian corn, beans, peas, cotton, and oil plant, thrived luxuriantly round every hamlet. The regularly marked fields mounted in terraces to the height of three or four thousand feet, becoming, in their boundaries, more and more indistinct, until totally lost in the shadowy green side of Mamrat (the Mother of Grace.)

This mountain is a wonder, shrouded in clouds whilst all was sunshine below. It is clothed with a dense forest, and ascends to an elevation of 18,000 feet above the sea. Here are collected, for security, the treasures of the monarch which have been amassed since the re-establishment of the kingdom, one hundred and fifty years ago.

After remaining some time in the market-place, the governor of the town appeared, and conducted the mission to the house of an old Moslem woman, where they were to lodge for the night. The names of the three daughters, Major Harris observes, were worthy of the days of Prince Cherry and Fair Star. They were Eve, Sweet Limes, and Sunbeam. The ladies vacated the house with great good-humour; but it was low, intolerably filthy, and without bedding or food. The unfortunate mission had thus to spend a night, probably unequalled by their sufferings in the open field. Though so near the equator, they felt the cold severely; rain set in with great violence, pouring through the roof, and entering into the threshold. A fire was indispensable, yet they were nearly suffocated with smoke; they were devoured with insects, and in this torment and fever tossed till dawn. At the arrival of morning they received the disappointing message, that the king could not yet visit his capital, but that they might either seek him among the mountains, or wait for him where they were.

Major Harris imputes this disappointment to the accidental opening of one of the boxes of presents. Royal cupidity had been so strongly excited by the conjectures of their contents, that the king had evidently been anxious, in the first instance, to hasten their delivery as much as possible. Gold and jewels were probably uppermost in the royal conceptions; but the box happening to contain only the leather buckets belonging to the "galloper guns," the spectators were loud in their derision. "These," they exclaimed, "are but a poor people! What is their nation compared with the Amhara? for behold, in this trash, specimens of the offerings brought from their boasted land to the footstool of the mightiest of monarchs."

The rainy season was now setting in, and the situation of the embassy became more comfortless from day to day. Notes were written, and answers received from the monarch, but the royal interview was still postponed, partly by the artifice of the knavish governors, who kept a longing eye on the presents, and partly by the barbarian etiquette of showing the na-

tives the scorn with which their king was entitled to treat all the nations of the world.

The residence of the mission in this comfortless place, however, gave an opportunity of acquiring considerable knowledge of the habits and commerce of the interior. The chief traffic is in slaves, but coffee is exported extensively from Harar, and large caravans three times in the year visit the ports, Zeyla and Barbara, laden with ivory, ostrich feathers, ghee, saffron, gums, and myrrh. In return are brought blue and white calicoes, Indian piece goods, Indian prints, silks, and shawls, red cotton yarn, silk threads, beads, frankincense, copper wire, and zinc.

A fortnight rolled away painfully in this detestable place, which was named Alio Amba, when a summons came from the monarch in these formal words:—"Tarry not by day, neither starve by night; for the heart of the father longeth to see his children, and let him not be disappointed."

They now ascended through a country of romantic beauty, to Machalwan, the place appointed for the interview. The Abyssinian in charge of the embassy, was now sent forward to obtain permission to fire a salute of twenty-one guns on the arrival of the troop at the royal residence. This request seemed to have alarmed his majesty in no slight degree. The most romantic reports of the ordnance had gone before them. It was currently believed that their discharge was sufficient to set fire to the ground, to shiver rocks, and to dismantle mountain fastnesses. Men were said to have arrived, with "copper legs," who served those tremendous engines; and in alarm for the safety of his palace, capital, and treasures, the suspicious monarch still peremptorily insisted on withholding the desired license, until he should have seen the battery "with his own eyes." It rained incessantly during the night which preceded the day of presentation, and until the morning broke; when a great volume of white mist rose from the deep valleys, and drifted like a scene-curtain across the summit of the giant Mamrat. The whole troop now began to ascend the mountain; and, as they approached within sight of the royal palace,



the escort commenced to fire their matchlocks. The view here is described as very lovely, and giving some conception of European variety of vegetation, with tropical luxuriance. Farm-houses, rich fields, foaming cascades, and bright green meadows covered with flowers, met the eye on every side; and above all towered the great Abyssinian range, some thousand feet perpendicularly overhead, with its summits crested with clouds. The crowd of spectators was immense, and were repelled only by strokes of the bamboo. At length a large tent was pitched for the reception of the embassy, the floor was strewn with heath, myrtles, and other aromatic shrubs; and the weather having cleared up, "the mission, radiant with plumes and gold embroidery, moved on." As they reached the precincts of the palace, the artillery fired a salute, which equally awed and astonished the multitude, the discharge being followed by universal shouts in the native tongue of—"Wonderful English! Well done, well done!"

After several further stoppings, they entered the reception hall. It was circular, and showy. The lofty walls glittered with a profusion of silver ornaments, emblazoned shields, matchlocks, and double-barreled guns. Persian carpets and rugs of all sizes, colours, and patterns, covered the floors; and crowds of governors, chiefs, and officers of the court, in their holiday attire, stood in a posture of respect, uncovered to the girdle. Two wide akoves reared on either side, in one of which blazed a cheerful wood fire, engrossed by indolent cats; while in the other, on a flowered satin ottoman, surrounded by withered slaves and juvenile pages, and supported by gay velvet cushions, lay "His most Christian majesty, Sahela Selasse!" The Dech Agulart, (state doorkeeper,) as master of the ceremonies, stood with a rod of green rushes to preserve the exact distance of approach to royalty; and as the British entered and made their bows, pointed them to chairs, which done, it was commanded that all should be covered.

The monarch was not unworthy of figuring in this pomp. Forty summers, of which eight-and-twenty had been passed on the throne, had slightly

furrowed his forehead, and grizzled a full bushy head of hair, arranged in elaborate curls. But, though wanting the left eye, "the expression of his manly features, open, pleasing, and commanding, did not belie the character for impartial justice which he had obtained far and wide; even the robber tribes of the low country calling him a fine balance of gold."

After the delivery of the ambassadorial letters, the exhibition commenced, which had so long been the envy of the courtiers, and probably the conversation of the kingdom. The presents were displayed. A rich Brussels carpet, which completely covered the hall, Cashmere shawls, and embroidered Delhi scarfs of resplendent hues, excited universal admiration. The finer specimens were handed to the king. As the various presents succeeded, the delight increased. A group of Chinese dancing figures, produced bursts of merriment; and when the European escort, in full uniform, with the sergeant at their head, marched into the hall, paced in front of the throne, and performed the manual and platoon exercises, amid ornamented clocks chiming, and musical boxes playing "God save the Queen," his majesty appeared quite entranced. "But many and bright were the smiles that lighted up the royal features, as three hundred muskets, with bayonets fixed, were piled in front of the royal footstool. A buzz of mingled wonder and applause arose from the crowded courtiers; and the monarch's satisfaction now filled to overflowing. 'God will reward you,' he exclaimed—"for I cannot!"

But a more serious and a more striking display was still to follow. The artillery were to exhibit their powers; and the crowd rushed out, and scattered over the hill, to see its practice. A sheet was attached to the opposite face of the ravine, the valley rang to the roar of the guns; and as the white cloth flew in shreds to the wind, under a rapid discharge of round shot, canister, and grape, amid the crumbling of the rock, and the rush of falling stones, shouts of admiration rang from hill to hill. This eventful evening was closed by testimonies of the king's satisfaction, in the shape of a huge pepper pie from



the royal kitchen, with his commands that his children might feast; and a visit from the royal confessor, a dwarf enveloped in robes and turbans, and armed with silver cross and crossier. Seating himself in a chair, he delivered a speech, which affords us good a specimen of court oratory as any thing that we remember; and also shows the powerful effect of the presents on the courtly sensibilities. The speech was as follows:—

“Forty years have rolled away since Asfa Woosen, on whose memory be peace! grandsire to our beloved monarch, saw in a dream that the red men were bringing into his kingdom, curious and beautiful commodities from countries beyond the great sea. The astrologers, on being commanded to give an interpretation thereof, predicted with one accord, that foreigners from the land of Egypt would come into Abyssinia during his majesty’s most illustrious reign; and that yet more and wealthier would follow in that of his son, and of his son’s son, who should sit next upon the throne. Praise be unto God, that the dream and its interpretation have now been fulfilled! Our eyes, though they be old, have never beheld wonders until this day; and during the reign over Shon of seven successive kings, no such miracles as these have been wrought in Ethiopia!!”

The embassy were now fixed under the protection of the monarch; and they were invited to join in the various displays and festivals of the new year, which the Abyssinians begin on the 10th of September. Of these, the cavalry review was by far the most showy, as well as the most suited to the gratification of the British officers. Some parts of this display seemed to have been borrowed from the days of European knighthood. The king’s master of the horse advanced at the head of his squadrons of picked household cavalry, “the flower of the Christian lances.” Ayto Melkop, their leader, was arrayed in a party-coloured vest, surmounted by a crimson Arab fleoce, handsomely studded with silver jets. A gilt embossed gauntlet encircled his right arm, from the wrist to the elbow; his target and horse-trappings glittered with a profusion of silver crosses and devices, and he looked a stately and martial figure,

curveting at the head of his well-appointed lancers.

This warrior, advancing with his line, galloped up in front, and made a speech in the manner of old-heroic times, vaunting his past prowess and his present loyalty, his troopers accompanying the more successful parts of his speech by striking the lance upon the target. At the close, he threw his spears upon the ground, unsheathed his two-edged falchion, gave a howl, which was answered by a roar from his horsemen, and a discharge of fire-arms; and the whole made a dash, and charged across the parade.

At the royal command, the British now fired a salute of twenty-one guns, to the great wonder and astonishment of the wild Galla and the multitude of spectators. Thirteen governors, (of provinces, we presume,) clothed in the skins of lions and leopards, and covered with silver chains, cuirasses, and gauntlets, emblems of their gallantry in the field, next passed before the king, each at the head of his troop, and each making a harangue. Abyssinia must be a very oratorical country. Last of all, came the tall, martial figure of Abegoz Moreteh, chief of the tributary Galla of the south, at the head of his legion, three thousand in number: this “sea of wild horsemen” moved in advance, to the sound of kettle-drums, their arms and decorations flashing in the sun, and their ample white robes and long sable hair streaming in the breeze. At the war-whoop of their leader, “with the rush of a hurricane the moving forest of lances disappeared under a cloud of dust.” From eight to ten thousand cavalry were in the field; and the spectacle, which lasted from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, was “exceedingly wild and impressive.” But the most impressive display of all was to be supplied by the British. With fire-arms the people were acquainted already. The “brass galloper,” though viewed with “wonderful respect,” was still only an engine on a larger scale than those to which they were familiarized. But the rocket was a formidable and splendid novelty. Night had now thrown her mantle round the field, and, by the king’s command, the rocket practice began; the first bril-

rain into the air was matter of moment to all. When the rocket burst with a roar from its bed, men, women, and children fell on their faces—horses and mules broke from their tethers—and the warriors who had any heart remaining shouted aloud. The Galla tribes, who witnessed the explosion, ascribed the phenomenon to "potent medicines," and declared, that since the Gyptzia (British) could, at pleasure, produce comets in the sky and rain fire from heaven, there was nothing for them but submission to the king's command.

The review was followed, at some interval of time, by a more substantial display. Thrice in the year the king summons his rude militia for an inroad into some of the neighbouring lands; and, as he was particularly anxious to have the presence of the embassy on this occasion, and as they conceived it to offer the best opportunity of seeing the country, they accordingly accepted the invitation. As it is to be presumed that they had no intention of taking any personal part in this marauding expedition, we are not disposed to criticise their acquiescence; otherwise there could be no doubt whatever, that they had no right to assist the king of Shoa in his foray on his neighbours, more than they would have had a right to assist his neighbours in their attacks upon the king of Shoa.

The march was peculiar, and even pompous, in its kind. It was extraordinary to see it preceded by a copy of the Holy Scriptures, under a canopy of scarlet cloth, and borne on a mule; but, it must be owned, accompanied by the "Ark of the cathedral of St Michael," which works miracles, and is regarded as a pledge of victory. Then came the king on a richly caparisoned mule, surrounded by his guard of shield-bearers, and flanked by matchlock-men; then came forty damsels, royal cooks, painted with ochre, and muffled in crimson-striped robes of cotton—a troop rigorously guarded by attendants with long white wands. Beyond these, as far as the eye could penetrate the clouds of dust, every hill and valley teemed with horsemen, camp-followers, sumpter-mules, and men carrying

sheaves of spears, and leading caparisoned horses, all mixed in the most picturesque confusion. After a march of fifteen miles, the female cooks halted, like a flight of flamingoes, in a pretty, secluded valley. It was evident that the day's march was now at an end, and the army halted to bivouac for the night. In the centre of this straggling camp, which could not be less than five miles in diameter, was raised a suite of royal tents, consisting of a gay party-coloured marquee of Turkish manufacture, surrounded by twelve ample awnings of black serge, over which floated five crimson pennons, surmounted respectively by silver globes. There was something of African, or perhaps European, pomp in this proceeding. Until the royal tents were enclosed from the vulgar eye, the Negroes, ascending an adjacent eminence with his chiefs and an escort of picked warriors remained seated on a cushioned *alga*, and under the crimson canopy of the state umbrella.

When night fell, rockets were fired by the royal command, "to instil terror into the breasts of the Galla hordes;" and the peak which ran near the headquarters, was chosen as the most central spot for the display. The effect, brilliant every where, was here all that even Majesty could have desired. The "fire-rainers" (the picturesque name which, we presume, Major Harris has adopted from the natives) produced delight, wonder, and terror, in all their degrees; and if the Galla nation were present, they must, to a man, have solicited chains, rather than be roasted alive by those flying monsters, which the people seem to have taken for the works of magic, if not magicians themselves. The display was followed by a repast in the old heroic style, and which will not be forgotten, should Abyssinia ever give the world a sable Homer.

The chiefs and nobles sat down to their feast in the royal pavilion, where hydromel, beer, and raw flesh were in regal profusion!! After supper, speeches were made in the Homeric style, boasting of what the warriors had done, and intended to do. A fragment of one of the speeches, addressed to the English as the party broke up, gives a fair idea of Abyssinian table eloquence.

'You are the adorners,' (the orator had been decorated with a scarlet cloak;) 'you have given me scarlet broadcloth, and behold I have reserved this gift for this day. This garment will bring me success; for the Pagan who sees a crimson cloak on the shoulders of the Amhara,' (Abyssinian,) 'believing him to be a warrior of distinguished valour, will take, like an ass, to his heels, and be speared without the smallest danger.'"

The march, and the foray into the country of one of the Galla tribes, are admirably told, and perhaps are among the best descriptions in the volumes—exact without being tedious, and deeply coloured without exaggeration. But we must hasten to other things. This was the monarch's eighty-fourth foray; and from this we may conceive something of the horrors of barbarian life, and of the tremendous evils which nations have escaped whose laws and principles tame down the original evil of man.

We are glad to find that the embassy refused to take any share in this horrible work, though they fell into some dispute with the troops, and even with the monarch, for their remissness. The king had even reserved an unlucky Galla in a tree, to be shot by his guests. But this they declined, first, on the pretext of its being the Sabbath, and next, more distinctly on the ground, that—"no public body is authorized by the law of nations, to draw a sword offensively in any country not at war with its own." They then offered the compromise, "that an elephant was esteemed equivalent to forty Gallas, and a wild buffalo to five, and that they were ready to shoot as many of both as his Majesty pleased." But the embassy did more effectual things; the sick and wounded received relief from them to the extent of their means, and they even prevailed on the king to liberate all his prisoners. The troops in the foray amounted to about 20,000.

On the return of this destroying expedition, which seems to have turned a very fine country into a desert, the king made a kind of triumphal entry into his capital. His costume was splendidly savage. A lion's skin over his shoulders, richly ornamented, and half concealing beneath its folds an embroidered green

mantle of Indian manufacture; on his right shoulder were three chains of gold, as emblems of the Holy Trinity, (1) and the fresh-plucked bough of asparagus, which denoted his recent exploit, rose from the centre of an embossed coronet of silver on his brow. His dappled war-horse, in housings of blue and yellow, was led beside him; and in front his "champion" rode a coal-black charger, bearing the royal shield of massive silver, with the cross upon it, and dressed in a panther's hide. The two chief officers of his army rode on either side of the crimson umbrella; at the palace gates, a deputation of priests in white robes received the conqueror with a benediction, and a volley of musketry announced his arrival. The leader of the royal matchlockmen performed a war dance before the Ark as it was borne along, and in the inner court the principal warriors, each carrying some human fragment on his lance, flung them on the ground before the royal footstool, and shouted their war praise.

The embassy at length attained personal distinction by the death of an elephant, which one of the party brought to the ground by a two-ounce ball. The "warriors" were all in astonishment at this feat, to which all had predicted the most disastrous termination; and "Boroo, the brave chief of the Soopa," exclaimed in his delight, "The world was made for you, and no one else has any business in it!"

The chief object of the embassy was still to be accomplished—the formation of something that approached to a treaty of commerce. Beads, cutlery, and trinkets, had been received from the coast; but the beggary of the nobles for those things was perpetual and intolerable. They called those ornaments pleasing things, and the cry was constant, "show me pleasing things," "give me delighting things," "adorn me from head to foot." It is scarcely surprising that the natives should be enamoured of European commodities; for, though an old commerce had subsisted with Arabia, the supplies brought by the English were of the most exciting kind. Uletonating caps were in great request; treble strong capister powder was also



much in demand. Yet there was some ingenuity amongst themselves; for a young fellow was taken up for making dollars of pewter. Every spot and letter had been closely represented with a punch and file. "Tell me," said the king, on the case of this culprit being mentioned to him, "how is that machine made which in your country pours out the silver crowns like a shower of rain?" The hand corn-mills, presented by the British Government, had been erected within the palace walls, and slaves were turning the wheels with unceasing diligence. "Demetrius, the Armenian, made a machine to grind corn," exclaimed his majesty in a transport of delight, as the flour streamed upon the floor; "and though it cost the people a year of hard labour to construct, it was useless when finished, because the priest declared it to be the devil's work, and cursed the bread. But, may the Sahela Selasse die—these engines are the work of clever hands."

The monarch, elated with his knowledge, now determined to build a bridge, which in three days was completed; and, as was predicted by the quiet English spectators, in three hours fell down on the very first fresh produced by the annual rains.

Weaving excepted; the people manufactured nothing; but British commerce has long been known, though evidently of the coarsest kind. At length, on his majesty's being told that five thousand looms would bring him more wealth than ten thousand soldiers, he gradually consented to form a commercial treaty. The crown had hitherto appropriated the property of strangers dying in the country. The purchase or display of costly goods by the subject had been interdicted, and a maxim exhibiting the whole jealousy of savage life had been established, that the stranger who once entered was never to depart from Abyssinia. By the articles of the commercial treaty, all those barbarous prohibitions have been abolished.

As the monarch returned the deed, he made a short speech sufficiently able and appropriate: "You have loaded me with costly presents, the raiment that I wear, the throne on

which I sit, the curiosities in my store-houses, and the muskets which hang round my great hall—all are from your country. What have I to give in return for such wealth? My kingdom is as nothing."

The hereditary provinces at this day subject to the King of Shoa, are comprised in a rectangular domain of 150 by 90 miles; an area traversed by five systems of mountains, of which the enlignating point divides the basin of the Nile from that of the Hawash. The Christian population of Shoa and Eilat are estimated at a million; and the Moslem and Pagan population at a million and a half. The royal revenues are said to amount to 80,000 or 90,000 German crowns, arising chiefly from import duties in slaves, merchandise, and salt. As the annual expenses of the state do not exceed 10,000 dollars; it is presumed that the king, during his thirty years' reign, has amassed much treasure, which is regularly deposited under ground.

We recommend the enquirers into the truth of Herodotus, to examine the curious illustrations stated in these volumes; and, among the rest, the kingdom of pignies. The geographer will find ample interest in tracing the course of the Gochob, a sort of central Nile; and the naturalist, botanist, and entomologist, will find abundant information in the very interesting and complete appendices on those subjects. The history of the Christian missions of early ages, is an excellent chapter, and the general statistics of religion.

The practical religion of the Abyssinian Christian is of the very lowest degree of formality. Fasts, penances, and excommunications, form the chief discipline; but the penitent can always provide a substitute for the two former, and the latter is always to be averted by money. Spiritual offences, however, are rare; for murder and sacrilege alone give umbrage to the easy conscience of the natives of Shoa. Abstinence and largesses of money are equivalent to wiping away every sin. Their creed advises the invocation of saints, confession to the priest, and faith in charms and amulets. Prayers for the dead, and absolution, are indispensable; and, as a more summary



modo of relieving the burdens of the flesh, it is pronounced, that all sins are forgiven from the moment that the kiss of the pilgrim is imprinted on the stones of Jerusalem, and that even kissing the hand of a priest purifies the body from all sin. A creed of this order, which makes spiritual safety dependent, not upon personal purification of mind and divine mercy, but upon forms which are unconnected with either, and which even can be executed by a substitute, of course excludes the necessity for morals of any kind. All is corruption—"Born amid falsehood and deceit, cradled in bloodshed, and nursed in the arms of idleness and debauchery, the national character almost defies the missionary."

There are some strange remnants of Judaism still lingering amongst the tribes of these highland regions. The Galla have a tradition, that their whole nation will one day be called on to march, *en masse*, and reconquer Palestine for the return of the Jews. The king of Shoa regards himself as a direct descendant of the house of Solomon, calls himself king of Israel, and the national standard bears the motto, "The Lion of the tribe of Judah hath prevailed." They believe the 14th Psalm to be a prophecy of Queen Magneda's visit to Jerusalem; whither she was attended by a daughter of Hiram, king of Tyre. The Jewish prohibitions against the flesh of unclean animals, are observed by the Abyssinians. The sinew which shrank, and the eating of which was prohibited to the Israelite, is also prohibited in Shoa. The Jewish Sabbath is strictly observed. The Abyssinians are said, by Ludolf, to be the greatest fasters in the world. The Wednesdays and Fridays are fasts; the forty days before Easter are rigidly observed as a fast; and from the Thursday preceding Easter till the Sunday, no morsel of meat is to enter the lips, and the prohibition against drink is equally rigorous. St Michael and the Virgin Mary are venerated in the highest degree; St Michael as the leader of the hosts of heaven, and the latter as the chief of all saints, and queen of heaven and earth, and both as the great intercessors of mankind.

Like the Jews of old, the Abyssinians weep and lament on all occasions of death; and the shriek ascends to the sky, as if the soul could be recalled from the world of spirits. As with the Jews, the most inferior garments are employed as the weeds of woe; and the skin torn from the temples, and scarified on the cheeks and breast, proclaims the last extremity of grief. As the Rabbins believe that angels were the governors of all sublunary things, the Abyssinians adopt this belief: carrying it even further, they confidently implore their assistance in all concerns, and invoke and adore them in a higher degree than the Creator. The clergy enjoy the price of deathbed confession; and the churchyard is sternly denied to all who die without the rite, or whose relations refuse the fee and the funeral feast. Eight pieces of salt are the price of waiving a poor man's soul to the place of rest, and the feast for the dead places him in a state of happiness, according to the cost of the entertainment. For the rich, money procures the attendance of priests, who absolve, and pray continually day and night. The anniversaries of the deaths of the six kings of Shoa are held with great ceremony in the capital; and once every twelvemonth, before a splendid feast, their souls are absolved from all sin.

Major Harris expresses himself ardently and eloquently on the hopes of commerce which might be maintained by Great Britain with this little-known but productive part of the world. It is notorious that gold and gold dust, ivory, ostrich feathers, peltries, spices, wax, and precious gums, form a part of the lading of every slave caravan; notwithstanding that the tediousness of the transport, and the penuriousness of the Indian and Arab merchant, offer but a small compensation for their labour. No quarter of the globe abounds to a greater extent in vegetable and mineral productions than tropical Africa; and in the populous, fertile, and salubrious portions lying immediately north of the equator, the very highest capabilities are presented for the employment of British capital. Coal has already been found; cotton, of a quality unrivalled in the whole world, is every where a

weed, and might be cultivated to any extent. The coffee which is sold in Arabia as the produce of Mocha, is chiefly of wild African growth; and that species of the tea plant which is used by the lower orders of the Chinese, flourishes so widely, and with so little care, that the climate would doubtless be found well adapted for the higher-flavoured and more delicate species. If, at a very moderate calculation, a sum falling very little short of a hundred thousand pounds sterling, can be annually invested in European goods, to supply the wants of some of the poorer tribes adjacent to Abyssinia, what important results might not be anticipated from well-directed efforts, adopting the natural means of communication in Africa?

Another winter passed—a dreary time for the mission in Ankober. Torrents rushed down the mountains, every footpath had been converted into a stream, and every valley into a morass. The season was peculiarly tempestuous; the heavy white clouds constantly hung on the mountain pinnacles, and the torrents swelled the Hawash to such an extent, that the land for many miles on both sides was inundated. There must have been some difficulty in spending the time of this solitary confinement among the hills: but the author was well employed in writing his volumes, and engineers were employed in erecting a Gothic hall, to the great delight of his Abyssinian majesty. He would allow them to do every thing except paint his portrait—the national idea being, that whoever takes a likeness, immediately becomes invested with power over the original. “You are writing a book,” he said. “I know this, because I never enquire what you are doing that they do not tell me you are using a pen, or gazing at the heavens. That is a good thing, and it pleases me. You will speak favourably of myself; but you shall not insert my portrait, as you have done that of the King of Zingero.”

The English had new wonders for him; they shaped planks out of trees in a fashion new to the Abyssinians, who waste a tree on every plank. “You English are indeed a strange people,” said the king, as he saw the first plank formed in this economical

style. “I do not understand your stories of the roads dug under rivers, nor of the carriages that gallop without horses; but you are a strong people, and employ wonderful inventions.”

At length the Gothic hall was complete. It may be presumed that nothing like it was ever seen in Abyssinia before; for the mission not merely built, but furnished it with couches, ottomans, chairs, tables, and curtains; doubtless a very showy affair, though we cannot exactly comprehend the author's expression of its being furnished after the manner of an English cottage orna. The king, however, was delighted with it. “I shall turn it into a chapel,” said his majesty, patting his chief ecclesiastic on the back. “What say you to that plan, my father?” As a last finishing touch, were suspended in the centre hall a series of large coloured engravings, representing the chase of the tiger in all its various phases. The domestication of the elephant, and its employment in war or in the pageant, had ever proved a stumbling-block to the king; but the appearance of the hugest of beasts in his hunting harness struck the chord of a new idea. “I will have a number caught on the Rohy,” he exclaimed, “that you may tame them, and that I too may ride on an elephant before I die!”

Another of those fearful displays of barbarian plunder and havoc took place at the end of September. Twenty thousand warriors, headed by the king, made an inroad on the Galla. Those unfortunate people were so little prepared, that they seem to have been slaughtered without resistance. Between four and five thousand were butchered, and forty-three thousand head of cattle were driven off. A thousand captives, chiefly women and children, were marched in triumph to the capital: but they were soon liberated, apparently on the remonstrance of the British mission.

But a terrible disaster was to befall the palace and the people. The dweller amongst mountains must be always exposed to their dilapidation; and a season of unusual rain, continuing to a much later period than usual, produced an earth-avalanche.

“As the evening of an eventful night

(Dec. 6th) closed in, not a single breath of wind disturbed the thick fog which brooded over the mountain. A sensible difference was perceptible in the atmosphere; but the rain again began to descend, and for hours pelted like the discharge of a waterspout. Towards morning, a violent thunder storm careered along the crest of the range, and every rock and cranny re-echoed from the crash of the thunder. Deep darkness again settled on the mountains, and a heavy rumbling noise, like the passage of artillery wheels, was followed by the shrill cry of despair. The earth, saturated with moisture, had slid down from their steep slopes, houses and cottages were engulfed in the debris, or shattered to fragments by the descending masses, and daylight presented a strange scene of ruin. Perched on the apex of the conical peak, the palace buildings were now stripped of their palisades, or overwhelmed: the roads along the hill were completely obliterated. The desolation had spread for miles along the great range: houses, with their inmates, had been hurried away."

Before the mission took its departure, it did honour to the character of its country by one act which alone would have been worth its time and trouble. The horrid policy of African despotism condemned all the brothers of the throne to the dungeon, from the moment of the royal accession. The king had exhibited qualities of a very unexpected order in an African despot, and, under the guidance of the mission, had made some advances to justice, and even to clemency. At this period, he was suddenly seized with an alarming spasmodic disorder, and he apprehended that his constitution, enfeebled by the habits of his life, was likely to give way. On his recovery being despaired of by both priests and physicians, he suddenly sent for the British mission.

" 'My children,' said his majesty in a sepulchral voice, as he extended his burning hand towards them, 'behold I am sore stricken. Last night they believed me dead, and the voice of mourning had arisen within the palace walls; but God hath spared me until now.' "

It seems to be the custom for the king's physician to taste the draught prescribed for him, and an attempt being made to do this by the British,

the sick monarch generously forbade it.

" 'What need is there now of this?' he exclaimed reproachfully. 'Do I not know that you would administer to Sahela Selasse nothing that could do him mischief?'"

The reader will probably remember an almost similar act of confidence of Alexander the Great in his physician. An opportunity was now taken of urging him to an act of humanity, however strongly opposed to the habits of the country, and to the interests of the man. It was represented to him that his uncles and brothers had been immured in a dungeon during the thirty years of his reign, and that no act could be more honourable to himself, or acceptable to Heaven, than the extinction of this barbarous custom.

" 'And I will release them,' returned the monarch, after a moment's debate within himself. 'By the Holy Eucharist I swear, and by the Church of the Holy Trinity in Koora Gadel, that if Sahela Selasse arise from this bed of sickness, all of whom you speak shall be restored to the enjoyment of liberty.' "

Fortunately he did arise from that bed of sickness, and he honourably determined to keep his promise. The royal captives were seven, and the British mission were summoned to see their introduction into the presence. They had been so exhausted by long captivity, that at first they seemed scarcely to comprehend freedom. They had been manacled, and spent their time in the fabrication of harps and combs, of which they brought specimens to lay at the feet of their monarch. This touching interview concluded with a speech of the king to the embassy—

" 'My children, you will write all that you have seen to your country, and will say to the British Queen, that, though far behind the nations of the White Men, from whom Ethiopia first received her religion, there yet remains a spark of Christian love in the breast of the King of Shoa.' "

We have thus given a rapid and bird's-eye view of a work, which we regard as rivaling in interest and importance any "book of travels" of



this century. The name of Abyssinia was scarcely more than a recollection, connected with the adventurous ramblings of Bruce, for the romantic purpose of discovering the source of the Nile. His narrative had also been wholly profitless—attracting public curiosity in a remarkable degree at the time, no direct foundation of European intercourse was laid, and no movement of European traffic followed. But giving Bruce all the credit, which was so long denied him, for fidelity to fact, and for the spirit of bold adventure which he exhibited in penetrating a land of violence and barbarism, the mission of Major Harris at once establishes its object on more substantial grounds. It is not a private adventure, but a public act, rendered natural by the circumstances of British neighbourhood, and important for the opening of Abyssinia and central Africa to the greatest civilizer which the world has ever seen—the commerce of England. There are still obvious difficulties of transit, between the coast and the capital, by the ordinary route. But if the navigation of the Gachob, or the route from Tadjra, should once be secured, the trade will have commenced, which in the course of a few years will change the face of Abyssinia; limit, if not extinguish, the disgrace of human nature—the slave trade; and, if not reform, at least enlighten, the clouded Christianity of the people.

As the author was commissioned, not merely as a discoverer, but a diplomatist, it is to be presumed that on many interesting points he writes under the restraints of diplomatic reserve. But he has told us enough to excite our strong interest in the beauty, the fertility, and the capabilities of the country which he describes; and more than enough to show, that it is almost a British duty to give the aid of our science, our inventions, and our principles, to a monarch and a people evidently prepared for rising in the scale of nations.

We have a kind of impression, that some general improvement is about to take place in the more neglected portions of the world, and that England is honoured to be the chief agent in

the great work. Africa, which has been under a ~~ban~~ for so many thousand years, may be on the eve of relief from the misery, lawlessness, and impurity of barbarism; and we are strongly inclined to look upon this establishment of British feeling and intercourse in Abyssinia, as the commencement of that proud and fortunate change. All attempts to enter Africa by the western coast have failed. The heat, the swamps, the rank vegetation, and the unhealthy atmosphere, have proved insurmountable barriers. The north is fenced by a line of burning wilderness. But the east is open, free, fertile, and beautiful. A British factory in Abyssinia would be not merely a source of infinite comfort to the people, by the communication of European conveniences and manufactures, but a source of light. British example would teach obedience and loyalty to the laws, subordination on the part of the people, and mercy on that of the sovereign.

But we have also another object, sufficiently important to determine our Government in looking to the increase of our connexion with Eastern Africa. It is certainly a minor one, but one which no rational Government can undervalue. The policy of the present French King is directed eminently to the extension of commercial influence in all countries. To this policy, none can make objection. It is the duty of a monarch to develop all the resources of his country; and while France exerts herself only in the rivalry of peace, her advance is an advance of all nations. But her extreme attention, of late years, to Africa, ought to open our eyes to the necessity of exertion in that boundless quarter. On the western coast, she had long fixed a lazy grasp; but that grasp is now becoming vigorous; and extending hour by hour. Her flag flies at Golan, 250 miles up the Senegal. She has a settlement at Gori; she has lately established a settlement at the mouth of the Assinee, another at the mouth of the Gaboon, and is on the point of establishing another in the Bight of Benin; when she will command all Western Africa.

She is not less active on the eastern shore. At Massawah, on the coast of



Abyssinia, she is fast monopolizing the trade in gold and spices. She has purchased Edh, and is endeavouring to purchase Brava. Her attention to *Northern Abyssinia* is matter of notoriety, and we must regard this system, not so much with regard to advantages which such possessions might give to ourselves, as to their prejudice to us in falling into rival hands. The possession of Algeria should direct the eye of Europe to the ulterior objects of France; the first change of masters in Egypt, must be looked to with national anxiety; and the transmission of the great routes of Africa into her hands, must be guarded against with a vigilance worthy of the interests of England and Europe.

If the river shall be found navigable to any extent, what an opening is thus presented to both the merchant and the philanthropist; a soil surpassed by none in the world, a climate varying only 10° in the mean temperature of summer and winter, and presenting an average of 55°, and a population who could hardly fail to feel the advantages of commerce and civilization. From such a point as Aden offers, access is promised to the very heart of Africa, and thence to the sources of the mighty rivers which find an outlet on the western side of the continent; thus not merely benefiting the British merchant in a remarkable degree, but rapidly abolishing the slave trade, by giving employment to the people, wealth to the native trader, and a new direction to the powers of the country and the mind of its unhappy population.

On the whole consideration of the subject, we feel convinced, that Eastern Africa is the safe and the natural point for British enterprise; that it is the most direct and effective point for the extinction of the cruel traffic in

human flesh; and that it is the most promising and productive point for the establishment of that substantial connexion with the governments of the interior, which alone can be regarded as worth the attention of the statesman.

Insignificant stations on the coast, to carry on a peddling traffic, are beneath a manly and comprehensive policy. We must penetrate the mountains, ascend the rivers, and reach the seats of sovereignty. We must, by a large and generous self-interest, combine the good, the knowledge, and the virtue of the population with our own; and we must lay the foundation of our permanent influence over this fourth of the globe, by showing that we are the fittest to communicate the benefits, and establish the example of civilized society.

To those who desire to go into more minute details, we recommend an accompanying volume by the missionaries Lsenberg and Krapf—the latter of whom acted as interpreter to the embassy. A capital geographical memoir is also given by Mr McQueen, the well-known African geographer.

On the whole, it is highly gratifying to our respect for British soldiery, to see works of this rank proceeding from our military men. They have great opportunities, and may thus render national services in peace, not less important than their enterprise in war. The East India Company offers inducements of the most important order, to the accomplishment and scientific activity of its officers; and Major Harris must feel the distinction of having been selected for a mission of such interest, as well as the high gratification of having conducted it to so benevolent, solid, and satisfactory a close.

## A WORD OR TWO OF THE OPERATIVE CLASSES.

By LORENON.

"Val, ch' avete gi' intellotti sani,  
Mirate la dottrina che s' asconde,  
Sotto questa coperta, alte e profonde!"—DANTE.

In the course of social transition, professions, like dogs, have their day. A calling honourable in one century, becomes infamous in the next; and vocations grow obsolete, like the fashioning of our garments or figures of speech. In barbarous communities, the strong man is king:—

"Le premier roi fut un soldat heureux."

Where human statute is beginning to prize the general weal, the legislator is of high account, and the priest paramount. Higher civilization engenders the influence of the man of letters, the artist, the dramatist, the wit, the poet, and the orator. Or when, with a wisdom surpassing the philosophy of the schools, we tumble down to prose, and assume the leather apron of the utilitarian—the civil engineer, or operative chemist, starts up into a colossus. Sir Humphrey Davy, and Sir Isambert Brunel, are the true knights of modern chivalry; and Sir Walter—our Sir Walter—never showed himself more shrewd than in his exclamation to Moore—"Ah, Tam!—it's lucky, man, we cam' see soon!" Great as was his influence, equaling that of the other two great Sir Walters, Manny and Raleigh, in their several epochs of valour and enterprise, it is likely enough, that, if born a century later, the MSS. of the Scotch novels would have been chiefly valuable to light the furnace of some factory!

So much in exposition of the fact, that, so long as the world possessed only three of what we choose to call quarters, an executioner was an officer of state; and that, now it possesses five, the female of highest renown, and greatest power of self-enrichment, is the *danceuse*, or opera-dancer!

Many intermediary callings have disappeared. The domestic chaplain of a lordly household is now nearly as superfluous as its archers or fal-

coners; and the court calendars of former reigns record a variety of places and perquisites, which, did they still exist, would be unpalatable to modern courtiers, though compelled to earn their daily cakes, however dirty. Just as the last golden pippin of the house of Crenie was preserved in wax for the edification of posterity, a watchman has been deposited, with his staff and lantern, in the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, or the Museum of the Zoological, or United Service Club, or some other of your grand national collections, as a specimen of the extinct Dogberry or Charley of the eighteenth century: and in process of time, as much and more also will probably be done to a parish beadle, a theatrical manager, a lord chamberlain—and other public functionaries whom it might not be altogether safe to enumerate.

Among them, however, there is really some satisfaction in hinting at the hangman!—For, hear it, ye sanguinary *mones* of our ancestors:—"Les bourreaux s'en vont!" Executioners are departing! We shall shortly have to commemorate in our obituaries, and signalize by the hands of our novelists—"the last of the Jack Ketches." In these days of ultra-philanthropy, the hangman scarcely finds salt to his porridge, or porridge to salt.

*Exempli gratia.* In the course of last year, a patient of the lower class was admitted into the lunatic ward of the public hospital at Marseilles, whose malady seemed the result of religious depression. In that supposition, the usual means of relief were resorted to, and he was at length discharged as convalescent; when, to attest the perfectness of his cure, he went and hanged himself! A *procès verbal* was, as usual, made out, and the supposed fanatic proved to be the ex-executioner of Lyons! Tender-hearted people instantly ascribed his

melancholy to qualms of conscience. But it appeared in evidence, that, since the accession of the citizen king, the trade of the hangman had become a dead failure; and the disconsolate bankrupt was accordingly forced to take French leave of a world wherein *bourreaux* can no longer turn an honest penny!

Yet, less than three centuries ago, his predecessors were men of mark and consideration. Our own King Hal took more heed of his executioner than of half the countles over whose necks his axe was suspended; while Louis XI., a *legitimate* sovereign of France, used to dip in the dish with Tristan Hermite and Olivier le Dain. A few reigns later, and the hangman of the French metropolis (who shares with its diocesan the honour of being styled "Monsieur de Paris") was respected as the most accomplished in Europe. The treasons of its civil wars had created so many executions, that a Gascon, wishing to prove that his father had been beheaded as a nobleman, instead of hanged like a dog or a citizen, asserted the decollation to have been so expertly executed at *Grève*, that the sufferer was unconscious of his end. "Shake yourself," exclaimed the executioner: and, on his lordship's making the attempt, his head rolled into the dust.

This adroitness was the result of competition. In that day, there were degrees of hangmen, and promotion might be accomplished. Not only had the king his executioner, and the Lorraines theirs—the court and the city—the abbot of St Germain des Prés—the abbot of this, and the abbot of that—but various communities and signories, having right of life and death over their vassals, kept an executioner for purposes of domestic torture, as they kept a seneschal to carve their meats; or as people now keep a *chef* or a *maître d'hôtel*. In those excellent olden times of Europe, hangmen, doubtless, carried about written characters from lord to lord, certifying their experience with rope and axe—branding-iron and thong. So long as the Inquisition afforded constant work for able hands, a good hangman out of place must have been a treasure! Had there been register-offices or news-

paper advertisements, there probably would have appeared—

"WANTS A SITUATION—An able-bodied, middle-aged man, without encumbrance, who can have an undeniable character from his last situation, as headsman, hangman, and general executioner. He is accustomed to the use of thumbikins and the most approved and fashionable modes of torture; and officiated for many years as superintendent of the wheel of a foreign prince, renowned for the neatness of his rack. Drawing and quartering in all their branches. Pressing to death performed in the most economical style. Impalement in the Turkish manner; and the pile, as practised by the best Smithfield hands, &c. &c. &c."

Independent, indeed, of the high prosperity and vast perquisites of such posts as executioner of the Tower of London or the Grève of Paris, there was honour and satisfaction in the office. A royal master knew when he was well served. Henry III. stood by, in his chateau of Blois, to see, not only the heads severed from the dead bodies of the Duke and Cardinal de Guise, but their *flesh cut into small pieces*, preparatory to being burned, and the ashes scattered to the winds. "His majesty," says an eyewitness, "stood in a pool of blood to witness the backing of the ladies."

This Italian *gusto* for the smell of blood, appears to have been introduced into the palaces of France from those of Italy by alliance with the Medici—those ennobled pawnbrokers of the middle ages, whose *parvenu* taste engendered the fantastic gilding of the *renaissance*, which they naturalized in the Tuileries and at Fontainebleau, in common with the stiletto and aqua tofana of their poisoners, and the fatalism of their judicial astrology.

But enough of Catharine de Medici and her sanguinary son—enough of Henry Tudor and his savage daughters—enough of the monstrous professions flourishing in their age of monstrosities. And turn we for relief to the exquisite vocation complete—the antithesis—the vocation whose execution is that of *pas de zéphyre*, and the tortures of whose



infliction are the tortures of the tender heart!

The calling of the *danseuse*, we repeat, is among the most lucrative of modern times, and nearly the most influential. The names of Taglioni and Elssler are as European, nay, as universal, as those of Wellington and Talleyrand—Metternich or Thiers; and modern statesmanship and modern diplomacy show pale beside the Machiavelism of the *coulisses*.

With what pomp of phraseology are the triumphs and movements of these *danseuses* announced, by the self-same journal which despatches, with a stroke of the pen, the submission of a province or revolution of a kingdom! One poor halfpenny-worth, or half a line, suffices for the death of a sultana; while fiery columns precede the departure and arrival of the steamer honoured by conveying across the Atlantic some ethereal being, whose light fantastic too is to give the law to the United States. Her appearance in the Ecclesiastic States, on the other hand, is announced in Roman capitals; and her triumphal entry into St Petersburg received with regiments of notes of admiration!!!

Were Taglioni, by the malediction of Providence, to break her leg, what corner of the civilized earth but would sympathize in the casualty? Or were Elssler epidemically carried off, on the same day with the Pope, the Archbishop of Dublin, a chancellor of an university, an historiographer, or astronomer-royal—which would be most cared for by society at large, or to which would the public journals distribute the larger share of their dolefuls?

Nor is it alone the levities of Europe which have encompassed with a gaseous atmosphere of enthusiasm these idols of the day. We appeal to our sober, plodding, painstaking brother Jonathan. We move for returns of the sums he has expended on his beloved Fanny, and for notes of the honours conferred upon her, not only on the boards of his theatres and in the publicity of his causeways, but amid the august nationalities of his senate! "Fanny Elssler, Congress" has become as historical as the name of Washington! And, for the purpose of proving that extremes

meet, the democrats of the New World were demonstrating the wildest insatiation in favour of one dancer, while the great anti-rat of the Old was exhibiting a similar fervour in honour of another. La Gitana became all but presidentess of the Transatlantic republic; La Bayadère depolarized the tyrant of the Poles! But, above all, the Empress of Russia—albeit, the lightest of sovereigns and coldest of women—was carried so far by her enthusiasm as to fasten a bracelet of gems on the fair arm of Taglioni; while the Queen-Dowager of England conferred a similar honour on the Neapolitan dancer Cerito!

Now, what queen or princess, we should like to know, has lavished necklace, or bracelet, or one poor pitiful brooch, on Miss Edgeworth or Miss Aitkin, Mrs Somerville or Joanna Baillie, or any other of the female illustrations of the age, saving these aerial machines which have achieved such enviable supremacy? Mrs Marcet, who has taught the young idea of our three kingdoms how to shoot; Miss Martineau, who has engrafted new ones on our oldest crab-stocks, might travel from Dan to Beersheba without having a fatted calf or a fatted capon killed for them, at the public expense. But let Taglioni take the road, and what clapping of hands—what gratulation—what curiosity—what expansion of delight!

The only wonder of all this is, that we should wonder about the matter. Dancing constitutes that desideratum of the learned of all ages—an universal language. Music, which many esteem much, is nearly as nationalized in its rhythm as dialect in its words; whereas the organs of sight are cosmopolitan. The eye of man and the foot of the dancer include between them all nations and languages. The poetry of motion is interpreted by the lexicon of instinct; and the unimpregnable grace of a Taglioni becomes omnipotent and catholic as that of

"The statue that enchants the world!"

Who can doubt that the names of these sorceresses of our time will reach posterity, as those of the Aspasia and Lais of antiquity have reached our own—as having held philosophers by the beard, and trampled on the necks



of the conquerors of mankind—as being those for whom Solon legislated, and to whom Pericles succumbed?

Pausanias tells us of the stately tomb of the frail Pythonice in the *Vica Sacra*; and we know that Phryne offered to rebuild the walls of Thebes, by Alexander overthrown. And surely, if modern guide-books instruct us to weep in the cemetery of Père la Chaise over the grave of Fanny Bias, history will say a word or two in honour of Cerita, who proposed through the newspapers, last season, an alliance offensive and defensive with no less a man than Peter Borthwick, Esq. M.P., (*Irreux umbro!*) to relieve the distress of the manufacturing classes of Great Britain! It is true such heroines can afford to be generous; for what lord chancellor or archbishop of modern times commands a revenue half as considerable?

Why, therefore—O Public! why, we beseech thee, seeing that the influence of the operative class is fairly understood, and undeniably established among us—why not at once elevate choriography to the rank of one of the fine arts?—why not concentrate, define, and qualify the calling, by a public academy?—since all hearts and eyes are amenable to the charm of exquisite dancing, why vex ourselves by the sight of what is bad, when better may be achieved? Be wise, O Public, and consider! Establish a professor's chair for the improvement of pironettiers. We have hundreds of professor's chairs, quite as unavailable to the advancement of the interests of humanity, and wholly unavailable to its pleasures. Neither painters nor musicians acquire as much popularity as dancers, or amass an equal fortune. Why should they be more highly protected by the state?

To disdain this exquisite art, is a proof of barbarism. The nations of the East may cause their dances to be performed by slaves; but two of the greatest kings of ancient and modern times, the kings after God's own heart and man's own heart—David and Louis le Grand—were excellent dancers, the one before the ark, the other before his subjects.

Never, perhaps, did the art of dancing attain such eminent honours

in the eyes of mankind, as during the *siècle doré* of the latter monarch. At an epoch boasting of Molière and Racine, Bossuet and Fénelon, Boileau and La Fontaine, Colbert and Perrault, (the fairy talisman of politics and architecture,) the court of Versailles could imagine no manifestation of regality more august, or more exquisite, than that of getting up a royal ballet; and the father of his people, Louis XIV., was, in his youth, its *colon*.

How amusing are the descriptions of these *entrées de ballet*, circumstantially bequeathed us by the memoirs of the regency of Anne of Austria! The cardinal himself took part in them; but the chief performers were the young King, his brother Gaston d'Orléans, and the maids of honour, figuring as Apollo and the Muses, or Hamadryads adoring some sylvan divinity. Who has not sympathized in the joy of Madame de Sévigné, at seeing her fair daughter exhibit among the *corriphees*? Who has not felt interested in the *jetées* and *pas de bourrées* of the *ancien régime*, when accomplished at court by Condés, Contis, Montpensiers, Montmorencys, Rohans, Guises! The Marquis de Dangeau first recommended himself to the favour of the royal master whose courts he was destined to journalize for posterity, by the skill of his *pas de basques*; and long before the all but conjugal influence of the lovely La Vallière commenced over the heart of the *grand monarque*, his early love, and more especially his passion for the beautiful niece of the Cardinal, may be traced to the rehearsals and *rondes de jambes* of Maltz and Fontainebleau.

The reign of Madame de Maintenon (*la raison même*) over his affections, declared itself by the sudden transfer of a ballet-opera, expressly composed by Rameau and Quinault for the beauties of the court, to the public theatre of the Palais Royal. No more noble figurantes at Versailles! Louis le Pironettiste's occupation was gone; and the *maître des ballets du roi* arrayed himself in sackcloth and ashes. But, lo! the glories of his throne took wing with the loves and graces; ballets and victories being effaced on the same page from the annals of his reign.

During the minority of Louis XV., the same royal dansomania was renewed. The regent, Duke of Orleans, entertained the same notions of kingly education, on this head, as his predecessor the cardinal; and Louis *le Bien-aimé*, like his great-grandfather before him, was the best dancer of his realm. Such dancing as it was! such exquisite footing! In the upper story of the grand gallery at Versailles, hang several pictures representing these court ballets; Cupids in coats of pink lustring, with silver lace and tinsel wings, wearing full-bottomed wigs and the riband of the St Esprit; or Venuses in hoops and powder, whose *minauderies* might afford a lesson to the divinities of our own day for the benefit of the omnibus box.

Some of these groups, by Mignard, Boucher, and their imitators, are charming studies as *tableaux de genre*. But in nothing, by the way, are they more remarkable than in their *decency*. The undities of the present times appear to have been undreamed of in the philosophy of Versailles. That simple-hearted, though strong-minded American writer, Miss Sedgwick, who has published an account of her consternation as she sat with Mrs Junecson in the stalls of our Italian opera, might have witnessed the royal performance unabashed. (On being told, as she gazed upon the intrepid self-exposure of Taglioni, "*qu'il fallait être sage pour danser comme ça*," Miss S. observes, that it requires to be more or less than woman, and proposes to divide the human species into men, women, and OPERA-DANCERS, little suspecting that half her readers translate such a classification into "men, women, and ANGELS;" or that they would see herself and her sister moralist go down in the *President* without a pang, provided Elssler and Taglioni were saved from the deep!

Natural enough! we repeat it—natural enough! To create a good dancer, requires the rarest combination of physical and mental endowments. Graceful as the forms transmitted to us by the pottery of Etruria and the frescoes of Herculaneum, she must unite with the strength of an athlete, the genius of a first-rate

actress. That even moderate dancing demands immoderate abilities, is attested by the exhibition of human ungainliness disfiguring all the court balls of Europe. There may be seen the representatives of the highest nobility, tutored by the highest education, shuffling over the polished floor with stiffened arms and bewildered legs—often out of time—always out of place—as if acting under the influence of a galvanic battery. Not one in ten of them rises even to mediocrity as a dancer. A few degrees lower in the social scale, and it would be not one in twenty. Amid the shoving, shouldering, shuffling mob of dancers in an ordinary ball-room, the absence of all grace amounts even to the ludicrous. Forty years long have people been dancing the quadrilles now in vogue, which consist of six favourite country-dances, fashionable in Paris at the close of the last century, and then singly known by the names they still retain—"La Poule, L'Été, Le Pantalou, Le Trenis," &c. &c. To avoid the monotony of dancing each in succession, for hours at a time, down a file of forty couple, it was arranged that every eight couple should form a square, and perform the favourite dances, in succession, with the same partner—a considerable relief to the monotony of the ball-room. Yet, after all this experience, if poor Monsieur le Trenis (after whom one of the figures was named, and who, during the consulate, died dancing-mad in a public lunatic asylum) could rise, sane, from the dead, it would be enough to drive him mad again to see how little had been acquired, in the way of practice, since his decease. The processes and varieties of the ball-room are just where he left them on his exit!

Previous to the introduction of quadrilles and country dances or *contredanses*, the inaptitude of nine-tenths of mankind for dancing was still more eminently demonstrated in the murders of the minuet. For (as Morall, the dancing-master of Marie Antoinette, used passionately to exclaim)—*que de choses dans un minuet!* What worlds of modest dignity—of alternate amenity and scorn! The minuet has all the tender coquetry of the bolero, divested of its licentious fervour. With the

minuet and the hoop, indeed, disappeared that powerful circumscription of female virtue, rendering superfluous the annual publication of a dozen codes of ethics, addressed to the "wives of England" and their daughters. All was comprehended in the *pas grave*. That noble and right Aulic dance was expressly invented in deference to the precariousness of powdered heads; and its calm sobrieties, once banished from the ball-room, revolutionary *boulangères* succeeded—and chaos was come again! The stately *jeuon* had possession of the English court, with ruffs and farthingales, in the reign of Elizabeth. With the Stuarts came the wild conrante or corante—

"Hair loosely flowing, robes as free"—

and if the House of Hanover, and minnets, reformed for a time the irregularities of St James's—what are we to expect now that waltzes, galops, and the eccentricities of the cotillon have possession of the social stage? WHAT NEXT? as the pamphlets say—"What will the lords do?"—what the ladies?

Thus much in proof, that the boss of pirouettiveness is strangely wanting in human conformation, and that there is consequently all the excuse of ignorance for the wild enthusiasm lavished by London on the opera-tive class. Ten guineas per night—five hundred for the season—is the price exacted for a first-rate opera-box; and as the exclusives usually arrive at the close of the opera, or, if earlier, keep up a perpetual babble during its performance, they clearly come for the dancing.—"*on voit l'opéra, et l'on écoute le ballet*," used to be said of the Académie de Musique. But it might be asserted now, with fully as much truth, of the Queen's Theatre, where the evolutions of Carlotta Grisi, Elssler, and Corito, keep the audience in a state of breathless attention denied to Shakspeare.

In two out of these instances, it may be advanced that they are consummate actresses as well as graceful and active dancers. Elssler's comedy is almost as piquant as that of Mademoiselle Mars. Nor is the ballet unsusceptible of a still higher order of histrionic display. We never

remember to have seen a stronger *levée en masse* of canibic handkerchiefs in honour of O'Neill's *Mrs Haller*, or Siddons's *Isabella*, than of the ballet of "Nina;" while the affecting death-dance in "Masaniello" is still fresh in the memory of the admirers of Pauline Leroux. We have heard of swoons and hysterics among the more impressionable audiences of La Scala, during the performance of the ballet of "La Vestale;" and have witnessed with admiration the striking effect of the fasciative scene in "Faust."

Of late years, the union of Italian blood and a French education has been found indispensable to create a *danseuse*—"Sangue Napolitano in scuola Parigiana;"—and Vesuvius is the Olympus of all our recent divinities. Formerly, a Spanish origin was the most successful. The first dancer who possessed herself of European notoriety was La Camargo, whose portraits, at the close of a century, are still popular in France, where she has been made the heroine of several recent dramas. To her reign, succeeded that of the Grunards and Duttes—in honour of whose bright eyes, a variety of noblemen saw the inside both of Fort St Evêque and St Pelagie: the opera being at that time a fertile source of *lettres de cachet*. To obtain admittance to the private theatricals of the former dancer, in her magnificent hotel in the Chaussée d'Antin, the ladies of fashion and of the court had recourse to the meanest artifices; while the latter has obtained historical renown, by having excited the jealousy, or rather envy, of Marie Antoinette. Mademoiselle Duthe appeared at the fêtes of Longchamps, in the Bois de Boulogne, in a gorgeous chariot drawn by six milk-white steeds, with red morocco harness, richly ornamented with cut steel; and thus accomplished the object of incurring the resentment of the court, from the prodigality of one of whose married princes these splendours were supposed to emanate—splendours exceeding those of the Rhodopes of old.

But the greatest triumph ever achieved by *danseuse*, was that of Bigottini! The Allied sovereigns, after vanquishing the victor of modern Europe, were by her vanquished in their turn. At



her feet, fresh trembling from an *entre-chat*, did

"Fiery French and furious Hun" lay down their arms! The Allied armies appeared to have entered Paris only to become the slaves of Bigotini!

In our own country, devotees of the *danceuse* have done more, by promoting her to the decencies of the domestic fireside. In our own country, also, even Punch was once purchased by an eccentric nobleman for the diversion of his private life. But as Demosthenes observed of the cost of such a pleasure, "that is having repentance too dear!"

We are perhaps offending the gravity of certain of our readers by the extent of this notice: albeit, we have striven to propitiate their prejudices by the peculiar combination and juxtaposition of professions, selected for consideration. But we are not acting unadvisedly. Close its eyes as it may, the public cannot but perceive, that the legitimate drama is banished by want of encouragement from the national theatres, and that the ballet is braudishing her cap and bells triumphantly in its room.

Such changes are never the result of accident. The supply is created by the demand. It is because we prefer the Sylphide to Juliet, that the Sylphide figures before us. Shakespeare was played to empty benches; the Peri and Giselle fill the houses.

We repeat, therefore, since such is the bent of public appetite, let it be gratified in the least objectionable way. Let us have a royal academy of dancing. We shall easily find some Earl of Westmoreland to compose its ballets, and lady patronesses to give an annual ball for the benefit of the

institution. Do not let some eighty thousand a-year be lost to the country. An idol is as easily carved out of one block of wood as another. Let us make unto ourselves goddesses out of the lubberdashers' shops of Oxford Street: and qualify the youthful caprices of Whitechapel to command the homage of Congress, and of the great autocrat of all the Russias. Properly instructed, little Sukey Smith may still obtain an enameled brooch or bracelet from her Majesty the Queen-Dowager! Let us "people this whole Isle with sylphs!" Let Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden flourish; but—thanks to Great British pironettes!—the art of giving ten guineas for a couple of hours spent in an opera-box, will then become less criminal: and we shall have no fear of the influence of some Herodias's daughter in our domestic life, when we see the Cracovienne announced in the bills "by Miss Mary Thomson." The charm will be destroyed. The infrequent *coulisses*, like Dodona, will cease to give forth oracles.

Under the influence of an "establishment," we shall have to record of opera-dancers as of other professions, that "the goddesses are departing!" The *dance à rouleres* of Fanny Elssler will be voted vulgar, when attempted by a Buggins. Let Mr Bunn look to himself. He may yet survive his immortality. We foresee a day in which he will be no longer styled Alfred the Great. With the aid of George Rubins, and other illustrious persons interested in the destinies of theatrical property, we do not despond of hearing attached to "a bill for the legalization of the Royal and National Academy of Dancing of the United Kingdom," the satisfactory decree of "*LA REINE LE VEUT!*"



## THE PIRATES OF SEGNA.

## A TALE OF VENICE AND THE ADRIATIC. IN TWO PARTS.

## PART I.

## CHAPTER I.—THE STUDIO.

It was on a bright afternoon in spring, and very near the close of the sixteenth century, that a handsome youth, of slender form and patrician aspect, was seated and drawing before an easel in the studio of the aged cavaliero Giovanni Contarini—the last able and distinguished painter of the long-declining school of Titian. The studio was a spacious and lofty saloon, commanding a cheerful view over the grand canal. Full curtains of crimson damask partially shrouded the lofty windows, intercepting the superabundant light, and diffusing tints resembling the ruddy, soft, and melancholy hues of autumnal foliage; while these hues were further deepened by a richly carved ceiling of ebony, which, not reflecting but absorbing light, allayed the sunny radiance beneath, and imparted a sombre yet brilliant effect to the pictured walls, and glossy draperies, of the precious apartment. Above the rich and lofty mantelpiece hung one of the best portraits of himself painted by the venerable Titian, and on the dark pannels around were suspended portraits of great men and lovely women by the gifted hands of Giorgione, Paul Veronese, Paris Bordone, and Tintoretto. Regardless, however, of all around him, and almost breathless with eagerness and impatience, the student pursued his object, and with rapid and vigorous strokes had half-completed his sketch—totally unconsciously the while that some one had opened the folding-doors, crossed the saloon, and now stood behind his chair.

"But tell me, Antonello mio!" exclaimed old Contarini, after gazing awhile in mute astonishment at the sketch before him; tell me, in the name of wonder, what kind of face do you mean to draw around that lean and withered nose and that horribly wrinkled mouth?"

Antonio, however, was so uncon-

scious of the "world without," that he started not at this sudden interruption of the previous stillness. Regardless, too, of the serious and indeed reproofing tone of the old man's voice, he hastily replied without averting his gaze from the canvass. "Hush, maestro! I beseech you. Question me not, for Heaven's sake! I cannot spare a word in reply. The original," continued he, after a brief interval of close attention to his object, and drawing as he spoke; "the original is still firmly fixed in my memory. I see its sharp outlines clear within me, and, as you well know and oft have told me, a feature lost is lost for ever. Alas! alas! those lines and angles around the mouth are already fading into shadow."

After he had thrown out these words, from time to time, like interjections, and with Venetian rapidity of utterance, nothing was audible in the saloon for some minutes but the young artist's sharp and rapid strokes upon the canvass.

"No more of this, Antonio!" at length exclaimed the old painter with energy, after gazing for some time at the gradual appearance of an old woman's lean and wrinkled features, dried up and yellow as if one of the dead, and yet lighted up by a pair of dark deep-set eyes, which seemed to blaze with supernatural life and lustre. At each touch of the artist, this mummy-like and unearthly visage was brought out into sharper and more disgusting relief, when Contarini, no longer able to control his indignation, dashed the charcoal from his pupil's hand. "Apage, Satanas!" he shouted, "thy talent hath a devil in it. I see his very hoof-print in that horrible design."

Startled by this unexpected violence, the young artist turned round, and beheld with amazement the usually benign features of his vengo-

nable teacher flashing upon him with irrepressible anger, which was the more impressive because the Cavaliere had just returned from a visit to the Doge, and was richly attired in the imposing patrician costume of the period. Around his neck was the golden chain hung there by the imperial hands of Rodolph the Second, and he wore the richly enameled barret, and lofty heron's plume, which the same picture-loving emperor had placed upon his head when he knighted him as a reward for the noble pictures he had painted in Germany. There was a true and fine air of nobility in his lofty form and well-marked features—a character of matured thought and intellectual power in the expansive brow, and in the firm gaze of his large dark eyes, as yet undimmed by age—with evidence of decision and self-respect, and habitual composure in the finely formed mouth and chin. Thus splendidly arrayed, and thus dignified in form, features, and expression, this distinguished man recalled so powerfully to the memory of his imaginative pupil the high-minded doges of the heroic period of Venice, and the imposing portraits of Titian's senators, that, with a deep sense of his own moral inferiority, he obeyed in silence, and with starting tears removed the offending sketch. Then placing before him a small picture of a weeping and lovely Magdalen by Contarini, which he had undertaken to copy, he began the sketch, patiently awaiting a voluntary explanation of this unwonted vehemence in his beloved teacher, who, seated in his arm-chair, leaned his head upon his hand, and seemed lost in thought.

And now again for some time was the deep stillness of the studio interrupted only by the strokes of Antonio's charcoal, which, unlike his rapid and feverish efforts when sketching the old woman, were now subdued and tranquil. As he gazed into the upraised and pleading eyes of the beautiful Magdalen, his excitement gradually yielded to the pacifying influence of her mute and eloquent sorrow. This salutary change escaped not the observation of Contarini, whose benevolent features softened as he gazed upon these tokens of a better spirit in his pupil.

"I rejoice to see, Antonio," he began, "that you already feel, however imperfectly, the soothing and hallowed influence of the Beautiful in Art and Nature, and the peril to soul and body of delighting in imaginary forms of horror. If you indulge these cravings of a distempered fancy, you will sink to the base level of those Flemish artists who delight in painting witches and demons, and in all fabulous and monstrous forms. You, who are nobly born, devoted to poetry and fine art, and possess manifest power in portraiture, should aim at the Heroic in painting. Make this your first and steadfast purpose. Devote to it your life and soul; and, should the power to reach this elevation be wanting, you may still achieve the Beautiful, and paint lovely women in lovely attitudes. But tell me, Antonello?" continued he, resuming his wonted kindness. "how came that horrid visage across thy path, or rather across thy fancy? for surely no such original exists. Say, didst thou see it living, or was it the growth of those distempered dreams to which painters, more than other men, are subject?"

"No, padre mio! it was no dream," eagerly answered his pupil. "Yesterday I went in our gondola, as is my wont on festivals, to the beautiful church of San Moyses, which I love for its oriental and singular architecture. When near the church I heard a melodious voice calling to Jacopo, my gondolier, the only boatman in sight, and begging a conveyance across the canal. Issuing from the cabin, I saw a tall figure, closely veiled, standing on the steps of the palace facing the church and occupied by the Archduke's ambassador. Approaching the steps, Jacopo placed a plank for the stranger; but, as she stepped out to reach it, a sudden gust caught her large loose mantle, which, clinging to her shape, displayed for a moment a form of such majestic and luxuriant fulness—such perfect and glorious symmetry, as no man, still less an artist, could look on unmoved. In trembling and indescribable impatience, I awaited the raising of her veil. Another gust, and a slight stumble as she bounded rather than stepped into the boat, befriended

me; the partial shifting of her veil, which she hastily replaced, permitted a glimpse of her features—brief, indeed, but never to be forgotten. Yes, father! the face which surmounted that goddess-like and splendid person, was the horrid visage I have sketched, lean and yellow, drawn up into innumerable wrinkles, and with black eyes of intolerable brightness, blazing out of deep and faded sockets. Staggered by this unearthly contrast, I fell back upon the bench of the gondola, and gazed in silent horror at the stranger, who answered not the blunt questions of Jacopo; and, as if ashamed of her astounding ugliness, sat motionless and shrouded from head to foot in her capacious mantle. I followed her into the church; but, unable to hold out during the mass, I left her there and hastily returned to sketch this sublime example of the hideous before any of its points had faded from my memory. Forgive me, father, for yielding to an impulse so strong as to overwhelm all power of resistance. Yet why should I abandon this rare opportunity of displaying any skill I may have gained from so gifted a teacher? Pictures of Madonnas and of lovely women so abound in all our palaces, that a young artist can only rise above the common level by representing something extraordinary, something rarely or never seen in life."

Contarini gazed with sorrowing and affectionate interest upon the flushed features of his pupil, again excited as before by his own description of the mysterious stranger. One less acquainted with human nature, would have mistaken the flashing eyes and animated features of the youthful artist for the sure tokens of conscious and advancing talent: but the aged painter, whose practised eye was not dazzled by the soft harmony of features which gave a character of feminine beauty to Antonio, saw in the excitement which failed to give a more intellectual character to his countenance, sad evidence of a soul too feeble and infirm of purpose to achieve eminence in any thing, and with growing alarm he inferred a predisposition to mental disease from those morbid and uncontrolled impulses, which delighted in portraying objects revolting to all men of sound and healthy feelings.

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He arose in evident emotion, and after pacing the studio some time in silence, he approached Antonio, who, yielding to his eccentric longings, had seized the sketch of the old woman's head, and was gazing on it with evident delight. "Give me the sketch, Antonio!" resumed the painter in his kindest tone, "'Tis finished, and the hunter cares not for the hunted beast when stricken. What wouldst thou with it?" "What would I, maestro?" exclaimed the alarmed youth, hastily removing his sketch from the extended hand of the painter, "Finish the subject of course, and place this wonderful old head upon the magnificent form to which it belongs."

"But, saidst thou not, Antonio, that the poor creature in the gondola hastily concealed her features when accident revealed them, as if ashamed of her unnatural ugliness? And canst thou be so heartless as to publish to the world that strange deformity she is doomed to bear through life, and which she is evidently anxious to conceal? Wouldst thou add another pang to the existence of one to whom life is worse than death, and whose eternal veil is but a foretaste of the winding-sheet and the grave? Thou wilt not, canst not, my Antonio, make such unheard-of misery thy stepping-stone to fame and fortune." This impassioned appeal to all his better feelings at length reached the heart of Antonio. For a short time he continued to withhold the drawing; but his kindly nature triumphed. Tearing his sketch into fragments, he threw himself into the extended arms of his beloved teacher, who with deep emotion placed his trembling hand on the curling locks of his pupil, and implored the blessing of Heaven on his better feelings and purposes.

With a view to improve the impression he had made, the painter led Antonio round the studio, and sought to fix his attention upon several portraits of lovely women which adorned it. "Here," said he, "are heads worthy to crown that striking figure in the gondola. Behold that all-surpassing portrait by Giorgione, of such beauty as painters and poets may dream of but never find, and yet not superhuman in its type. Too impassioned for an angel; too brilliant for



a Madonna; and with too much of thought and character for a Venus—she is merely *roman*. Belonging to no special rank or class in society, and neither classical nor ideal, she personifies all that is most lovely in her sex; and, whether found in a palace or a cottage, would delight and astonish all beholders. This rarely gifted woman was the daughter of Palma Vecchio, and the beloved of Giorgione, one of the handsomest men of his time; but her sympathies were not for him, and he died of grief and despair in his prime. She was the favourite model of Titian and his school, and the type that more or less prevails in many celebrated pictures.

“How different and yet how beautiful of its kind, is that portrait of a Doge’s daughter, by Paris Bordone! Less dazzling and luxuriant in her beauty than Palma’s daughter, she is in all respects intensely aristocratic. In complexion not rich and glowing, but of a transparent and pearly lustre, through which the course of each blue vein is visible. In shape and features not full and beautifully rounded, but somewhat taller and of more delicate symmetry. In look and attitude not open, frank, and natural; but astute, refined, courteous, and winning to a degree attainable only by aristocratic training and the habits of high society. In apparel, neither national nor picturesque, but attired with studied elegance. Rich rows of pearls wind through her braided hair, in colour gold, in texture soft as silk. A band of gold forms the girdle of her ruby-coloured velvet robe, which descends to the wrist, and there reveals the small white hand and tapering fingers of patrician beauty. All this may captivate the fastidious noble; but, to men less artificial in their tastes and habits, could such a woman be better than a statue—and could love, the strongest of human passions, be ever more to her than a short-lived and amusing pastime?”

“From these immortal portraits, my Antonio, you may learn that *colour* was the grand secret of the great Venetian painters. Their pale forms are never white, nor their blooming cheeks rose-colour, but the true colour of life—mellow, rich, and glowing; both men and women strictly true to

nature, and looking as if they could turn pale with anger or blush with tender passion. From these great men can best be learned how much charm may be conveyed by *colour*, and what life and glow, what passion, grace, and beauty it gives to *form*.

“But I weary thee, Antonio; and after such excitement thou hast need of repose. To-morrow, let me see thee early.”

The exhausted youth gladly departed from a scene of so much trial; and, hastening to his gondola, sought refreshment in an excursion to the Lido. Returning after nightfall, he landed on the Place of St Mark’s, and wandered through its cool arcades until they were deserted. In vain, however, did he strive to banish the graceful form and grisly features of the stranger. The strong impression he had received became so vivid and absorbing, that at every turn he thought he saw her gazing at him as if in mockery, and lighting up the deep shadows beneath the arches with her glowing orbs, which seemed to his disordered fancy to emit sparks and flashes of fire. No longer able to resist the impulse, forgetting alike the paternal admonitions of the old painter, and the promises so sincerely given, he quitted the piazza and hastened to the palace of his father, the Proveditore Marcello, then absent on state affairs in the Levant.

Retiring to his own apartment, he fixed an easel with impetuous haste, and by lamplight again began to sketch the Medusa head of the old woman. Yielding himself up to this new frenzy, he succeeded beyond his hopes; a supernatural power seemed to guide his hand, and soon after midnight he had drawn to the life not only the appalling head, but the commanding and beautiful person, of the mysterious personage in the gondola. After gazing awhile upon his work with triumphant delight, he retired to bed; but slept not until long after sunrise, and then the extraordinary incidents of the past day haunted his feverish dreams. A female form, youthful and of surpassing beauty, hovered around his couch, but ever changing in appearance. At first her head was invisible and veiled in mist, from which, at intervals, flashed features of



resplendent loveliness, and eyes of heavenly blue, which beamed upon him with thrilling tenderness; and then the mist dispersed, and the beauteous phantom stooped down to kiss his cheek, when suddenly her blooming face darkened and withered into the death-like visage of that fearful stranger, and her long bright hair was converted into hissing serpents. Starting with a scream of horror from his troubled and exhausting slumbers, he again sought refuge in his gondola, but returned, alas! to make his sketch into a picture, which the hues of life

made still more hideous and repulsive. After several days thus occupied, he sketched in various attitudes the imposing figure of the old woman, and endeavoured to fit this beautiful Torso with a head not unworthy of it. But herein, after many attempts, he failed. His excitement, so long indulged, had risen into fever. His diseased fancy controlled his pencil, and blended with features of the highest order of beauty so many touches of the old woman's ghastly visage, that he threw down his pencil, and abandoned all further efforts in despair.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE CAVERN.

The shores of Austrian Dalmatia south of the port of Fiume, are of so rugged and dangerous a nature, that although broken into numerous creeks and bays, there are but few places where vessels, even of small dimensions, dare to approach them, or indeed where it is possible to effect a landing. A long experience of the coast, and of the adjacent labyrinth of islands which block up the gulf of Carnaro, is necessary in order to accomplish in safety the navigation of the shallow rocky sea; and even when the mariner succeeds in setting foot on land, he not unfrequently finds his progress into the interior barred by precipitous steep as walls, roaring torrents, and yawning ravines.

It was on a mild evening of early spring, and a few days after the incidents recorded in the preceding chapter, that a group of wild-looking figures was assembled on the Dalmatian shore, opposite the island of Veglia. The sun was setting, and the beach was so overshadowed by the beetling summits of the high chalky cliffs, that it would have been difficult to discover much of the appearance of the persons in question, but for an occasional streak of light that shot out of a narrow ravine opening among the rocks in rear of the party, and lit up some dark-bearded visage, or flashed on the bright barrel of a long musket. High above the ravine, and standing out against the red stormy-looking sky behind it, the outline of a fortress was

visible, and in the hollow beneath might be distinguished the small, closely-built mass of houses known as the town of Segna.

This castle, which, by natural even more than artificial defences, was deemed impregnable, especially on its sea face, was the stronghold of a handful of hardy and desperate adventurers, who, although their numbers never exceeded seven hundred men, had yet, for many years preceding the date of this narrative, made themselves a name dreaded throughout the whole Adriatic. The inhabitants of the innumerable Dalmatian islands, the subjects of the Grand Turk, the people of Ancona—all, in short, who inhabited the shores of the Adriatic, and were interested in its commerce, or in the countless merchant vessels that skimmed over its waters—trembled and turned pale when the name of these daring freebooters was mentioned in their hearing. In vain was it that the Sultan, who in his sublimity scarcely deigned to know the names of some of the great European powers, had caused his pachas to take the field with strong armaments for the extermination of this nest of pirates. These expeditions were certainly not disadvantageous to the Porte, which seized the opportunity of annexing to its dominions some large slices of Hungarian and Venetian territory; but their ostensible object remained unaccomplished, and the proverbial salutation

of the time, "God save you from the Uzcques!" was still on the lips of every one.

The word "Uzcoque," by which this dreaded people was known, had grown into a sound of mourning and panic to the inhabitants of the shores and islands of the Adriatic. At the utterance of that fearful name, young girls crowded together like frightened doves; the child hid its terrified face in its mother's lap; the eyes of the matron overflowed with tears as the images of murdered sons and outraged daughters passed before her mind's eye, and, like Banquo's ghost, filled the vacant seats at the table; while the men gazed anxiously out, expecting to see their granaries and store-houses in flames. Nor were the seaman's apprehensions less lively, when night surprised him with some valuable cargo in the neighbourhood of the pirates' haunts. Every rock, each tree, and bush became an object of dread: the very ripple of the waves on the shingle a sound of alarm. To his terrified fancy, a few leafless and projecting branches assumed the appearance of muskets, a point of rock became the prow of one of those light, sharp-built boats in which the Uzcques were wont to dart like sea-birds upon their prey; and, invoking his patron saint, the frightened sailor crossed himself, and with a turn of the rudder brought his vessel yet nearer to the Venetian galleys that escorted the convoy.

At the cry "Uzcoque" the slender active Albanian grasped his fire-lock, with rage and hatred expressed on his bearded countenance: the phlegmatic Turk sprang in unwonted haste from his carpet; his pipe and coffee were neglected, his women and treasures secured in the harem, while he shouted for the Martellozzi,\* and slipping them like dogs from a leash, sent them to the encounter of their foes on

the devastated plains of Cardavia. In the despatches from Madrid, from the ministers of that monarch on whose dominions the sun never set, to his ambassadors, the name of these seven hundred outlaws occupied a frequent and prominent place. But by none were the Uzcques more feared and detested than by the greyheaded doge and senators of the Ocean Queen, the sea-born city, before whose cathedral the colours of three kingdoms fluttered from their crimson flagstaffs; and the few young Venetians in whose breasts the remembrance of their heroic ancestors yet lived, blushed for their country's degradation when they beheld her rulers braved and insulted by a band of sea-robbers.

To this band belonged the wild figures, whose appearance on the shore has been noticed, and who were busily employed in rummaging a number of sacks and packages which lay scattered on the ground. They pursued their occupation in profound silence, except when the discovery of some object of unusual value elicited an exclamation of delight, or a disappointment brought a grumbling curse to their lips. They seemed carefully to avoid noise, lest it should draw down upon them the observation of the castle that frowned above their heads, and at the embrasures and windows of which they cast frequent and frightened glances, although the darkness of the ravine, at the entrance of which they had stationed themselves, and the rapidly deepening twilight, rendered it almost impossible to discover them.

"By the beard of the prophet, Hassan!" exclaimed in a suppressed tone a young Turk, who lay hand and foot at a short distance from the pirates, "why do these mangy curs keep us lying so long on the wet grass? Why do they not seek their kennel up yonder?"

The person addressed was a little,

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\* The Turks, finding their own troops not well adapted to the irregular and desperate kind of warfare waged by the Uzcques, and also unable to compete with them in the rapidity of their movements, formed a corps expressly for the pursuit of the freebooters, which was composed of men as wild and desperate as themselves. With these Martellozzi, as they were called, the Uzcques had frequent and sanguinary conflicts. Minucci says of the Martellozzi, in his *Historia degli Uzcchi*, that they were "Scelerati barbari anco 'ordine de' medesimo Scocchi."

round, olly-looking Turk, a Levant merchant, whose traffic had called him to one of the neighbouring islands, and who had been laid hold of on his passage by the Uzcques. He was sitting up, being less strictly manacled than his more youthful and energetic-looking companion; and his comical countenance wore a most desponding expression. As, in reply to the question put to him, he shook his head slowly from side to side, at the same time gravely stroking his beard.

"By Allah!" exclaimed the young man impatiently, as he saw the pirates rummaging more eagerly than ever, and now and then concealing something of value under their cloaks, "could not the greedy knaves wait till they got home before they shared the plunder? May their fathers' souls burn!"

"What saith the sage Oghuz?" quoth old Hassan slowly. "'As people grow rich their maw widens.'"

"Silence, unbelieving hound!" exclaimed a harsh voice behind him, and a thump between the shoulders warned the old Turk to keep his proverbs for a more fitting season. The pirate was about to repeat the blow, when suddenly his hand fell, and the curses died away upon his lips.

The clouds that had hitherto veiled the setting sun had suddenly broken, and a broad stream of golden light poured down the ravine, flashing upon the roofs and gables of the town, and making the castle appear like a huge and magnificent lantern. The ravine was lighted up as though by enchantment, and the unexpected illumination caused an alarm among the group of pirates, not unlike that of an owl into whose gloomy roosting-place a torch is suddenly intruded. Terror was depicted upon their countenances as they gazed up at the castle. For a moment all was still and hushed as the grave, and the Uzcques scarcely seemed to breathe as they drew their greedy hands in silent haste out of the sacks; then, suddenly recovering from their stupefaction, they snatched up their muskets and crowded into a dark cavern in the rock, which the beams of the setting sun had now for the first time rendered visible, without, however, lighting up its deep and dark recesses. In their haste and alarm,

more than one of the freebooters had his tattered mantle caught by the thorny arms of some of the bushes scattered over the shore, and turned in terror, thinking himself in the grasp of a foe. A few only had the presence of mind to throw their cloaks over the varied and glittering plunder that lay scattered about on the ground; and strange was the contrast of the sparkling jewellery, the rich stuffs, and embroidered robes, strewed on the beach, with the mean and filthy garments that partially concealed them, and the wild and squalid figures of their present possessors.

A number of the Uzcques now threw themselves with brutal violence upon the two prisoners, muffled their heads in cloaks to prevent their crying out, and carried them with the speed of light into the cave, in the innermost recess of which they bestowed them. They then rejoined their companions, who were grouped together at the entrance of the cavern like a herd of frightened deer, and gazing anxiously up at the castle. After the lapse of a very few minutes, the bright glow again faded away, the fortress reassumed its black and frowning aspect, the roofs of Segna relapsed into their dull grey hue, and shadows, deeper than before, covered the ravine.

Reviving under the influence of the darkness, so congenial to their habits and occupations, the Uzcques began to recover from their alarm, and the murmur of voices was again heard as they seized the sacks, and hastily filled them with the various objects lying on the beach. Every thing being collected, the pirates commenced toiling their way up the steep mountain path leading to the castle, with the exception of a few who still lingered at the entrance of the cavern, and whom the prisoners could hear disputing about some point on which there seemed to exist much difference of opinion.

"Hell and the devil!" at last exclaimed an impatient voice, in a louder tone than had yet been employed. "There's little chance that we have not been seen from the castle; for the warder would expect us back about this time, and doubtless was on the look-out. These Turkish hounds have



seen every thing, and might easily betray us. Let us leave them here till to-morrow, till I have spoken to the warder, and arranged that they be sent on at once to Gradiška without coming to speech of the captain. I will join the escort myself to make it still surer."

After some slight opposition on the part of the others, this proposal was adopted, and the remaining pirates took their departure. The sound of their footsteps along the rocky path had scarcely died away on the ears of the anxiously listening captives, when loud acclamations and cries of joy announced the arrival of the first detachment at the castle. The heavy gates of the fortress were opened with much din and rattle; after a short space they were again slammed to, the portcullis fell, and then no further sound broke the deep silence that reigned in the ravine.

The collection of the plunder, the discussion among the pirates, and their departure, had passed so rapidly, that the young Turk had scarcely had time to recover from the giddy, half-stunned state into which the rough usage he had received had thrown him, when he found himself alone with his old fellow-captive.

"Well, Hassan," said he at last, in a voice of suppressed fury, "what think you of all this?"

The old man made no verbal reply, but merely stroked his beard, shrugged his shoulders, and opened his eyes wider than before, as much as to say, "I don't think at all; what do you think?"

"It is not the prospect of passing the night in this damp hole, bound hand and foot, that chafes me to madness, and makes my very blood boil in my veins," resumed the young man after a pause. "That is a small matter, but"—

"A small matter!" interrupted Hassan with unusual vivacity. "That is, because you have forgotten the most dreadful part of our position. Bound hand and foot as we are, we can expect nothing less than to fall, ere cock-crow, into the power of Satan."

"Of Satan!" repeated the other. "Has terror turned thy brain?"

"Of a truth, the Evil One has already tied the three fatal nooses which

he hangs over the head of the sleeping believer," replied the old Mahometan in a lachrymose tone. "He who awakes and forthwith invokes the holy name of Allah, is thereby delivered from the first noose; by performing his ablutions, the second becomes loosened; and by fervent prayer he unties the third. Our bonds render it impossible for us to wash, and the second noose, therefore, will remain suspended over our devoted heads."

"Runs it so in the Koran, old man?" asked the youth.

"In the Koran! What Mussulman are you? It is the hundred and forty-ninth passage of the Suna."

"The Suna!" repeated the other, in a tone of indifference. "If that is all, it will not break my slumbers."

"Allah protect me!" exclaimed the old man, as he made an attempt to pluck out his beard, which the shackles on his wrists rendered ineffectual. "Allah protect me! Is it not enough that I have fallen into captivity? Am I also doomed to pass the night under the same roof with an unbeliever, even as the Nazarenes are?"

"May the bolt of Heaven fall on thy lying tongue!" exclaimed the youth in great wrath. "I am, unbeliever! I, Ibrahim, the adopted son of Hassan, pacha of Bosnia!"

In deepest humility did the old merchant bow his head, and endeavour to lay hold of the hem of the young man's crimson caftan, in order to carry it to his lips.

"Enough! enough!" said Ibrahim, whose good temper had returned. "You spoke in haste and ignorance. I am well pleased when I break no commandment of the Koran; and trouble my head little about the sayings of those babbling greybeards, the twelve holy Imams."

"But the nooses," expostulated Hassan, not a little scandalized by his companion's words.

"You have nothing to do but to sleep all night without awaking," replied the young Turk laughing. "Then you will have no need either to wash or pray."

The superstitious old man turned his face to the wall in consternation and anguish of spirit.

"This night have I seen with my own eyes what we have hitherto



refused to believe," resumed Ibrahim after a pause, and in a tone of indignation that echoed through the cavern. "I am now convinced that the shameless scoundrels do not rob on their own account, since they are obliged to pilfer and conceal a part of their plunder in order to get a profit from their misdeeds. Marked you not, Hassan, how they trembled when the sun lit up the ravine, lest their tricks should be espied by some sentry on the battlements; and how their panic fear made them carry every thing up to the castle?"

The old Turk bowed his head assentingly.

"Glory be to God and the Sultan!" continued the youth. "Before the bright countenance of the prophet's viceroy, who reigneth in Stambul, no misdeed can remain hidden that occurs in the remotest corner of his vast dominions. Nay, much of what happens in the land of the Glaour is also manifest to his penetrating vision. Witness the veil of turpitude and cunning which has long been seen through by the clear eyes of our holy mollahs, and of the council at the Seraglio, and which has just now been torn away from before me, like a mist dispersing in the sunshine of truth. Truly spoke the Christian maiden, whom but a few weeks back I took captive in a fight with the Uzcoques, but who was shortly after rescued by another hand of those raging fiends."

"Saw you the maiden," exclaimed Hassan, "the good maiden that accompanies the pirates, like an angel walking among demons?"

"What know you of the Hourî?" eagerly demanded the youth, in vain endeavouring to raise his head from the damp stones.

"That it was the hand of Allah that rescued her from you," replied the other. He chastiseth his creatures with rods, but even in his chastisement is mercy. "How many more had not the dogs and the ravens devoured, had the Christian maiden been taken from among the Uzcoques? She belongs to them, she is the daughter of their leader, the terrible Dansowich, beside whom she is ever to be found, instilling the musk and amber of mildness into his fierce soul, and pouring healing into the wounds he makes. I

know her not, but often have I heard the Christians, with whom my traffic brought me acquainted, include her in the prayers they addressed to their God."

"Her eyes were as brilliant stars, and they blinded my very soul," exclaimed Ibrahim impetuously; "the honey of her words dropped like balm into my heart! As the sound of bubbling fountains, and the rustle of flowery groves to the parched wanderer in the desert, fell her sweet voice upon my ear. So gentle and musical were its tones, that I thought not of their meaning, and it is only to-day that I understand them."

"I know not," quoth Hassan, "what you may have seen; but doubtless, Satan, who wished to inspire you with an unholy desire for a Nazarene woman, began by blinding you. According to all I have heard, the Uzcoque maiden is good and compassionate, but as ugly as night."

"Ugly!" cried Ibrahim. "Then there must be two of them; for the one I saw was blooming as the spring, her eyes like the morning star, and her cheeks of velvet. Oh, that I could again behold her! In that hope it was that I pressed so rashly forward in the fight, and was made prisoner; but yet have I not beheld the pearl of mine eyes."

"She cannot be amongst them," said Hassan; "and thence comes it that the pirates have this year committed greater cruelties than ever, and done deeds that cry out to Allah for vengeance."

"Instead of her silver tones," continued Ibrahim, "I hear the shrieks of the tortured; instead of her words of peace and blessing, the curses of the murderer."

"But what did the maiden tell you?" enquired Hassan, who was getting impatient at the transports of the enamoured youth.

"Her words flowed like a clear stream out of the well of truth. It is not the Uzcoques alone," said she, "who are to blame for the horrors that"—

"Hark!" interrupted the old Turk.

A clamour of voices and splashing of oars became audible, a keel grated on the beach, and then hurried footsteps were heard in the ravine.

"It is another vessel with Uzeques!" exclaimed Ibrahim; "but these are not laden with plunder, their movements are too rapid."

As he spoke, the tumult and murmur of voices and trampling of feet increased, and above all a noise like distant musketry was heard.

"Holy Virgin!" suddenly exclaimed a clear and feminine voice, apparently close to the mouth of the cavern. "They are already at the castle—the gates, no doubt, are shut, the drawbridge raised. Before they could come down it would be too late."

The young Turk started.

"It is she, Hassan!" he exclaimed. "It is Strasolda, the Christian maiden!"

"Oh, my father!" cried the same voice in tones of heart-rending anguish. "How shall we deliver thee? Alas! alas! who can tell the tortures they will make thee suffer in their dreadful dungeons?"

The noise of the musketry became more and more distinct. Some of the newly arrived Uzeques who had hurried up the winding path, were soon heard clamouring furiously for admittance at the castle gates.

"They will be too late!" exclaimed the maiden, wringing her hands in despair. The next moment a sudden thought seemed to flash across her mind, lending her fresh hope and energy.

"Gracious Heaven!" she exclaimed in joyful tones. "Have we not here the cave, from which, invoked by fire, the storm and the hurricane, the north wind and the tempest, come forth and shatter the most stately vessels against our iron-bound coast.\* Up, Uzeques, and fire the cavern! Let the elements do battle for us. Perchance by their aid the bark of your leader Dan-

sowich may yet escape its foes and reach the haven."

Immediately after these words, which made the two Moslems quail, the pirate's daughter hastily entered the cavern with a blazing torch, the flashes of which awakened from slumber into life and glow the various tints of mosses, lichens, and stalactites innumerable that studded the ample vault. In this fitting and singular illumination, the appearance of the Uzeque maiden was awful. Above the common stature of woman, and finely formed, she was attired in a white woollen garment, carelessly adjusted and confined at the waist by a broad red girdle, from which it fell in long and graceful folds to her feet. Her face was a perfect oval; her features of regular and striking beauty; her complexion, naturally of that clear rich brown, which lends more lustre to the eyes than the purest red and white, was now ghastly with intense alarm: and this death-like paleness imparted a more prominent and commanding character to her well-defined, jet-black brows, and the full, dark, humid eyes, which gleamed like brilliants through their long lashes. Heavy tresses of raven hair, escaping beneath her turban-like head-dress, streamed out like a sable banner as she rushed into the cavern, then fell and flowed in waving luxuriance over neck and shoulders to her girdle. The Turks in the interior of the cavern, gazed in speechless wonder at this beautiful apparition standing erect in the strong red light. Waving her torch with energetic and graceful action, she appeared like an antique sybil at the moment of inspiration, or some Arabian enchantress preparing for an incantation. Their admiration, however, yielded to alarm, when they beheld her dash the torch

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\* In Minucci's History of the Uzeques, continued by Paola Sarpi, we find the following:—"Segna, through its position on a cragged rock, was unapproachable by carts or horses, and consequently by artillery. The harbour appertaining to it, however, was tolerably good, but exceedingly difficult of access on account of the north wind, (*vento di Buora*), which blew almost incessantly in the channel leading to it. According to popular belief, the Segnaressa had the power of causing this wind to blow at will, by merely kindling a fire in a certain hollow of the cliffs. The mysterious operation of this fire was to heat the veins of the earth, which then, through pain or fury, sent out the raging hurricanes that rendered those narrow seas in the highest degree dangerous, and indeed untenable."

upon the ground, and her attendants pile upon it straw and fagots, which blazed up instantly to the cavern roof, emitting volumes of smoke that made the captives invisible, and by its suffocating influence deprived them ere-long of all power of utterance.

The evening was serene and still, with scarcely a breath of wind stirring, and the flames blazed upward to the cavern roof; only now and then a light breeze from the sea wafted them on one side, and, at the same time, dispersing the smoke, gave the Turks a momentary glimpse of the maiden, standing with uplifted hands, expectation, anxiety, and grief, depicted on her speaking countenance, as she invoked the spirit of the storm, while around her stood the few remaining Uzeques, with sorrowing and downcast faces.

"They come not!" she exclaimed after a pause, during which the fire began to burn low for lack of fuel, and the noise of the musketry diminished and finally ceased. "Uzeques!" she cried in a louder voice, and with inspiration in her thrilling tones—"Take heed and warning, for your hour is come. Your crags and caverns, your rocky shores and howling storms, refuse you further service!"

She paused, and at that moment was heard the rush of a rapidly approaching boat.

"Speak not, ye messengers of evil!" exclaimed Strasolda in piercing accents. "Utter not a word. You have left Dansowich in the hands of the Venetians."

There was no reply to her half frantic exclamation, and the deep silence was only broken by the footsteps of the new-comers, as with dejected looks they joined their companions. Just then some damp branches that had lain smouldering and smoking on the fire, burned brightly up, and by their light Ibrahim and Hassan beheld the maiden kneeling in the midst of the pirates, her tearful face covered by her fair and slender fingers. The next moment she raised her head and gazed into the cavern.

As she did so, the sorrowful expression of her features changed, and her countenance was lighted up with a look of rapture, while a loud cry burst

from her lips. Through the opening in the smoke, the prisoners became visible to her as they lay motionless in the interior of the cave, the light from the flames glowing on their red garments, and giving them the appearance of two statues of fire. In the handsome countenance of one of the figures thus suddenly revealed to her, Strasolda recognized the young Moslem, whose prisoner she had been, and whose noble person, and bearing, courteous manners, and gentle treatment, had more than once since the day of her captivity, occupied the thoughts and fancy of the Uzeque maiden. Unaware of Ibrahim's capture, Strasolda did not for an instant suppose that she beheld him in flesh and blood before her. To her excited and superstitious imagination, the figures of the Turks appeared formed out of fire itself, and she doubted not that the spirits of the cave had chosen this means of presenting to her, as in a prophetic mirror, a shadowy foreknowledge of future and more favourable events.

While she yet gazed eagerly on what she deemed a supernatural appearance, the rent in the veil of smoke suddenly closed, the flame sank down, and again all was gloom and darkness in the cavern. The thick stifling vapour of the damp wood, augmenting as the flame diminished, was now so overpowering that the Turks were in imminent danger of suffocation. In their extremity, making a violent effort, their pent up voices found vent in a cry of such startling wildness, that the Uzeques, struck with terror, sprang back from the mouth of the cave, hurrying the maiden with them. The cry was not repeated, for the Turks had lost all consciousness from the stifling effects of the smoke.

"Bani! your fears, Uzeques!" exclaimed Strasolda, staying the fugitives. "The voice that to you is a sound of dismay, gives me hope and confidence. I see the golden crescent rising in irresistible might, and shedding its rays over all the lands of the earth. Happy they on whom it casts its mild and favouring beams, and truer far the safeguard it affords to those who serve it, than that which is found beneath the shadow of the cross. Better the sharp cimeter and



plighted word of the Moslem, than the fair promises of the lying Christian, who, in the hour of peril, abandons those by whose courage he has profited. But enough!" cried she in an altered tone. "Our first duty is to rescue my father from the hands of the Venetians. Go not into Segna. There are traitors there who might reveal what we most wish kept secret. The Venetians know not the person of Dansowich, and that may save him if no time be lost in plotting his deliverance. Let none even of our own people hear of his captivity. Now to the castle!"

She led the way, and in silence and sadness the pirates followed the daughter of their captive chief.

The fire was quite out, the smoke had cleared away, the moon poured its silvery light into the cavern, and the stillness was unbroken, save by the ripple of the waves on the beach, when Ibrahim recovered from the state of insensibility into which he had been thrown by the suffocating influence of the smoke, and heard his companion snoring at his side. For some time the young Turk lay, revolving in his mind the eventful scene he had witnessed, and the strange and startling circumstances that had come to his knowledge during the few preceding hours. The capture of Dansowich was an event of much importance; nor was there less weight in the discovery Ibrahim had made of the dependence of the Uzcoques upon a higher power, which, in secret, aided and profited by their depredations. Although Austria had been frequently

accused of abetting the piracies of the Uzcoques, the charge had never been clearly proved, and to many appeared too improbable to obtain credence. Ibrahim had hitherto been among the incredulous; but what he had this day seen and heard, removed every doubt, and fully convinced him of the justice of those imputations.

Turning in disgust from the contemplation of the labyrinth of crime and treachery to which he had seized the clue, the young Moslem sought and found a far pleasanter subject of reflection in the remembrance of the maiden, whose transcendent beauty and touching devotion to her captive parent, shone out the more brightly from their contrast with the vice and degradation by which she was surrounded. With much interest did he endeavour to solve the problem, and explain what appeared almost miraculous, how so fair a creature—such a masterpiece of Heaven's handiwork—could have passed her childhood and youth amongst the refuse of humanity assembled on the island, and yet have retained the spotless purity which was apparent in every look and gesture. But, however interesting these reflections were to the enamoured Ibrahim, his recent fatigues had been too great for nature not to assert her claims, and the wearied body finished by triumphing over the rebellious restlessness of the excited spirit. The graceful form of Strasolda, and the wild figures of the Uzcoques, swam more and more indistinctly before his closing eyes, until he sank at last into a deep and refreshing slumber.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE JEWELS.

The tribe of the Uzcoques, or Scocchi, derived their name from *scoco*, a refugee or fugitive, a word bearing reference to their origin. Towards the commencement of the sixteenth century, a band of hardy and warlike men abandoned the provinces of Southern Hungary, Bulgaria, and Servia, and took refuge in Dalmatia from the tyranny and ill usage of the Turks, who had overrun the first-named provinces. Accompanied by their wives

and families, and recruiting their numbers as they went along, they at last reached the fortress of Clissa, situated in the mountains, a few miles from the old Roman town of Spalatro. There, with the permission of its owner, Pietro Crosichio, they established themselves, forming one of the outposts of Christendom, and thence carried on a war of extermination against the Turks, to whom they did a degree of injury that would appear



quite incommensurate with the smallness of their numbers. The name of Uzeoque soon became known throughout the Adriatic as the synonyme of a gallant warrior, till at length the Turks, driven nearly frantic by the exploits of this handful of brave men, fitted out a strong expedition and laid siege to Clissa, with the double object of getting rid of a troublesome foe, and of advancing another step into Christian Europe.

The different powers who had benefited greatly, although indirectly, by the enterprising valour of the Uzeoques, neglected to give them the smallest assistance in their hour of peril. After an heroic defence, Clissa fell into the hands of the Turks, and a scanty and disheartened remnant of its brave defenders fled northward to seek some new place of refuge. This they found in the fortress of Segna, then belonging to a Count Frangipani, who allowed them to occupy it; and, at the same time, Ferdinand the First of Austria bethought himself, although somewhat tardily, that the Uzeoques had deserved better at his hands, and at those of other Christian princes, than to be left to their own resources when assailed by the overwhelming power of the Porte. As a sort of atonement, he took them formally into his pay, to assist him in his wars against the infidel. But from this day forward the Uzeoques gradually declined in valour and in moral worth. From a race of heroes they degenerated into a horde of mercenary adventurers, and finally, of cruel and cowardly pirates. Their primitive customs and simple virtues were exchanged for the vices of refugees and criminals from Venice and other neighbouring states, who came in crowds to fill up the frequent vacancies occurring in their ranks.

At length the military value of the Uzeoques being much impaired, and their services also less required, Austria became irregular in her payments, and at last entirely discontinued them. The barren mountains round Segna produced nothing, and the unfortunate Uzeoques were in danger of dying of hunger. This they felt by no means inclined to do, and ere long complaints began to be made of piracies and depredations committed by the Segna-

rese on the vessels and territory of Venice. For some time no application on the subject was made to Austria, and when made it was found to be of little avail.

At the period to which this narrative refers, Austria had already formed those designs upon her southern neighbour, which in more modern times she has carried out with complete success. The fertile plains of Northern Italy, the convenient ports on the Adriatic, the rich commerce with the Levant, were tempting baits to what was then the most ambitious power in Europe; and with an undeviating steadiness did she follow up the policy which promised to place such desirable acquisitions within her grasp. Venice, whose power and importance were already on the decline, was the state against which her most strenuous efforts were directed; and nothing that could injure the trade, or lower the dignity and importance of the republic, was omitted by the Austrian Machiavels of the day. Insignificant as such a means of annoyance may appear, the band of Uzeoques was one of the prime engines employed to undermine the bulwarks of Venetian independence. Through her commerce had Venice achieved her greatness, and through her commerce was she to be assailed and overthrown. Whilst the Venetians, for the sake of their trade, had formed alliances with the Turks, the Austrians, professing great religious zeal, and hatred of the infidels, as well as a dread of further encroachments upon European territory, did all in their power to ruin the traffic and break the connexion between the republic and the Porte. The Uzeoques, who, although asserting a sort of independence, still dwelt on Austrian territory, and were reckoned as Austrian subjects, were secretly encouraged in the piracies which they committed indiscriminately against Turkish and Venetian vessels. These acts of piracy usually took place in the night, and could rarely be brought home to their perpetrators, although there could be no moral doubt as to the identity of the latter; but, even when proved, it was found impossible to obtain any substantial redress. At the time now referred to, the evil was at its height. Nominally

at peace both with Venice and the Porte, Austria, nevertheless, stimulated the Uzeques to aggressions upon the subjects of both. The Archduke Ferdinand, a well-intentioned and virtuous prince, but young and inexperienced, was completely led and deceived by the wily and unprincipled politicians who governed in his name. He was kept entirely in the dark as to the real character of the Segnarese, and thus prevented from giving credence to the frequent complaints made against them by neighbouring states. His corrupt ministers, moreover, not content with making the pirates instrumental in this tortuous policy, were not ashamed to squeeze from them a portion of their illicit gains; and a lion's share of the spoil found its way into the coffers of the archducal counsellors, who welcomed the golden Pactolus, utterly regardless of the foul channel through which it flowed. The Uzeques, on their part, who were no longer the race of brave and hardy soldiers they had been some half century before, clung to the protection of Austria, conscious that, in their degenerate state, and with their diminished numbers, they must soon fall a prey to their numerous foes, should that protection be withdrawn. Thus, although inwardly chafing at being compelled to disgorge a large part of the hard-won booty for which they frequently periled their lives, they did not dare to withhold the tribute, nor to omit the rich presents which they were in the habit of making to certain influential persons about the archducal court. In return, the ports of Austria on the Adriatic, were open to them to build and repair vessels, or obtain supplies of provisions; every species of indirect assistance was afforded them, and more than once, when some of their number had fallen into the hands of the Venetians, their release, as subjects of Austria, had been demanded and obtained by the authorities at Gradiska. On the other hand, the claims of Venice for satisfaction, when some of her richly laden merchant-ships had been captured or pillaged, were slightly attended to, the applicants put off from day to day, and from year to year, with promises and excuses, until the weak and cowardly republic, see-

ing that no satisfaction was to be obtained by peaceable means, and being in no state to declare war against her powerful neighbour, usually ended the matter by ceasing to advance claims, the prosecution of which only tended to her further humiliation.

It was Easter Sunday in the town of Gradiska. The strict religious ceremonies with which the Passion week was commemorated at the court of the youthful but pious Archduke Ferdinand were at an end; the black hangings disappeared from the church walls, and the bells rang out a merry peal in joyful commemoration of the Saviour's resurrection. The nobles and ladies of the court, wearied with the vigils and fasting which the religious zeal of the time rendered imperative, betook themselves with lightened hearts to their apartments, the elder portion to repose, the younger ones to prepare for the brilliant festival and ball which the following day was to witness.

In a richly furnished apartment of the castle, the young and handsome wife of one of the archducal counsellors was pacing up and down, her full and voluptuous form reflected on every side by the tall Venetian mirrors that covered the walls of the apartment. The lady was apparently in no gentle mood; her step was hurried and impatient, her face flushed, her lips peevishly compressed, and her irritation seemed to increase each time that she passed before a table on which were displayed a number of jewel-boxes and caskets, all open, and nearly all empty. Since the Easter festival of the preceding year, the caprices and necessities of this spendthrift beauty had abstracted one by one the rich kernels from these now worthless husks, and the recollection of the follies, or worse, in which their value had been squandered, now came to aggravate the vexation which the want of the jewels occasioned her. So absorbed was she in the consideration of her annoyances and perplexities, that for some time she took no notice of the presence of a young and graceful female in plain attire, who stood apparently in deep thought in the embrasure of one of the windows. The maiden had her back turned to the room; but the admirable contours of

her fine figure, and the rich luxuriance of the jet-black locks that flowed over her shoulders, gave promise of a perfection that was not belied, when, on an exclamation of impatience from her mistress, she suddenly turned round, and revealed the beautiful features of Dansowich's daughter. She it was who formed the usual medium of communication between the pirates and their archdiocesan allies; and during her frequent sojourns at Gradiska, she assumed the character of attendant on the counsellor's lady.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the court dame, stamping her foot violently on the polished floor. "What can detain the knaves? Say, girl! where can they be lingering?"

Strasolda made no reply to this impetuous enquiry. She was no longer the excited and impetuous Uzcogne heroine, invoking the spirit of the storm amidst the precipices and caverns of her native shores. A total change had come over her. Her look was subdued, her cheek pale, her eyes red and swollen with weeping. She cast an humble and sorrowful glance at the lady, and a tear trembled on her long dark lashes.

"Why come they not?" repeated the angry dame in a voice half-choked with passion. "By all the saints!" she continued, with a furious look at Strasolda, "I believe thy father, Dansowich, to be the cause of this delay; for well I know it is with small good-will he pays the tribute. But if the thieving knaves thus play me false, if the Easter gift is wanting, and for lack of jewels I am compelled to plead sickness, and pass to-morrow in my apartment, instead of, as heretofore, eclipsing every rival by the splendour of my jewels, rest assured, maiden, that thy robber friends shall pay dearly for their neglect. A word from me, and thy father, brethren, and kinsmen grace the gallows, and their foul cry is levelled with the dust."

Strasolda pressed her hands upon her heart, and burst into a flood of tears. Then throwing herself at the lady's feet—

"That word you will never have the cruelty to utter," cried she. "Be-think you, noble lady, of the perils to which they are exposed. The bravest cannot command success, and you

know not yet whether their last expedition may not have been unprosperous."

"I!" replied her irritated mistress. "How should I be privy to their proceedings? But *you* ought to be able to give some tidings: Wherefore did you not accompany your father this last voyage?"

"I told you, lady," answered Strasolda, "that I was busied with plans for the deliverance of the Uzcognes now held captive in Venice. I have brothers amongst those unfortunate prisoners, and it is the uncertainty of their fate which thus afflicts me."

The maiden gazed tearfully and imploringly at the angry lady. It was not without good reason that she concealed from her the fact of her father's captivity. The stern and inflexible Dansowich had ever viewed with an eye of disapproval the connexion between his people and the counsellors at Gradiska; and the latter, aware of this, would not have been likely to take much pains for the release of one who was unfavourable to their interests. It was only, therefore, by representing the captive Uzcognes as less nearly connected with her, that Strasolda could hope for aid to rescue them from the hands of the Venetians.

"So much the more should you desire the arrival of the tribute!" exclaimed the lady. "Did I not, at your request, make interest with our ambassador at Venice, that he should insist upon the surrender of the Uzcognes as Austrian subjects? Assuredly the feeble signoria will not venture to refuse compliance. A casket of jewels is but a paltry guerdon for such service, and yet even that is not forthcoming. But it is not too late to alter what has been done. If I say the word, the prisoners linger in the damp and fetid dungeons of the republic, until they welcome death as a blessing."

"Alas, alas!" sobbed Strasolda; "have you the heart thus to add to my sorrow? Is it not enough to know those I love in captivity, to behold my people, once so noble and heroic, degraded to the very refuse of humanity, despised and detested of all men, having their dwelling on a barren rock, and earning by crime and bloodshed a precarious existence



and doubtful freedom? Is it not enough?"

"Hush!" interrupted the lady in a quick sharp whisper, raising her finger, and glancing towards the door of the apartment. There was a noise as of stealthy footsteps in the corridor. Strasolda sprang from the kneeling posture which she had maintained during her conversation with her mistress, and resumed her station in the recess of a window, while the counsellor's lady snatched up a rich shawl from a damask covered ottoman, and threw it over the caskets spread out upon the table. Scarcely were these arrangements completed, when the door was partially opened, and a wild sunburnt and bearded countenance showed itself at the aperture.

"Heaven and the saints be praised!" exclaimed the lady. "They are come at last. In with you, Jurissa Caiduch: there is no one but Strasolda here."

The person thus addressed, was a strongly built and active man, rather under the middle size, muffled in a coarse brown cloak, which was drawn over the lower part of his face, apparently with a view to concealment. A broad-brimmed felt hat was slouched over his small black eyes, which glittered through its shadow like those of a snake, never fixing themselves on an object, but casting restless and suspicious glances, as though apprehensive of danger or treachery. Gliding into the room, and closing the door noiselessly behind him, he approached the table, and placed upon it a tolerably large casket, which he produced from under his cloak; then retreating a step or two, he removed his hat, and stood in an attitude of silent respect, his eyes still gleaming, however, with their habitual expression of mistrust and cunning.

Without uttering a word, the lady seized the casket, and impatiently forced open its delicate silver lock. A cry of joyful surprise burst from her lips on beholding the rich contents of the jewel-case. Diamond chains, golden girdles and bracelets, combs and hair ornaments studded with orient pearls, passed in rapid succession through the white and eager fingers of the gratified dame, who seemed to lack words to express her pleasure

and astonishment at the sight of such costly gems. At last she turned to the bearer.

"Of a truth, Jurissa," cried she, "you are unusually liberal this time, and you must have great need of the good offices of myself and Father Cipriano, to be willing to purchase our influence with the archduke at so high a price."

"Our last expedition was a successful one, noble lady," replied the Uzcoque. "The tender-hearted Strasolda," added he with a spiteful glance at the maiden, who still kept her station by the window, "that guardian angel, who so often steps between us and our prey, was absent, and we had no need to stay our hands."

As he spoke, the door was again hastily opened as softly as before, but somewhat wider, and the burly figure of a monk entered the room. This was no other than the Father Cipriano Guillo Lucchese, whom the lady had alluded to, and who, by his pleadings at the papal court, in favour of the Uzcoques, had earned himself the honourable cognomen of Ambassador de Ladri, or the Thieves' Envoy. He had expiated his discreditable intercession by a sojourn in the prisons of the Inquisition, which did not, however, prevent his being in high favour with the Archduke Ferdinand, at whose court he filled the triple office of theologian, confessor, and privy counsellor.

The sleek and unctuous physiognomy of the monk wore an expression of unusual care and anxiety. Without bestowing a salutation or a look upon the lady whose apartment he thus unceremoniously entered, he addressed himself at once to the Uzcoque Jurissa.

"Away with you!" cried he. "Out of the palace; and quietly, too, as your own shadow. Thumbcrews are waiting for you if you linger."

Strasolda gazed in alarm at Father Cipriano. Jurissa thrust his right hand under his cloak, and seemed to clutch some weapon. Even the counsellor's dame for a moment turned her eyes from the jewels she was admiring to the anxious countenance of the padre.

"Your last exploit will bring you into trouble," continued the latter to



Jurissa. "You have gone beyond all bounds; and a special ambassador has arrived here from Venice."

"Well!" replied the Uzcque surlily, "was not the sack of doubloons sufficient fee to keep you at your post?"

"I have but just left it," answered the monk, "and you may thank me if the storm is averted for the moment, although it must burst ere long. Before the ambassador could obtain his audience, I hurried to the archduke, and chanted the old ditty; told him you were the Maccabees of the century—the bulwarks of Christendom: that without you the Turks would long since have been in Gradiska—that the Venetians, through fear and lust of gain, were hand and glove with the followers of Mahomet—and that it was their own fault if you had to strike through them to get at the infidel: that they cared little about religion, so long as the convenience of their traffic was not interfered with—and that it would be a sin and a shame to deprive himself of such valiant defenders for the sake of obliging the republic. This, and much more, did I say to his highness, Signor Jurissa," concluded the fat priest, wiping away the perspiration which his eagerness and volubility had caused to start out on his brow: "and, in good truth, I think your paltry bag of doubloons but poor reward for the pains I took, and the zeal I have shown in your defence."

"And wherein consists the danger, then," interrupted Jurissa, "since your eloquence has sped so well on our behalf?"

"You do not hear me out, my son," replied the priest. "The greybeards at Venice have chosen an envoy who is right well informed of your small numbers, bad equipment, and cowardice in broad daylight. Nay, man, never grind your teeth. I do but repeat the ambassador's words; for I had stationed myself in an adjoining room, and heard all that passed between him and the archduke. He said, moreover, that, far from being of use as a bulwark against Turkish encroachments, it was you who had afforded to the infidels a pretext to wrest more than one rich province from Christian potentates. All this seemed to make some impres-

sion upon the archduke, and to plant suspicions in his mind which bode no good to you and your race. For the present, the capture of those two Turks, one of whom is a person of rank, is testimony in your favour with his highness; to whom the crescent is an abomination. Could he follow his own inclinations, he would, I fully believe, start a new crusade against the followers of Mahoun. But come, Jurissa, this is no time for gossip. You must not be seen in Gradiska. Away with you!"

"And the Venetian," cried Jurissa, "what is his name?"

"It is the Proveditore Marcello, who has lately returned from a long absence in the East."

The Uzcque started. The name seemed to have some potent and mysterious effect upon him, and he stood for a few moments with his eyes fixed upon the ground, apparently forgetful of the necessity for his immediate departure. The priest took him by the arm, and drew him towards the door, which he was about to open, when Jurissa shook off his grasp and hastily approached the counsellor's wife, who had thrown herself into a large gilded chair before one of the pier-glasses, and was busily engaged in trying on the ornaments that had just been brought her.

"Have a care, noble lady!" cried the Uzcque. "You will do well to let a couple of weeks elapse before you appear in public with those pretty gauds. At any rate, wear them not at to-morrow's ball, lest, perchance, they find an owner. Beware, lady, of the Proveditore Marcello!"

With a look of peculiar meaning he left the room, accompanied by Father Cipriano. But his warning fell faintly upon the lady's ear, who, though she heard the words, was far too much engrossed in arranging and admiring the costly gems so lately become her own, to give much heed to their import. She remained before her mirror, loading her white neck and arms with chains and jewels, and interweaving diamonds and pearls in her tresses, regardless of the grief of Strasolda, who sat in tears and sadness, deploring her father's increasing peril, and the cloud that menaced the future fortunes of her people.

## CHAPTER IV.

## THE BALL.

The ancient burg, or castle, of Gradska had been originally on a larger scale, but, at this period, consisted only of a centre, flanked at right angles by two wings ending in square towers, large, grey, and massive, and embattled, with overhanging galleries for sentinels to pace along; while similar galleries, on a smaller scale, extended along the entire front and wings of the castle. The central edifice contained, on the ground-floor, numerous apartments and offices for menials; above which arose a spacious saloon and other lofty apartments, lighted by windows high above the flooring, and terminating in the round-headed arches so commonly seen in the castellated mansions of northern Italy. In this palatial hall preparation had been busy for the ball, to which the wife of the archducal counsellor so impatiently looked forward, as an opportunity to eclipse all rivals by the splendour of her jewels. The hour of reception by the archduke had arrived. The exterior of the spacious edifice was illuminated from end to end by numerous torches, and the capacious staircase was lighted by a double rank of torch-bearers, in splendid apparel. In the interior of the vast apartment huge waxen tapers were fixed above the *chevron*, or zig-zag moulding, which ran round the walls, and connected the casement of each window. Large crystal lamps, pendant from the point of each inverted pinnacle on the lofty roof, diffused a flood of brilliant light, and imparted life and colour to the rich tapestries, portraying stirring scenes from the Crusades, which covered the walls from floor to window. Complete suits of armour, exhibiting every known device of harness, and numerous weapons, fancifully arranged, decorated the spaces between the windows. And now began to appear, in this scene of splendour, groups of knights and nobles, arrayed in velvet and cloth of gold, and attending upon fair dames, sparkling with jewels, and bearing nodding plumes upon their braided hair. Con-

spicuous amidst these, and towering above all in stature, appeared the haughty mistress of Strasolda, attired in a robe of dark green velvet, which well relieved the fairness of her complexion, and displaying upon her finely moulded neck and arms a collar and bracelets of large and lustrous oriental pearls. Her fingers were bedecked with costly rings, and upon her head she wore an ornament of singular device, which soon attracted universal attention. Above the rim of a golden comb, richly chased and studded with brilliants, arose a peacock with expanded tail. The body was of chased gold in imitation of feathers, the arching neck was a mosaic work of precious stones, the eyes were sparkling diamonds of the purest water, and the feathers of the tail glittered with emeralds, rubies, and sapphires of singular beauty and lustre. So great was the curiosity excited by the dazzling splendour of these jewels, that the fair wearer was followed round the room by a train of ladies, anxious to observe at leisure a display of ornaments so extraordinary, and whispering to sympathizing ears conjectures not over charitable to the counsellor's wife. When, at length, she had seated herself upon one of the sofas which lined the walls, a circle of admiring gazers was formed, whose numbers were rapidly increased by the attendant cavaliers. While the lady was enjoying her triumph, a bustle at the entrance of the hall turned every head in that direction, when the cause appeared in the person of the young archduke, who entered in full costume, followed by a group of courtiers, and accompanied by a Venetian cavalier, of tall and commanding person, with whom he appeared to be in earnest discourse. The stranger was a large-boned, spare, and powerful man, of middle age, and attired in a black vest and pantaloons of woven silk, with a short cloak of the same hue. The golden hilt of his rapier, and a gold chain and medallion round his neck, were his only ornaments. His

features were large, regular, and grand, and the gaze of his full dark eyes serene, yet firm and potent; his complexion pale, and contrasting strongly with the dark beard which circled his visage like a frame. His high and massive forehead, and well closed lips, had a character of thought and decision, while his mien and trend were those of one long accustomed to authority. He seemed a man born after his time, and worthy to have lived and acted in the high and palmy days of Venice. After attending the archduke to the steps of the dais at the upper end of the hall, he made his bow, and began to pace the floor in seeming abstraction from the gay scene around him. Arrested in his progress by the numerous group which, after saluting the archduke, had again collected around the counsellor's lady, he paused in returning consciousness; and, looking for the cause of such unwonted attraction, was enabled, by his lofty stature, to obtain a glimpse of the jeweled lady within the circle. Her features were unknown to him; but when his careless gaze fell upon the rare ornament which crowned her redundant tresses, his countenance became suddenly darkened by some strong emotion. Again, he looked more earnestly, and with increasing wonder and curiosity. Controlling, by a sudden effort, all outward evidence of feeling, he watched his opportunity, and at length penetrating within the crowd, stood for some moments before the object of attraction, and gazed, as if admiringly, upon her various adornments in succession: then, bowing gracefully, he addressed to her some words of compliment upon the splendour and value of the dazzling bird upon her head. "Fair lady," he continued, "I have a daughter whom I fondly love, and fain would I bestow upon her youthful beauty such ornaments as yours. But say, I pray you, where can the cunning hand be found which fashions such glorious birds? Was it in Venice or Vienna that you bought this masterpiece of art?" Unsuspecting of evil, and bridling with gratified vanity at this attention from a stranger of such distinguished mien, the spoil-bedecked fair one replied to him as she had done to others.

"I bought this ornament, some weeks back, in Venice, at the store of a Greek trader from the Levant."

"Ha!" exclaimed the stranger; "and where dwelt this Greek, that I may see and ask him for another such?"

The conscious lady, embarrassed by such close questioning, and somewhat alarmed by the kindling glances of the questioner, replied in haste — "Nay, signor, now I remember better, it was not of a Greek I bought these gauds, but of a trading Jew, who walks the Merceria with a box of jewellery."

"Just now, methinks, you said a Greek, fair lady: and now you say a Jew. What next? Why not a Moslem, or perchance an *Uzcoque*?"

At this ominous conclusion, which the stranger uttered in tones of marked significance, the alarmed culprit started to her feet: and her fierce temper getting the better of her prudence, she boldly faced the cavalier, exclaiming, in a louder key than be-seemed a courtier's wife—

"And who are you, signor, that dare thus question the lady of an archducal counsellor?"

"Lady!" he sternly answered. "here I am known to none save your husband's master; but in Venice men call me the *Proveditore* Marcello."

And now flushed upon the indignant signora a fearful reminiscence of Jurissa's unheeded and forgotten warning, to hide her jewels for a time, and to beware of the *Proveditore* Marcello. In utter dismay, and nearly fainting with alarm, she sank upon the sofa, and her eyes expanded into the wide stare of terror as she gazed at the menacing visage of the Venetian noble. Unwilling to expose the conscience-stricken woman before so numerous an assemblage, he seated himself beside her, and in tones inaudible to others thus whispered in her ear—"Lady! but eight days back the jewels that you wear were mine. That peacock was my own design, and made for my daughter by a cunning artificer in Candia. Its like exists not in the world; for the mould was made by my order, and broken as soon as used. 'Twas mine until the base *Uzcoques* plundered my baggage. How thus quickly it passed



from them to you, is as well known to me as to yourself. But mark me, lady! if all these jewels are not delivered at my apartments in the west wing of the castle ere midnight, I will denounce your husband and his colleagues as long-suspected and now-proved partakers with the Pirates of Segna. And, should redress be denied me here, the ambassador of Venice shall report this infamous collusion before a higher tribunal in Vienna."

Struck dumb by this terrible denunciation, the fair culprit gasped for breath, and her evident distress having been watched in growing wonder by the assembled ladies and cavaliers, the latter began to mutter threats of vengeance. One of them now stepped forward, and, grasping the hilt of his rapier, accused the Venetian of having insulted the wife of a nobleman high in the councils of the archduke, when the Proveditore, looking down upon the courtier with that riveted and intensely piercing gaze which staggers the beholder like a sudden blow, and may still be noted in many of Titian's portraits, answered with brief and startling emphasis—

"Signor! you do me grievous wrong. 'Tis I, and not the lady, who am the injured party."

Awed by his gathering brow, and the settled, stern, unsparing resolution which flashed from every feature, and indicated a man confident in his own resources, the courtiers did involuntary homage to his loftier spirit, and gave way. The proud Venetian strode through the yielding circle and quitted the hall, while the counsellor's wife, pleading illness and fatigue in reply to the pointed and numerous questions of surrounding friends and enemies, summoned her husband to attend her, and retired to her apartments.

Meanwhile the young Moslem and his companion in misfortune, who had been brought prisoners to Gradiska, were confined in one of the massive towers which flanked the castle. They had arrived not long before the commencement of the festival, and when going under guard along a corridor in the east wing, Ibrahim passed the open door of an apartment in which Strasolda was adjusting the rich jewels

of the counsellor's lady before her appearance in the ball-room. Startled by the approaching tramp of armed men, the Uzeoque maiden raised her eyes, and beheld the noble and well-remembered features of the young Turk, whose captive she had been, and whose image had so strangely reappeared to her through the flitting cloud of smoke in the cavern. "Mother of Heaven!" she exclaimed, covering her eyes with her hands; "do I again behold that Moslem youth, ever appearing when least expected?" Again she gazed; but the prisoners, hurried onward by their guards, had proceeded to the end of the corridor, where a narrow winding staircase, fashioned in the immense thickness of the tower wall, led to their appointed prison, a large square apartment, the sides of which were paneled to a considerable height, and imperfectly lighted by small windows, or rather embrasures, perforating a wall many feet in thickness. Here they were left to their reflections, and to what comfort they could derive from a lamp and a supply of provisions. Hassan, wearied with his journey, hastily swallowed his supper, and, stretching himself upon a pailasse, soon forgot his calamities in sound repose. Ibrahim, more vigilant and less apprehensive of future evil, as the Turks and Austrians were then at peace, paced awhile along the floor of his spacious prison, musing on the peerless charms of the Uzeoque maiden. From time to time he gazed upon the walls and windows as if calculating the chances of escape, when gradually the peculiar and regular design of the paneling caught and fixed his attention. It was divided by prominent mouldings into oblong squares, from the centres of which projected large diamond-shaped bosses of carved oak. This peculiarity at length roused into action some reminiscences of the early life and adventures of his beloved patron, the pacha of Bosnia, to the recital of which he had often, in his boyhood, listened with eager delight. These recollections, at first shadowy and indistinct, became gradually more vivid and accurate, until finally the full conviction flashed upon him that his benefactor, when taken prisoner in his youth by the Austrians, had



been confined in this very tower and room, and, by a singular discovery, had been enabled to liberate himself and his fellow-prisoners. The pacha, then a subordinate in rank, in endeavouring to reach the level of one of the embrasures, had mounted upon the shoulders of a comrade, and was supporting himself by a firm grasp of the large boss in the centre of the pannel, when suddenly he felt it turning round in his hand. Surprised to find it not a fixture, he pulled it towards him, and found that it slowly yielded to the impulse. Drawing it out of the socket, he saw it followed by an iron chain, which for a time resisted all his efforts, but at length gave way, and he heard a grating sound like the drawing of a rusty bolt. Suddenly the entire pannel shook, and then the lower end started back sufficiently to betray a recess in the wall. Hastily descending from his comrade's shoulders, and pushing back the pannel, he discovered that it was supported by hinges, and was doubtless intended to conceal a secret issue from the castle, which he soon ascertained, and effected his escape. These facts were all that the memory of Ibrahim could supply; but they were enough to guide him in his search, and he immediately proceeded to sound the pannels in succession with his fist. Commencing with the southern or outer wall, which he supposed more massive and more likely to contain a secret passage, he sounded each pannel, and perceiving in the corner one more reverberation than in the others, he roused Hassan from his slumbers. "Hassan! Hassan!" he exclaimed, "Arouse thee, man! and listen to good tidings." The awakened sleeper gazed with half-opened eyes upon his excited companion, and would have dropped to sleep again had not a few words of explanation and the hope of escape fully roused him. Having with some difficulty perched his rotund person upon the ample shoulders of Ibrahim, he followed his directions and grasped the wooden boss, which, to the inexpressible delight of both, yielded, as it had done forty years before to the captive Turk, and displayed the iron chain. Bidding Hassan replace the boss, Ibrahim determined to postpone

his attempt until the festival had collected all the guards and menials into the central edifice and its approaches. An hour before midnight, when the young Moslem expected the revelry would be at its height, Hassan again mounted upon his shoulders, and after many strenuous efforts, at length succeeded in drawing up the bolt. The pannel receded some inches, and Ibrahim raising it still further, seized the lamp and entered a small oblong recess in the wall, which was not less than ten or twelve feet in thickness. Perceiving no outlet, he examined the wooden flooring, and soon discovered a trap, which, when raised by the ring attached, exposed to view a steep and narrow descending staircase, leading apparently to some sally-port beyond the castle ditch. After carefully trimming his lamp, he was about to lead the way into this dark abyss, when a sound, sharp and sudden, as of something falling in the adjacent prison, caught his ear. Retracing his steps, he re-entered the apartment, where, after a brief search, he found beneath one of the embrasures a paper folded round a large pebble. Hastily opening it, the following lines, written in the *lingua Franca* so common in the Levant, were visible.

"Moslem! If thy soul belie not thy noble form and features, thou wilt not withhold thine aid from a bereaved and sorrowing daughter. Before tomorrow's sunset thou wilt be free, for Austria wars not with the Turk. Then straight repair to Venice, and there await the Battle of the Bridge. Take thy stand beneath the portal of St Barbara, and follow the man who whispers in thine ear,

"STRASOLDA."

"Mashallah!" shouted the enraptured youth, "these lines are from the Uzeoque maiden; and by the gates of Paradise I'll do her bidding, though it perils life."

For a time he was tempted to follow her guidance implicitly, and await the promised release from the authorities of Gradiska; recollecting, however, the proverbial slowness of Austrian counsellors, and too restless and ardent to endure suspense, he resumed his purpose of exploring the secret passage. After he had secured the

pannel and replaced the boss, he bade Hassan follow him and began to descend. The staircase ended in a small passage round an angle, beyond which he discovered a similar descent, followed by another angle and staircase, proving that this secret issue from the castle penetrated through each of the four massive walls which formed the tower. At length their further progress was stopped by a door, originally strong and plated with iron, but now so much decayed, that although fastened by bolts without, the joint strength of the two captives forced it from its hinges. They now entered a vaulted passage of hewn stone, low and narrow, and with no visible termination. As they advanced, the long pent-up and dank unwholesome vapours made it difficult to breathe, and compelled Ibrahim to pause repeatedly and trim his lamp, which burned so dimly in this oppressive atmosphere as to be nearly extinguished. After a while the path began to slope upwards, and ere long they distinguished moonlight faintly streaming through a tangled mass of ivy which concealed the remains of an iron grating, broken probably in his patron's successful attempt to escape by this secret pas-

sage from the prison above. Gazing through the aperture, they perceived not many feet below what had once been the castle ditch, now dry, and forming a portion of the archduke's gardens. With a joyous heart and an elastic bound, Ibrahim reached the soft turf beneath. The more timid and helpless Hassan lowered himself by clinging to a remaining iron bar, and with the aid of his companion was soon on his feet, enjoying, with many thanks to Allah, the fresh air of heaven and the consciousness of escape from captivity. The gates of the palace gardens being unguarded during the festival, the liberated prisoners reached the coast without an obstacle, compelled a fisherman to take them in his bark across the Adriatic, and land them on the Lido, which forms the outward limit of the port of Venice. Then making free with an unwatched gondola, they sped across the bay, and were soon in safety, beneath the roof of a Turkish trader and correspondent of Hassan.

Before their escape was discovered on the following morning, the indignant Provveditore had departed for Venice, and Strasolda had disappeared.

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## COLONEL DAVIDSON'S TRAVELS IN INDIA.

THE appearance of this work was heralded some three months since, as divers of our readers may possibly remember, by a species of puff-preliminary, for which even the annals of Great Marlborough Street afforded no precedent—being nothing less than the appearance of Mr Colburn, *in propria persona*, at the bar of the police-office adjoining his premises, to answer the complaint of the gallant and irate author for what he was pleased to consider the unwarrantable detention of the MS. from which his narrative had been printed. It was alleged, in extenuation, that “the gallant colonel’s MS. was so nearly undecipherable, that Mr Colburn had been put to considerable expense in revising the press:”—and a mysterious and curiosity-provoking hint was further thrown out, that “it was the custom of the trade, that, until a work was published, the MS. should not be parted with by the publisher, as it might turn out that some part of it was libellous, and in such case the publisher must produce the MS.” In the end the gallant colonel (whose the newspaper reports described as “very much excited”) took nothing by his motion in regard to the recovery of the MS.; but though in this respect he may have been somewhat scurvily treated, we cannot equally sympathize with his complaints of the work not having been duly *advertised*: for surely all the little “neatly turned paragraphs” that ever proceeded from Mr Colburn’s laboratory, could not have been so effectual as the method struck out by the impromptu genius of the colonel himself, in intimating to the public that something quite out of the common way might be expected from the forthcoming production thus brought before its notice.

And verily those who have been prepared for a queer volume, will not

be disappointed in the diary of our choleric and corpulent colonel. If ever the assurance, which seems to be regarded as indispensable in the preface to works of this class, that the author “wrote the following pages purely for his own amusement,” bore the stamp of unequivocal truth, it is in the present instance: and, notwithstanding the asseverations of Mr Colburn and his literary employes, it is difficult to conceive that any revision whatever can have been bestowed on the rough notes of the writer, since they were first hastily committed to paper amidst the scenes which they describe. The style is as rambling and unconnected as the incidents to which it refers; but wherever the author’s devious footsteps lead us, from the jungles of Bundelcund to the holy ghats of Hurdwar, the principal figure is always that of the colonel himself, who, in the portly magnificence of twenty stone minus two pounds, fills up the whole foreground with himself and his accessories of servants, elephant, and, Nigoree cows, and other component parts of the *sawarree* or suite of a *Qui-hye*, who can afford to make himself comfortable after the fashion of the country. The quantity (sometimes not trifling) and quality of his meals, the consequent state of his digestion, and his endless rows on the score of accommodations and forage with thannadars, darogahs, kutwals, and all the other designations for Hindoo and Hindoostani jacks-in-office, (for to Feringhi society he appears to have been not very partial,) may doubtless have been points of peculiar interest to the colonel himself, but are not likely to engage the attention of the world in general, and had better have been omitted in the revision of the diary, instead of being chronicled, as they are on all occasions, with wearisome minuteness of detail. But with

*Diary of Travels and Adventures in Upper India, from Bareilly, in Rohilcund, to Hurdwar and Nahun, in the Himalaya Mountains; with a Tour in Bundelcund, a Sporting Excursion in the Kingdom of Oude, and a Voyage down the Ganges. By C. J. C. DAVIDSON, Esq., late Lieut.-Col. of Engineers, Bengal.*

all these drawbacks, a man who, as he says of himself, "has dwelt in India twenty-five years, and traversed it from the snowy range to Bombay on the west, must have seen something of the country, and may be supposed to know something of the natives"—among whom, by the way, he seems to have mingled more familiarly than most Feringhis; and in spite of all the egotism and rignarole with which his pages abound, the rambles of this "stout gentleman" through Upper India, and some other parts of the country not much visited by Europeans, present us with a good deal of plain sense and sterling matter, viewed, it is true, with the eccentric eye of a humorist, and frequently couched in very odd phraseology; but not the less true on that account. His opinions on all men and all things are expressed with the same honesty and candour with which he narrates the various scrapes in which he was involved, while pushing right ahead like an elephant through a jungle;—and though laughing at him quite as often as with him, we have found the colonel, on the whole, far from an unpleasant travelling companion.

Bareilly, on the frontiers of Oude and Rohilkund, was the colonel's starting-point;—and thence on St Patrick's day\* he set forward for Hurdwar, at the head of a retinue, the members of which, both quadruped and biped, he enumerates serially, giving the *pas* to the former—a precedence perhaps well merited by steeds up to such a welter weight under the climate of India, over such a set of unredeemed and thriftless knaves as he describes his native attendants. Accordingly, he gives the names and pedigrees of the whole stud, from "the buggy mare Maldenhead and my wicked little favourite Fish-Guts," up to "my favourite broodmare Fair Amelia, purchased at a prize sale on the frontier, and bred by the king of Bokhara, with his royal stamp on her near flank—stands nearly fifteen and a half hands high, with

magnificent action and great show of blood—had, when taken, four gold rings in her nostrils, now removed and replaced by silver, which will be stolen by her groom one by one." His first day's march was to Futtehgunge, ("the mart of victory," being the scene of the memorable battle in 1774, in which the English, as the bought allies of the Nawab Shoojah-ed-dowlah, defeated and slew the gallant Rohilla chief, Hafez-Resnait;) and here he oracularly announced a discovery in gastronomy, of which it would be unpardonable not to give our readers the benefit. "I used my favourite condiment, tomato sauce, with my beef; and to all who are ignorant of this delicious vegetable I may venture to recommend its sauce, as at once both wholesome and savoury, if eaten with anything but cranberry tart or apple pie!" It is melancholy to reflect how often the best efforts of genius are anticipated and rendered of no avail. The colonel, when he penned this sentence with a heart overflowing with Epicurean philanthropy, was evidently unconscious that "chops and tomato sauce" were already familiar to the British public from the immortal researches of Mr Pickwick!

Rampore, in the territory of which the colonel now found himself, is still a semi-independent state, the Nawab of which has a revenue of sixteen lacs of rupees, (£160,000,) while the city, being without the pale of English law, is "a city of refuge, a very Goshen of robbers, . . . the streets are crowded with a mob of very handsome, idle, lounging fellows, having generally the fullest and finest jet-black beards and black mustaches in the world. Many of these were handsomely dressed, and many (which struck me as a very curious fact) appeared clean!" These were the Pathans and Rohillas, partly descended from the original Moslem conquerors of India, and partly from those who have more recently migrated from Afghanistan and the adjoining countries. The most athletic and warlike race among the Indian

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\* The year is not specified; but as the Ramazan is subsequently said to have ended March 25, it must have been in the year of the H-jra 1245, answering to A. D. 1830.



Mahomedans, and too proud of their blood to exercise any profession but that of arms, they are found in every town throughout Upper India, swaggering about with sword, shield, and matchlock, in the retinues of the native princes, and ready to join any enterprise, or flock to the standard of any invader, through whose means any prospect is afforded of shaking off the Feringhi yoke, and resuming their ancient predominance in the country which their forefathers won by their swords from the idolaters. "They hate us with the most intense bitterness, and can any one be surprised at it? We have taken their broad lands foot by foot." Few if any of these turbulent spirits are found in our European regular native army; their dislike to the cumbrous accoutrements and awkward European saddles operating equally, perhaps, with the severity of the drill and discipline to deter them; but they form the strength of the various corps of irregular horse—a force which, of late years, has most judiciously been greatly increased in numbers, and the uniform dashing bravery of which in the field, strongly contrasts with the misconduct of one at least of the regular native cavalry regiments in the late Afghan war. "I have seen," (says the colonel,) "a lineal descendant of Pathan Nawab's serving in the ranks of Hearsay's horse, as a common trooper on twenty rupees a month, out of which he had merely to buy and feed his horse, procure clothes, arms, and harness, and sustain his hereditary dignity! By his commander and his fellow-soldiers he was always addressed by his title of Nawab Sahib!"

The small-pox was committing dreadful ravages in Rampore and its neighbourhood; and though vaccination was performed gratis at Bareilly, the fatalist prejudices of the natives, even of those of rank and education, prevented them from availing themselves of the boon. All the instances of the colonel, in behalf of a charming little girl, four years old, whose mother and sister had already taken the infection, could get from her father nothing more than a promise

"to think of it! If it's her fate——" said he. "'You fool!' said I, in my civil way," (and the colonel's *brusquerie* was here, at least, not misplaced,) "'if a man throws himself into the fire or a well, or in the path of a tiger, is he without blame?'" Such apathy seems almost unaccountable to English minds; but it may find a parallel in Lady Chatterton's story of the Irish parents,\* who, after refusing to spend fourpence in nourishment for a dying child, came in deep grief after its death to their employer, to solicit an advance of thirty shillings to *wake the corpse!* Perhaps some ingenious systematists might hence deduce a fresh argument in favour of the alleged oriental origin of the Irish.

The colonel's next stage was to Moradabad, another Pathan city, but under the *raj* of the Company, where, in a visit to a native original, named Meer Mahammed, he was greatly delighted by his new friend's introduction of the English word *wrap* into a sentence of Hindoostani. And on the 25th he reached Dhamphore, where the welcome proclamation, "that the new moon had been seen," terminated the fast of the Ramazan, to the uncontrollable joy of the Mussulmans, who would have been subjected to another day's abstinence if it had not been perceived till the succeeding evening. The colonel, however, slyly remarks, that "it was very odd that the *Hindoos* could not see the new moon," and hints that their imperfection of vision was shared by himself, but it was otherwise decided by the Faithful; and he proceeded, amid the noisy rejoicings of the Moslem feast of *Bakra-Ed*, (called by the Turks *Balram*,) by Najeeba, the Birmingham of Upper India, to Nujeehabad. Here resided, on a pension of 60,000 rupees (£6000) a-year from the English government, the Nawab Gholam-eddeen, better known by the nickname of Bunibo Khan, a brother of the once famous Rohilla chief Gholam-Khadir. Though past eighty years of age, and weighing upwards of twenty stone, he had not lost, any more than the equi-ponderant colonel, his taste for the good things of this world; and our

\* *Rambles in the South of Ireland*, ii. 143.

traveller, on partaking of the Nawab's hospitality, records with infinite zest the glories of a peculiar preparation of lamb, called *nargus*, or the narcissus. But, alas! the reminiscences of the *nargus* were less grateful than the fruition, and the remorse of the colonel's guilty stomach (as poor Theodore Hooke, or some one else, used to call indigestion) continued to afflict him all the way to Hurdwar; and may probably account, by the consequent irritation of his temper, for various squabbles in which he was involved on the route.

The great fair of Hurdwar was in full swing at the colonel's arrival, with its vast concourse of Hindoo devotees from all parts of India, to whom it is in itself a spot of peculiar sanctity, besides lying in the way to the shrine of Gungotree, (the source of the Ganges,) in the Himalaya—its crowds of merchants and adventurers of all sorts, even from Uzbek Tartary and the remote regions of Central Asia—Seiks by thousands from the Panjab, with their families—Afghan and Persian horse-dealers—and numerous grandees, both of the Hindoo and Moslem faith, who repair hither as to a scene of gaiety and general resort. The colonel found quarters in the tent of a friend employed in the purchase of horses for government, and seems to have entered with all his heart into the humours of the scene: his description of which, and of the varied characteristics of the motley groups composing the half million of human beings present, is one of the most graphic and picturesque sketches in his work. "Huge heaps of assafœtida, in bags, from the mountains beyond Cabool—tons of raisins of various sorts—almonds, pistachio nuts, sheep with four or five horns—Balkh\* cats, with long silken hair, of singular beauty—faqeeers begging, and abusing the uncharitable with the grossest and most filthy language—long strings of elderly ladies, proceeding in a chant to the priests of the Lingam, to bargain for bodily issue—(hât priests presenting their books for the presents

and signatures of the European visitors—groups of Hindoos surrounding a Bramin, who gives each of them a certificate of his having performed the pilgrimage"—such are a few of the component parts of the scene; but the colonel's attention seems to have been principally fixed upon the horses, and the tricks of the *dulah* or brokers, to whom the purchase is generally confided, it being almost hopeless for an European to make a personal bargain with a native dealer. But among the greatest curiosities in this way were some *tor-toiseshell* ponies—for we can call them nothing else—a peculiar race from Uzbek Tartary, which we never remember to have heard of before. "They were under thirteen hands high, and the most curious compound of colours and marks that can be imagined. Suppose the animal pure, snowy white; cover the white with large, irregular, light bay spots, through which the white is visible: in the middle of these light bay let there be dark bay marbled spots; at every six or eight inches plant rhomboidal patches of a very dark iron-grey; then sprinkle the whole with dark fleabites! There's a *phooldar*, (flower-market,) as they call them;" and we agree with the colonel that such an animal would be a fortune at Bartlemy fair.

Among the distinguished visitors to Hurdwar at this season of festivity was the noted Begum Sombre, or Sum-roo, whose face the colonel compares to that of an old Scotch highlander, and her person to a sackful of shawls, and who declared "that the Duke of Wellington *must* be at heart a Catholic, *because* he emancipated the Catholics!" He also renewed his gastronomic friendship with his friend Bumbo Khan, with whom the recollections of past indigestion did not prevent him from feasting on *mahaseer*, a delicious fish found in this part of the Ganges; and on this occasion his Apician ecstasies are not alloyed by subsequent regrets—"even now the recollection soothes me"—and he recommends

\* In the original "balkh," which we have ventured to amend as above. The Oriental words and phrases are, in several instances, very incorrectly printed; but whether the fault rests with the colonel's "undecipherable" MS., or the correctors of the press, it is not for us to decide.

such of his readers as are yet ignorant of this luxury to start forthwith for Hurdwar and repair the omission. The fair ended April 13; and the colonel having previously succeeded in disposing of his buggy to a potentate whom he calls "the Kheera Thummasir Rajah," (we believe, the ruler of one of the Seik protected states,) and buying a stout Turcoman pony for the hills, started the same day on the road to Suharunpoor. He favours his readers, *en passant*, with some exceedingly original speculations touching the Mosiac deluge, in reference to the hills about Hurdwar, which do not speak very highly for his attainments in geology, though in some other branches of natural history, and particularly in botany, he appears to be no mean proficient. The journey was disturbed by attempts to steal the colonel's new purchase, (which was not, like the rest of the stud, distinguished from the horses of the country by having its tail cut,) and by a quarrel at Secunderpore with a thannadar, or native police magistrate, whose European superior's neglect of the colonel's complaint he charitably attributes to "some (I hope slight) derangement of the stomach." At Suharunpoor he visited the well-known botanist Dr Royle, the curator of the Company's botanic garden there, then engaged in those labours on the Flora of the Himalayas which have been since given to the world; and at Boorea, leaving the British territory, he entered that of the protected Seik states, whose petty chieftains are secured in their semi-independence by the treaty with Runjeet in 1809, which confined the ruler of Lahore to the right bank of the Sutlej. But their reception of the colonel did not appear to indicate any great degree of gratitude for these favours to the British nation, as represented in his person; for not one of the five Seik chiefs, "each of whom has his own snug little fort close to the city," would supply him with a lodging: and it was only by perseverance and ingenuity that he secured a place to lay his head, after long wrangling with the subordinate functionaries. Matters improved, however, as he advanced further into the country; and, at the little mountain-city of Nahun, he was

most hospitably received and entertained by the young rajah, Futteh Pūr Grass Sing, "who had been educated almost entirely under the kind and fatherly superintendence of Captain Murray," the commissioner of the Seik states, and whose frank and gentlemanlike manners, "so unlike those of the ghee-fed wretches of the plains," did honour to his guardian's precepts. The town of Nahun, which is 3600 feet above the level of the sea, is described as clean and well paved; and the rajah, whose revenue had been increased under the management of Captain Murray from 37,000 to 53,000 rupees, was highly popular, and by the colonel's account deservedly so, with his subjects. He earnestly pressed "the fat gentleman" (whose caution in mounting an elephant, while two men on the other side of the howdah balanced his weight, vehemently excited his risibility) to return to the plains through Nahun, and have a month's shooting with him in the valley; but whether the invitation was accepted or not remains untold, as—"Alas for the literature of the age! when I was ordered to Bundelcund, a vile thief entered my tents at night, and robbed me of my second volume; and thus did I lose my carefully written account of the sub-Himalayan range, which cost me fully eight months' labour."

Thus abruptly terminates the first part of the colonel's travels, and at the commencement of the second we find him crossing the Jumna to Calpee, the frontier town of Bundelcund, a wild and unsettled province, prolific in Thugs and bad characters of all sorts, and principally inhabited by a peculiar race called Bundelas, who have never been perfectly reconciled to the British supremacy, and who, at this present writing, are kept quiet only by the presence of a force of 15,000 men. Calpee is said to be the hottest place in India, the thermometer in June, according to the colonel, standing even on a cloudy day at 145 degrees—a degree of heat almost incredible; and it is also the principal mart for the cotton, which the rich black soil of Bundelcund produces of finer quality than any other part of Hindostan. But, notwithstanding its commercial importance, the town was



at this time left to the government of a native Darogah or chief of police, the nearest European courts being at Hameerpore, thirty miles distant, and the state of society seems to have been somewhat singular. Among its most conspicuous members is "Gopal, the celebrated robber, murderer, and smuggler, a tall athletic man about forty-two years of age, with a most hideous muddy eye, having the glare of hell itself. It is said that he has always fifteen servants in stated pay, and can in a few hours command the services of three hundred armed and desperate men; and the strength and vigour of the Calpee police may be estimated by the fact, that he has been known to walk into the house of a rich merchant in the centre of the town, when he was surrounded by his servants and family; he has very coolly selected the gold bangles of his children, and silenced the trembling remonstrances of the Mahajun by threats of vengeance; nor is this a solitary instance. When he murders, he is equally above all concealment; as in the recent case of a sepahce returning home with his savings, who was waylaid and murdered by our hero in open day. He very coolly gave himself up, acknowledging that he had killed the sepahce, who had first assaulted him. It was proved on the trial, that the sepahce was wholly unarmed, and he was condemned to be hung by the court of Hameerpore on his own confession, but released, *from want of evidence*, by the Sudder Court at Calcutta. Their objection was excellent, though curious; that if his confession was taken, it must be taken altogether, and not that part only which could lead to his conviction. He was released, and now walks about in his Sunday clothes, a living evidence of British tenderness."

Gopal was not the only amiable character with whom the colonel became acquainted at Calpee, as he sought and obtained an interview with a famous Thug approver, who had retired from the active exercise of his profession, and was travelling the

country in company with a party of police, denouncing his former associates to justice. We cannot help suspecting, both from the traits recorded of him, and from the vicinity of Calpee to his former residence at Jalone, that this personage was no other than the celebrated Amcer Ali, whose adventures formed the ground of Captain Meadows Taylor's well-known "*Confessions of a Thug*;" and as a pendant to the already published descriptions of him, we here quote the impression he made upon the colonel. "I expected to see a great man, but at the first glance I saw that I was in the presence of a master. The Thug was tall, active, and slenderly formed; his head was nearly oval; his eye most strongly resembled that of a cobra di capello: its dart was perfectly wild and maniacal, restless, brilliant, metallic, and concentrated." The colonel had a narrow escape from irretrievably affronting this eminent professor of murder, by unguardedly enquiring whether he was in any way cognizant of a trifling robbery by which the colonel himself had been a sufferer. "No, sir!" he exclaimed with a look which might have frozen a less innocent querist: "murder, not robbery, is my profession . . . and none but the merest novices would descend so low as to rob a tent or a dwelling-house." The colonel, however, expresses a shrewd suspicion, from circumstances which had come to his knowledge, that his distinguished visitor's *esprit de corps* led him to deviate from truth in this particular—a belief in which Captain Taylor's pages fully bear him out.

The colonel's movements, after quitting Calpee and its attractive circles, appear to have been somewhat desultory. We find him, successively, at Murgaoon or Murgong, Julalpore, Keitah, &c., without being told what decided his route; but from some subsequent remarks, it appears probable that he was engaged on engineering service by order of Government. Between Julalpore and Keitah he fell in with a gang of *natts*\* or

\* The Indian gipsies are several times mentioned in the journal of Bishop Heber, who says they are called Kunjas in Bengal. Colonel Davidson also mentions a race in Bundelound called Kunjurs, who were in the habit, as he was



gipsies, whom the beauty of their women (a point to which the colonel is always alive) did not prevent him from suspecting of an intention to practise *thuggee* on his own portly person—a belief in which he was confirmed by hearing them speak in *another tongue* among themselves—no doubt the *Rumasee*, or cant language of the Thugs, subsequently made known to the world at large by the investigations of Major Sleeman. At Goraree he purchased some small cups, carved from the variegated serpentine of the rock on which the town is built; but, on proposing to employ the artist in making some larger vases, “he told me that he was a very poor man, and his efforts had never been directed to larger patterns: meaning to infer that it was impossible he could either try or succeed!” Such is Hindoo nature!

Churkaree, the capital of Ruttun Sing Buhadoor, one of the principal of the numerous rajahs among whom Bundelcund is divided, is described as “prettily situated on the side of the hill, over a lake covered with the white lotus flower, and having a very fine appearance from a distance, as most of the houses have their upper stories whitewashed, and are seen peeping through the dark-green leafy trees of the country; but the town, which contains perhaps 15,000 souls, of whom 1000 may be Mussulmen, is very straggling, irregular, and dirty.” The male population were all fiercely mustached, and loaded with arms; but their repulsive exterior was more than compensated by the charms of the other sex, all of whom wore immense hollow ankle bangles of zinc, filled with bits of gravel, which tinkled as they walked. “I have never seen so many well-formed and handsome women together as I did at the wells outside the town, drawing water *à la Rebecca*. Some of their faces were strikingly intelligent, and their figures eminently graceful. The population is almost purely Hindoo; and I think the Hindoo females are more delicate in their forms than the Mussul-

manees.” The Rajah was, however, absent on a sporting excursion, and the darogah refused to provide the colonel with lodgings, alleging his master's orders that no Feringhis should be allowed in the town; and it was not till after a long altercation, of which the colonel gives himself greatly the best, that he succeeded in finding quarters in the house of a *bunneca* or grocer. But the next day's march (for Bundelcund is almost as thickly set with sovereign princes as Saxony itself) carried him out of the realm of this inhospitable potentate into the territories of the Rajah of Jalone, the once noted patron and protector of Thuggee, by whose agent he was most politely received at Mahoba, a once splendid but now ruined city, celebrated for its artificial lakes, which in long-past times were formed by a famous Rajpoot prince named Purnal, by damming up the narrow gorges of the hills. “Never had I seen, in the plains of India, a prospect more enchanting! Conceive a beautiful sheet of calm, clear, silvery water, of several miles in circumference, occasionally agitated by the splashing leaps of large fishes, or the gradual alighting of noble swan-like aquatic birds: its margin broken as if by the most skillful artist: now running into the centre, and ending in most romantic low rocky hills, covered with trees and embellished with black, antique Jain temples, deserted probably for hundreds of years, and at present the retreat of the elegant peafowl: in other places embanked with huge blocks of cut granite, embrowned by the shade of magnificent trees, under which small bright Hindoo temples, carefully whitewashed, might be seen in the shade; or bounded by abrupt rocky promontories, surmounted by many-pillared temples in ruins, hanging in the sky. A fine rich sunset gave an exquisite richness and classic magnificence to the scene. Many little boys with rod and line were ensnaring the sweet little *singhee*, or the golden *rohoo* or carp—bringing back to my heart the days, when, stealing from

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informed by the Bramins, of “catching lizards, scorpions, snakes, and foxes,” which, if it is meant that they use them for food, is analogous to the omnivorous propensities of the gipsies.

school, I was wont to sit on the rocks of the Dee, at Craglug, near Aberdeen, watching the motion of a float that was not under water once in the twenty-four hours."

The colonel's laudable habit of associating freely, whenever opportunity occurred, with the natives, gave him considerable insight into the state of the country, where the caprices of the native princes were not then much interfered with, and which consequently, as he says, "was pretty much in the situation of the Emerald Isle;" and verily if the tale told him by the Hindoo *gosain* or priest at Jouráhoò, of the murder of his predecessor in the temple, and the impunity of the robbers, were correctly related, the Bundelas have not much to learn in the arts of bloodshed and depredation. "This village being a sort of corner to the territories of several Rajahs, robberies, murders, and all other diversions, are of daily occurrence: and when enquiries are made, each territory throws the blame on its neighbour." The maxim of government most current in Bundelcund, both with rulers and ruled, seems indeed to have been—

"The good old rule, the simple plan,

That those should take who have the power,

And those should keep who can;"

for while this strange confusion of *meum* and *tuum* prevailed among the peasantry, the country was ruined by the oppressive and irregular exactions of the rajahs, both zemindars and cultivators flying from their habitations to escape the levying of the rents, which were often demanded more than once by different collectors. At Chundla, the colonel was lodged in the house of an opulent zemindar, who had absconded for the reason just given; "and one of the thanna servants told me, that, by those means, Bundelcund was depopulated"—a statement corroborated by the numerous ruined brick houses remaining in the towns among the miserable hovels of the present day. The rajahs of Bundelcund are, almost without exception, of Rajpoot lineage, and thus of a different race from their Bundela subjects; but the condition of the country is much the same

wherever it is left under the sway of the Hindoo princes, who are exempt even from the partial restraint which the Koran imposes on the despotism of Mahomedan rulers. The only effectual cure for the evils reigning in Bundelcund will be its formal incorporation with the dominions of the Company—a consummation which, from the refractory spirit shown in the province after our losses in Afghanistan, is probably not far distant.

The remainder of the colonel's notes on Bundelcund relate principally to his visits to the ancient hill-fortresses of Ajeegur and Kalingur, both formerly occupied in force by the British, but now—with the exception of a *bavildar's* (sergeant's) party of sepays posted at the former, and a single company at the latter—garrisoned solely by the *hangoors*, or large black monkeys, whom the colonel found holding solemn assembly in the Jain temples and the hall of audience, built by the famous Rajah Purnul at Ajeegur. While exploring his way along the ruined and overgrown ramparts, he had a narrow escape from the fangs of a large venomous serpent. ("the *Katula Rekula Poda*, No. 7 of Russell.") on which he was on the point of treading, and which, in commendable gratitude for its forbearance, he allowed to glide off unharmed by his fowling-piece; "but he was the first reptile that ever escaped without the chance of losing his life at my hands." On the road to Kalingur he had an interview with a petitioner, who offered him 400 rupees in cash, or a large diamond, for his interest in a certain case then pending before the judge at Bandah; "but I explained to my client that I was not in that line of business, and as I saw he had no intention of insulting me, we parted friends." Kalingur, which was taken by the British after a long siege in 1812, stands on a rock towering "upwards of 850 feet above the plain below, and probably about 3000 feet above the level of the sea;" but its strength as a fortress is as nothing in comparison to its sanctity, which entitles every one, who resides there only as long as it takes to milk a cow, to especial beatitude—the object of veneration being a *lingam* of black stone enshrined in a temple, the guardianship of which is

jointly vested in five resident families of Bramins. "At this time," says the colonel, "the place is not worth keeping, the country being so thoroughly impoverished and desolate;" and he accordingly, after viewing the marvels of the locality, pursued his way to Banda, and thence *hind a dikh* (or travelled by palanquin with relays of bearers) to Calpee, "there to sit from nine to four, writing filthy accounts of bricks and mortar, square feet, cubic feet, and running feet, rupees, annas, and pie; squabbling with wrinkled mummantie villains, whose cool-tempered and overwhelming patience amply deserve their unlawful gains—I mean as labourers in the vineyard of villany."

"A sporting excursion in Oude," in the spring of 1836, comes next in order of time; and in regular order we accordingly take it, though it has pleased either Mr Colburn or the colonel to place it after the voyage down the Ganges. The colonel left Lucknow, March 2; and three days later the whole party rendezvoused at Khyrabad, consisting of "Mrs. Miss, and Brigadier Churchill, Colonel Arnold, Major Cutron, Lieut. Waugh, Mr Ross of her Majesty's 16th Lancers, and the writer of these amiable records;" to whom was soon after added, in the capacity of guide and hanger-on, "Sam Lall, by birth a Chutnee or Rajpoot, by profession a zemindar, and by inclination a syco-phant and shikarree, (hunter.)" Indian field sports, with their concomitants of hogs, hogdeer, jungles, elephants, tigers, and mullahs, have been of late years rendered so familiar to stay-at-home travellers, that we shall but concisely notice the colonel's exploits in this forest campaign, which present no remarkable novelty, though detailed *con amore*, and with the two-fold zest of a sportsman and an epicure. With all deference, indeed, to the colonel, we have shrewd doubts whether the latter feeling was not the predominant one; for the death of a tiger, nine of which fell during the three weeks' foray before the rifles of himself and his companions, is evidently chronicled with less of heartfelt enthusiasm than characterises his encomiums on the hogdeer soup, the delicate floricans and black partridges,

(in the preparation of bread sauce, for which, with his own hands, he earned immortal renown,) and the other materials for good living poured forth from the cornucopia of an Indian game-bag. His gastronomic fervour during this jaunt reaches at times an ecstatic pitch, which, as old Weller says, "verges on the poetical." "For him (the gastronomist) the dark rocks and arid plains of the dry Dekkan produce their purple grapes, and cunning but goodly bastard; for him burning Bundelcund its wonderful rock pigeon and ortolan inimitable; the Juina, most ancient of rivers, its large rich Kala hause, and tasty crabs; for him yields the low and marshy Terrace her elegant florican; the mighty Gunga its melting mahaseer; the Goomtee its exquisite mullet. And shall he not eat and delight in her fruits? . . . . Let the ass eat its thistles, and the swallow its flies, *au naturel*; you and I, reader, know better!"

One day, while wading on their elephants through a deep marsh in pursuit of a tiger, the chasseurs suddenly stumbled upon a pleasant family party—"a labyrinth of huge boa-constrictors or pythons, sound asleep, floating on a bed of crushed *nurkool*, (a gigantic species of reed,) the least of them twenty feet long, and two feet in circumference. A more beautiful natural mosaic cannot be imagined: they appeared, from being wet, as if recently varnished. Perhaps they were from twenty to thirty in number, and occupied a spot of about twenty feet square. No sooner did the dreadful glistening reptiles hear the click of my rifle, and feel its ball, than they shot forth with all their vigour, and diving, disappeared in an instant under the matted roots of the tall *nurkool*, and, although I tried, I could not get another glimpse." One of these giant serpents, seventeen feet long, and eighteen inches in circumference, which the colonel calls a small one, was shot a few days afterwards by Colonel Arnold. The marsh and jungle swarmed with peacocks, jungle-fowl, and wild-fowl of all sorts, affording glorious sport; and, besides the smaller kinds of deer, several specimens occurred of a magnificent species of stag with twelve-tined horns, called *baru-singa*—apparently allied to



the *sambur* and *rusa* of the Dekkan. The comparatively small number of tigers killed was, however, a source of disappointment; since the utility of these battues, in which the superior fire-arms and appliances of the English are brought into action for the destruction of these ferocious animals, may be estimated from the damage done by them in the wilder parts of India, "which is beyond the belief even of Indo-European residents, and must, consequently, appear an exaggeration to distant Englishmen. General (then Captain) Briggs, when resident at Dhoolia in Candeish, in 1821, where his potails, or head men, were obliged to keep a register of the oxen (exclusive of sheep and goats) destroyed in their villages, reported that no less than 21,000 had been killed in three years! As no register is kept in Oude, it is impossible to register the number."

On the banks of the Mohun-nuddee the party was joined by Rajah Ruttun Sing, a chief holding a considerable tract of country under the suzerainty of Oude, who favoured them with his company while they remained in his district—a compliment which he expected to be acknowledged, as he distinctly intimated on taking leave, by the gift of a valuable fowling-piece; but this modest request was parried by the rejoinder, that none of their guns were good enough for his highness! During one of the halts, an incident occurred which strongly illustrates the inhuman apathy of the Hindoos towards any one not connected with them by the ties of caste. A man was found sitting under a tree near the camp, uttering strange cries, and the servants were desired to order him to withdraw; "they returned, saying carelessly that he was a *mutt*, or gipsy, who had been robbed." A robbery from a gipsy was such a strange contradiction of terms, that the colonel went personally to enquire into the matter, when he was horror-struck by finding, that the man had been, not only plundered of his earnings by a band of Bunjarras, but frightfully mutilated and wounded, a trifle which the Hindoo servants had not thought worth mentioning. The poor wretch's arm was amputated by Dr Ross; and, being carried with the

camp and carefully tended, he was at last dismissed, with a fair prospect of recovery, and with a gift of sixty rupees subscribed among the party; but not even the example of the *sahibs* could teach the Hindoos humanity, and only the peremptory commands of Dr Ross could prevail upon his bearer to place a mattress under the sufferer! On their return march, the party were further honoured by visits from several rajahs and zemindars, all of whom were "loud in complaint against the extortions of the amils, who constantly attempted to gather more, and sometimes twice and a half as much, as the stipulated rent, in consequence of which the zemindars were compelled to rebel;" a view of the political condition of Oude which naturally results from its anomalous position, under a sovereign nominally independent, who is at once too weak to control his own subjects, and fearful of diminishing the shadow of authority left to him by calling in the only available aid. On the 29th of March the party again reached Khyrabad, the appointed place of their separation, as it had been of their meeting; and here the narrative, as before, breaks off abruptly.

The concluding part, in order of time, of the colonel's incubations, contains his narrative of a voyage on the Ganges, from Allahabad, by Dhacca, to Calcutta; but the features and incidents of this navigation have been so frequently described by travellers of all sorts and kinds, from Bishop Heber and Captain Bellew to our own much-esteemed Kerim Khan, that we shall devote but brief space to it. He quitted Allahabad, as he informs us, December 5, 1839, so deeply regretted by the native population, that they determined to perpetuate his memory by the erection of a new ghât or landing-place, every brick of which was to be stamped with the letter D—a distinction which he had, no doubt, deserved by the *bon-homme* towards both Hindoo and Moslem, which forms one of the most favourable traits in the jovial colonel's character. The Tribennee Ghât, immediately below Allahabad, where the streams of the Jumna and the Ganges unite, is one of the holiest spots in India; to which pilgrims



resort from all quarters, in the hope of securing paradise by dying at the junction of the sacred waters. The spirit of religious exclusiveness prevails here as well as in other places; and the colonel mentions his having been once an eyewitness of some rough treatment received by a *chumar*, or leather-dresser, (one of the lowest castes,) at the hands of some high caste sepoys, who were highly indignant that so mean a carcass should presume to defile the holy ground! Leaving the ghâts and devotees behind him, however, and floating down the stream in his capacious three-roomed budgerow, he passed Mirzapoor, Chunar, and even the holy city of Benares, (which he perversely spells Banarus,) without halting; and reached without adventure or mishap the mouth of the Gôomtee, where his attention was attracted by a party of eighteen young elephants, the property of the king of Oude, bathing in the river. "Of all animals, saving the Bindela goat, there is none that suffers more from change of climate than the elephant: of the numbers caught on the eastern frontier, probably not one in four survives a journey to Delhi. Bred in the darkest and most gloomy forests, they are in a great measure sheltered from heat by the eternal moisture of the cool shady bower under which they rove; and are then expected to bear all on a sudden the most intense heat, acting directly on their jet-black skins, when brought into the plains of Upper India. A very clever native told me he could make money by any thing but young elephants." Another curious fact relative to the elephant, mentioned in a subsequent chapter on the authority of Captain Broadfoot of the Madras commissariat, is, that both wild and tame elephants are extremely subject to a pulmonary disease, which proved on dissection to be tubercular—in fact, consumption! It was found to yield, however, to copious bleedings, if taken in its early stages.

The colonel's pages, at this point, are filled with digressions and dissertations on subjects somewhat miscellaneous—Aberdeen pale ale—the enormities of Warren Hastings' government—the late James Prinsep and

the moral precepts of the Rajah Pi-yâdasee—and a most incomprehensible rhapsody about "a red mustached member of the Bengal civil service," of which we profess ourselves utterly incompetent to make either head or tail, and strongly recommend the colonel to expunge it if the work reaches another edition. The voyage presents no incidents but the usual ones of pelicans, alligators, and porpoises: and on January 15, he arrived at Dhacca, "the once famous city of muslins." But the muslin trade has now almost wholly disappeared; and with it "the thousands of families of muslin weavers, who, from the extreme delicacy of their manufacture, were obliged to work in pits, sheltered from the heat of the sun and changes of the weather; and even after that precaution, only while the dew lay on the ground, as the increasing heat destroyed the extremely delicate thread." The jungle is in consequence advancing close upon the city, which is thus rendered almost uninhabitable from malaria—the only manufacturers which continue to flourish being those of violins, bracelets, made from a peculiar shell resembling the *Murex tulipa*, and—idols for Hindoo worship!

The colonel remained at Dhacca till February 4, awaiting ulterior orders from headquarters, and had, consequently, abundance of leisure for making himself acquainted with the place and its people. These researches, however, were not always unattended with danger; for on one occasion, while viewing the city from an elevated building, a piece of plaster was struck from the cornice near where he stood by a matchlock ball—a delicate hint that the Mussulmans disliked being overlooked. The Nawab, apparently the son of Bishop Heber's acquaintance, Shumseddowlah, still resides in the palace of his ancestors, but is described as an extravagant, uneducated youth, who has mortgaged away his income from 5000 to 200 rupees per mensem—that is, from L.6000 to L.240 per annum. The inhabitants were a mixture of almost all the creeds and nations of Asia—Chinese, Tibetans, Mugs from Arracan, Burmese, Malays, &c.; but the great majority are Hindoos, whose sanguinary goddess Kallee is adored

in not less than fifty temples. The Greeks and Armenians also have each a church, the services of which, as described by the colonel, are conducted in much the same form as at Constantinople:—"But among the (Armenian) matrons only was any appearance of devotion visible; one of them, most gorgeously appareled in the Armenian fashion, with a magnificent tiara of jewels on her brow, and wearing a superb shawl, threw herself on the ground, with her head sunk between her arms, towards the altar, and remained in that position nearly five minutes. The others, being dressed *à l'Anglaise*, with stiff stays and fashionable bonnets, could not afford to indulge in such a position." The Armenians were formerly numerous in Dhacca, and are still an influential and wealthy body; the Greeks are now "few and far between," but in the palmy days of Dhacca they were a flourishing community.

Dhacca was a place abounding in strange characters from all parts of the world; and among others whom the colonel encountered, was a singular specimen of a cosmopolite, a native of Fez, who called himself a Moslem, but whom our friend vehemently suspected of being a Jew. He had been almost as great a traveller as his countryman the famous Sheikh Ebn Batuta, whose wanderings are immortalized in the pages of *Maga*,\* and came last from Moulemein, with a cargo of black pepper and rubies. He had resided seventeen years in India, and proposed to the colonel, whom he claimed as a brother, "since from his own home he could reach England in ten days," that they should jointly freight a vessel with valuables, and go home together! And, among other scattered facts, a casual encounter with some Chinese in the employ of the Assam Tea Company, whom the colonel considerably astonished by addressing them in their own language, introduces "the very curious fact," that, at Tipperah, a civil station not more than fifty or sixty miles from Dhacca, the natives have from time immemorial used the tea

which grows there abundantly, and is prepared after a fashion of their own. "And yet" (continues the colonel—and we fear there is too much truth in his remarks) "the existence of the tea-plant is but a recent discovery! Any other nation would have established a tea-manufactory at Tipperah, immediately after the first settlement, and the Yankees would have 'progressed' railroads and steam-boats for its success. India is at this moment a mine of unexplored wealth. No sooner had steam-boats appeared than coal has been discovered in every direction! The manufacture of native iron in Bengal, which had been pressed upon Lord Hastings, as the colonel seems to imply, by himself, and at first warmly adopted by him, was objected to in the council, and ultimately abandoned, "on the grounds that it would militate against the commercial interests of Great Britain—that is, against the profits of those India stockholders, possessing votes, who followed the trade of ironmongers!" There is many a true word spoken in jest; and this and other side-cuts of the colonel at the shortsighted proceedings of the Bahadurs at Calcutta, though sometimes queerly worded, contain now and then some unpalatable facts. The administration of the present Governor-General, has shown at least some promise of a better state of things—and if the impulse now given to the development of the resources of India be steadily followed up, this reproach will ere long be taken away. The receipt of his final orders, however, which pointed out China as his destination, put an end to the colonel's speculations; and re-embarking on the stream of the Booree Gunga, he passed, with little incident worth noticing, through the numerous branches of the river, and the picturesque jungles of the Soonderbunds, and arrived safely, after an absence of twenty-one years, at the city of palaces—and there we leave him.

The subject of the manufactures and products of India, is not, however, the only point connected with the internal administration, respecting

which some inconvenient facts find their way to light in the colonel's pages—and with one or two of these revelations, we shall conclude our extracts. The majority of those Anglo-Indian employes, who have favoured the world with "Reminiscences" and "Narratives," are singularly free from the charge of what is familiarly termed "telling tales out of school." According to their account, nowhere is justice so efficiently administered, or its functionaries so accessible, as in our Indian empire; but here, whether from the native frankness of the colonel's disposition, or from his having nothing more to hope or fear from the old Begum in Leadenhall Street, we find this important subject placed, on several occasions, in rather a different light from that in which it is usually represented. It is well known that Sir David Ochterlony, a short time before his death, discovered by mere accident that he was enrolled as a pensioner to a large amount on the civil list of almost every native prince in Upper India, from the emperor of Delhi downwards—his principal moonshee, or native secretary, having thrown out intelligible hints, as though from his master, that such donations would not be without their use in securing his powerful interest at Calcutta—the moonshee himself quietly pocketing the proceeds. This was certainly an outrageous instance; but it is the direct interest of every native subordinate to screen his own misdeeds and extortions, by promoting to the utmost, in his European superior, that inaccessibility to which he is naturally but too much inclined—and the extent to which this system of exclusion is carried, may be inferred from the following anecdote. The colonel had been requested by a native landholder of high respectability, to introduce him to the house of a civilian; and on asking why he could not go by himself, was told, "I dare not approach the very compound of the house he lives in! If his head man should hear that I ventured to present myself before the gentleman without his permission, he would immediately harass me by some false complaint, or even by instituting an enquiry into

the very title-deeds of my estate, which might, however falsely, terminate in my ruin. It is not long since I paid eleven hundred rupees to — to suppress false ~~claims~~, which, if they had actually gone into court, would have cost me ten times the sum."

Of the practical effects of criminal punishments, the colonel does not speak more highly. "In the real Hindoostanee view of the subject, a convict in chains is nearly a native gentleman—a little roué, perhaps—employed on especial duties in the Company's service, for which he is well fed, and has little labour. A jail-bird can easily be distinguished after the first six months, by his superior bodily condition. On his head may be seen either a kinkhâb (brocade) or embroidered cap, or one of English flowered muslin, enriched with a border of gold or silver lace. Gros de Naples is coming into fashion, but slowly. . . . Was he low-spirited, he could, for a trifling present, send to the bazar, and enjoy a nautah from the hour the judge went to sleep till daybreak next morning—nay, under proper management, he might be gratified by the society of his wife and family. . . . See him at work, the burkandauze (policeman) is smoking *his* chillum, while he and his friends are sound-asleep. *sub teyminc faqi*. All of a sudden there is an alarm—the judge is coming! up they all start, and work like devils for ten or fifteen seconds, and then again to repose. This is working in chains on the roads! In fact, after a man is once used to the comforts of an Indian prison, there's no keeping him out!"

All this, no doubt, is broad caricature—but "*ridetom dicere verum quid vetat?*" a motto which the colonel could not do better than adopt for any future edition of his eccentric incubinations. And so Rookhsut! Colonel Subib! may your favourite tomato sauce never pall upon your palate; and though perhaps you would hardly thank us for the usual oriental good wish, that your shadow may continue to increase, may it at least never be diminished by that worst of all fiends, indigestion!



## BELFRONT CASTLE.

## A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

One half of the world was surprised that Reginald Belfront married Jane Holford—and the other half was equally surprised that Jane Holford married Reginald Belfront; for, considering the experience that both halves of the world must have had, it is amazing how subject they still are to surprise. To us, who have not the pleasure to belong to either half, there is very little surprising in the matter. Reginald had been for some time on a visit at the house of a distant relation—old Sir Hugh de Mawley. He had wandered through the great woods of the estate, and found them very tiresome; had strolled in the immense park, and found it dull; and, in the long evenings, had sat in the stately hall, and listened to the endless, whispered anecdotes of his host, and found them both intolerable. No wonder he started with joyful surprise when, one day in the drawing-room, he heard the rustle of a silk gown; caught the glancing of some beautiful real flowers on the top of a bright-green bonnet; and, more wonderful than all, the smile of the prettiest lips, and the glances of the clearest eyes he had ever seen in his life. The gown, the bonnet, the smiles, and eyes, all belonged to Jane Holford; and Reginald, who had, up to this time, made no great progress in the study of comparative physiology, now made such rapid strides, that he could have told you every point in which the possessor of the above-named attributes differed from the stiff and prim Miss de Mawley, who had hitherto been the sole representative of the female sex in Mawley Court. The neck and shoulders—the chin—nose—arms—ankles—feet—not to mention the hair and eyebrows—of the new specimen, were minutely studied; and, in spite of the usual antipathy he entertained against all scientific pursuits, he felt a strong inclination to become the owner of it himself, in order to pursue his investigations at full leisure. He was no genius—hated books—disliked clever people—but prided himself on his horsemanship, his play at quarter-

staff, his personal strength, and, above all, in his fine old castle in a somewhat inaccessible part of Yorkshire, which had remained in the possession of his family ever since the Conquest. Jane, on the other hand, had no castle to boast of, and probably had no ancestor whatever at any period preceding the year 1750, when her grandfather had bought an estate near Mawley Court—which had gone on improving with the improvement of the times, till her father found himself the possessor of a rent-roll of fifteen hundred a year, four sons, and six grown-up daughters. It will easily be believed that no objections to the match were raised on the part of a middle-aged gentleman, with so many reasons for agreeing to the marriage settlement proposed by Reginald Belfront: consisting, as it did, of a jointure to the widow, and the use of Belfront Castle for life, without the remotest allusion to any portion or other contingent advantage on the other side; and as Jane herself was, if possible, still more satisfied on the subject than her father, all the arrangements were rapidly made, and in less than three months after the apparition of the silk gown and other et ceteras in the drawing-room, the indissoluble knot was tied, and Miss Cecilia, the second daughter, was advanced to the dignity of Miss Holford, *vis-à-vis* Jane—promoted.

The church was all decked out with roses and other pleasing emblems of the unfading nature of conjugal bliss; wreaths of sunflowers, with the same comfortable moral, were hung up over the great gate of Mawley Court; while Miss de Mawley, representing in her own person the evergreens omitted in the garlands, received the happy couple on their return from the ceremony at the head of all the female domestics, from the housekeeper down to the kitchenmaid, and led the bride and bridegroom to the table in the great hall, where old Sir Hugh was sitting in great state. They knelt down before his chair; and, laying his hand on their heads, he began a bless-



ing; but not having practised that style of oratory so much as he ought, it rapidly degenerated into a grace and, as lunch in the mean time was brought in, and the Holford family, and one or two of the neighbours who had been present at the ceremony, had now arrived, the eloquence of Sir Hugh was not altogether thrown away. There were several speeches and toasts, and sundry attempts at jocularity; and Sir Hugh began the story of the French countess and the waterfall at Founniblean; and Reginald availed himself of the somnolency of the rest of the party to slip out with his bride without being observed, just as the royal family began to suspect the secret—and, long before the incensed husband sent the challenge, the happy pair were careering onward as fast as the postboy could drive, on the first stage of their wedding tour.

A month afterwards they were in a country inn in Wales. The window at which they sat commanded a view of the beautiful vale of Cwnewydd—*Cwnewydd*—a small river glided down in winding mazes, hiding itself behind wooded knolls, and brawling over rocks in the most playful and picturesque manner imaginable. The sun had begun to set, and was taking a last look at the prospect, with his vast chin rested on the top of Penchymernw, presenting to the poetical mind an image of a red-faced farmer looking over a five-barred gate—every thing, in short, that is generally met with in Tourists' Guides, as constituting a splendid view, was assembled on this favoured spot; and yet Jane heaved a deep sigh, and appeared to take no notice of the landscape.

"You're tired, my love," said Reginald; "you have walked too far up these Welsh mountains."

"I hope to get used to climbing," answered Jane; "there are plenty of hills at Belfront—aren't there?"

"Yes, we have plenty of hills; but why don't you call it home, Jane?"

"Because I have never lived there," she replied; "and a place can scarcely be called home that one has never seen."

"But you have never said you wished to see it."

"Oh, but I have wished it all the same—may we—may we go—home?"

She said the word at last, and Reginald was delighted.

"Home! to be sure—to-morrow, at daybreak; for, to tell you the truth, I don't care sixpence for fine views—in fact, I don't think there is any difference between any two landscapes—except that there may be hills in one, and none in another, or woods, or a river—but they are all exactly the same in reality. So, let us go home, my love, as fast as we can, or I'm very much afraid Mr Peeper won't like it."

"Mr Peeper?" enquired Jane. "Who is Mr Peeper?"

"You will know him in good time," said Reginald; "and I hope he will like you."

"I hope he will—I hope all your friends will like me—I will do every thing in my power to please them."

"You're a very good girl, Jane; and Mr Peeper can't help being pleased, and I am glad of it: for it ought to be our first study to make ourselves agreeable to him."

"Agreeable to Mr Peeper!" thought Jane. "How strange that I never was told about him before this moment! Does he live in the castle, Reginald?" she asked.

"Certainly. One of his family has lived there ever since one of mine did: so there is a connexion between us of a few hundred years."

"Have you any other friends who live in the castle?" enquired the bride.

"I don't know whether Phil Lorimer is there just now or not: he has a room whenever he comes, and a knife and fork at table."

"Who is he?"

"A capital fellow—full of wit—and makes funnier faces and better songs than any man in Yorkshire. You will like Phil Lorimer."

"And I hope he will like me!"

"If he don't, I'll break every bone in his body."

"Oh! I beg you won't," said the bride with a smile, and looking up in Reginald's face to assure herself he spoke in joke. It was as earnest a face as if it had been of cast-iron; and she saw that Mr Lorimer's only chance of preserving a whole skin was to like her with all his might.

"Is there any one else?"

"There's Mr Peeper's assistant."

Mark Lutter—a clever man, and a great scholar. I hate scholars, so he dines in the servants' hall, or far down the table—below the salt."

"Are you serious?" enquired Jane.  
"Do you not like scholars?"

"What's the use of them? I never could see what they were good for—and, besides, Mr Peeper hates them too."

"Then why does he keep this man as his assistant?"

"Because if he didn't, the fellow would rebel."

"Well, you could turn him off."

"We never turn any body off at Belfront Castle. If they go of their own accord, we punish them for it if we can—if they stay, they are welcome. Mr Peeper must look to it, or Lutter will make a disturbance."

"What a curious place this castle must be," thought Jane, "and what odd people they are that live in it!" She asked no more questions, but determined to restrain her curiosity till she could satisfy it on the spot; and, luckily, she had not long to wait. Next day they started on their homeward way. As they drew nearer their destination, Jane's anxiety to gain the first glimpse of her future home increased with every mile. She had, of course, formed many fancy pictures of it in her own mind; and, as love lent the brush and most obligingly compounded the colours, there can be no doubt they made out a very captivating landscape of it between them.

"At the top of the next hill," said Reginald, "you will see the keep."

Jane stretched her head forward, and looked through the front window as if she could pierce the hill that lay between her and home. On went the horses; but the next hill seemed an incredible way off; it was now getting late, and the shadows of evening, like a flock of tired black sheep, began to lie down and rest themselves on the vast dreary moor they were travelling over. At last Jane felt that they were beginning an ascent; and a sickly moon, that seemed to have undergone a severe operation, and lost nearly all her limbs, lifted up her pale face in the sky. The wind, too, began to whistle in long low gusts, and Reginald, who was not of a poetical temperament, as we have already observed, was nearly asleep. They reached the hill top at last, and

a great expanse of rugged and broken country lay before them.

"Where is it?—on which hand?" said Jane.

"Straight before you," replied the husband; "it is only three miles off; the high-road turns off to the left, but we go through fields right on."

Jane looked with almost feverish anxiety. At a good distance in front, rose a tall black structure, like the chimney of a shot manufactory—a single, square, gigantic tower—throwing a darker mass against the darkened sky, and sickled o'er on one of the faces with the yellow-green moonlight. There were no lights in it, nor any sign of habitation; and Jane would have indulged in various enquiries and exclamations, if the carriage had allowed her; but it had by this time left the main road, and sank up to the axles in the ruts; it bounded against stones, and wallowed in mire alternately; and all that she could do, was to hold on by one of the arm rests, as if she had been in the cabin of a storm-toss'd ship.

"For mercy's sake, Reginald, will this last long?" she said, out of breath with her exertions.

"We are about a mile from the drawbridge. I hope they have not drawn it up."

"Could we not get into the castle if they have?"

"We might fall into the moat if we tried the postern."

"Oh, gracious!—is there a moat?"—and instinctively she put her hand to her throat, for her mother had brought her up with a salutary dread of colds, and she felt a sensation of choking at the very name.

At this moment, the agonized carriage, after several groans that would have moved the heart of a highway commissioner, gave a rush downward, and committed suicide in the most determined manner, by dashing its axle on the ground—the wheels endeavouring in vain to fathom the profundity of the ruts, and the horses totally unable to move the stranded equipage. The sudden jerk knocked Reginald's hat over his eyes against the roof of the carriage, and Jane screamed when she felt the top of her bonnet squeezed as flat as a pancake by the same process, but neither of them, luckily, was hurt.

"We must get out and walk," said the husband; "it isn't more than half a mile, and we will send Phil Lorrimer, or some of them, for the trunks."

He put his arm round Jane's waist, and helped her over the almost impassable track.

"We must try to get the road mended," said Jane.

"It has never been mended in our time," was the reply; and it was said in a tone which showed that the fact so announced was an unanswerable argument against the proposition of the bride.

"A few stones well broken would do it all," she urged.

"We never break stones at Belfront," was the rejoinder; and in silence, and with some difficulty, they groped their unsteady way. At last they emerged from a thick overgrown copse, in which the accident had happened, and, after snudry narrow escapes from sprained ankles and broken arms, they reached the gate. It was an immense wooden barrier, supported at each end by little round buildings—like a slice of toast laid lengthways between two half pounds of butter. It was thickly studded with iron nails, and the round piers were of massive stone, partly overgrown with ivy, and as solid as if they had been formed of one mass.

"Does any body live in those lodges?" enquired Jane.

"There is a warder in the inner court," said Reginald. "These are merely the supporters of the outer gate."

"And how are we to get in?"

"We must blow, I suppose." And so saying, Reginald lifted up a horn that was hung by an iron chain from one of the piers, and executed a flourish that made Jane put her fingers to her ears.

In a short time the creaking of an iron chain—whose recollection of oil must have been of the most traditional nature—gave intimation that its intentions were decidedly hospitable; and with many squeaks and grunts the enormous portal turned at last on its hinges, and exposed to view a narrow winding road between two walls, which, in a short time, conducted the visitors to a long wooden bridge over a piece of stagnant water—the said bridge having only that

moment been let down from the lofty position in which its two halves were kept by an immense wooden erection, which bore the awful resemblance to a scaffold. When they got over the bridge, Reginald turned round, and, imprinting a kiss on the pale cheek of the astonished bride, said—

"Welcome home, dear Jane. This is Belfront Castle!"

Jane looked round a spacious courtyard, and saw a square of low dark-looking buildings, with the enormous tower she had seen from the top of the hill rearing its thick head above all at one corner. They proceeded across the roughly-paved quadrangle, and entered a low door; ascended three steps, and opened another door. They then found themselves in a large and lofty hall, with fitful flashes of red light flickering on the walls, as the flame of the wood fire on the hearth rose or fell beneath the efforts of a half distinguishable figure, extended at full length on the floor, and puffing the enormous log with a pair of gigantic bellows. In the palpable obscure, Jane could scarcely make out the persons of the occupants of the apartment; but when the flame burnt up a little more powerfully than usual, she observed the figure of a tall man dressed in black, who shook hands with Reginald, and bowed very coldly and formally to her, when he was introduced as Mr Peeper. He seemed about fifty or sixty years of age, but very much enfeebled. He stooped and coughed, and was very infirm in his motions; but when the red glare from the hearth fell upon his eyes, they fixed themselves on Jane with such a piercing expression, that she turned away her face almost in fear. His hair was snow-white, and yet it was impossible to decide whether he was a man of the years we have stated, with the premature appearance of age, or a person of extraordinary longevity, retaining the vigorous eyes and active spirit of youth. However it was, Mr Peeper was too harsh and haughty in his approaches, and exacted too much deference from the youthful bride, to be very captivating at first. He said no welcome to the new-comer, and was stiff and unkind even to the owner of the castle. Candles were soon brought in, and Jane took the opportunity of looking round. The lofty



dual who had been busy blowing the fire now rose from his humble position, and was presented to the lady as Phil Lorimer. He bowed and smiled, and was proceeding with a compliment, in which, however, he advanced no further than the summer sun bringing out the roses, when Reginald pushed him out of the hall, with orders to get the luggage brought in from the carriage, and to be back in time for supper. Phil Lorimer seemed a man of thirty, strongly built, with a sweet voice and friendly smile; but what station he filled in the household—whether a servant, a visitor, a poor relation, or what he could be, Jane could not make out, either from his manner or the way he was treated.

"Mr Lorimer is very good-natured—very obliging, to take care of the luggage, I am sure," said Jane.

"Better than talking nonsense about roses," replied Reginald. "Did you expect us this evening, Mr Peeper?"

"I did, Mr Reginald, and have invited a few of the neighbours to meet you."

"Who are coming?"

"Sir Bryan De Barreilles, Hasket of Norland, Mauler of Phascald, and old Dr Howlet. They will be here soon, so you had better make haste."

"I had better not appear, love," said Jane; "no ladies are coming, and among so many gentlemen my presence might be awkward."

"By no means," replied the husband. "It wouldn't be right, Mr Peeper, for my wife to be absent from the supper-table?"

"Certainly not. It is to see *her* the neighbours are coming."

"Is this Mr Peeper to have the control of all my actions?" thought Jane. "Who can he be?"

She took another glance at the object of her thoughts, but caught his eye fixed on her with the same penetrating brightness as before; and she cast her looks on the ground; and, whether from anger or fear, she felt her cheeks glowing with blushes.

"You will not be long gone, if you please," he said to Jane as she retired to change her dress.

"You don't seem pleased to see us, Mr Peeper," said Reginald, when Jane had gone to her room under the guidance of a very tall old woman, who

walked before her, holding out a tremendously long candle, as if it were a sword, and who was at the head of a military procession.

"No, sir," replied Mr Peeper; "I am not pleased with the person you have brought here. You have gone too far from home for a wife. None of the Belfronts have ever married out of Yorkshire, and it may give rise to troubles."

"I am very sorry my wife's relations would not allow me to send for you to perform the ceremony."

"It is a bad omen," said the old man; "my predecessors have married your predecessors without a break since the conquest. It bodes no good."

"I trust no harm will happen, and that you will soon forget the disappointment."

"None of my family forget, but we will not *talk* of it." So saying, he turned away, and arranged a goodly array of bottles on the sideboard. Reginald sat down on an oak chair beside the fire, and gazed attentively into the log.

In the mean time, Jane had followed her gigantic conductor through half a mile of passages, and reached a small room at one end of the quadrangle, and through the window (of which half the panes were broken, as if on purpose) she caught the melodious murmur of a rapid river, that dashed against the foundation walls of the castle. On looking round, the prospect was not very encouraging. Tattered tapestries hung down the walls, and waved in a most melancholy and ghost-like fashion in the wind; the floor was thinly littered over with some plaited rushes, to supply the place of a carpet; and a few long high-backed oak chairs kept guard against the wall. The fire had died an infant in its iron cradle, the grate; and the curtain of the bed waved to and fro in mournful sympathy with the tapestry round the room. Jane was so cold that she could hardly go through her toilette, simple as it was; but having at last achieved a very slight alteration in her dress, and left her bonnet on the head of an owl, which formed the ornament of one of the high-backed chairs, she endeavoured to retrace her steps; and after a few pauses and mistakes, she found her way once more into the hall.



The guests in the mean time were assembled, and had seated themselves at table. On Jane's entrance they all rose, and on being respectively named by their host, bowed with cold and stately courtesy, and sat down again. The four strangers seemed all of the same ages, fifty or thereabouts—tall, hale, and dignified in their manners. Sir Bryan de Barreilles had a patch on his right eye; Hasket of Norland a deep scar on his forehead, that cut his left eyebrow into two parts, and gave a very extraordinary expression to his rigid countenance; Mauler of Phascabl had the general effect of very handsome features, marred by the want of his nose; not that there was actually no nose, but that it did not occupy the prominent position it usually holds on the human face divine, but was inserted deep between the cheeks—in fact, was a nose not set on after the fashion of a knocker, but a fine specimen of *bussu-riliera*, indented after the manner of Socrates's head on a seal, and would probably have made a very fine impression. Dr Howlet was perfectly blind, and from the tone in which he was addressed by the other gentlemen, Jane concluded he was also very nearly deaf. Besides these, there were present Mr Peeper, at the foot of the table next to Reginald, and on the other side of him a thick square-built man, with a fine hilarious open countenance, who was perhaps of too low a rank to be introduced to the lady of the castle—no other, in fact, than the redoubtable Mr Lutter, of whom Jane had heard on her journey home.

After the serving men, with some difficulty, had brought in the supper, consisting of enormous joints of meat, hot and cold, and deposited on the sideboard vast tankards of strong ale and other potent beverages, Mr Peeper rose, and folding his hands across his breast, and bending forward his head with every appearance of devotion, muttered some words evidently intended to represent a grace, but so indistinct that it was utterly impossible to make the slightest guess at their meaning, whereupon they all fell to with prodigious activity, and cut and slashed the enormous dishes as if they had been furnished for a year. Mr Lutter, after making an observation that true thankfulness was as much shown by moderate enjoyment of good

gifts as by long prayers said over them, made a most powerful assault on the cold sirloin, and, of all the party, was the only one who had the politeness to send a helping to Jane. She was tired and hungry, and felt really obliged by the attention, but could scarcely do justice to the viands from surprise at the conversation of the guests.

"Ho, ho!" said Sir Bryan de Barreilles, "I once knew a thing—such a thing it was too—ho! ho!" And partly the vividness of the recollection, and principally an enormous mouthful of beef, produced a long fit of coughing—"I will make you laugh," he continued—"twas a rare feat—ho! ho!—even this lady will be pleased to hear it."

Jane bowed in expectation of an amusing anecdote.

"One of my tenants was going to be married: his bride was a very young creature, not more than eighteen, and on the wedding-day, as I always was ready for a joke in those days—ah! 'tis thirty years ago, or more—I asked the bridal party to the Tower. Ho! ho! such laughing we had!—Giles Mallet and Robin Henslow fought with red-hot brands out of the fire, till I thought we should all have died; and Giles—the cleverest fellow and the wittiest, ho! ho!—such a fellow was Giles!—he took up the poker instead of the fir-log, and watched his opportunity, ho! ho!—it was red-hot too—a good stout poker as ever you saw—and ran it clean through his cheek—you heard the tongue fizz! as it licked the hot iron—twas a famous play. How Robin roared, to be sure, and couldn't speak plain—ho! ho! Well, the games went on; and nothing would please some of the young ones but we should see the Oublette. Twas a dark hole where my forefathers imprisoned their refractory vassals, and sad stories were told about it—how that voices were heard from the bottom of it, and groans, and sometimes gory heads were seen at the top of it, looking up to the skylight, and struggling to escape, but ever tumbling back into the deep dark hole, with screams and smothered cries, a rare place for a man's memory—but it had not been used for many years. Well—nothing would do, but when

we were all merry with ale, we should all go and see the Oublette, and a kiss of the bride was promised to the one who should go down the furthest. Now, the stone steps were very narrow at best; and were all worn away—and that was the best of it—all along the passages we went, and past the dungeon grating, till we came to the open mouth of the Oublette. Ho! ho! how you'll laugh. Down a step went one—no kiss from the bride for him—two steps went another—some went down six steps, and one bold fellow went down so far, that we lost sight of him in the darkness. Then the bridegroom, a stout young yeoman—thought it shame to let any one beat him in daring, for so rich a prize as a kiss from the rosy lips of his bride, and down—down—he went—step after step—till finally, far down in the gloom, we heard a loud scream—such a scream—ho! ho! I can't help laughing yet when I think of it—and in a minute or two, whose voice should we hear but Giles Mallet's! *There* was Giles, hollowing and roaring for us to send down a rope, but *how* he had got down, or *when* he had gone down, nobody knew. However, a rope was got, and merrily, stoutly, we all pulled, but no Giles came up. Instead of him, we drew forth the bridegroom! but such a changed man. His eyes were fixed, and his face as white as silver—his mouth was wide open, and his great tongue wentolling about from side to side—and he shook his head, and mumbled and slavered—he was struck all of a sudden into idiocy, and knew nobody; not even his bride. She was sinking before him, but he never noticed her, but went moaning, and muttering, and shaking his head. Ho! ho! 'twas the comicallest thing I ever saw. And when Giles came up he explained it all. Giles had gone down deeper than any of them, and waited for the others on a ledge in the cavern; and just when the bridegroom reached it, Giles seized him by the leg, and said—'Your soul is mine'—ho, ho! 'Your soul is mine,' said Giles—and the bridegroom uttered only the loud, long scream we had all heard, and stood and shook and trembled. 'Twas a rare feat; and if you had come down last year'—he added, turning to Jane—"you would have seen the bridegroom going from door

to door, followed by all the boys in the village—he never recovered. There he went, shake, shaking his head—and gape gaping with his mouth. 'Twas good sport to tease him. I've set my dogs on him myself, but he never took the least notice. 'Twas a good trick—I never knew a better."

"And the bride?" enquired Jane.

"Oh, she died in a week or two after the adventure! A silly hussy—I wished to marry her, by the left hand, to my forester, but she kept on moping and looking at the idiotical bridegroom, and died—a poor fool."

"Ah! we've grown dull since those merry times," said Hasket of Norland, looking round the empty hall, and then towards Reginald, as if reproaching him with the absence of the ancient joviality. "There were three men killed at my marriage—in fair give and take fight—in the hall, at the wedding supper. There is the mark of blood on the oak floor yet."

"I lost my eye at the celebration of a christening," said Sir Bryan de Barreilles. "My uncle of Mahnescon pushed it in with the handle of his dagger."

"I got this wound on my forehead at a feast after a funeral," said Hasket of Norland. "I quarreled with Morley Poyutz, and he cut my eyebrow with an axe. 'Twas a merry party in spite of that."

"The Parson of Pynsent jumped on my face at a festival in honour of the birth of Sir Ramph Berlingcourt's heir," said Manbrer of Phascald. "I had been knocked on the floor by the Archdeacon of Wardeleigh, and the Parson of Pynsent trode on my nose. He was the biggest man in Yorkshire, and squeezed my nose out of sight—a rare jovial companion was the Parson of Pynsent, and many is the joke we have had about the weight of his feet. Ah! we have no fun now—no fighting, no grinning through a horse-collar, no roasting before a fire, no singing"—

"Yes," said Reginald, "we have Phil Lorimer."

"Let him come—let us hear him," said some of the party.

"I hate songs," said Dr Howlet; "and think all ballads should be burned."

"And the writers of them, too," added Mr Peeper, with a fierce glance

towards the fireplace, from which Phil Lorimer emerged.

"Oh no! I think songs an innocent diversion," said Mr Lutter, "and softening to the heart. Sit near me, Mr Lorimer."

"Make a face, Phil," cried the knight; "I would rather see a grin than hear your ballad."

"Jump, Phil," said Hasket of Norland, applying his fork to Phil's leg as he passed, "you are a better morris-dancer than a poet."

Phil, who was imperturbably good-natured, did as he was told. He opened his mouth to a preternatural size, turned one eye to the ceiling, and the other down to the floor, till Sir Bryan was in ecstasies at his achievement. He then sprang to an incredible height in the air, and danced once or twice through the hall, throwing himself into the most grotesque attitudes imaginable, and the table was nearly shaken in pieces by the thumpings with which the party showed their satisfaction.

"Now then, Phil: here's a cup of sherry-wine--drink it, boy, and sing a sweet song to the lady," said Reginald.

"Songs are an invention of the devil," said Mr Peeper.

"Unless when they are sung through the nose," said Mr Lutter, with a sneer.

"You approve of songs, then?" inquired Mr Peeper, with a fierce look.

"Certainly," said Mr Lutter, "when their subject is good, and the language modest."

"Then you are an atheist," retorted Mr Peeper.

"What has a ballad to do with atheism?" enquired Mr Lutter, looking angry.

"You approve of wicked songs, and therefore are an atheist."

"A man is more like an atheist," retorted Mr Lutter, "who is ungrateful to God for the gift of song, and shuts up the sweetest avenue by which the spirit approaches its Creator. I admire poetry, and respect poets."

"Any one who holds such diabolic doctrines is not fit to remain in Belfront Castle."

"Nay," replied Mr Lutter, "Belfront Castle would be infinitely improved if such doctrines were adopted in it."

"Gentlemen," said Reginald, "you

are both learned men; and I know nothing about the questions you discuss."

"Your lady shall judge between us," said Mr Lutter.

"She shall not," said Mr Peeper; "I am the sole judge in matters of the kind."

"Let us hear Phil's song in the mean time," said Reginald. "Come, Lorimer."

"What shall it be?" said Phil.

"Something comic," said Sir Bryan.

"Something bloody," said Hasket of Norland.

"Something loving," said Mauler of Phascald.

"Will the lady decide for us?" said Phil, with a smile. "Will you have the 'Silver Scarf,' madam: or the Knight and the Soldan of Bagdad? They are both done into my poor English from the troubadours of Almeigne."

The lady fixed, at haphazard, on "the Knight and the Soldan of Bagdad:" and Phil prepared to obey her commands. He took a small harp in his hand, and sat down in the vacant chair next to Sir Bryan de Barteilles. The rest of the company composed themselves to listen: and, after a short prelude, Lorimer, in a fine manly voice, began—

"Oh, brightly bloom'd the orange flow'r,  
And fair the roses round;  
And the fountain, in its marble bed,  
Leapt up with happy sound;  
And stately, stately was the hall,  
And rich the feast outspread;  
But the Soldan of Bagdad sigh'd full  
sore,  
And never a word he said,  
Never a word the Soldan said,  
But many a tear let fall;  
He had tried all the joys that life could  
give,  
And was weary of them all.  
The Soldan lift up his heavy eye—  
And to that garden fair,  
A stranger enter'd with harp in hand,  
And with a winsome air;  
Long locks of yellow molten gold  
Hung over his cheek so brown,  
And a red mantle of Venice silk  
Fell from his shoulders down.  
A weary wanderer he did seem,  
Come from a distant land;  
And over the harpstrings, thought-  
fully,  
He moveth his cunning hand.

He opes his lips, and he pouroth forth  
 Such a sweet stream of sound,  
 That the Soldan's heart leaps up in his  
 breast,  
 And his eye he casts around.  
 'Was never a voice,' the Soldan said,  
 'So sweet—nor so blest a song;—  
 Sing on, kind minstrel,' the Soldan said,  
 'I have been sad too long.'  
 The minstrel sang, and soft and sweet  
 The Soldan's tears fell free;  
 'Oh, tell me, thou minstrel dear,' he  
 said,  
 'What boon shall I give to thee?  
 Oh, stay with me but a year and a day,  
 And sing sweet songs to me;  
 And whatever the boon, by Allah, I  
 swear,  
 I will freely give it to thee.'  
 The minstrel stay'd a year and a day,  
 And the Soldan loved him well;  
 'Now, what is the boon thou askest of  
 me—  
 I prithee, dear minstrel, tell.'  
 'A Christian knight in thy dungeon  
 pines,  
 And his hope is nearly o'er;  
 His freedom is the boon I ask—  
 Oh, open his prison door!'  
 The minstrel went—and no more was  
 seen;  
 And the Christian knight, set free,  
 Found a stately ship, that bore him  
 safe  
 Home to his own country.  
 And his lady met him at the gate,  
 His lady fair and young;  
 And with a scream of pride and joy,  
 She in his bosom hung.  
 Oh, glad, glad was the Christian knight,  
 And glad was his lady fair,  
 And her pale cheek flush'd as he cast  
 aside  
 The locks of her raven hair,  
 And kiss'd her brow, and told the tale  
 Of his dungeon, deep and strong;  
 And of the minstrel, too, he told,  
 And of the power of song.  
 And they blest the minstrel, and blest  
 his song,  
 And soon the feast was dight;  
 And prince and noble crowded in,  
 To welcome home the knight.  
 And when the brimming cup went  
 round,  
 Spoke out an evil tongue,  
 And blam'd that lady to her lord,  
 That lady fair and young;  
 And told, with many a bitter sneer,  
 How that, for many a day,  
 When he was prison'd in Paynim land,  
 That dame was far away,

And none knew where; but all could  
 guess—  
 Up rose the knight, and kept  
 His hand close clutch'd on his dagger hilt,  
 And down the hall he stept;  
 And onwards with the dagger bared,  
 He rush'd to the lady's bower—  
 'Thou hast been false, and left thy  
 home—  
 Thou diest this very hour!'  
 'Oh! it is true, I left my home;  
 But yet, before I die.  
 Oh! look not on me with face so  
 changed,  
 Nor with so fierce an eye!  
 Oh! let me, but for a minute's space,  
 Into my chamber hie;  
 One prayer I would say for thee and  
 me—  
 One prayer—before I die!'  
 She left the bower; and as he stept  
 To and fro in ireful mood,  
 A stranger from the chamber came,  
 And close beside him stood.  
 Long locks of yellow molten gold  
 Hung over his cheek so brown,  
 And a red mantle of Venice silk,  
 Fell from his shoulder, down.  
 Dark frown'd the knight—'Vile churl!'  
 he said;  
 But ere he utter'd more,  
 The stranger let the mantle fall  
 Unclasp'd upon the floor,—  
 And off he cast the yellow locks—  
 And, lo! the lady fair,  
 Blushing and casting from her cheek  
 Her glossy raven hair!  
 Down fell the dagger; down the knight  
 Sank kneeling and oppress'd;  
 And the lady oped her snow white arms,  
 And wept upon his breast!"  
 "A foul song!—a wanton woman!"  
 —exclaimed Sir Bryan de Burvelles  
 —"he should have stabbed her for  
 living so long with a Jew villain like  
 the Soldan of Bagdad."  
 "Was the villain a Jew?" en-  
 quired Dr Howlet, who had caught  
 the word. "I did not know Bagdad  
 was in Jewry. Is a heathen the same  
 as a Jew, Mr Peeper?"  
 The gentleman thus appealed to,  
 coughed as if to clear his throat, and  
 though he usually spoke with the ut-  
 most clearness, he mumbled and mut-  
 tered in the same unintelligible man-  
 ner as he had done when he was say-  
 ing grace; and it was a very peculiar  
 habit of the learned individual, when-  
 ever he was applied to for an expla-  
 nation, to betake himself to a mode of



speech that would have puzzled a far wiser head than Dr Howlet's, to make head or tail of it.

Dr Howlet, however, appeared to be perfectly satisfied with the information; and by the indignant manner in which he struck his long gold-headed ebony walking-stick on the floor, seemed entirely to agree with the worthy knight in his estimate of the heroine of Phil Lorimer's ballad.

"I like the ballad about the jousting of Romulus the bold Roman, with Julius Marcellus in the Camp at Ascalon far better," said Hasket of Norland. "Sing it, Phil."

"No, no," cried Maulerer, who was far gone in intoxication. "Sing us the song of the Feasting at Glaston, when Eneas the Trojan married Arthur's daughter. — Sing the song, *signah*, thi- *monum*, or I'll cut your tongue in two, to make your note the sweeter. — Sing."

Thus adjured, Phil once more began:—

"There was feasting high and revelry  
In Glaston's lofty hall;  
And loud was the sound, as the cup  
Went round.

Oh joyous whoop and call;  
And Arthur the king, in that noble ring,  
Was the merriest of them all.

No thought, no care, found entrance  
There,

But beauty's smiles were won;  
No sour Jack Priest to spoil the feast"—

"Ha!" cried Howlet, interrupting Mr Lorimer, in a tremendous passion, "what says the varlet? He is a heathen Turk, and no Christian. How dares he talk so of the church?" The old man rose as he spoke, and, suddenly catching hold of the enormous ebony walking-stick, which generally reposed at the side of his chair, he aimed a blow with all his force at the unfortunate songster; but, being blind, and not calculating his distance, his staff fell with tremendous effect on the left eye of Sir Bryan de Harreilles.

"Is it so?" cried the knight, stunned; but resisting the tendency to prostration produced by the stroke, and flinging a large silver flagon across the table, which missed Dr Howlet, and made a deep indentation in the skull of Maulerer of Phascald—  
"Now, then!"

Hasket of Norland attempted to

hold Sir Bryan, and prevent his following up his attack; and Mr Maulerer recovered sufficiently to fling the heavy candlestick at his assailant; the branches of which hit the cheek of Hasket, while the massive bottom ejected the three front teeth of Sir Bryan.

There was now no possibility of preventing the quarrel; and while the four strangers were pounding each other with whatever weapons came first to hand, and Mr Peeper crept under the table for safety, and Reginald essayed to talk them into reason, Mr Lutter politely handed Jane to the door of the hall.

"Permit me, madam, to rescue you from this dreadful scene."

"Is it thus always?" enquired Jane, nearly weeping with fright.

"There are many things that may be improved in the castle," said Mr Lutter. "I have seen the necessity of an alteration for a long time, and, if you will favour me with your assistance, much may be done."

"Oh! I will help you to the utmost of my power."

"We must upset the influence of Mr Peeper," said Mr Lutter. "May I speak to you on the subject to-morrow?"

A month had passed since Jane's arrival at Belfront Castle, and she had had many private and confidential conversations with Mr Lutter. The ominous eyes of Mr Peeper grew fiercer and fiercer, and she many times thought of coming to an open rupture with him at once; but was deterred from doing so, by not yet having ascertained whether her influence over Reginald was sufficiently established to stand a contest with the authority of his ancient friend. She could not understand how her husband could have remained hoodwinked so long; or how he had submitted to the despotic proceedings of his former tutor, who persisted in assuming the same airs of authority over him, as he had exercised when he was a child. Such, however, was evidently the case; and Reginald had never entertained a thought of rescuing himself from the thralldom in which he had grown up. A look from Mr Peeper; a solemn statement from him, that such and such things had never been heard of before in Belfront; and, above all, the use of the muttered and

unintelligible jargon to which Mr Peeper betook himself in matters of weight and difficulty, were quite sufficient. Reginald immediately gave up his own judgment, and felt in fact rather ashamed of himself for having hinted that he had a judgment at all. Under these circumstances, Mr Lutter had a very difficult part to play; and all that Jane could do, was to second him whenever she had the opportunity. One day, in the lovely month of April, Phil Lorimer sat on a sunny part of the enormous wall that guarded the castle, and leaning his back against one of the little square towers that rose at intervals in the circuit of the fortifications, sang song after song, as if for the edification of a number of crows that were perched on the trees on the other side of the moat. The audience were grossly inattentive, and paid no respect whatever to the performer, who still continued his exertions, as highly satisfied as if he were applauded by boxes, pit, and gallery of a crowded theatre:—Among others, he sang the ballad of the “Silver Scarf.”

“It was a King’s fair daughter,  
With eyes of deepest blue,  
She wove a scarf of silver  
The whole long summer through—

“A stately chair she sat on  
Before the castle door,  
And ever in the calm moonlight  
She work’d it o’er and o’er.

“And many a knight and noble  
Went daily out and in,  
And each one marvell’d in his heart  
Which the fair scarf might win.

“She took no heed of questions,  
From her work ne’er raised her head,  
And on the snow-white border  
Sew’d her name in blackest thread.

“Then came a tempest roaring,  
From the high hills it came,  
And bore the scarf far out to sea  
From forth its fragile frame:

“The maiden sat unstartled,  
As if it must be so—  
She stood up from her stately chair,  
And to her bower did go.

“She took from forth her wardrobe  
Her dress of mourning hue—  
Whoever for a scarf before  
Such weight of sorrow knew?

“In robes of deepest mourning,  
Three nights and days she sat;

On the third night, the warder’s horn  
Was sounded at the gate—

“A messenger stands at the door,  
And sad news bringeth he;  
The king and all his gallant ships  
Are wreck’d upon the sea.

“And now the tide is rising,  
And casts upon the shore  
Full many a gallant hero’s corse,  
And many a golden store.

“Then up rose the king’s daughter,  
Draw to her window near;  
‘What is it glitters on thine arm,  
In the moonlight so clear?’

“‘It is a scarf of silver,  
I brought it from the strand;  
I took it from the closed grasp  
Of a strong warrior’s hand.

“That feat thou ne’er shouldst boast of  
If but alive were he;  
Go take him back thy trophy  
To the blue rolling sea.

“And when that knight you’ve buried,  
The scarf his grave shall grace;  
And next to where you’ve laid him,  
Oh, leave a vacant place!”

“Here, you cursed old piper! leave off frightening the crows, and open the gate this moment. Who the devil, do you think, is to burst a bloodvessel by hollowing here all day?”

Mr Lorimer, though used to considerable indignities, as we have already seen, had still a little of the becoming poetical pride about him, and looked rather angrily over the wall. “Nobody wishes you to break bloodvessels, or have their own ears disturbed by your screaming,” he said. “What do you want?”

“To get into your infernal house, to be sure. Where did you get such unchristian roads? My bones are sore with the jolting. Send somebody to open the gate.”

“The drawbridge is up, and Mr Peeper must have his twopence.”

“Who the devil is Mr Peeper?” said the stranger. “I shan’t give him a fraction. Who made the drawbridge his? Is Mr Belfront at home?”

“Yes, he is in Mr Peeper’s study.”

“And Mrs Belfront?”

“Pickling cod. It is Mr Peeper’s favourite dish; so we all live on it sometimes for weeks together.”

“With such a trout-stream at your door? He’ll be a cleverer fellow than I think him if he gets me to eat

his salted carrion. Open the door, I say, or you'll have the worst of it when my stick gets near your head. Tell Mrs Belfront her uncle is here—her uncle Samson."

Phil Lorimer saw no great resemblance to the Jewish Hercules in the little, dagger, bustling-mannered man in a blue coat with bright brass buttons, pepper-and-salt knee-breeches, and long gaiters, who thus proclaimed his relationship to the lady of the castle. He hurried down from the wall to make the required announcement.

"My uncle Samson, the manufacturer, from Leeds! Oh, let him in, by all means!" exclaimed Jane; "he was always so kind to me when I was a child!"

"He can't get in, madam, unless Mr Peeper orders the drawbridge to be lowered; and he is now busy with Mr Belfront."

"Go for Mr Lutter: he will be glad to hear of uncle Samson's arrival."

Mr Lorimer discovered Mr Lutter comfortably regaling himself in the buttery: but on hearing in what respect his services were required, he left unfinished a huge tankard of ale, with which he was washing down an enormous quantity of bread and cheese, and proceeded to the moat.

"Don't disturb Mr Peeper," he said, "but help me to launch the little punt."

By dint of a little labour, the small vessel was got into the water, and Mr Lutter, taking a scull in his hand, paddled over to the other side, and embarked the gentleman in the blue coat. Paddling towards an undefended part of the castle, he taught him how to clamber up the wall; and Mr Samson, wiping the stains of his climbing from the knees of his nether habiliments, looked round the castle-yard. "Well! who'd have thought that such a monstrous strong-looking place should be stormed by a middle-aged gentleman in a punt!"

"You've a friend in the garrison, you'll remember, sir, and the battlements have never been repaired."

"They ain't worth repairing. It's a g'lar waste of building materials to make such thick walls and pinacles. Blowed, if them stones wouldn't build a mill; and a precious

water-power, too," he added, as he saw the river sparkling downward at the northern side. "Oho! I must have a talk with Jane. Will you take me to Mrs Belfront? I haven't seen her for five years. She must be much changed since then, and I must prepare her for the arrival of her cousins."

Jane was sitting in the great hall, feeling disconsolate enough. Often, in her father's comfortable parlour, she had read accounts of baronial residences of the olden time; and one of the greatest pleasures she had felt in becoming Mrs Belfront, was to be the possessor of a real *bona fide* castle that had been actually a fortress in the days of knighthood. She had studied long ago the adventures of high-born dames and stately nobles, till she was nearly as far gone in romance as Don Quixote; and many questions she had asked about Belfront, and donjon-towers, and keeps, and tilt-yards, and laboured very hard to acquire a correct idea of the mode of life and manners of the days of chivalry. Her imagination, we have seen, was too lively to be restrained by the more matter-of-fact nature of her husband; and she now felt with great bitterness the difference between presiding at a tournament, or being present at the Vow of the Peacock, and the slavish submission in which she, with the whole household, was held by Mr Peeper. Deeply she now regretted the feelings of superiority she had experienced over her own relations by her marriage into such an ancient race as the Belfronts. She felt ashamed of the contempt she had felt for the industrious founders of her own family's wealth, and at that moment would have preferred the blue coat and brass buttons of her uncle Samson, to all the escutcheons and shields of the Norman conquest; and at that moment, luckily, the identical coat and buttons made their appearance.

"Well, niece, here's a go!" exclaimed the angry uncle. "Is this a way to receive a near relation after such a journey?"

"Oh, uncle!"

"Why, did ye never hear tell of such a place as Kidderminster?—have you no carpets?"

"Mr Belfront says there were no carpets in his ancestors' time"—

"And no railroads, nor postchaises, nor books, nor nothing: and is that any reason why we shouldn't have lots of every thing now? By dad, before I've been here a week I'll have a regular French Revolution! No Bastille! says I; let's have a Turkey carpet, and a telescope dining-table, good roads, and no infernal punts—and, above all, let's get quit of the villain Peeper."

"Oh! if Reginald would only consent!"

"Why not? by dad, I'll make his fortune. I'll give him a thousand a-year for the water-power that's now all thrown away. I'll have a nice village built down in the valley. I'll get him two guineas an acre for his land that's now lying waste. I'll dig for coal. We'll build a nice comfortable house, and leave this old ruin to the crows."

"And the neighbours, uncle Samson?"

"Why, we'll build a church, and the parson will be a good companion. When the roads are made, you'll give a jolly dinner once a-week to every squire within ten miles. You'll have a book club. You'll help in the Sunday school. You'll go to the county balls. Your husband will join the agricultural society, and act as a magistrate. He'll subscribe to the hounds. He'll attend to the registrations. He'll have shooting-parties in September. And as to any old-world, wretched talks about chivalry and antiquity, we'll show him that there never was a time like the present—commerce, land, property, and intelligence, all in the very best condition. We'll make Latter superintendent of the whole estate, and send old Peeper about his business. And in all this you must help; for there's nothing to be done without the help of the ladies: so give me your hand, dear niece, and don't cry."

"It would make me so happy! I would never look into Amadis de Gaul again!"

"Hau! Amadis de Gaul and Amadi

de Spurzheim, too! Where is your husband?"

"I seldom see him now. He is always in the oratory with Mr Peeper."

"The dence he is!" said the uncle. "And how do you get on in other respects? Are you comfortable—happy—contented?" Jane told him all she had encountered since she had come to the castle, and the uncle seemed thunderstruck at the recital.

"Well! bold measures are always the best," he said at last; "I'll kick Peeper into the mud!" and before his niece could interfere, the uncle had rushed across the quadrangle, guided, we are sorry to say, by Mr Latter, and, grasping the venerable Peeper, whom he met near the drawbridge, he dragged him towards the water.

Jane ran to get assistance for the unfortunate victim: and crying "Help! help!" as she saw the wretched man forced over the walls, she looked in a state of distraction towards her husband. "Dear Jane," said that individual, smiling blandly, "I told you you had overtired yourself with walling." Jane gazed round; there was Reginald sitting beside her, with her head reclining on his shoulder, at the open window of the inn in Wales. The vale of Cwmwyllechy was spread in a beautiful landscape below. They were still on their wedding tour.

"You have been asleep, Jane," said Reginald.

"And have had such dreadful dreams. Oh, Reginald! I have had such visions of horrid things and people. I shall never be romantic again about chivalry. Such coarseness!—such slavery!—such ignorance! Ah, how happy we ought to be that we are born in a civilized time, with no Mr Peepers for father confessors, nor fighting with firebrands for amusement!"

"You have been reading *Hullam's Middle Ages*—a present from your uncle Samson—till you have become a right-down Utilitarian. Come, let us ring for tea; and to-morrow we must start for Yorkshire! The Quaker-sessions are coming on."



## DUMAS IN HIS CURRICLO.

WE left M. Dumas at Marseilles : we find him again at Naples. Three volumes are the result of his visit to the last named city—volumes in which he manages to put a little of every thing, and a good deal of some things. Antiquarian, historian, virtuoso, novelist, he touches upon all subjects, flying from one to the other with a lightness and a facility of transition peculiarly his own, and peculiarly agreeable. English travellers and Italian composers, St. Januarius and the opera, Masaniello and the *gettato*, Pompeii, princes, police spies, Vesuvius, all have their turn. M. Dumas, with his usual tact, merely glancing at those subjects which are known and written about by every tourist, but giving himself full scope when he gets off the beaten track. His book is literally crammed with tales and anecdotes, to such a degree indeed, and most of them so good, that our principal difficulty in commencing a notice of it, is to know where to pick and choose our extracts : *Embarras des richesses*, in short. The best way will probably be to begin at the beginning, and go as far as our limits allow us, referring our readers to the original for the many good things that want of space will compel us to exclude.

M. Dumas calls his book the *Corricolo*, and devotes a short and characteristic preface to an explanation of the title. This explanation we must give in his own words. It is so highly graphic, that, after reading it, we fancied we had seen a picture of what it describes.

"A *corricolo* is a sort of tilbury or gig, originally intended to hold one person, and be drawn by one horse. At Naples they harness two horses to it ; and it conveys twelve or fifteen individuals, not at a walk nor at a trot, but at full gallop, and this, notwithstanding that only one of the horses does any work. The shaft horse draws, but the other, which is harnessed abreast of him, and called the *bilancino*, prances and curvets about, animates his companion, but does nothing else.

"Having said that the gig built to

carry one is made to carry fifteen, I am, of course, expected to explain how this is accomplished. There is an old French proverb, according to which, when there is enough for one there is enough for two ; but I am not aware of any proverb in any language which says, that when there is enough for one, there is enough for fifteen. Nevertheless, it is the case with the *corricolo*. In the present advanced state of civilization, every thing is diverted from its primitive destination. As it is impossible to say at what period, or in how long a time, the capacity of the vehicle in question was extended in the ratio of one to fifteen, I must content myself with describing the way of packing the passengers.

"In the first place, there is almost invariably a fat greasy monk seated in the middle, forming the centre of a sort of coil of human creatures. On one of his knees is some robust rasy-checked nurse from Aversa or Nettuno ; on the other, a handsome peasant woman from Banchi or Procida. On either side of him, between the wheels and the body of the vehicle, stand the husbands of these two ladies. Standing on tiptoe behind the monk is the driver, holding in his left hand the reins, and in his right the long whip with which he keeps his horses at an equal rate of speed. Behind him are two or three lazzaroni, who get up and down, go away, and are succeeded by others, without any body taking notice of them, or expecting them to pay for their ride. On the shafts are seated two boys, picked up on the road from Torre del Greco or Pozzuoles, probably supernumerary *riccroid* of the antiquities of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Finally, suspended under the carriage, in a sort of coarse rope network with large meshes, which swings backwards and forwards at every movement of the vehicle, is a shapeless and incomprehensible mass, which cries, laughs, sings, screams, shouts, and bellows, all by turns and none for long together, and the nature of which it is impossible to distinguish, dimly seen as it is through the clouds of dust raised by the horses' feet.

This mass consists of three or four children, who belong to Heaven knows who, are going Heaven knows where, live Heaven knows how, and are there Heaven knows wherefore.

"Now then, put down, one above the other, monk, women, husbands, driver, lazzaroul, boys and children; add them up, include the infant in arms, which has been forgotten, and the total will be fifteen.

"It sometimes happens that the *corricolo* passes over a big stone, and upsets, pitching out its occupants to a greater or less distance, according to their respective gravity. But, on such occasions, nobody thinks of himself; the attention of every one is immediately turned to the monk. If he is hurt, the journey is over for the day; they carry him to the nearest house; the horses are put into the stable, and he is put to bed; the women nurse him, make much of him, cry and pray over him. If, on the other hand, the monk is safe and sound, nobody has a right to complain; he resumes his seat, the nurse and the peasant woman resume theirs, the others climb up into their respective places—a crack of the long whip, and a shout from the driver, and the *corricolo* is off again full speed."

From this we learn what a *corricolo* is, but we have not yet been told why M. Dumas should christen his book after the degenerate descendant of the Roman curriculum. Patience—we shall get to it in time. Materials crowd upon our traveller, and it is only in the second chapter that the desired explanation is given. In the first we are informed of M. Dumas's installation at the Hotel Vittoria, kept by M. Martin Zill, who, besides being an innkeeper, is a man of much taste in art, a distinguished antiquary, an amateur of pictures, a collector of autographs and curiosities. Apropos of the hotel we have an anecdote of the ex-dey of Algiers, who, on being dispossessed of his dominions by the French, took refuge at Naples, and established himself under M. Zill's hospitable roof. The third floor was entirely occupied by his suite and attendants, the fourth was for himself and his treasures, the fifth, or the garrets, he converted into his harem. The curious arms, costumes, and jewels which Hussein Pacha had brought

with him, were a godsend to the virtuous tavern-keeper, who was never weary of examining and admiring them; and, before the African had been a week in the house, he and his host were sworn friends. Unfortunately this harmony was not destined to last very long.

"One morning Hussein Pacha's cook (a Nubian as black as ink, and as shining as if he had been polished with a shoe-brush) entered the kitchen of the hotel, and asked for the largest knife they had. The head-cook gave him a sort of carving-knife, some eighteen inches long, sharp as a razor, and pliant as a foil. The negro looked at it, shook his head as if in doubt whether it would do, but nevertheless took it up stairs with him. Presently he brought it down again, and asked for a larger one. The cook opened all his drawers, and at last found a sort of cutlass, which he hardly ever used on account of its enormous size. With this the Nubian appeared more satisfied, and again went up stairs. Five minutes afterwards he came down for the third time, and returned the knife, asking for a bigger one still. The cook's curiosity was excited, and he enquired who wanted the knife, and for what purpose.

"The African told him very coolly that the dey, having left his dominions rather in a hurry, had forgotten to bring an executioner with him, and had consequently ordered his cook to get a large knife and cut off the head of Osman, chief of the eunuchs, who was convicted of having kept such negligent watch and ward over his highness's seraglio, that some presumptuous Ginour had made a hole in the wall, and established a communication with Zaida, the dey's favourite *odalisque*. Accordingly Osman was to be decapitated; and as to the offending lady, the next time the dey took an airing in the bay of Naples, she would be put into the boat in a sack, and consigned to the keeping of the kelpies. Thunderstruck at such summary proceedings, the cook desired his Nubian brother to wait while he went for a larger knife; then hastening to M. Martin Zill, he told him what he had just heard.

"M. Martin Zill ran to the minister of police, and laid the matter before him. His excellency got into his

carriage and went to call upon the dey.

He found his highness reclining upon a divan, his back supported by cushions, smoking latakia in a chibouque, while an icoglan scratched the soles of his feet, and two slaves fanned him. The minister made his three salaams; the dey nodded his head.

"Your highness," said his excellency, "I am the minister of police."

"I know you are," answered the dey.

"Then your highness probably conjectures the motive of my visit."

"No. But you are welcome all the same."

"I come to prevent your highness from committing a crime."

"A crime! And what crime?" said the dey, taking the pipe from his mouth, and gazing at his interlocutor in the most profound astonishment.

"I wonder your highness should ask the question," replied the minister. "Is it not your intention to cut off Osmin's head?"

"That is no crime," answered the dey.

"Does not your highness purpose throwing Zaida into the sea?"

"That is no crime," repeated the dey. "I bought Osmin for five hundred piasters, and Zaida for a thousand sequins, just as I bought this pipe for a hundred ducats."

"Well," said the minister, "what does your highness deduce from that?"

"That as this pipe belongs to me, as I have bought it and paid for it, I may break it to atoms if I choose, and nobody has a right to object." So saying, the pacha broke his pipe, and threw the fragments into the middle of the room.

"All very well, as far as a pipe goes," said the minister; "but Osmin, hut Zaida?"

"Less than a pipe," said the dey gravely.

"How! less than a pipe! A man less than a pipe! A woman less than a pipe!"

"Osmin is not a man, and Zaida is not a woman: they are slaves. I will cut off Osmin's head, and throw Zaida into the sea."

"No!" said the magistrate. "Not at Naples at least."

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"Dog of a Christian!" shouted the dey, "do you know who I am?"

"You are the ex-dey of Algiers, and I am the Neapolitan minister of police; and, if your deyship is impertinent, I shall send him to prison," added the minister very coolly.

"To prison!" repeated the dey, falling back upon his divan.

"To prison," replied the minister.

"Very well," said Hussein. "I leave Naples to-night."

"Your highness is as free as air to go and to come. Nevertheless, I must make one condition. Before your departure, you will swear by the Prophet, that no harm shall be done to Osmin or Zaida."

"Osmin and Zaida belong to me, and I shall do what I please with them."

"Then your highness will be pleased to deliver them over to me, to be punished according to the laws of the country; and, until you do so, you will not be allowed to leave Naples."

"Who will prevent me?"

"I will."

The pacha laid his hand on his dagger. The minister stepped to the window and made a sign. The next moment the tramp of heavy boots and jingle of spurs were heard upon the stairs; the door opened, and a gigantic corporal of gendarmes made his appearance, his right hand raised to his cocked hat, his left upon the seam of his trouser.

"Gennaro," said the minister of police, "if I gave you an order to arrest this gentleman, would you see any difficulty in executing it?"

"None, your excellency."

"You are aware that this gentleman's name is Hussein Pacha."

"I was not, your excellency."

"And that he is dey of Algiers."

"May it please your excellency, I don't know what that is."

"You see?" said the minister, turning to the dey.

"The devil!" exclaimed Hussein.

"Shall I?" said Gennaro, taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, and advancing a pace towards the dey, who, on his part, took a step backwards.

"No," replied the minister, "it will not be necessary. His high-

ness will do as he is bid. Go and search the hotel for a man named Osman, and a woman named Zula, and take them both to the prefecture."

"What!" cried the dey, "this man is to enter my harem?"

"He is not a man," replied the minister, "he is a corporal of gendarmes. But if you do not wish him to go, send for Osman and Zula yourself."

"Will you promise to have them punished?" inquired the dey.

"Certainly, according to the utmost rigour of the law."

"Hassan Pasha clapped his hand. A door concealed behind the tapestry was opened and a slave entered the room.

"Bring down Osman and Zula," said the dey.

The slave crossed his hands on his breast, bowed his head and disappeared without uttering a word. The next instant he came back with the two culprits.

The intruder was a little round fat fellow, with bushy hair, and small hands and feet. Zula was a beautiful Circassian, her eyes deep-set with coal, her little blackened with beet, her nails adorned with henna. On her young Hussein Pasha, the emir's son, she had a great effect. He looked at her with a flash, and he clutched the hilt of his dagger. Osman, on the other hand, smiled. The minister of justice made a sign to the gendarmes, who stepped up to the two captives, handcuffed them and led them out of the room. As the door closed behind them, the dey uttered a sound between a sigh and a rage.

The minister took a look out of the window, till he saw the gendarmes and their escort disappear at the corner of the Girardin Christianone. Then turning to the dey—

"Your Highness is now at liberty to leave Naples; if he wishes so to do," said the imperturbable functionary with a low bow.

"This very instant!" cried Hussein. "I will not remain another moment in such a barbarous country as yours."

"A pleasant journey to your highness," said the minister.

"Go to the devil!" retorted Hussein.

Before an hour had elapsed, the dey had chartered a small vessel, on board of which he embarked the same evening with his suite, his wives, and his treasures. And at midnight he set sail, cursing the tyrants that prevented a man from drowning, his wife and cutting off the heads of his slaves. The next day the minister of police had the culprits brought before him and examined. Osman was found guilty of bribery, Zula of having watched when she ought to have slept. But, one strange circumstance, the Neapolitan code allows no punishment to such offences, and consequently, Osman and Zula to their infinite astonishment were immediately set at liberty. Osman took to sailing, passing in a Turkish ship, and the city got employment and commerce in a fortnight. As for the dey, he had left Naples with the intention of going to England, in which country he had been informed, a number of letters told him, that he was not to own her. It was then all over, however, on the 1st and 2nd of August, at 11 o'clock, when he died.

M. Dumas, not being in good luck with the Neapolitan authorities, on account of some supposed republican tendencies of his, at Naples, under an assumed name, and it is uncertain how long he may be able to pursue his investigation, he is desirous of seeing all that is to be seen in the city of the Vesuvius. He finds that Naples, independently of its suburbs, consists of three streets, where every body goes, and five hundred streets where nobody goes. The three streets are, the Chiaia, the Toledo, and the Forcella. The five hundred others are narrower—a labyrinth of houses, which might be compared to that of Paris, deducting the Minorite, and adding the Lazarini. There are three ways of seeing Naples—on foot, in a carriage, or in a strappo. On foot, one goes every where, but one sees not much, in a carriage, one only goes through the three principal streets, and one sees not much—the strappo is the happy medium, the just milieu, so which M. Dumas for



once determines to adhere. Having made up his mind, he said, for his host and equines where he can hire a *carrolo* by the week or month. His host tells him he had better buy one horse and all. To this plan M. Dumars objects the expense.

"It will cost you," said M. Martin, after a momentary calculation in his head, "it will cost you—the *carrolo* ten ducats, each horse thirty culms the same, a postole in all, eighty four ducats."

"What! for ten ducats I shall have a *carrolo*?"

"A magnificent one."

"No."

"Oh! you are asking too much from me. No such things as new *carrolo*. There is a standing out of the police forbidding coachmakers to build them."

"Indeed! How long has that order been in force?"

"Ever since I was born."

"If it comes from that quarter, it must be very old and very strong."

"Nothing new. You know the story of the *carrolo* for."

"To be sure I do. It is one of the most curious. The blade has been changed three times, and the blade itself has been changed, but it was still the same kind."

"The case of the *carrolo* is exactly similar. It is forbidden to build new ones, but it is not forbidden to put new wheels to old bodies, and new bodies on old wheels. By these means the *carrolo* becomes immortal."

"I understand. You add body and new wheels for me. If you please. But the horses? Do you mean to say that for thirty francs I shall have a pair of horses?"

"A superb pair, that will go like the wind."

"What sort of horses?"

"Oh, dead ones, of course!"

"Dead ones?"

"Certainly. At that price you should hardly expect any thing better."

"My dear M. Martin, be kind enough to explain. I am travelling for my improvement, and information of all kinds is highly acceptable."

"You are acquainted with the history of the *carrolo*, I suppose."

"The natural history? Buffon's? Certainly. The horse is, after the lion, the noblest of all the beasts."

"No, no, the philosophical history. The different stages and vicissitudes in the existence of those noble quadrupeds."

"Oh yes! first the saddle, then a carriage or gig, thence to a stage-coach or omnibus, hackney-coach or cab, and finally—to the knacker's."

"And from the knacker's?"

"To the Llysian fields, I suppose."

"No. Not here, at least. From the knacker's they go to the *corral*."

"How so?"

"I will tell you. At the *Ponte della Mollina*, where horses are taken to be killed, there are always four saws, two, when a horse is brought, for the hide and hoofs for the *carrolo*, which is the job regulated by law. Instead of selling the hide and *carrolo* hide, these go to the *carrolo* with the skin on, and make the most of the time he gets to be in. They are sure of getting the skin and *carrolo* of the *carrolo*. And these are what I mean by dead horses."

"But what can they possibly do with the *carrolo* and *carrolo*?"

"They harness them to the *carrolo*."

"What use will which I call?"

"What the ghost of horses, *carrolo*, the *carrolo* of the *carrolo*."

"But they galloped the whole way."

"Why not? The *carrolo* is not a *carrolo*."

"I cannot, perhaps. I am the *carrolo* of the *carrolo*. M. Martin, the *carrolo* is a *carrolo* of a magnificent sort, made of a bright red colour, with flowers and animals painted thereon. Two most busy and impatient *carrolo*, half covered by *carrolo*, and *carrolo* are included in its purchase. After a vain attempt to drive himself, the *carrolo* *carrolo* having apparently a strong contempt for whynot he gives up, the reins to a professional *carrolo*, and *carrolo* *carrolo*. His first visit is to the *Carlo*, the favourite promenade of the aristocracy and of foreigners. His second to the *Carlo*, the street of shops and loungers; his third

to the Forcella, frequented by lawyers and their clients. He makes a chapter, and a long one too, out of each street; but not in the way usually adopted by those pitiless tour-writers who overwhelm their readers with dry architectural details, filling a page with a portico, and a chapter with a chapel—not letting one off a pane of a painted window or a line of worm-eaten inscription, however often those things may have been described already by previous travellers. M. Dumas prefers men to things as subjects for his pen; and the three chapters above named are filled with curious illustrations of Neapolitan manners, customs, and character. Apropos of the Toledo, we are introduced to the well-known *impresario*, Domenico Barbaja, who had his palazzo in that street, and who, from being waiter in a coffeehouse at Milan, became the manager of three theatres at one time, namely. San Carlo, La Scala, and the Vienna opera. He appears to have been a man of great energy and originality of character, concealing an excellent heart under the roughest manners and most choleric of tempers.

"It would be impossible," says M. Dumas, "to translate into any language the abuse with which Barbaja used to overwhelm the singers and musicians at his theatres when they displeased him. Yet not one of them bore him malice for it, knowing that, if they had the least triumph, Barbaja would be the first to embrace and congratulate them: if they were unsuccessful, he would console them with the utmost delicacy: if they were ill, he would watch over them with the tenderness of a father or brother. The fortune which he had amassed, little by little, and by strenuous exertions, he spent in the most generous and princely manner. His palace, his villa, and his table, were open to all.

"His genius was of a peculiar and extraordinary kind. Education he had none: he was unable to write the commonest letter, and did not know a note of music; yet he would give his composers the most valuable hints, and dictate with admirable skill the plan of a libretto. His own voice was of the harshest and most inharmonious

texture; but by his advice and instructions he formed some of the first singers in Italy. His language was a Milanese patois; but he found means to make himself excellently well understood by the kings and emperors, with whom he carried on negotiations upon a footing of perfect equality. It was a great treat to see him seated in his box at San Carlo, opposite that of the King of Naples, on the evening of a new opera; with grave and impartial aspect, now turning his face to the actors, then to the audience. If a singer went wrong, Barbaja was the first to crush him with a severity worthy of Brutus. His '*Cen de Dio!*' was shouted out in a voice that made the theatre shake and the poor actor tremble. If, on the other hand, the public disapproved without reason, Barbaja would start up in his box and address the audience. '*Figli d'un vacca!*' 'Will you hold your tongues? You don't deserve good singers.' If by chance the King himself omitted to applaud at the right time, Barbaja would shrug his shoulders and go grumbling out of his box.

"With all his peculiarities, he it was who formed and brought forward Lablache, Tambrini, Rubini, Donzell, Colbran, Pasta, Fedor, Donizetti, Bellini, and the great Rossini himself, whose masterpieces were composed for Barbaja. It is impossible to form an idea of the amount of entreaties, stratagems, and even violence, expended by the *impresario* to make Rossini work. I will give an example of it, which is highly characteristic both of the manager and of the greatest and happiest, but most insouciant and idle, musical genius that ever drew breath under the bright sky of Italy."

We are sorry to tantalize our readers, but we have not space for the story that follows. It relates to the opera of *Othello*, which was composed by Rossini in an incredibly short time, whilst a prisoner in an apartment of Barbaja's house. For nearly six months had the composer been living with the manager, entertaining his friends at his well-spread table, drinking his choicest wines, and occupying his best rooms—all this under promise of producing a new opera within the half-year, a promise which

he showed little disposition to fulfil. Barbaja was in a fever of anxiety, and finding remonstrance unavailing, had recourse to stratagem. One morning, when Rossini was about to start on a party of pleasure, he found his doors secured outside; and, on putting his head out of the window, was informed by Barbaja that he must remain captive until his ransom was paid. The ransom, of course, was the opera.

Rossini subsequently revenges himself on his tyrant in a very piquant manner; and, finally, the morning after *Othello* has been performed with triumphant success, he starts for Bologna, taking with him, as travelling companion, the *prima donna* of the San Carlo theatre, Signora Colbran, whom he had privately married. All this is related very amusingly by M. Dumas, but at too great length for our limits.

We have a naval combat in the second volume, in which a French frigate is attacked by two English line-of-battle ships, one of which she sinks, and receives in return the entire point-blank broadside of the other, a three-decker; which broadside, we, in our ignorance of nautical matters, should have thought sufficient to blow her either out of the water or under it. It has not that effect, however, and the frigate is captured; the captain of her, when he has hauled down his flag in order to save the lives of his men, stepping into his cabin and blowing his brains out. All this is very pretty, whatever may be said of its probability. But there are two subjects on which the majority of Frenchmen indulge in most singular delusions. These are, their invincibility upon the sea, and the battle of Waterloo. M. Dumas has not escaped the national monomania.

Our author is very hard upon the poor English in this book. He attacks them on all sides and with all weapons. Nelson and Lady Hamilton occupy a prominent position in his pages. The execution of Admiral Carraciolo, an undoubted blot on the character of our naval hero, is given in all its details, and with some little decorations and embellishments, for which we suspect that we have to thank our imaginative historian.

Nelson's weakness, the ascendancy exercised over him by Lady Hamilton, or Emma Lyoud, as M. Dumas prefers styling her, her intimacy with the Queen of Naples, and subserviency to the wishes and interests of the Neapolitan court, are all set forth in the most glowing colours. This is the heavy artillery, the round-shot and shell; but M. Dumas is too skilful a general to leave any part of his forces unemployed, and does not omit to bring up his sharpshooters, and open a pretty little fire of ridicule upon English travellers in Italy, who, as it is well known, go thither to make the fortunes of innkeepers and purchase antiquities manufactured in the nineteenth century. Strange as it may appear, we should be heartily sorry if M. Dumas were to exchange his evident dislike of us for a more kindly feeling. We should then lose some of his best stories; for he is never more rich and amusing than when he shows up the sons and daughters of *la perfide Albion*. In support of our assertion, take the following sketch:—

“During my stay at Naples an Englishman arrived there, and took up his quarters at the hotel at which I was stopping. He was one of those phlegmatic, overbearing, obstinate Britons, who consider money the engine with which every thing is to be moved and all things accomplished, the argument in short which nothing can resist. Money was every thing in his estimation of mankind; talent, fame, titles, mere feathers that kicked the beam the moment a long rent-roll or inscription of three per cents were placed in the opposite scale. In proportion as men were rich or poor, did he esteem them much or little. Being very rich himself, he esteemed himself much.

“He had come direct to Naples by steam, and during the voyage had made this calculation: With money I shall say every thing, do every thing, and have every thing I please. He had not long to wait to find out his mistake. The steamer cast anchor in the port of Naples just half an hour too late for the passengers to land. The Englishman, who had been very sea-sick, and was particularly anxious to get on shore, sent to offer the cap-

tain of the port a hundred guineas if he would let him land directly. The quarantine laws at Naples are very strict; the captain of the port thought the Englishman was mad, and only laughed at his offer. He was therefore obliged to sleep on board in an excessively bad humour, cursing alike those who made the regulations and those who enforced them.

"The first thing he did when he got on shore, was to set off to visit the ruins of Pompeii. There happened to be no regular guide at hand, so he took a lazzarone instead. He had not forgotten his disappointment of the night before, and all the way to Pompeii he relieved his mind by abusing King Ferdinand in the best Italian he could muster. The lazzarone, whom he had taken into his carriage, took no notice of all this so long as they were on the high-road. Lazzaroni, in general, meddle very little in politics, and do not care how much you abuse king or kaiser so long as nothing disrespectful is said of the Virgin Mary, St Januarius, or Mount Vesuvius. On arriving, however, at the *Via dei Sepolchri*, the ragged guide put his finger on his lips as a signal to be silent. But his employer either did not understand the gesture, or considered it beneath his dignity to take notice of it, for he continued his invectives against Ferdinand the Well-beloved.

"*'Pardon me, Eccellenza,'* said the lazzarone at last, placing his hand upon the side of the barouche, and jumping out as lightly as a barlequin. *'Pardon me, Eccellenza, but I must return to Naples.'*

"*'And why so?'* inquired the other in his broken Italian.

"*'Because I do not wish to be hung.'*

"*'And who would dare to hang you?'*

"*'The king.'*

"*'Why?'*

"*'Because you are speaking ill of him.'*

"*'An Englishman has a right to say whatever he likes.'*

"*'It may be so, but a lazzarone has not.'*

"*'But you have said nothing.'*

"*'But I hear every thing.'*

"*'Who will tell what you hear?'*

"*'The invalid soldier who accompanies us to visit Pompeii.'*

"*'I do not want an invalid soldier.'*

"*'Then you cannot visit Pompeii.'*

"*'Not by paying?'*

"*'No.'*

"*'But I will pay double, treble, four times, whatever they ask.'*

"*'No, no, no.'*

"*'Oh!'* said the Englishman, and he fell into a brown study, during which the lazzarone amused himself by trying to jump over his own shadow.

"*'I will take the invalid,'* said the Englishman after a little reflection.

"*'Very good,'* replied the lazzarone, *'we will take him.'*

"*'But I shall say just what I please before him.'*

"*'In that case I wish you a good morning.'*

"*'No, no: you must remain.'*

"*'Allow me to give you a piece of advice then. If you want to say what you please before the invalid, take a deaf one.'*

"*'Ooh!'* cried the Englishman, delighted with the advice. *'By all means a deaf one. Here is a plaster for you for having thought of it.'* The lazzarone ran to the guard-house, and soon returned with an old soldier who was as deaf as a post.

"They began the usual round of the curiosities, during which the Englishman continued calling King Ferdinand any thing but a gentleman, of all which the invalid heard nothing, and the lazzarone took no notice. They visited the *Via dei Sepolchri*, the houses of Dionædes and Cicero. At last they came to Sallust's house, in one of the rooms of which was a fresco that hit the Englishman's fancy exceedingly. He immediately sat down, took a pencil and a blank book from his pocket, and began copying it. He had scarcely made a stroke, however, when the soldier and the lazzarone approached him. The former was going to speak, but the latter took the words out of his mouth.

"*'Eccellenza,'* said he, *'it is forbidden to copy the fresco.'*

"*'Oh!'* said the Englishman, *'I must make this copy. I will pay for it.'*

"*'It is not allowed, even if you pay.'*



" 'But I will pay ten times its value if necessary; I must copy it, it is so funny.'

" 'If you do, the invalid will put you in the guard-room.'

" 'Pshaw! An Englishman has a right to draw any thing he likes.' And he went on with his sketch. The invalid approached him with an inexorable countenance.

" 'Pardon me, Eccellenza,' said the lazzarone; 'but would you like to copy not only this fresco, but as many more as you please?'

" 'Certainly I should, and I will too.'

" 'Then, let me give you a word of advice. Take a blind invalid.'

" 'Ooh!' cried the Englishman, still more enchanted with this second hint than with the first. 'By all means, a blind invalid. Here are two piasters for the idea.'

" They left Sadust's house, the deaf man was paid and discharged, and the lazzarone went to the guard-room, and brought back an invalid who was stone-blind and led by a black poodle.

" The Englishman wished to return immediately to continue his drawing, but the lazzarone persuaded him to delay it, in order to avoid exciting suspicion. They continued their rambles, therefore, guided by the invalid, or rather by his dog, who displayed a knowledge of Portici that might have qualified him to become a member of the antiquarian society. After visiting the blacksmith's shop, Portomita's house, and the public oven, they returned to the abode of Sadust, where the Englishman finished his sketch, while the lazzarone chatted with the blind man, and kept him amused. Continuing their lounge, he made a number of other drawings, and in a couple of hours his book was half full.

" At last they arrived at a place where men were digging. There had been discovered a number of small busts and statues, bronzes, and curiosities of all kinds, which, as soon as they were dug up, were carried into a neighbouring house. The Englishman went into this house, and had his attention speedily attracted by a little statue of a satyr about six inches high. 'Oh!' cried he, 'I shall buy this figure.'

" 'The king of Naples does not wish to sell it,' replied the lazzarone.

" 'I will give its weight in sovereigns—double its weight even.'

" 'I tell you it is not to be sold,' persisted the lazzarone; 'but,' added he, changing his tone, 'I have already given your excellency two pieces of advice which you liked, I will now give you a third: Do not buy the statue—steal it.'

" 'Oh—oh! that will be very original, and we have a blind invalid too. Capital!'

" 'Yes, but the invalid has a dog, who has two good eyes and sixteen good teeth, and who will fly at you if you so much as touch any thing with your little finger.'

" 'I'll buy the dog, and hang him.'

" 'Do better still; take a lame invalid. Then, as you have seen nearly every thing here, put the figure in your pocket and run away. He may call out as much as he likes, he will not be able to run after you.'

" 'Ooh!' cried the Englishman, in convulsions of delight, 'here are three piasters for you. Fetch me a lame invalid.'

" And in order not to excite the suspicions of the blind man and his dog, he left the house, and pretended to be examining a fountain made of shell-work, while the lazzarone went for a third guide. In a quarter of an hour he returned, accompanied by an invalid with two wooden legs. They gave the blind man three carlini, two for him and one for his dog, and sent him away.

" The theatre and the temple of Isis were all that now remained to be seen. After visiting them, the Englishman, in the most careless tone he could assume, said he should like to return to the house in which were deposited the produce of the researches then making. The invalid, without the slightest suspicion, conducted them thither, and they entered the apartment in which the curiosities were arranged on shelves nailed against the wall.

" While the Englishman lounged about, pretending to be examining every thing with the greatest interest, the lazzarone busied himself in fastening a stout string across the doorway, at the height of a couple of feet from

the ground. When he had done this, he made a sign to the Englishman, who seized the little statue that he coveted from under the very nose of the astounded invalid, put it into his pocket, and, jumping over the string, ran off as hard as he could, accompanied by the lazzarone. Darting through the Stabian gate, they found themselves on the Salerno road—an empty hackney-coach was passing, the Englishman jumped in, and had soon rejoined his carriage, which was waiting for him in the Via dei Sepolchri. Two hours after he had left Pompeii he was at Torre del Greco, and in another hour at Naples.

“As to the invalid, he at first tried to step over the cord fastened across the door, but the height at which the lazzarone had fixed it was too great for wooden legs to accomplish. He then endeavoured to untie it, but with no better success; for the lazzarone had fastened it in a knot compared to which the one of Gordian celebrity would have appeared a mere slip-knot. Finally, the old soldier, who had perhaps read of Alexander the Great, determined to cut what he could not untie, and accordingly drew his sword. But the sword in its best days had never had much edge, and now it had none at all; so that the Englishman was halfway to Naples whilst the invalid was still sawing away at his cord.

“The same evening the Englishman left Naples on board a steamboat, and the lazzarone was lost in the crowd of his comrades; the six piasters he had got from his employer enabling him to live in what a lazzarone considers luxury for nearly as many months.

“The Englishman had been twelve hours at Naples, and had done the three things that are most expressly forbidden to be done there. He had abused the king, copied frescoes, and stolen a statue, and all owing, not to his money, but to the ingenuity of a lazzarone.”

The lazzarone is a godsend for M. Dumas, an admirable peg upon which to hang his quaint conceit and sly satire; and he is accordingly frequently introduced in the course of the three volumes. We must make room for one more extract, in which he figures

in conjunction with his friend the sbirro or gendarme, who before being invested with a uniform, and armed with carbine, pistols, and sabre, has frequently been a lazzarone himself, and usually preserves the instincts and tastes of his former station. The result of this is a coalition between the lazzarone and the sbirro—law-breaker and law-preserver uniting in a systematic attack upon the pockets of the public.

“I was one day passing down the Toledo, when I saw a sbirro arrested. Like La Fontaine’s huntsman, he had been insatiable, and his greediness brought its own punishment. This is what had happened.

“A sbirro had caught a lazzarone in the fact.

“‘What did you steal from that gentleman in black, who just went by?’ demanded he.

“‘Nothing, your excellency,’ replied the lazzarone. A lazzarone always addresses a sbirro as *eccellenza*.

“‘I saw your hand in his pocket.’

“‘His pocket was empty.’

“‘What! Not a purse, a snuff-box, a handkerchief?’

“‘Nothing, please your excellency. It was an author.’

“‘Why do you go to those sort of people?’

“‘I found out my mistake too late.’

“‘Come along with me to the police-office.’

“‘But, your excellency—since I have stolen nothing?’

“‘Idiot! that’s the very reason. If you *had* stolen something, we might have arranged matters.’

“‘Only wait till next time. I shall not always be so unfortunate. I promise you the contents of the pocket of the next person who passes.’

“‘Very good; but I will select the individual, or else you will be making a bad choice again.’

“‘As your excellency pleases.’

“The sbirro folded his arms in a most dignified manner, and leaned his back against a post; the lazzarone stretched himself on the pavement at his feet. A priest came by, then a lawyer, then a poet; but the sbirro made no sign. At last there appeared a young officer, dressed in brilliant uniform, who passed gaily along, hum-

ming between his teeth a tune out of the last opera. The sbirro gave the signal. Up sprang the lazzarone and followed the officer. Both disappeared round a corner. Presently the lazzarone returned with his ransom in his hand.

" 'What have you got there?' said the sbirro.

" 'A handkerchief,' replied the other.

" 'Is that all?'

" 'That all! It is of the finest cambric.'

" 'Had he only one?'

" 'Only one in that pocket.'

" 'And in the other?'

" 'In the other he had a silk handkerchief.'

" 'Why didn't you bring it?'

" 'I keep that for myself, excellency. It is fair that we should divide the profits. One pocket for you, the other for me.'

" 'I have a right to both, and I must have the silk handkerchief.'

" 'But, your excellency'——

" 'I must have the silk handkerchief.'

" 'It is an injustice.'

" 'Ha! Do you dare speak ill of his majesty's sbirro? Come along to prison.'

" 'You shall have the silk handkerchief, your excellency.'

" 'How will you find the officer again?'

" 'He is gone to pay a visit in the Strada de Foria. I will go and wait for him at the door.'

" The lazzarone walked away, turned the corner of the street, and established himself in the recess of a doorway. Presently the young officer came out of a house opposite, and before he had gone ten paces, put his hand in his pocket, and found he was minus a handkerchief.

" 'Pardon me, excellency,' said the lazzarone, stepping up to him; 'you have lost something, I think?'

" 'I have lost a cambric handkerchief.'

" 'Your excellency has not lost it; it has been stolen from him.'

" 'And who stole it?'

" 'What will your excellency give me if I find him the thief?'

" 'I will give you a piastre.'

" 'I must have two.'

" 'You shall. Hallo! What are you doing?'

" 'I am stealing your silk handkerchief.'

" 'In order to find my cambric one?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'And where will they both of them be?'

" 'In the same pocket. The person to whom I shall give this handkerchief is the same to whom I have already given the other. Follow me, and observe what I do.'

" The officer followed the lazzarone, who gave the handkerchief to the sbirro, and walked away. The latter had hardly put his prize in his pocket when the officer came up and seized him by the collar. The sbirro fell on his knees, but the officer was inexorable, and he was sent to prison. As the sbirro had himself been a lazzarone, he saw at once the trick that had been played him. He wanted to cheat his confederate, and his confederate had cheated him; but far from bearing him malice for having done so, the sbirro views the conduct of the lazzarone in the light of an exploit, and feels an additional respect for him in consequence. When he is released from prison, he will seek him out, and they will be hand and glove together. When that time comes, look to your pockets."

We are introduced to Ferdinand IV. of Naples, King Nasono, as the lazzaroni nicknamed him; also to Padre Rocco, a popular preacher, and the idol of the lower classes of Neapolitans; and to Cardinal Perelli, remarkable for his simplicity, which quality, as may be supposed, loses nothing in passing through the hands of his present biographer. With his usual skill, M. Dumas glides from a ticklish story of which the cardinal is the hero, (a story that he does *not* tell, for which forbearance we give him due credit, since he is evidently sorely tempted thereto,) to an account of the

\* At Naples, it is customary to carry two handkerchiefs, one of silk, and the other of cambric; the latter being used to wipe the forehead.

Vardarelli, a band of outlaws which for some time infested Calabria and the Capitanato.

"Gaetano Vardarelli was a native of Calabria, and one of the earliest members of the revolutionary society of the Carbonari. When Murat, after for some time favouring that society, began to persecute it, Vardarelli fled to Sicily, and took service under King Ferdinand. He was then twenty-six years of age, possessing the muscles and courage of a lion, the agility of a chamois, the eye of an eagle. Such a recruit was not to be despised, and he was made sergeant in the Sicilian guards. On Ferdinand's restoration in 1815, he followed him to Naples; but finding that he was not likely ever to rise above a very subordinate grade, he became disgusted with the service, deserted, and took refuge in the mountains of Calabria. There two of his brothers, and some thirty brigands and outlaws, assembled around him and elected him their chief, with right of life and death over them. He had been a slave in the town; he found himself a king in the mountains.

"Proceeding according to the old formula observed by banditti chiefs both in Calabria and in molabramas, Vardarelli proclaimed himself redresser general of wrongs and grievances, and acted up to his profession by robbing the rich and assisting the poor. The consequence was, that he soon became exceedingly dreaded by the former, and exceedingly popular among the latter class; and at last his exploits reached the ears of King Ferdinand himself, who was highly indignant at such goings on, and gave orders that the bandit should immediately be hung. But there are three things necessary to hang a man—a rope, a gallows, and the man himself. In this instance, the first two were easily found, but the third was unfortunately wanting. Gendarmes and soldiers were sent after Vardarelli, but the latter was too cunning for them all, and slipped through their fingers at every turn. His success in eluding pursuit increased his reputation, and recruits flocked to his standard. His band soon doubled its numbers, and its leader became a formidable and important person, which of course was an additional reason for

the authorities to wish to capture him. A price was set on his head, large bodies of troops sent in search of him, but all in vain. One day the Prince of Laperano, Colonel Calcedonio, Major Delponce, with a dozen other officers, and a score of attendants, were hunting in a forest a few leagues from Bari, when the cry of 'Vardarelli!' was suddenly heard. The party took to flight with the utmost precipitation, and all escaped except Major Delponce, who was one of the bravest, but, at the same time, one of the poorest, officers of the whole army. When he was told that he must pay a thousand ducats for his ransom, he only laughed, and asked where he was to get such a sum. Vardarelli then threatened to shoot him if it was not forthcoming by a certain day. The major replied that it was losing time to wait; and then, if he had a piece of advice to give his captor, it was to shoot him at once. The bandit at first felt half inclined to do so; but he reflected that the less Delponce cared about his life, the more ought Ferdinand to value it. He was right in his calculation: for no sooner did the king learn that his brave major was in the hands of the banditti, than he ordered the ransom to be paid out of his privy purse, and the major recovered his freedom.

"But Ferdinand had sworn the extermination of the banditti with whom he was thus obliged to treat as from one potentate to another. A certain colonel, whose name I forget, and who had heard this vow, pledged himself, if a battalion were put under his command, to bring in Vardarelli, his two brothers, and the sixty men composing his troop, bound hand and foot, and to place them in the dungeons of the Vicaria. The offer was too good to be refused; the minister of war put five hundred men at the disposal of the colonel, who started with them at once in pursuit of the outlaw. The latter was soon informed by his spies of this fresh expedition, and he also made a vow, to the effect that he would cure his pursuer, once and for all, of any disposition to interfere with the Vardarelli.

"He began by leading the poor colonel such a dance over hill and dale, that the unfortunate officer and



his men were worn out with fatigue; then, when he saw them in the state that he wished, he caused some false intelligence to be conveyed to them at two o'clock one morning. The colonel fell into the snare, and started immediately to surprise Vardarelli, whom he was assured was in a little village at the further extremity of a narrow pass, through which only four men could pass abreast. He made such haste that he marched four leagues in two hours, and at daybreak found himself at the entrance of the pass, which, however, seemed so peculiarly well adapted for an ambuscade, that he halted his battalion, and sent on twenty men to reconnoitre. In a quarter of an hour the twenty men returned. They had not met a single living thing. The colonel hesitated no longer, and entered the defile; but, on reaching a spot about halfway through it, where the road widened out into a sort of platform surrounded by high rocks and steep precipices, a shout was suddenly heard, proceeding apparently from the clouds, and the poor colonel looking up, saw the summits of the rocks covered with brigands, who levelled their rifles at him and his soldiers. Nevertheless, he began forming up his men as well as the nature of the ground would permit, when Vardarelli himself appeared upon a projecting crag. "Down with your arms, or you are dead men!" he shouted in a voice of thunder. The bandits repeated his summons, and the echoes repeated their voices, so that the troops, who had not made the same vow as their colonel, and who thought themselves surrounded by greatly superior numbers, cried out for quarter, in spite of the entreaties and menaces of their unfortunate commander. Then Vardarelli, without leaving his position, ordered them to pile their arms, and march to two different places which he pointed out to them. They obeyed; and Vardarelli, leaving twenty of his men in their ambush, came down with the remainder, who immediately proceeded to render the Neapolitan muskets useless (for the moment at least) by the same process which Gulliver employed to extinguish the conflagration of the palace at Lilliput.

"The news of this affair put the

king in very bad humour for the first twenty-four hours; after which time, however, the love of a joke overcoming his anger, he laughed heartily, and told the story to every one he saw; and as there are always lots of listeners when a king narrates, three years elapsed before the poor colonel ventured to show his face at Naples and encounter the ridicule of the court."

The general commanding in Calabria takes the matter rather more seriously, and vows the destruction of the banditti. By offers of large pay and privileges, they are induced to enter the Neapolitan service, and prove highly efficient as a troop of gendarmes. But the general cannot forget his old grudge against them; although, for lack of an opportunity, and on account of the desperate character of the men, he is obliged to deter his revenge for some time. At last he succeeds in having their leaders assassinated, and by pretending great indignation, and imprisoning the perpetrators of the deed, he hurls the suspicions of the remaining bandits, who elect new officers, and, on an appointed day, proceed to the town of Foggia to have their election confirmed. Only eight of them, apprehensive of treachery, refuse to accompany their comrades. The remaining thirty-one, and a woman who would not leave her husband, obey the general's summons.

"It was a Sunday, the review had been publicly announced, and the square was thronged with spectators. The Vardarelli entered the town in perfect order, armed to the very teeth, but giving no sign of hostility or mistrust. On reaching the square, they raised their sabres, and with one voice exclaimed—*Viva il Re!*" The general appeared on his balcony to acknowledge their salute. The aide-de-camp on duty came down to receive them, and after complimenting them on the beauty of their horses and good state of their arms, desired them to file past under the general's window, which they did with a precision worthy of regular troops. They then formed up again in the middle of the square, and dismounted.

"The aide-de-camp went into the house again with the list of the three

new officers; the Vardarelli were standing by their horses; when suddenly there was a great confusion and movement in the crowd, which opened in various places, and down every street leading to the square, a column of Neapolitan troops was seen advancing. The Vardarelli were surrounded on all sides. Perceiving at once that they were betrayed, they sprang upon their horses and drew their sabres; but at the same moment the general took off his hat, which was the signal agreed upon; the command, '*Faccia in terra,*' was heard, and the spectators, throwing themselves on their faces, the soldiers fired over them, and nine of the brigands fell to the ground, dead or mortally wounded. Those who were unhurt, seeing that they had no quarter to expect, dismounted, and forming a compact body, fought their way to an old castle in which they took refuge. Two only, trusting to the speed of their horses, charged the group of soldiers that appeared the least numerous, shot down two of them, and succeeded in breaking through the others and escaping. The woman owed her life to a similar piece of daring, effected, however, on another point of the enemy's line. She broke through, and galloped off, after having discharged both her pistols with fatal effect.

"The attention of all was now turned to the remaining twenty Vardarelli, who had taken refuge in the ruined castle. The soldiers advanced against them, encouraging one another, and expecting to encounter an obstinate resistance; but, to their surprise, they reached the gate of the castle without a shot being fired at them. The gate was soon beaten in, and the soldiers spread themselves through the halls and galleries of the old building. But all was silence and solitude; the bandits had disappeared.

"After an hour passed in rummaging every corner of the place, the assailants were going away in despair, convinced that their prey had escaped them; when a soldier, who was stooping down to look through the air-hole of a cellar, fell, shot through the body.

"The Vardarelli were discovered; but still it was no easy matter to get

at them. Instead of losing men by a direct attack, the soldiers blocked up the air-hole with stones, set a guard over it, and then going round to the door of the cellar, which was barricaded on the inner side, they heaped lighted fagots and combustibles against it, so that the staircase was soon one immense furnace. After a time the door gave way, and the fire poured like a torrent into the retreat of the unfortunate bandits. Still a profound silence reigned in the vault. Presently two carbine shots were fired; two brothers, determined not to fall alive into the hands of their enemies, had shot each other to death. A moment afterwards an explosion was heard; a bandit had thrown himself into the flames, and his cartridge box had blown up. At last the remainder of the unfortunate men being nearly suffocated, and seeing that escape was impossible, surrendered at discretion, were dragged through the air-hole, and immediately bound hand and foot, and conveyed to prison.

"As to the eight who had refused to come to Foggia, and the two who had escaped, they were hunted down like wild beasts, tracked from cavern to cavern, and from forest to forest. Some were shot, others betrayed by the peasantry, some gave themselves up, so that, before the year was out, all the Vardarelli were dead or prisoners. The woman who had displayed such masculine courage, was the only one who finally escaped. She was never heard of afterwards."

M. Dumas finds that the climate of Naples, delightful as it is, has nevertheless its little drawbacks and disadvantages. He returns one night from an excursion in the environs, and has scarcely got into bed, when he is almost blown out of it again by a tornado of tropical violence.

"At midnight, when we returned to Naples, the weather was perfect, the sky cloudless, the sea without a ripple. At three in the morning I was awakened by the windows of my room bursting open, their eighteen panes of glass falling upon the floor with a frightful clatter. I jumped out of bed, and felt that the house was shaking. I thought of Pliny the Elder, and having no desire for a similar fate, I hastily pulled on my

clothes and hurried out into the corridor. My first impulse had apparently been that of all the inmates of the hotel, who were all standing, more or less dressed, at the doors of their apartments; amongst others, Jadin, who made his appearance with a phosporus box in his hand, and his dog Alford at his heels. 'What a terrible draught in the house!' said he to me. This same draught, as he called it, had just carried off the roof of the Prince of San Feodoro's palace, including the garrets and several servants who were sleeping in them.

"My first thought had been of an eruption of Vesuvius, but there was no such luck for us: it was merely a hurricane. A hurricane at Naples, however, is rather different from the same thing in any other European country.

"Out of the seventy windows of the hotel, three only had escaped damage. The ceilings of seven or eight rooms were rent across. There was a crack extending from top to bottom of the house. Eight shutters had been carried away, and the servants were running down the street after them, just as one runs after one's hat on a windy day. The broken glass was swept away: as for sending for glaziers to mend the windows, it was out of the question. At Naples nobody thinks of disturbing himself at three in the morning. Besides, even had new panes been put in, they would soon have shared the fate of the old ones. We were obliged, therefore, to manage as well as we could with the shutters. I was tolerably lucky, for I had only lost one of mine. I went to bed again, and tried to sleep; but a storm of thunder and lightning soon rendered that impossible, and I took refuge on the ground-floor, where the wind had done less damage. Then began one of those storms of which we have no idea in the more northern parts of Europe. It was accompanied by a deluge such as I had never witnessed, except perhaps in Calabria. In an instant the Villa Reale appeared to be a part of the sea; the water came up to the windows of the ground-floor, and flooded the parlours. A minute afterwards, the servants came to tell M.

Zill that his cellars were full, and his casks of wine floating about and staving one another. Presently we saw a jackass laden with vegetables come swimming down the street, carried along by the current. He was swept away into a large open drain, and disappeared. The peasant who owned him, and who had also been carried away, only saved himself from a like fate by clinging to a lamp-post. In one hour there fell more water than there falls in Paris during the two wettest months in the year.

"Two hours after the cessation of the rain, the water had disappeared, and I then perceived the use of this kind of deluge. The streets were clean; which they never are in Naples except after a flood of this sort."

One short anecdote, and we have done. After a long account of St Januarius, including the well-known miracle of the liquefaction of his blood, and some amusing illustrations of his immense popularity with the Neapolitans, M. Dumas, in two pithy lines, gives us the length, breadth, and thickness of a *lazzarone's* religion.

"I was one day in a church at Naples," he says, "and I heard a *lazzarone* praying aloud. He entreated God to intercede with St Januarius to make him win in the lottery."

On the whole, we think this one of the most amusing of M. Dumas's works, very light and sketchy, as is evident from our extracts; but at the same time giving a great deal of information concerning Naples, its environs, inhabitants, and customs, of much interest, and calculated to be highly useful to the traveller. It is also very free from a fault with which we taxed its author in a former paper, and we can scarcely call to mind a single line which it would be necessary to expunge, in order to render it fit reading for the most fastidious. As far as we ourselves are concerned, we heartily wish M. Dumas would travel over all the kingdoms of the earth, and write a book about each of them; and if he is as good company in a post-chaise as his books are at the chimney-corner, there are few things we should like better than to accompany him on his pilgrimage.

## MARSTON; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

## PART IX.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with wind,  
 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?  
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
 And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
 Have I not in the pitched battle heard  
 Loud 'tarums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"  
 SHAKESPEARE.

THE market-place was lighted up, and filled with dragoons. Leaving my huians under cover of a dark street, and riding forward to reconnoitre, I saw with astonishment the utter carelessness with which they abandoned themselves to their indulgences in the midst of an irritated population. Some were drinking on horseback; some had thrown themselves on the benches of the market, and were evidently intoxicated. The people stood at the corners of the streets looking on, palpably in terror, yet as palpably indignant at the outrage of the military. From the excessive blaze in some of the windows, and the shrieks of females, I could perceive that plunder was going on, and that the intention was, after having ransacked the place, to set it on fire. Yet a strong body of cavalry mounted in the middle of the square, and keeping guard round a waggon on which a guillotine had been already erected, still made me feel that an attack would be hopeless. I soon saw a rush of the people from one of the side streets: a couple of dragon helmets were visible above the crowd: and three or four carts followed, filled with young females in white robes and flowers, as if dressed for a ball. I gazed intently, to ascertain the meaning of this strange and melancholy spectacle. At this moment I felt my horse's bridle pulled, and saw the old noble at his head. "Now or never!" he cried, in a voice almost choked with emotion. "Those are destined for the guillotine. Barbarians! brigands!—they will murder my Amalia." He sank before me. "What! is this an execution?" I exclaimed. His answer was scarcely above a whisper, for he seemed fainting. "The villains have been sent," said he, "to burn the

town: they have seized those children of our best families, compelled them to dress as they were dressed for the Prussian ball, and are now about to murder them by their accursed guillotine." Pointing to one lovely girl, who, pale as death, stood in the foremost of those vehicles of death, he exclaimed "Amalia! O, my Amalia!" The cart was already within a few feet of the scaffold when I gave the word to my troopers. The brave fellows answered my "Forward!" with a shout, charged sabre in hand, and in an instant had thrown themselves between the victims and the scaffold. Their onset, taken completely by surprise, was broken at the first shock; we dashed without loss of time on the squadrons scattered round the market, and swept it clear of them. Surprised, intoxicated, and unacquainted with our force—which they probably thought to be the advance of the whole Prussian cavalry—after having lost many men, for the peasantry showed no mercy on the dismounted, the regiment turned at full gallop to the open country. The townspeople now performed their part. The victims were hurried away by their families, among a storm of lamentations and rejoicings, tears and kisses. The old noble's daughter, half dead, was carried off in her father's arms, with a thousand benedictions on me. The guillotine was hewn down with a hundred axes, and I saw the fragments burning in the square. Its waggon was made to serve its country as a portion of a barricade; and with every vehicle, wheeled or unwholed, which could be rolled out, the entrance to the streets was fortified with the national rapidity in any deed, good or ill, under the stars.

After having appeased our hunger



and that of our famishing horses, and being offered all the purses, which the French dragoons, however, had lightened nearly to the last coin, we finished the exploit by a general chant in honour of the ladies, and marched on our route, followed by the prayers of the whole community. Thus ended the only productive skirmish of the retreat. It fed us, broke the monotony of the march, and gave us something to talk of—and the soldier asks but little more. A gallant action had certainly been done; not the less gallant for its being a humane one; and even my bold hussars gave me credit for being a “smart officer,” a title of no slight value in their dashing service.

Yet what, as the poet Saadi says, is fortune but a peacock, “a showy tail on a frightful pair of legs?” Our triumph was to be followed by a reverse. The burgundy and champagne of the old count’s cellar had made us festive, and our voices were heard along the road with a gaiety impudently in a hostile land. The sound of a trumpet in our front brought us to our senses and a dead stand. But we were in a vein of heroism, and instead of taking to our old hussar habits, and slipping round the enemy’s flanks, we determined to cut our way through them, if they had the whole cavalry of France as their *appui*. The word was given, and the spur carried us through a strong line of cavalry posted across the road. The moon had just risen enough to show that there was a still stronger line a few hundred yards beyond, which it would be folly to touch. There was now no resource but to return as we went, which we did at full speed, and again broke up our antagonists. But again we saw squadron after squadron blocking up the road. All was now desperate. But Frederick’s law of arms was well known—“the officer of cavalry who *wants to be charged*, must be broke.” We made a plunge at our living circumvallation; but the French dragoons had now learned common sense—they opened for us—and when we were once fairly in, enveloped us completely; it was then a troop to a brigade; fifty jaded men and horses to fifteen hundred fresh from camp. What happened further

I know not. I saw for a minute or two a great deal of pistol firing and a great deal of sabre clashing; I felt my horse stagger under me, at the moment when I aimed a blow at a gigantic fellow covered all over with helmet and mustache; a pistol exploded close at my ear as I was going down, and I heard no more.

“On opening my eyes again, I found the scene strangely altered. I was lying in a little chamber hung round with Parisian ornament—a sufficient contrast to a sky dark as pitch, or only illumined by carbines and the sparks of sabres delving at each other. I was lying on an embroidered sofa—an equally strong contrast to my position under the bodies of fallen men and the heels of kicking horses. A showy Turkish cloak, or *rube de chambre*, had superseded my laced jacket, purple pantaloons, and hussar boots. I was completely altered as a warrior; and, from a glimpse which I cast on a mirror, surrounded with gilt cytopes and swains enough to have furnished a ballet, I saw in my haggard countenance, and a wound which a riband lent had concealed, across my forehead, that I was not less altered as a man.

All round me looked so perfectly like the scenes with which I had been familiar in my romance-reading days, that, bruised and feeble as I was, I almost expected to find my pillow attended by some of those slight figures in long white drapery with blue eyes, which of old ministered to so many ill-used knights and exhausted pilgrims. But my reveries were broken up by a rough voice in the outer chamber insisting on an entrance into mine, and replied to by a weak and garrulous female one, refusing the admission. The dialogue was something of this order—

“Strong or weak, well or ill, able or not able, I must send him, before twelve o’clock this night, to Paris.”

“But the poor gentleman’s wounds are still unhealed.”

“Still he must set out. The ‘*malle poste*’ will be at the door; and, if he had fifty wounds on him, he must go. The marquis is halfway to Paris by this time; perhaps more than halfway to the guillotine.”

This was followed by a burst of

robs and broken exclamations from the female, whom I discovered, by her sorrowing confessions, to have been a nurse in the family.

"Well," was the ruffian's reply; "women of all ages are fools: what is it to you whether this young fellow is shot or hanged? He was taken in arms against the Republic—one and indivisible. All the enemies of France must perish!"

The old woman now partially opened the door, to see whether I slept; and I closed my eyes, for the purpose of hearing all that was to be heard without interruption. The speaker, whom I alternately took for the *gendarme* of the district, and the executioner, gave vent to his swelling soul in the national style.

"What! leave me! leave Jean Jacques Louis Gilet in charge of this wretched aristocrat, while I should be marching with my battalion, and at its head too, if merit meets its reward, to sweep the foes of the Republic from the face of the earth. No; I shall not remain in this paltry place, solicitor of a village, when I ought to be on the highest seat of justice—or playing the part of arresting aristocrats, when I might be commandant of a brigade, marching over the bodies of the crowned tyrants of the earth to glory!"

As his harangue glowed, his pace quickened, and his voice grew more vehement; at length, probably impatient of the time which lay between him and the first offices of the Republic, he overpowered the resistance of the nurse, and rushed into the chamber. Throwing himself into a theatrical attitude before a mirror—for what Frenchman ever passes one without a glance of happy recognition?—"Rise, aristocrat!" he cried, in the tone of Talma calling up the shade of Cæsar. "Rise, and account to the world for your crimes against the liberty of man!"

I looked with such surprise on this champion of the sons of Adam—a little meagre creature, who seemed to be shaped on the model of one of his own pens, stripped, withered, and ink-dried—that I actually burst into laughter. His indignation rose, and, pulling out a pistol with one hand, and a roll of paper from his bosom with the

other, he presented them together. I perceived, as I lay on my pillow, that the pistol was without a lock, and thus was comforted; but the paper was of a more formidable description. It was the famous decree of "Fraternization," by which France pronounced the fall of her own monarchy, declared "that she would grant succour to every people who wished to recover their liberty," and commanded her generals "to aid all such, and to defend all citizens who might be troubled in the cause of freedom."

This paper indeed startled me; it was the consummation which I had dreaded so long. I saw at once that France, in those wild words, had declared war against every throne in Europe, and that we were now beginning the era of struggle and suffering which Mordecai's strong sense had predicted, and of which no human sagacity could foresee the end. My countenance probably showed the impression which this European anathema had made upon me; for Monsieur Gilet became more heroic than ever, tore his grizzled curls, throwing aside his pistol, which he had at length discovered to be *hors de combat*, and drawing the falchion which clattered at his heels, and was nearly as long as himself, flourished it in quick march backward and forward before the mirror—that mirror never forgotten!—in all the whirlwind of his rage, and panted for the conquest of "perfidious Albion," the "traitor" Pitt, and the whole brood of loamy power. I was too feeble to turn him out of the room, and too contemptuous to reply. But his overthrow was not the further off. The old nurse, who, old as she was, still retained some of the sinews and all the irritability of a stout Champenoke peasant, roused by his insults to the aristocracy, one of whom she probably regarded herself, from having lived so long under their roof, watched her opportunity, made a spring at him like a wild-cat, wrested the sabre from his hand, and, grasping the struggling and screaming little functionary in her strong arms, carried him like a child out of the room.

She then returned, and having locked the door to prevent his second inroad, sat down by the side of my couch, and, with the usual passion of

women after strong excitement, burst into exclamations and tears. What I could collect from her broken narrative, was little more than the commonplace of national misery in that fearful time. She had been a servant in the family of the nobleman whose daughter I had saved from death. She had been the nurse of the young countess; and all the blessings that sorrow and gratitude ever gathered together, could not be exceeded by the praises which she poured upon my head. It had been rumoured in the town that I was attacked and killed by a body of cavalry sent to revenge the rout of their comrades. And the Marquis Laufranc—I now first learned the name of my noble entertainer—had gone forth to look for my remains in the field. I was found still breathing, and to avoid farther danger was carried to this dwelling, a hunting-lodge in the heart of the forest; there I had been attended by the family physician only, and, after a week of insensibility, had given signs of recovery. The marquis's humanity had brought evil on himself. His visits to the lodge had been remarked, and on this very morning he had been arrested, and conveyed with his daughter, in a carriage escorted by *gendarmes* to the capital. My detection followed of course; papers found on my person had proved that I was an agent of England; and the officious M. Gilet had spent the morning in exhibiting to the peasantry of the neighbourhood the order of the "Committee of Public Safety," a name which froze the blood, to take me under his charge, and conduct me forthwith to their tribunal. I tell all this in my own way; for the dame's sighs, sobs, and vehement indignation, would have defied all record.

My prospect was now black enough, for justice was a word unheard of in the present condition of things; and my plea of being an Englishman, and in the civil service of my country, would have been a death-warrant. I must acknowledge, too, that I had fairly thrown it away by my adoption of the Prussian sabre. I might well be now in low spirits; for the guillotine was crushing out life at that moment in every province of France, and the thirst of public curiosity was to be

fed by nothing but blood. Yet, even in that moment, let me give myself credit for the recollection, my first enquiry was for the fate of my squadron. The old woman could tell me but little on the subject; but that little was consolatory. The French troopers, who had come back triumphing into the town, had not brought any Prussian prisoners: two or three foreigners, who had lost their horses, were sheltered in her master's stables until they could make their escape; and of them she had heard no more. The truth is, that nothing is more difficult in war than to catch a hussar who understands his business; and the probability was, that the chief part of them had slipped away, leaving the French to sabre each other in the dark. The fall of my horse had brought me down, otherwise I might have escaped the shot which stunned me, and been at that hour galloping to Berlin.

Monsieur Gilet, with some of the civic authorities, paid me a second visit in the evening, to prepare me for my journey. To me it was become indifferent whether I died in the carriage or by the edge of the guillotine; the journey was short in either case, and the shorter and sooner the better. I answered none of their interrogatories; told them I was at their disposal: directed the old woman to pack up whatever travelling matters remained to me, and to remember me to her master and mistress, if she ever should see them in this world; shook her strong old hand, and bade God bless her. In return, she kissed me on both cheeks, whispered a thousand benedictions, and left the room violently sobbing; yet with a parting glance at Monsieur Gilet and his *collaborateurs*, so mingled of wrath and ridicule, that it was beyond all my deciphering.

"Time and the hour run through the longest day,"

says the great poet; and, with the coming of midnight, a *chaise de poste* drew up at the door. As I was a prisoner of importance, M. Gilet was not suffered to take all the honour of my introduction to the axe on himself; and the mayor and deputy-mayor of the district insisted on this



opportunity of making themselves known to the supreme Republic. They mounted the box in front, a couple of gendarmes sat behind, M. Gilet took his seat at my side, and, with an infinite cracking of whips, we rushed out upon the causeway.

I soon discovered that my companion was by no means satisfied with existing circumstances. The officiousness of the pair of mayors prodigiously displeased him. He broke forth—

"See these two beggars," he exclaimed, "pretending to patriotism! They have no energy, no courage, no civism. Why, you might have remained for a twelvemonth under their very nostrils before they would have found you out. Gilet is the man for the service of his country." Merely to stop the torrent of his complainings, I asked him some vague questions relative to the nobleman whom I was now following to Paris. But the patriot was not to be moved from his topic.

"Hah! Citizen Lanfranc. All is over with him. He once held his head high enough, but it will soon be as low as ever it was high. Yet I could have forgiven his aristocracy, if he had not put these two 'chiens' above me."

The position in which the mayor and his deputy sat, on the box of the chaise, continually presenting them to the eye of my companion, kept his choler peculiarly active.

"One of these fellows," he exclaimed, "was the Marquis's cook, another his perruquier! I was his tailor. Every man of taste and talent knows the superiority of *my* profession; for what is the first of noblemen without elegance of costume, or what indeed would man himself be without my art, the noblest and the earliest art of mankind? And yet he made these two 'brigands' mayor and deputy—*peste!* I did my duty. I denounced him on the spot. I did more. The aristocrat had a faction in the town. It was filled with his dependents. In fact, it had been built on his grounds, and tenanted by the old hangers-on of the family. So, to make a clear stage, I denounced the town." He clapped his hands with exultation at this civic triumph.

My recollection of the miseries which his malice had caused roused

me into wrath, and, rash as the act was, I grasped him by the collar, with the full intent of throwing the little writhing wretch out of the window; but, while I was lifting him from the seat to which he clung screaming for help, and had already forced him half-way outside, a shot whistled close by the head of the postilion, which brought him to a full stop. "*Mon Dieu!—Brigands!*" exclaimed Monsieur Gilet; and, dropping back into the carriage, attempted to make a screen of my body by slipping his adroitly behind me. Two or three more discharges rattled through the trees, followed by a rush of peasants, who unceremoniously knocked down the two officials in front, and began a general scuffle with the gendarmes. The night was so dark, that I could discover nothing of the *mêlée* but by the blaze of the fusils. All, however, was quiet in a few moments, by the disappearance of the gendarmes, and the complete capture of the convoy—M. Gilet, mayors, and all. Whether we had fallen into the hands of highwaymen, or of stragglers from the French army, was doubtful for a while, as not a syllable was spoken, nor a sound uttered, except by the unhappy functionaries, who grumbled prodigiously as they were dragged along through "rough and smooth, moss and mire," and whose pace was evidently quickened by many a kick and blow of the snail. This was a rude march for me, too, with my unhealed wound, and my week's sojourn in bed; but I was treated, if not with tenderness, without incivility, while my *compagnons de voyage* were insulted with every contemptuous phrase in a vocabulary at least as rich in those matters as any other in Europe. At length, after about an hour's rapid movement, we reached an open ground, and the door of one of the wide, old, staring, yet not uncomfortable farmhouses which are to be found in the northern provinces of France.

Signs of comfort within were visible even at a distance, and the light of a huge wood fire had been seen for the last quarter of an hour gleaming through the woods, and leaving us in doubt whether we were approaching a horde of gipsies, or about to realize the classic scenes of *Gil Blas*.



But it was only a farm-house after all. The good dame of the house, with an enormous cap, enormous petticoats, enormous earrings, and all the glaring good-humour of a countenance of domestic plenty and power, came to meet us on the threshold; and her reception of me was ardent, to the very verge of strangulation. Nothing could exceed her rapture at the sight of me, or the fierceness of her embraces, except her indignation at the sight of my travelling companions. Her disgust at the mayor and his deputy—and certainly after their night trip they were not figures to charm the eye—was pitched in the highest key of scorn, so as to be surpassed only by the torrent of contempt which her well-practised elocution poured upon the “*traitre tailleur*.” I really believe, that, if she could have boiled him in the huge soup-kettle which bubbled upon the fire, without spoiling our supper, she would have flung him in upon the spot. The peasants who had captured us—bold, tall fellows, well dressed and well armed with cutlass and fusil, in the style of the *gardes-de-chasse*—could scarcely be kept from taking them out to the next tree, to make marks of them; and it was probably by my intercession alone that they were consigned to an outer house for the night. How the scene was to end with me, I knew not; though the jovial visage of my protectress showed me that I was secure. But the prisoners had no sooner been flung out of the door than I was ushered into an inner room, prepared with somewhat more of attention; where, to my great surprise and delight, the Marquis Lanfranc came forward to shake my hand, and, with a thousand expressions of gratitude, made me known to his daughter. The adventure was of the simplest order. The arrest of the Marquis was, of course, known in an instant, and a party of his foresters had immediately determined to take the law into their own hands—had posted themselves on the road by which his carriage was to pass, and had released him without difficulty. My release was merely a sequel to the drama. I had been left in the hunting-lodge by its owner, under the impression that an individual who could not be moved without hazard to life,

would escape the vengeance of village patriotism. But the nurse, whom he had placed in charge of me, had no sooner ascertained that I was arrested, than she sent an express to the farm-house. The consequence naturally followed in my liberty; and the night which I expected to have spent freezing on my way to the dungeon, presented me with the pleasant exchange of hospitable shelter, the society of a most accomplished man, and his graceful handsome daughter; and last, not least, a couple of kisses from my late nurse, according to the custom of the country, as glowing and remorseless as those of my portly landlady herself.

We sat for some hours, and scarcely felt them pass in the anxious topics which engrossed us; the perils of France, the prospects of the Allies, and the captivity of the unhappy Bourbons. Now and then the conversation turned on their own hairbreadth escapes, and those of their relatives and friends. Among the rest, the hazards of the De Tourville family were mentioned, and I heard the name of Clotilde pronounced with a sensation indescribable. The name was connected with such displays of fortitude, nobleness of spirit, and deep devotion to the royal cause, that, if I had loved before, I now honoured her. She had saved the lives of her household; she had, by an act of extraordinary, but most perilous affection, saved the life of her mother, at the moment when the first insurgency broke out; and, young as she was, she had exhibited so noble a union of generosity and strength of mind, that the Marquis's eyes filled with tears as he told it, and Amalia buried her forehead in her hands to conceal her convulsive emotions: what must have been mine!

Our conversation was not unfrequently interrupted by bursts of merriment from the outer room, where the peasants were at supper provided by the Marquis for his bold rescuers—an indulgence which they seemed to enjoy with the highest zest imaginable. Songs were sung with very various kinds of merit in the performer, but all well received. Healths were proposed, in which the existing Government was certainly not much honour-

ed; and, if the good wishes of the party could have sent the "Committee of Public Safety," the butcher cabinet of France, to the darkest spot on earth, or under it, its time would have been brief. But even this died away; the laugh subsided, the mirth grew silent, and at length the *gardes-de-chasse* went away, making the forest ring with their professional whoops and holloas, the remnants of their honest revel. At length the Marquis and his daughter, who were to be on the wing at daybreak for the German frontier, and who had generously offered to take charge of my invalid frame in the same direction, retired; and wrapping myself up in a dark cloak, furnished by my mistress and formed to her showy proportions, I threw myself on the sofa, and was in the land of dreams.

But though I slept, I did not rest. My fever, or my lassitude, or probably some presentiment of the troubled career into which I was to be plunged, made "tired nature's sweet restorer" a stepmother to me. I can never endure hearing the dreams of others, and thus I cannot suffer myself to inflict them on my hearers; but on that night, Queen Mab, like Jehu, drove her horses furiously. Every possible kind of disappointment, vexation, and difficulty; every conceivable shape of things, past and present, rushed through my brain; and all pale, fierce, disastrous, and melancholy. I was beckoned along dim shades by shapeless phantoms; I was trampled in battle; I was brought before a tribunal; I was on board a ship which blew up, and was flung strangling down an infinite depth in a midnight ocean. But this exceeded the privilege even of dreams. I made one desperate effort to rise, and awoke with a bound on the floor. There I found a real obstacle—a ruffian in a red cap. One strong hand was on my throat; and by the glimmer of the dying lantern, which hung from the roof, I saw the glitter of a pistol-barrel in the other. "Surrender in the name of the Republic!" were the words which told me my fate. Four or five wearers of the same ominous emblem, with sabres and pistols, were round me at the moment, and after a brief struggle I was secured.

Cries were now heard outside the door, and a wounded gendarme was carried in, borne in the arms of his comrades. From their confused clamour, I could merely ascertain that the gendarmes who had escaped in the original *mêlée*, had obtained assistance, and returned on their steps. The farm-house had been surrounded, and the Marquis was indebted only to the vigilance of his peasantry for a second escape with his daughter. The *gardes-de-chasse* had kept the gendarmes at bay until their retreat was secure; and the post-chaise which had brought M. Gilet and his condjutors, was, by this time, some leagues off, at full speed, beyond the fangs of Republicanism.

This at least was comfort, though I was left behind. But it was clear that the gallant old noble was blameless in the matter, and that nothing was to be blamed but my habitual ill luck. "*En route for Paris*," was the last order which I heard; and with a gendarme, in the strange kind of post-waggon which was rolled out from the farmer's stable, I was dispatched, before daybreak, on my startling journey.

I found my gendarme a facetious fellow: though his merriment might not be well adapted to cheer his prisoner. He whistled, he sang, he screamed, he stamped, to get rid of the ennui of travelling with so silent a companion. He told stories of his own prowess; libeled M. Gilet, who had got him beaten on this service in the first instance, and who seemed to be in the worst possible odour with man and woman; and abused all, mayors, deputy-mayors, and authorities, with the tongue of a leveler. But my facetious friend had his especial *chagrins*.

"I have all my life," said he, "been longing to see Paris, and have never been able to stir a step beyond this stupid province. Yet I have had my chances too. I was once valet to a German count, and we were on the way to Paris together when the post-chaise was stopped, the baron was arrested as a swindler, and I was charged as his accomplice. He was sent to the galleys; I got off. I then had a second chance. I enlisted in a regiment of dragoons which was to be

quartered in Versailles. But such was my fate, I had no sooner passed the first drill, when we were ordered off to Lorraine to watch old King Stanislaus, the Pole, who lived there like one of his own bears, frozen and fat. Still I was determined to see Paris. I asked leave of absence; the adjutant laughed at me, the colonel turned on his heel, and the provost-marshal gave me a week of the black-hole. But a week is but seven days alter all, and on my seeing the parade again—I—”

“You deserted?”

“Not quite that,” was the reply. “I took leave, and, as I had seen enough of the black hole already, I took good care to give the provost-marshal no notice on the subject. A fortnight’s march brought me within sight of the towers of Notre-Dame. But as I was resting myself on the roadside, our adjutant, as ill luck would have it, came by in the *coupe* of the diligence. He jumped out. I was seized, given up to the next guardhouse, and after fitting me with a pair of fetters, by way of boots, I was ordered to take my passage with a condemned regiment for the West Indies. There I served ten years; I saw the regiment reduced to a skeleton by short rations and new rum; and returned the tenth representative of fifteen hundred felons. At last I have a chance; the gendarme of the village was so desperately mauled by the foresters in the attempt to carry you prisoner, that he has been forced to take to his bed, and let me take his place. The thing is certain now. You will be guillotined, but I shall see Paris.”

Yet what is certain in this most changeful of possible worlds?

“Fate granted half the prayer,  
The rest the gods dispersed in empty air.”

We had toiled through our long journey, rendered doubly long by the dreariest and deepest roads on earth, and were winding round the spur of Montmartre, when a troop of citizen heroes, coming forth to sweep the country of the retreating Prussians, and whose courage had risen to the boiling point by the news of the retreat, surrounded the carriage. My

Prussian uniform was proof enough for the brains of the patriots; and the quick discovery of Parisian ears, that I had not learned my French in their capital, settled the question of my being a traitor. The gendarme joined in the charge with his natural volubility; but rather insisted rashly on his right to take his prisoner into Paris on his own behalf. I saw a cloud gathering on the brow of the *chef*, a short, stout, and grim-looking fellow, with the true Faubourg St Antoine physiognomy. The prize was evidently too valuable not to be turned to good account with the authorities; and he resolved on returning at the head of his brother patriots to present me as the first-fruits of his martial career. The dispute grew hot; my escort was foolish enough to clap his hand on the hilt of his sabre—an affront intolerable to a citizen, at the head of fifty or sixty *braves* from the counter or the shambles; the result was, a succession of blows from the whole troop, which closed in my seeing him stripped of every thing, and flung into the *cachot* of the *corps de garde*, from which his only view of his beloved Paris must have been through an iron *grille*.

My captor, determined to enter the capital for once with eclat, seated himself beside me in the *chaise de poste*, and, surrounded by his pike-bearers, we began our march down the descent of the hill.

My new friend was communicative. He gave his history in a breath. He had been a clerk in the office of one of the small tribunals in the south; inflamed with patriotism, and indignant at the idea of selling his talents at the rate of ten sous a-day, “in a rat-hole called a bureau,” he had resolved on being known in the world, and to Paris he came. Paris was the true place for talent. His *civisme* had become conspicuous; he had “assisted” at the birth of liberty. He had carried a musket on the 10th of August, and had “been appointed by the Republic to the command of the civic force,” which now moved, before and behind me. He was a “*grand homme*” already. Danton had told him so within the last fortnight, and France and Europe would no sooner



read his last pamphlet on the "Crimes of Kings," than his fame would be fixed with posterity.

I believe that few men have passed through life without experiencing times when it would cost them little to lay it down. At least such times have occurred to me, and this was among them. Yet this feeling, whether it is to be called nonchalance or despair, has its advantages for the moment; it renders the individual considerably careless of the worst that man can do to him; and I began to question my oratorical judge's clerk on the events in the "city of cities." No man could take fuller advantage of having a listener at his command.

"We have cut down the throne," said he, clapping his hands with exultation, "and now you may buy it for firewood. But you are an aristocrat, and of course a slave; while we have got liberty, equality, and a triumvirate that shears off the heads of traitors at a sign. Suspicion of being suspected is quite sufficient. Away goes the culprit; a true patriot is ordered to take possession of his house until the national pleasure is known; and thus every thing goes on well. Of course, you have heard of the clearance of the prisons. A magnificent work. Five thousand aristocrats, rich, noble, and enemies to their country, sent headless to the shades of tyrants. *Vive la Republique!* But a grand idea strikes me. You shall see Danton himself, the genius of liberty, the hero of human nature, the terror of kings." The thought was new, and a new thought is enough to turn the brain of the Gaul at any time. He thrust his head out of the window, ordered a general halt; and, instead of taking me to the quarters of the National, resolved to have the merit of delivering up an "agent of Pitt and English guineas" to the master of the Republic alone. "*A l'Abbaye!*" was his cry. But a new obstacle now arose in his troop; they had reckoned on a civic supper with their comrades of the guard; and the notion of bivouacking in front of the Abbaye, under the chilling wind and fierce showers which now swept down the dismal streets, was too much for their sense of discipline. The dispute grew angry. At length one of them, a huge and

savage-looking fellow, who, by way of illustration, thrust his pike close to the little commandant's shrinking visage, bellowed out—

"The people are not to be insulted. The people order, and all must obey!" Nothing could be more unanswerable, and no attempt was made to answer. The captain dropped back into the chaise, the troop took their own way, and my next glance showed the street empty. But the Frenchman finds comfort under all calamities. After venting his wrath in no measured terms on "rabble insolence," and declaring that laws were of no use when "*gueux*" like these could take them into their hands, he consoled himself by observing that, stripped as he was of his honours, the loss might be compensated by his profits; that the "vagabonds" might have expected to share the reward which the "grand Danton would infallibly be rejoiced to give for my capture, and that both the purse and the praise would be his own." "*A l'Abbaye!*" was the cry once more.

We now were in motion again; and, after threading a labyrinth of streets, so dreary and so dilapidated as almost to give me the conception that I had never been in Paris before, we drove up to the grim entrance of the Abbaye. My companion left me in charge of the sentinel, and rushed in. "And is this," thought I, as I looked round the narrow space of the four walls, "the spot where so many hundreds were butchered: this the scene of the first desperate triumph of massacre: this miserable court the last field of so many gallant lives: these stones the last resting-place of so many whose tread had been on cloth of gold; these old and crumbling walls giving the last echo to the voices of statesmen and nobles, the splendid courtiers, the brilliant orators, and the hoary ecclesiastics, of the most superb kingdom of Europe!" Even by the feeble lamp-light, that rather showed the darkness than the forms of the surrounding buildings, it seemed to me that I could discover the colour of the slaughter on the ground; and there were still heaps in corners, which looked to me like clay suddenly flung over the remnants of the murdered.



But my reveries were suddenly broken up by the return of the little captain, more angry than ever. He had missed the opportunity of seeing the "great man," who had gone to the Salpêtrière. And some of the small men who performed as his jackals, having discovered that the captain was looking for a share in their plunder, had thought proper to treat him, his commission, and even his civism, with extreme contempt. In short, as he avowed to me, the very first use which he was determined to make of that supreme power to which his ascent was inevitable, would be to clear the *bureaux* of France, beginning with Paris, of all those insolent and idle hangers-on, who lived only to parboil the profits, and libel the services, of "good citizens."

"*A la Salpêtrière.*" There again disappointment met us. The great man had been there "but a few minutes before," and we dragged our slow way through mire and ruts that would have been formidable to an artillery waggon with all its team. My heart, buoyant as it had been, sank within me as I looked up at the frowning battlements, the huge towers, more resembling those of a fortress than of even a prison, the gloomy gates, and the general grim aspect of the whole vast circumference, giving so emphatic a resemblance of the dreariness and the despair within.

"*Aux Carmes!*" was now the direction: for my conductor's resolve to earn his reward before daybreak, was rendered more pungent by his interview with the *gens de bureau* at the Albaye. He was sure that they would be instantly on the scent; and if they once took me out of his hands, alien to dreams, of which Alnaschar, the glassman's, were only a type. He grew nervous with the thought, and poured out his whole vision of hopes and fears with a volubility which I should have set down for frenzy, if in any man but a wretch in the fever of a time when gold and blood were the universal and combined idolatries of the land.

"You may think yourself fortunate," he exclaimed, "in having been in my charge! That brute of a country gendarme could have shown you nothing. Now, I know every jail in

Paris. I have studied them. They form the true knowledge of a citizen. To crush tyrants, to extinguish nobles, to avenge the cause of reason on priests, and to raise the people to a knowledge of their rights—these are the triumphs of a patriot. Yet, what teacher is equal to the jail for them all? *Mais voilà les Carmes!*"

I saw a low range of blank wall, beyond which rose an ancient tower.

"Here," said he, "liberty had a splendid triumph. A hundred and fifty censured apostles of incivism here fell in one day beneath the two-handed sword of freedom. A cardinal, two archbishops, dignitaries, monks, heavy with prejudices, antiquated with abuses, extinguishers of the new light of liberty, here were offered on the national shrine! *Chantons la Carmagnole.*"

But he was destined to be disappointed once more. Danton had been there, but was suddenly called away by a messenger from the Jacobins. Our direction was now changed again. "Now we shall be disappointed no longer. Once engaged in debate, he will be fixed for the night. *Allons, you shall see the 'grand patriote,' 'the regenerator,' 'the first man in the world.' Aux Jacobins!*"

Our unfortunate postilion falling with fatigue on his horses' necks, attempted to propose going to an inn, and renewing our search in the morning: but the captain had made up his mind for the night, and, drawing a pistol from his breast, exhibited this significant sign pointed at his head. The horses, as tired as their driver, were lashed on. I had for some time been considering, as we passed through the deserted streets, whether it was altogether consistent with the feelings of my country, to suffer myself to be dragged round the capital at the mercy of this lover of lucre; but an apathy had come over my whole frame, which made me contemptuous of life. The sight of his pistol rather excited me to make the attempt, from the very insolence of his carrying it. But we still rolled on. At length, in one of the streets, which seemed darker and more miserable than all the rest, we were brought to a full stop by the march of a *st* of the National Guard, which

in front of an enormous old building, furnished with battlement and bartizan. "*Le Temple!*" exclaimed my companion, with almost a shriek of exultation. I glanced upward, and saw a light with the pale glimmer which, in my boyish days, I had heard always attributed to spectres passing along the dim casements of a gallery. I cannot express how deeply this image sank upon me. I saw there only a huge tomb—the tomb of living royalty, of a line of monarchs, of all the feelings that still bound the heart of man to the cause of France. All now spectral. But, whatever might be the work of my imagination, there was terrible truth; enough before me to depress, and sting, and wring the mind. Within a step of the spot where I sat, were the noblest and the most unhappy beings in existence—the whole family of the throne caught in the snare of treason. Father, mother, sister, children! Not one rescued, not one safe, to relieve the wretchedness of their ruin by the hope that there was an individual of their circle beyond their prison bars—all consigned to the grave together—all alike conscious that every day which sent its light through their melancholy casements, only brought them nearer to a death of misery! But I must say no more of this. My heart withered within me as I looked at the towers of the Temple. It almost withers within me, at this moment, when I think of them. They are leveled long since; but while I write I see them before me again, a sepulchre; I see the mustering of that crowd of more than savages before the grim gate; and I see the pale glimmer of that floating lamp, which was then, perhaps, lighting the steps of Marie Antoinette to her solitary cell.

Of all the sights of that melancholy traverse, this the most disheartened me, whatever had been my carelessness of life before. It was now almost scorn. The thoughts fell heavy on my mind. What was I, when such victims were prepared for sacrifice? What was the crush of my obscure hopes, when the sitters on thrones were thus leveled with the earth? If I perished in the next moment, no chasm would be left in society; perhaps but

one or two human beings, if even they, would give a recollection to my grave. But here the objects of national homage and gallant loyalty, beings whose rising radiance had filled the eye of nations, and whose sudden fall was felt as an eclipse of European light, were exposed to the deepest sufferings of the captive. What, then, was I, that I should murmur; or, still more, that I should resist; or, most of all, that I should desire to protract an existence which, to this hour, had been one of a vexed spirit, and which, to the last hour of my career, looked but cloud on cloud?

Some of this depression may have been the physical result of fatigue, for I had been now four-and-twenty hours without rest; and the dismal streets, the dashing rain, and the utter absence of human movement as we dragged our dreary way along, would have made even the floor of a dungeon welcome. I was as cold as its stone.

At length our postilion, after nearly relieving us of all the troubles of this world, by running on the verge of the moat which once surrounded the Bastille, and where nothing but the screams of my companion prevented him from plunging in, wholly lost his way. The few lamps in this intricate and miserable quarter of the city had been blown out by the tempest, and our only resource appeared to be patience, until the tardy break of winter's morn should guide us through the labyrinth of the Faubourg St Antoine. However, this my companion's patriotism would not suffer. "The Club would be adjourned! Danton would be gone!" In short, he should not hear the Jacobin lion roar, nor have the reward on which he reckoned for flinging me into his jaws. The postilion was again ordered to move, and the turn of a street showing a light at a distance, he lashed his unfortunate horses towards it. Utterly indifferent as to where I was to be deposited, I saw and heard nothing, until I was roused by the postilion's cry of "*Place de Grève.*"

A large fire was burning in the midst of the gloomy square, round which a party of the National Guard were standing, with their muskets piled, and wrapped in their cloaks, against the inclemency of the night.

Further off, and in the centre, feebly seen by the low blaze, was a wooden structure, on whose corners torches were flaring in the wind. "*Voilà, la guillotine!*" exclaimed my captor with the sort of ecstasy which might issue from the lips of a worshipper. As I raised my eyes, an accidental flash of the fire showed the whole outline of the horrid machine. I saw the glitter of the very axe that was to drop upon my head. My first sensation was that of deadly faintness. Ghastly as was the purpose of that axe, my imagination saw even new ghastliness in the shape of its huge awkward scythe-like steel; it seemed made for massacre. The faintness went off in the next moment, and I was another man. In the whole course of a life of excitement, I have never experienced so total a change. All my apathy was gone. The horrors of public execution stood in a visible shape before me at once. I might have fallen in the field with fortitude: I might have submitted to the deathbed, as the course of nature; I might have even died with exultation in some great public cause. But to perish by the frightful thing which shot up its spectral height before me; to be dragged as a spectacle to scoffing and scolding crowds—dragged, perhaps, in the feebleness and squalid helplessness of a confinement which might have exhibited me to the world in imbecility or cowardice; to be grasped by the ruffian executioner, and flung, stigmatized as a felon, into the common grave of felons—the thought darted through my mind like a jet of fire; but it gave me the strength of fire. I determined to die by the bayonets of the guard, or by any other death than this. My captor perceived my agitation, and my eye glanced on his withered and malignant visage, as with a smile he was cocking his pistol. I sprang on him like a tiger. In our struggle the pistol went off, and a gush of blood from his cheek showed that it had inflicted a severe wound. I was now his master, and, grasping him by the throat with one hand, with the other I threw open the door and leaped upon the pavement. For the moment, I looked round bewildered; but the report of the pistol had caught the ears of the guard, whom I saw hurrying to unpile their

muskets. But this was a work of confusion, and, before they could snatch up their arms, I had made my choice of the darkest and narrowest of the wretched lanes which issue into the square. A shot or two fired after me sent me at my full speed, and I darted forward, leaving them as they might, to follow.

How long I scrambled, or how often I felt sinking from mere weariness in that flight, I knew not. In the fever of my mind, I only knew that I twined my way through numberless streets, most of which have been since swept away; but, on turning the corner of a street which led into the Boulevard, and when I had some hope of taking refuge in my old hotel, I found that I had plunged into the heart of a considerable crowd of persons hurrying along, apparently on some business which strongly excited them. Some carried lanterns, some pikes, and there was a general appearance of more than republican enthusiasm, even savage ferocity, among them, that gave sufficient evidence of my having fallen into no good company. I attempted to draw back, but this would not be permitted; the words, "Spy, traitor, slave of the Monarchiques!" and, apparently as the blackest charge of all, "Cordeller!" were heaped upon me, and I ran the closest possible chance of being put to death on the spot. It may naturally be supposed that I made all kinds of protestations to escape being piked or pistoled. But they had no time to wait for apologies. The cry of "Death to the traitor!" was followed by the brandishing of half a dozen knives in the circle round me. At that moment, when I must have fallen helplessly, a figure stepped forward, and opening the slide of his dark lantern directly on his own face, whispered the word *Mordecai*. I recognised, I shall not say with what feelings, the police agent who had formerly conveyed me out of the city. He was dressed, like the majority of the crowd, in the republican costume; and certainly there never was a more extraordinary costume. He wore a red cap, like the cap of the butchers of the *Faubourgs*; an enormous beard covered his breast, a short Spanish mantle hung from his shoulders, a short leathern doublet, with a belt



like an armoury, stuck with knives and pistols, a sabre, and huge trousers striped with red, in imitation of streams of gore, completed the patriot uniform. Some wore broad bands of linen round their waists, inscribed, "2d, 3d, and 4th September,"—the days of massacre. These were its heroes. I was in the midst of the *élite* of murder.

"Citizens," exclaimed the Jew in a voice of thunder, driving back the foremost, "hold your hands up; are you about to destroy a friend of freedom? Your knives have drunk the blood of aristocrats; but they are the defence of liberty. This citizen, against whom they are now unsheathed, is one of ourselves. He has returned from the frontier, to join the brave men of Paris, in their march to the downfall of tyrants. But our friends await us in the glorious club of the Jacobins. This is the hour of victory. Advance, regenerated sons of freedom! Forward, Frenchmen!"

His speech had the effect. The rapid executors of public vengeance fell back; and the Jew, whispering to me, "You must follow us, or be killed,"—I chose the easier alternative at once, and stepped forward like a good citizen. As my protector pushed the crowd before him, in which he seemed to be a leader, he said to me from time to time, "Show no resistance. A word from you would be the signal for your death—we are going to the hall of the Jacobins. This is a great night among them, and the heads of the party will either be ruined to-night, or by morning will be masters of every thing. I pledge myself, if not for your safety, at least for doing all that I can to save you." I remained silent, as I was ordered; and we hurried on, until there was a halt in front of a huge old building. "The hall of the Jacobins," whispered the Jew, and again cautioned me against saying or doing any thing in the shape of reluctance.

We now plunged into the darkness of a vast pile, evidently once a convent, and where the chill of the massive walls struck to the marrow. I felt as if walking through a charnel-house. We hurried on: a trembling light, towards the end of an immense and lofty aisle, was our guide; and the crowd, long

familiar with the way, rushed through the intricacies where so many feet of monks had trod before them, and where, perhaps, many a deed that shunned the day had been perpetrated. At length a spiral stair brought us to a large gallery, where our entrance was marked with a shout of congratulation; and tumbling over the benches and each other, we at length took our seats in the highest part, which, in both the club and the National Assembly, was called, from its height, the Mountain, and from the characters which generally held it, was a mountain of flame. In the area below, once the nave of the church, sat the Jacobin club. I now, for the first time, saw that memorable and terrible assemblage. And nothing could be more suited than its aspect to its deeds. The hall was of such extent that a large portion of it was scarcely visible, and the few lights which hung from the walls scarcely displayed even the remainder. The French love of decoration had no place here: neither statues nor pictures, neither gilding nor sculpture, relieved the heaviness of the building. Nothing of the arts was visible but their rudest specimens: the grim effigies of monks and martyrs, or the coarse and blackened carvings of a barbarous age. The hall was full; for the club contained nearly two thousand members, and on this night all were present. Yet, except for the occasional cries of approval or anger when any speaker had concluded, and the habitual murmur of every huge assembly, they might have been taken for a host of spectres; the area had so entirely the aspect of a huge vault, the air felt so thick, and the gloom was so feebly dispersed by the chandeliers. All was sepulchral. The chair of the president even stood on a tomb, an antique structure of black marble. The elevated stand, from which the speakers generally addressed the assembly, had the strongest resemblance to a scaffold, and behind it, covering the wall, were suspended chains, and instruments of torture of every horrid kind, used in the dungeons of old times; and though placed there for the sake of contrast with the merciless of a more enlightened age, yet en-



hancing the general idea of a scene of death. It required no addition to render the hall of the Jacobins fearful; but the meetings were always held at night, often prolonged through the whole night. Always stormy, and often sanguinary, daggers were drawn and pistols fired—assassination in the streets sometimes followed bitter attacks on the benches; and at this period, the mutual wrath and terror of the factions had risen to such a height, that every meeting might be only a prelude to exile or the axe; and the deliberation of this especial night must settle the question, whether the Monarchy or the Jacobin club was to ascend the scaffold. It was the debate on the execution of the unhappy Louis XVI.

The arrival of the crowd, among whom I had taken my unwilling seat, evidently gave new spirits to the regicides; the moment was critical. Even in Jacobinism all were not equally black, and the fear of the national revulsion at so desperate a deed started many, who might not have been withheld by feelings of humanity. The leaders had held a secret consultation while the debate was drawing on its slow length; and Danton's old expedient of "terror" was resolved on. His emissaries had been sent round Paris to summon all his banditti; and the low *cafés*, the Fanbourg taverns, and every haunt of violence, and the very drunkenness of crime, had poured forth. The remnant of the Marseillais—a gang of actual galley-slaves, who had led the late massacres—the paid assassins of the Marais, and the *subrears* of the Royal Guard, who, after treason to their king, had found profitable trade in living on the robbery and blood of the nobles and priests, formed this reinforcement; and their entrance into the gallery was recognised by a clapping of hands from below, which they answered by a roar, accompanied with the significant sign of clashing their knives and sabres.

Danton immediately rushed into the Tribune. I had seen him before, on the fearful night which prepared the attack on the palace; but he was then in the haste and affected savageness of the rabble. He now played the part of leader of a political sect;

and the commencement of his address adopted something of the decorum of public council. In this there was an artifice; for, resistless as the club was, it still retained a jealousy of the superior legislative rank of the assembly of national representatives, the Convention. The forms of the Convention were strictly imitated; and even those Jacobins who usually led the debate, scrupulously wore the dress of the better orders. Robespierre was elaborately dressed whenever he appeared in the Tribune, and even Danton abandoned the *cunaille* costume for the time. I was struck with his showy stature, his bold forehead, and his commanding attitude, as he stood waving his hand over the multitude below, as if he waved a sceptre. His appearance was received with a general shout from the gallery, which he returned by one profound bow, and then stood erect, till all sounds had sunk. His powerful voice then rang through the extent of the hall. He began with congratulating the people on their having relieved the Republic from its external dangers. His language at first was moderate, and his recapitulation of the perils which must have befallen a conquered country, was sufficiently true and even touching; but his tone soon changed, and I saw the true democrat. "What!" he cried, "are those perils to the horrors of domestic perfidy? What are the ravages on the frontier to poison and the dagger at our firesides? What is the gallant death in the field to assassination in cold blood? Listen, fellow-citizens, there is at this hour a plot deeper laid for your destruction than ever existed in the shallow heads of, or could ever be executed by the coward hearts of, their soldiery. Where is that plot? In the streets? No. The courage of our brave patriots is as proof against corruption as against fear." This was followed by a shout from the gallery. "Is it in the Tuilleries? No; there the national sabre has cut down the tree which cast its deadly fruits among the nation. Where then is the focus of the plot—where the gathering of the storm that is to shake the battlements of the Republic—where that terrible deposit of combustibles which the noble

has gathered, the priest has piled, and the king has prepared to kindle? Brave citizens, that spot is——," he paused, looking mysteriously round, while a silence deep as death pervaded the multitude; then, as if suddenly recovering himself, he thundered out—"The Temple!" No language can describe the shout or the scene that followed. The daring word was now spoken which all anticipated; but which Danton alone had the desperate audacity to utter. The gallery screamed, howled, roared, embraced each other, danced, flourished their weapons, and sang the Marseillaise and the Carmagnole. The club below were scarcely less violent in their demonstrations of furious joy. Danton had now accomplished his task; but his vanity thirsted for additional applause, and he entered into a catalogue of his services to Republicanism. In the midst of the detail, a low but singularly clear voice was heard from the extremity of the hall.

"Descend, man of massacre!"

I saw Danton start back as if he had been shot. At length, recovering his breath, he said feebly—

"Citizens, of what am I accused?"

"Of the three days of September," uttered the voice again, in a tone so strongly sepulchral, that it palpably awed the whole assemblage.

"Who is it that insults me? who dares to malign me? What spy of the Girondists, what traitor of the Bourbons, what hireling of the gold of Pitt, is among us?" exclaimed the bold ruffian, yet with a visage which, even at the distance, I could observe had lost its usual fiery hue, and turned clay-colour. "Who accuses me?"

"I!" replied the voice, and I saw a thin tall figure stalk up the length of the hall, and stand at the foot of the tribune. "Descend!" was the only word which he spoke; and Danton, as if under a spell, to my astonishment, obeyed without a word, and came down. The stranger took his place, none knew his name; and the rapidity and boldness of his assault suspended all in wonder like my own. I can give but a most incomplete conception of the extraordinary eloquence of this mysterious intruder. He openly charged Danton with having constructed the whole conspiracy against the

unfortunate prisoners of September; with having deceived the people by imaginary alarms of the approach of the enemy; with having plundered the national treasury to pay the assassins; and, last and most deadly charge of all, with having formed a plan for a National Dictatorship, of which he himself was to be the first possessor. The charge was sufficiently probable, and was not now heard for the first time. But the keenness and fiery promptitude with which the speaker poured the charge upon him; gave it a new aspect; and I could see in the changing physiognomies round me, that the great democrat was already in danger. He obviously felt this himself; for starting up from the bench to which he had returned, he cried out, or rather yelled—

"Citizens, this man thirsts for my blood. Am I to be sacrificed? Am I to be exposed to the daggers of assassins!" But no answering shout now arose; a dead silence reigned: all eyes were still turned on the tribune. I saw Danton, after a gaze of total helplessness on all sides, throw up his hands like a drowning man, and stagger back to his seat. Nothing could be more unfortunate than his interruption; for the speaker now poured the renewed invective, like a stream of molten iron, full on his personal character and career.

"Born a beggar, your only hope of bread was crime. Adopting the profession of an advocate, your only conception of law was chicanery. Coming to Paris, you took up patriotism as a trade, and turned the trade into an imposture. Trained to dependence, you always hung on some one till he spurned you. You licked the dust before Mirabeau; you betrayed him, and he trampled on you; you took refuge in the cavern of Marat, until he found you too base even for his base companionship, and he, too, spurned you; you then clung to the skirts of Robespierre, and clung only to ruin. Viper! known only by your coils and your poison; like the original serpent, degraded even from the brute into the reptile, you already feel your sentence. I pronounce it before all. The man to whom you now cling will crush you. Maximilien Robespierre, is not your heel already

lifted up to tread out the life of this traitor? Maximilien Robespierre," he repeated with a still more piercing sound, "do I not speak the truth? Have I not stripped the veil from your thoughts? Am I not looking on your heart?" He then addressed each of the Jacobin leaders in a brief appeal. "Billaud Varennes, stand forth—do you not long to drive your dagger into the bosom of this new tyrant? Collot d'Herbois, are you not sworn to destroy him? Couthon, have you not pronounced him perjured, perfidious, and unfit to live? St Just, have you not in your bosom the list of those who have pledged themselves that Danton shall never be Dictator; that his grave shall be dug before he shall tread on the first step of the throne; that his ashes shall be scattered to the four winds of heaven; that he shall never gorge on France?"

A hollow murmur, like an echo of the vaults beneath, repeated the concluding words. The murmur had scarcely subsided when this extraordinary apparition, flinging round him a long white cloak, which he had hitherto carried on his arm, and which, in the dim light, gave him the look of one covered with a shroud, cried out in a voice of still deeper solemnity, "George Jacques Danton, you have this night pronounced the death of your king—I now pronounce your own. By the victims of the 20th of June—by the victims of the 10th of August—by the victims of the 2d of September—by the thousands whom your thirst of blood has slain—by the tens of thousands whom your treachery has sent to perish in a foreign grave—by the millions whom the war which you have kindled will lay in the field of slaughter—I cite you to appear before a tribunal, where sits a judge whom none can elude and none can defy. Within a year and a month, I cite you to meet the spirits of your victims before the throne of the Eternal."

He stopped; not a voice was heard. He descended the steps of the Tribune, and stalked slowly through the hall; not a hand was raised against him. He pursued his way with as much calmness and security as if he had been a supernatural visitant, until he vanished in the darkness.

This singular occurrence threw a complete damp on the regicidal ardour; and, as no one seemed inclined to mount the Tribune, the club would probably have broken up for the night, when a loud knocking at one of the gates, and the beating of drums, aroused the drowsy sitters on the benches. The gallery was as much awake as ever; but seemed occupied with evident expectation of either a new revolt, or a spectacle; pistols were taken out to be new primed, and the points and edges of knives duly examined. The doors at length were thrown open, and a crowd, one half of whom appeared to be in the last stage of intoxication, and the other half not far from insanity, came dancing and chorusing into the body of the building. In the midst of their troop they carried two busts covered with laurels—the busts of the regicides Ravallac and Clement, with flags before them, inscribed, "They were glorious; for they slew kings!" The busts were presented to the president, and their bearers, a pair of *poissardes*, insisted on giving him the republican embrace, in sign of fraternization. The president, in return, invited them to the "honours of a sitting;" and thus reinforced, the discussion on the death of the unhappy monarch commenced once more, and the vote was carried by acclamation. The National Convention was still to be applied to for the completion of the sentence; but the decree of the Jacobins was the law of the land.

I had often looked towards the gallery door, during the night, for the means of escape; but my police friend had forbade my moving before his return. I therefore remained until the club were breaking up, and the gallery began to clear. Cautious as I had been, I could not help exhibiting, from time to time, some disturbance at the atrocities of the night, and especially at the condemnation of the helpless king. In all this I had found a sympathizing neighbour, who had exhibited marked civility in explaining the peculiarities of the place, and giving me brief sketches of the speakers as they rose in succession. He had especially agreed with me in deprecating the cruelty of the regicidal sentence. I now rose to bid my



gentlemanlike *cicerone* good-night; but, to my surprise, I saw him make a sign to two loiterers near the door, who instantly plumed me.

"We cannot part quite so soon, Monsieur l'Aristocrate," said he; "and, though I much regret that I cannot have the honour of accommodating you in the Temple, near your friend Monsieur Louis Capet, yet you may rely on my services in procuring a lodging for you in one of the most agreeable prisons in Paris."

I had been entrapped in the most established style, and I had nothing

to thank for it but fortune. Resistance was in vain, for they pointed to the pistols within their coats; and with a vexed heart, and making many an angry remark on the treachery of the villain who had ensnared me—matters which fell on his ear probably with about the same effect as water on the pavement at my feet—I was put into a close carriage, and, with my captors, carried off to the nearest barrier, and consigned to the governor of the well-known and hideous St Lazare.

#### THE OLYMPIC JUPITER.

CALM the Olympian God sat in his marble fauce,  
High and complete in beauty too pure and vast to wane;  
Full in his ample form, Nature appear'd to spread:  
Thought and sovran Rule beam'd in his earnest head:  
From the lofty foliaged brow, and the nightly bearded chin,  
Down over all his frame was the strength of a life within.

Lovely a maid in twilight before the vision knelt.  
Looking with upturn'd gaze the awe that her spirit felt.  
Hung like the skies above her was bow'd the monarch mild,  
Hearing the whisper'd words of the fair and panting child.  
—Could she be dear to him as dews to ocean are,  
Be in his wreath a leaf, on his robes a golden star!  
Could she as incense float around his eternal throne,  
Sound as the note of a hymn to his deep ear alone!

Lo! while her heart adoring still to the God exhales,  
Speech from his glimmering lips on the silent air prevails:  
—"Child of this earth, bewilder'd in thine aerial dream,  
Turn thee to Powers that are, and not to those that seem.  
All of fairest and noblest filling my graven form  
First in a human spirit was breathing alive and warm.  
Seek thou in him all else that he can evoke from nought,  
Seek the creative master, the king of beautiful thought."

Down the eyes of the maiden sank from the Thunderer's look,  
Pale in her shame and terror, and yet with delight she shook.  
Swift on her brow she felt a crown by the God bestow'd,  
Shading her face that now with a hope too lively glow'd.  
Bending the Sculptor stood who wrought the work divine,  
Godlike in voice he spake—Ever, oh, maid be mine!

J. S.



## A ROMAN IDYL.

Oh! blame not, friend, with scoff unfeeling,  
 The gentle tale of grief and wroug,  
 Which, all the pain of life revealing,  
 Yet teaches peace by thoughtful song.

The landscape round us wide expanded  
 As ere was heard the name of Rome;  
 And Rome, though fallen, our souls commanded,  
 In this her empire's earliest home.

Her brightness beam'd on each far mountain,  
 Her life made green the grass we trode,  
 Her memory haunted still the fountain,  
 And spread her shadows o'er the sod.

Her ruins told their tale of glory,  
 Deceed to that eternal sky;  
 And through that ancient grove, her story  
 With sibyl whisper seem'd to sigh.

The pile her wealthiest mourner builded,  
 In glimpse we caught through ilex gloom—  
 Metella's Tower, by sunshine gilded,  
 That beams alike on feast or tomb.

And on this plain, not yet benighted,  
 'Mid awful ages mouldering there,  
 Young hands in new-blown flowers delighted,  
 Young eyes look'd bright in sunniest air.

'Till we, Viterbo's wine-cup quaffing,  
 Which fairer lips refused to grace,  
 Could win by jest those lips to laughing,  
 And veil'd in folly wisdom's face.

But say, my friend, thou sage mysterious,  
 What Nymph, what Muse disown'd the strain  
 Which bade our heedless mirth be serious,  
 And woke our ears to nobler pain?

That region grave of plain and highland,  
 With Rome's grey ruin strewn around,  
 Is not a soft Calypso's island,  
 Nor fades at Truth's evoking sound.

High thoughts in words of quiet beauty  
 Accord with visions grand as these,  
 And song's imperishable duty  
 Has holier aims than but to please.

By word and image deeply wedded,  
 By cadence apt and varied rhyme,  
 To rouse the soul in sloth imbedded,  
 And tune its powers to life sublime.

By loftier shows of man's large being  
 Than man's dim actual hour displays,  
 To clear our eyes for purer seeing,  
 And nerve the flagging spirit's gaze.

By strains of bold heroic pleasure,  
 And action strong as thought conceives,  
 By many a doom-resounding measure  
 That beat our selfish woes relieves;

By these to stir, by these to brighten,  
 By these to lift the soul from earth,  
 The Poet dares our joys to frighten,  
 And thrills the dirge of lazy mirth.

Ye Ruins, dust of empires vanish'd,  
 Ye mountains, clad with countless years,  
 From your great presence ne'er be banish'd  
 Sad songs that live in earnest ears:

Sad songs, the music of all sorrow,  
 Profound and calm as night's blue deep:  
 Accurst the dreams of any morrow  
 When man will feel he cannot weep.

J. S.

#### GOETHE.

ALAS! on earth his marvels done,  
 The noble German bosom lies,  
 His fatherland's Athenian son,  
 Amid the sage must largely rise!

Amid the sage the generous race  
 Of soaring thought and steadfast glow,  
 He breathes no more who gave a grace  
 To all our daily lot below.

He gave to man's encumber'd hours  
 The tuneful joys of truth serene,  
 And twined our life's neglected flowers  
 With nature's holiest evergreen.

Alas! for him the soul of fire,  
 For him of fancy's golden rays,  
 For him whose aims ascended higher  
 Than all that won a nation's praise!

We pause and ask—Why gloom'd the grave  
 For one of light so broadly mild?  
 And wonder beauty could not save  
 From death's deep night her eager child.

But could the lyre be heard again,  
 Its widow'd notes would seem to cry—  
 In all was he a man of men,  
 For them to live, like them to die.

What life inspires 'twas his to feel,  
 With ampler soul than all beside ;  
 What earth's bright shows to few reveal,  
 His art for all expanded wide.

With earnest heed from hour to hour,  
 Through all his years of striving hope,  
 He fed his lamp, its light to shower  
 On paths where myriads dimly grope.

He taught mankind by toil, by love,  
 To cheer the world that must be theirs ;  
 And ne'er to look for peace above,  
 By scorning earthly joys and cares.

Ah ! pages full of grief and fear,  
 But all attuned to melody,  
 Vesuvio's flame reflected clear  
 In glassy seas of Napoli.

And on that sea we seem to float  
 In amber light, and catch from far,  
 'Mid ocean's boundless voice, the note  
 Of girl who hymns the evening-star.

The sweetest word, the melting tone.  
 The pictured wisdom bright as day,  
 And Faust's remorse, and Tasso's groan,  
 And Dorothea's morning lay,

Glad Egmont, light of Clara's eyes,  
 Free Goetz, the warmth of manhood's noon,  
 And Mignon, all a time of sighs,  
 And torn Ottilia crush'd so soon.

Ah ! tale that tells the life of all  
 To lovelier truth by fancy wrought,  
 And songs that e'en to us recall  
 The bliss a poet's vision caught !

All these are ours, yes, all—but he.  
 And who that lives can find a strain  
 Of worth like his the soul to free  
 From bonds of sublimary pain ?

A strain like his we vainly seek  
 To sound above the singer's grave,  
 A voice empower'd like his to speak  
 The word our aching bosoms crave.

That word is not—Oh ! not, farewell !  
 To thee whom all thy lays restore ;  
 But deeply longs the heart to tell  
 A love thy smile accepts no more.

J. S.

## HYMN OF A HERMIT.

Long the day, the task is longer ;  
 Earth the strong by heaven the stronger.  
 Still is call'd to rise and brighten,  
     But, alas! how weak the soul ;  
 While its inbred phantoms frighten,  
     While the past obscures the whole.

Shadows of the wise departed,  
 Be the brave, the loving-hearted ;  
 Deathless dead, resounding, rushing,  
     From the morning-land of hope  
 Come, with viewless footsteps, crushing  
     Dreams that make the wing'd ones grope.

Socrates, the keen, the truthful,  
 In thy hoary wisdom youthful ;  
 Smiling, fear-defying spirit,  
     From beside thy Grecian waves.  
 Teach us Norsemen to inherit  
     Thoughts whose dawn is life to graves.

Rome's Aurelius, thou the holy  
 King of earth, in goodness lowly,  
 From thy ruins by the Tiber,  
     Look with tearless aspect mild,  
 Till each agonizing fibre  
     Like thine own is reconciled.

Augustinus, bright and torrid,  
 Isles of green in deserts horrid  
 Once thy home, thy likeness ever !  
     We with sword no less divine  
 Would the good and evil sever,  
     In a larger world than thine.

Soft Petrarca, sweet and subtle,  
 Weaving still, with silver shuttle,  
 Moony veils for human feeling—  
     Thine the radiance from above,  
 Half-transfiguring, half-concealing,  
     Wounds and tears of earthly love.

Saxon rude, of thundering stammer,  
 Iron heart, by sin's dread hammer  
 Ground to better dust than golden,  
     May thy prophecy be true.  
 Melt the stern, the weak embolden ;  
     Teach what Luther never knew.

Pale Spinoza, nursed in fable,  
 Painted hopes and portent sable.  
 Then an opener wisdom finding,  
     Let thy round and wintry sun  
 Chase the lurid vapour, blinding  
     Souls that seek the Holy One.



Thou from green Helvetia roaming,  
 Meteor pale in misty gloaming,  
 With a breast too fiercely burning ;  
     Generous, tuneful, frail Rousseau !  
 Would that all to truth returning,  
     Gave, like thee, a tear to weep

Eye of clear and diamond sparkle,  
 Where the Baltic waters darkle,  
 Lonely German scor of Reason,  
     Great and calm as Atlas old ;  
 Through our formless foggy season,  
     Short thine adamantine cold.

Shelley, born of faith and passion,  
 Nobler far than gain and fashion ;  
 Daring eaglet arm'd with lightning,  
     Firing soon thy native nest,  
 Still the eternal blaze is brightening  
 Ocean where thy pinions rest.

Heroes, prophets, bards, and sages,  
 Gods and men of climes and ages,  
 Conquerors of life-long sorrow,  
     Torment that ye made your throne,  
 Help, Oh ! help in us the morrow.  
     Full of triumph like your own.

J. S.

## THE LUCKLESS LOVER.

“ If aught on earth assault may bide  
 Of ceaseless time and shifting tide,  
     Beloved ! I swear to thee  
 It is the truth of hearts that love,  
 United in a world above  
     The moment's misty sea.

“ Oh ! sweeter than the light of dawn,  
 Than music in the woods withdrawn  
     From clamours of the crowd,  
 A new creation all our own,  
 Unvisited by scoff or groan,  
     Is faith in silence vow'd.

“ Two hearts by reason nobly sad,  
 Nor rashly blind, nor lightly glad,  
     Possess they not a bliss  
 In their communion, felt and full,  
 Beyond all custom's deadly rule ?  
     For life is only this.

“ In sighs we met, in sighs and sobs,  
 Such grief as from the wretched robs  
     The hope to heaven allied :  
 Great calm was ours, a strength severe,  
 Though wet with many a scalding tear,  
     When soul to soul replied.

“ Of thy dark eyes and gentle speech,  
 The memory has a power to teach  
 What know not many wise.  
 New stars may rise, the ancient fade,  
 But not for us, my own pale maid,  
 Be lost that pure surprise—

“ The pure delight, the awful change,  
 Chief miracle in wonder's range,  
 That binds the twain in one;  
 While fear, foes, friends, and angry Fate.  
 And all that wreck our mortal state  
 Shall pass, like motes i' the sun.

“ In his fine frame the thro'ble feels  
 The music that his note reveals;  
 And spite of shafts and nets,  
 How better is the dying bird  
 Than some dumb stone that ne'er was heard,  
 That arrow never threatens?

“ Disdaining man, the mountains rise;  
 Is love less kindred with the skies,  
 Or less their Maker's will?  
 The strains, without a human cause,  
 Flow on, unheeding lies and laws—  
 Will hearts for words be still?

“ What cliffs oppose, what oceans roll,  
 What frowns o'ershade the weeping soul.  
 Alas! were long to tell.  
 But something is there more than these,  
 Than frowns and coldness, rocks and seas.  
 Until its hour—farewell!”

So sang the vassal hard by night,  
 Beneath his high-born lady's light  
 That from her turret shone.  
 Next morning in the forest glade  
 His corpse was found. Her brother's blade  
 Had cut his bosom's home.

What reap'd Lord Wilfrid by the stroke?  
 Before another morning broke,  
 She, too, was with the blest:  
 And 'twas her last and only prayer,  
 That her sweet limbs might slumber where  
 The minstrel had his rest.

J. S.

## FREE TRADE AND PROTECTION.

## THE CORN LAWS.

It is remarkable that, while we hear so much of the advantages of free trade, the reciprocity of them is always in prospect only. By throwing open our harbours to foreign nations, indeed, we give them an immediate and obvious advantage over ourselves; but as to any corresponding advantages we are to gain in our intercourse with them, we are still waiting in patient expectation of the anticipated benefit. Our patience is truly exemplary; it might furnish a model to Job himself. We resent nothing. No sooner do we receive a blow on one cheek, than we turn up the other to some new smiter. No sooner are we excluded, in return for our concessions, from the harbours of one state, than we begin making concessions to another. We are constantly in expectation of seeing the stream of human envy and jealousy run out:—

“Rusticus expectat dum defluat annis :  
at ille  
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis  
ævum.”

We are imitating the man who made the experiment of constantly reducing the food on which his horse is to live. Let us take care that, just as he is learning to live on nothing, we do not find him dead in his stall.

This, however, is no joking matter. The total failure of the free trade system to procure any, *even the smallest return*, coupled with the very serious injury it has inflicted on many of the staple branches of our industry, has now been completely demonstrated by experience, and is matter of universal notoriety. If any proof on the subject were required, it would be furnished by *Porter's Parliamentary Tables*, to which we earnestly request the attention of our readers. The first exhibits the effect of the reciprocity system, introduced by Mr Huskisson in Feb. 1823, in destroying our shipping with the Baltic

powers, and quadrupling theirs with us. The second shows the trifling amount of our exports to these countries during the five last years, and thereby demonstrates the entire failure of the attempt to extend our traffic with them by this gratuitous destruction of our shipping. The third shows the progress of our whole exports to Europe during the six years from 1814 to 1820, before the free trade began, and from 1833 to 1839, after it had been fifteen years in operation, and proves that it had declined in the latter period as compared with the former, despite all our gratuitous sacrifices by free trade to augment our commerce.\*

The free traders fully admit, and deeply deplore, as we have shown on a former occasion, these unfavourable results; but they say that it is to be hoped they will not continue: that foreign nations must, in the end, come to see that they are as much interested as we are in an enlightened system of free trade; and that, meantime, it is for our interest to continue the system; or even though it totally fails in producing any augmentation in our exports, it is obviously for our advantage to continue it, as it brings in the immediate benefit of purchasing articles imported at a cheaper rate. Supposing, say they, we obtain no corresponding advantage from other states, there is an immense benefit accrues to ourselves from admitting foreign goods at a nominal duty, from the low price at which they may be purchased by the British consumer. To that point we shall advert in the sequel; in the mean time, it may be considered as demonstrated, that the free trade system has entirely failed in procuring for us the slightest extension of our foreign exports, or abating in the slightest degree the jealousy of foreign nations at our maritime and manufacturing superiority. Nor is there any difficulty in discovering to what this failure has been owing. It arises

\* See No. CCCXL. *Blackwood's Magazine*, p. 261.

from laws inherent in the nature of things, and which will remain unabated as long as we continue a great and prosperous nation.

It is related of the Lacedemonians, that while all the other citizens of Greece were careful to surround their towns with walls, they alone left a part open on all sides. Thus, superiority in the field rendered them indifferent to the adventitious protection of ramparts. It is for a similar reason that England is now willing to throw down the barriers of tariffs, and the impediments of custom-houses; and that all other nations are fain to raise them up. It is a secret sense of superiority on the one side, and of inferiority on the other, which is the cause of the difference. We advocate freedom of trade, because we are conscious that, in a fair unrestricted competition, we should succeed in beating them out of their own market. They resist it, and loudly clamour for protection, because they are aware that such a result would speedily take place, and that the superiority of the old commercial state is such, that on an open trial of strength, it must at once prove fatal to its younger rivals. As this effect is thus the result of permanent causes affecting both sides, it may fairly be presumed that it will be lasting; and that the more anxiously the old manufacturing state advocates or acts upon freedom of commercial intercourse, the more strenuously will the younger and rising ones advocate protection. Reciprocity, therefore, is out of the question between them: for it never could exist without the destruction of the manufactures of the younger state; and if that state has begun to enter on the path of manufacturing industry, it never will be permitted by its government.

But this is not all. If free trade must of necessity prove fatal to the manufactures of the younger state, it as certainly leads to the destruction of the agriculture of the older; and it is this double effect, this Reciprocity or Evil, which renders it so disastrous and impracticable an experiment for both the older and the younger community. The reason of this has not hitherto been generally attended to; but when once it is stated, its force becomes obvious.

and it furnishes the true answer on principle to the delusive doctrines of free trade.

Nature has established, and, as it will immediately be shown, for very wise and important purposes, a permanent and indelible distinction between the effect of civilization and opulence on the production of food, and on the preparation of manufactures. In the latter, the discoveries of science, the exertions of skill, the application of capital, the introduction of machinery, are all-powerful, and give the older and more advanced state an immediate and decisive advantage over the younger and the ruder. In the former, the very reverse takes place: the additions made to productive power are comparatively inconsiderable, even by the most important discoveries; and as this capital and industry have in the end a powerful effect, and always enable the power of raising food for the human race to keep far ahead of the wants of mankind: yet this effect takes place very slowly, and the annual addition that can be made to the produce of the earth by such means is by no means considerable. The introduction of thorough draining will probably increase the productive power of the soil in Great Britain a third: scientific discovery may perhaps add another third; but at least ten years must elapse in the most favourable view before these effects generally take place—ere the judicious and well-directed labours of our husbandmen have formed rivulets for the superfluous wet of our fields, or overspread the soil with the now wasted animal remains of our cities. But our manufactures can in a few years quadruple their produce. So vast is the power which the steam-engine has made to the powers of production in commercial industry, that it is susceptible of almost indefinite and immediate extension; and the great difficulty always felt is, not to get hands to keep pace with the demand of the consumers, but to get a demand to keep pace with the hands employed in the production. Manchester and Glasgow could, in a few years, furnish muslin and cotton goods for the whole world.

Nor is the difference less important and conspicuous in the price at which



manufacturing and agricultural produce can be raised in the old and the young state. This is the decisive circumstance which renders reciprocity between them impossible. The rich old state is as superior to the young one in the production of manufactures, as the poor young state is to the rich old one in that of subsistence. The steam-engine, capital, and machinery, have so enormously increased the power of manufacturing production, that they have rendered the old commercial state omnipotent in the foreign market in the supply of its articles. Nothing but fiscal regulations and heavy duties can protect the young state from ruin in those branches of industry. Heavy taxes, high wages, costly rents, dear rude produce, all are at once compensated, and more than compensated, by the gigantic powers of the steam-engine. Cotton goods are raised now in Great Britain at a fifth of the price which they were during the war. A gown, which formerly was cheap at £2, 10s., is now sold for ten shillings. Silks, muslins, and all other articles of female apparel, have been reduced in price in the same proportion. Colossal fortunes have been made by the master manufacturers, unbounded wealth diffused through the operative workmen in Lancashire and Lanarkshire, even at these extremely reduced prices. This is the real reason of the universal effort made by all nations which have the least pretensions to commercial industry, of late years to exclude, by fixed duties, our staple manufactures; of which the President of the Board of Trade so feelingly complains, and which the advocates of free trade consider as so inexplicable. A very clear principle has led to it, and will lead to it. It is the instinct of SELF-PRESERVATION.

But there is no steam-engine in agriculture. The old state has no superiority over the young one in the price of producing food; on the contrary, it is decidedly its inferior. There, as in love, the apprentice is the master. The proof of this is decisive. Poland can raise wheat with ease at fifteen or twenty shillings a quarter, while England requires fifty. The soil of the Ukraine would make a fortune on the price at which the farmer

of East Lothian would be rendered bankrupt. The Polish cultivators have no objection whatever to a free competition with the British; but the British anticipate, and with reason, total destruction from the free admission of Polish grain. These facts are so notorious, that they require no illustration; but nevertheless the conclusion to which they point is of the highest importance, and bears, with overwhelming force, on the theory of free trade as between an old and a young community. They demonstrate that that theory is not only practically pernicious, but on principle erroneous. It involves an oblivion of the fundamental law of nature as to the difference between the effect of wealth and civilization on the production of food and the raising of manufactures. It proceeds on insensibility to the difference in the age and advancement of nations, and the impossibility of a reciprocity being established between them without the ruin of an important branch of industry in each. It supposes nations to be of the same genus and age, like the trees in the larch plantation, not of all varieties and ages, as in the natural forest. If established in complete operation, it would only lead to the ruin of the manufactures of the younger state, and of the agriculture of the old one. The only reciprocity which it can ever introduce between such states is the reciprocity of evil.

Illustrations from everyday life occur on all sides to elucidate the utter absurdity, and, in fact, total impracticability of the system of free trade, as applied to nations who are, or are becoming, rivals of each other in manufacturing industry. Those who have the advantage, will always advocate free competition; those who are labouring under impediments, will always exclaim against them. In some cases the young have the advantage, in others the old; but in all the free system is applauded by those in the sunshine, and execrated by those in the shade. The fair debutante of eighteen, basking in the bright light of youth, beauty, birth, and connections, has no sort of objection to the freedom of choice in the ball-room. If the mature spinster of forty would divulge her real opinion, what would it be on the same scene of competition?

tion? Experience proves that ~~some~~ glad to retire, in the general case, from the unequal struggle, and finds the system of established precedence and fixed rank at dinner parties, much more rational. The leaders on the North Circuit—Sir James Scarlett or Lord Bringham—have no objections to the free choice, by solicitors and attorneys, of professional talent; but their younger brethren of the gown are fain to take shelter from such formidable rivals in the exclusive employment of the Crown, the East India Company, the Bank of England, or some of the numerous chartered companies in the country. England is the old lawyer on the Circuit in manufactures—but Poland is the young beauty of the ball-room in agriculture. We should like to see what sort of reciprocity could be established between them. Possibly the young belle may exchange her beauty for the old lawyer's guineas, but it will prove a bad reciprocity for both.

It is usual for both philosophers and practical men to ascribe the superior cheapness with which subsistence can be raised in the young state to the old one, to the weight of taxes and of debt, public and private, with which the latter is burdened, from which the former is, in general, relieved. But, without disputing that these circumstances enter with considerable weight into the general result, it may safely be affirmed that the main cause of it is to be found in two laws of nature, of universal and permanent application. These are the low value of money in the rich state, in consequence of its plenty, compared with its high value in the poor one, in consequence of its poverty, and the experienced inapplicability of machinery or the division of labour to agricultural operations.

Labour is cheap in the poor state, such as Poland, Prussia, and the Ukraine, because guineas are few.—“It is not,” as Johnson said of the Highlands, “that eggs are many, but that pence are few.” Commercial transactions being scanty, and the want of a circulating medium inconsiderable, it exists to a very limited extent in the country. People do not need a large circulating medium, therefore they do not buy it; they are poor, therefore they cannot. In the

opulent and highly advanced community; on the other hand, the reverse of all this takes place. Transactions are so frequent, the necessities of commerce so extensive, that a large circulating medium is soon felt to be indispensable. In addition to a considerable amount of specie, the aid of bank-notes; public and private, of Government securities and exchequer bills, and of private bills to an immense amount, becomes necessary. McCulloch calculates the circulating medium of Great Britain, including paper and gold, at L.72,000,000. The bills in circulation are probably in amount nearly as much more. A hundred and forty, or a hundred and fifty millions, between specie, bank-notes, exchequer bills, Government securities, on which advances are made, and private bills, constitute the ordinary circulating medium of twenty-seven millions in the British empire. The total circulation of Russia, with sixty millions of inhabitants, is not forty millions sterling. The effect of this difference is prodigious. It is no wonder, when it is taken into account, that wages are 5½d. or 6d. a-day in Poland or the Ukraine, and 2s. or 2s. 6d. a-day in England.

The clearest proof that this is the great cause of the superior cost of raising subsistence in the old than the young state, is afforded by the different value which money bears in different parts of the *same* community. Ask any housekeeper what is the difference between the expense of living in London, Edinburgh, and Aberdeen, and he will answer, that L.1500 a-year will not go further than L.1000 a-year in Edinburgh, or L.750 in Aberdeen. Yet these different places are all situated in the same community, and their inhabitants pay the same public taxes, and very nearly the same of local ones. It is the vast results arising from the concentration of wealth and expenditure in one place, compared with its abstraction from others, which occasions the difference. But if this effect is conspicuous, and matter of daily observation, in different parts of the same compact and moderately sized country, how much more must it obtain in regard to different countries, situated in different latitudes and political circumstances, and in different stages

of wealth, civilization, and commercial opulence? Between England, for example, and Poland or the Ukraine? The difference is there important and durable. Wheat can be raised with as good a profit to the cultivator for sixteen shillings per quarter in Poland, as for forty-eight shillings in England or Scotland.

This superior weight of wages, rent, and all the elements of cost, in the old, when compared with the young community, affects the manufacturer as well as the farmer; and in some branches of manufactures it does so with an overwhelming effect. But, generally speaking, the advantages of capital, machinery, and the division of labour, render the old state altogether predominant over the young one in these particulars. It would seem to be a fixed law of nature, that the progress of society adds almost nothing to the application of machinery to agriculture, but indefinitely to its importance in manufactures. Observe an old man digging his garden with a spade—that is the most productive species of cultivation; it is the last stage of agricultural progress to return to it. No steam engines or steam ploughs will ever rival it. But what is the old weaver toiling with his hands, to the huge steam-power mill, turning at once ten thousand spindles? As dust in the balance. Man, by a beneficent law of his Maker, is permanently secured in his first and best pursuit. It is in those which demoralize and degrade, that machinery progressively encroaches on the labour of his hands. England can undersell India in muslins and printed goods, manufactured in Lancashire or Lanarkshire, out of cotton which grew on the banks of the Ganges; for England, though younger in years compared to India, is old in civilization, wealth, and power. We should like to see what profit would be made by exporting wheat from England, raised on land paying thirty shillings an acre of rent, by labourers paid at two shillings a-day, to Hindustan, where rice is raised twice a-year, on land paying five shillings an acre rent, by labourers receiving twopence a-day each.

It is the constant operation of this law of nature which ensures the equalization of empires, the happiness of society, and the dispersion of man-

kind. To be convinced of this, we have only to reflect on the results which would ensue if this were not the case; if no unvarying law gave man in remote situations an advantage in raising subsistence over what they enjoy in the centres of opulence; and agriculture, in the aged and wealthy community, was able to acquire the same decisive superiority over distant and comparatively poor ones, which we see daily exemplified in the production of manufactures. Suppose, for example, that in consequence of the application of the steam-engine, capital, and machinery to the raising of subsistence, Great Britain could undersell the cultivators of Poland and the Ukraine as effectually as she does their manufacturers in the production of cotton goods; that she could sell in the Polish market wheat at five shillings a quarter, when they require fifteen shillings to remunerate the cost of production. Would not the result be, that commerce between them would be entirely destroyed; that subsistence would be exclusively raised in the old and opulent community; that mankind would congregate in fearful multitudes round the great commercial emporium of the world; and that the industry and progress of the more distant nations would be irrevocably blighted? Whereas, by the operation of the present law of nature, that the rich state can always undersell the poor one in manufactures, and the poor one always undersell the rich one in subsistence, those dangers are removed, a check is provided to the undue multiplication of the species in particular situations, and the dispersion of mankind over the globe—a vital object in the system of nature—is secured, from the very necessities and difficulties in which, in the progress of society, the old and wealthy community becomes involved.

These considerations point out an important limitation to which, on principle, the doctrines of free trade must be subjected. Perfectly just in reference to a single community, or a compact empire of reasonable extent, they wholly fail when applied to separate nations in different degrees of civilization, or even to different provinces of the same empire, when it is of such an extent as to bring such



different nations, in various degrees of progress, under one common dominion. They were suggested, in the first instance, to philosophers, by the absurd restrictions on the commerce of grain which existed in France under the old monarchy, and which Turgot and the Economists laboured so assiduously to abolish. There can be no doubt that they were perfectly right in doing so; for France is a compact, homogeneous country, in which the cost of producing subsistence is not materially different in one part from another, and the interests of the whole community are closely identified. The same holds with the interchange of grain between the different provinces of Spain, or of the various parts of the British islands. But the case is widely different with an empire so extensive as, like the British in modern or the Roman in ancient times, to embrace separate kingdoms, in wholly different circumstances of climate, progress, and social condition. Free trade, in such circumstances, must lead to a destruction of important interests, and a total subversion of the balance of society in both the kingdoms subjected to it. To be convinced of this, we have only to look at the present condition of the British, or the past fate of the Roman empire.

It is the boast of our manufacturers—and such a marvel may well afford a subject for exultation—that with cotton which grew on the banks of the Ganges, they can, by the aid of British capital, machinery, and enterprise, undersell, in the production of muslin and cotton goods, the native Indian manufacturers, who work up their fabrics in the close vicinity of the original cotton-fields. The constant and increasing export of British goods to India, two-thirds of which are cotton, demonstrates that this superiority really exists; and that the muslin manufacturers in Hindostan, who work for 3d. a-day on their own cotton, cannot stand the competition of the British operatives, who receive 8s. 6d. a-day, aided as they are by the almost miraculous powers of the steam-engine. Free trade, therefore, is ruinous to the manufacturing interests of India; and accordingly the Parliamentary proceedings are filled with evidence of the extreme misery which has been brought on the native

manufacturers of Hindostan by that free importation of British goods, in which our political economists so much and so fully exult.

The great distance of India from the British islands, the vast expense of transporting bulky articles eight thousand miles across the ocean, have prevented the counterpart of this effect taking place; and the British farmers, feeling the depressing influence of the Indian plough, in like manner as the Indian manufacturers have the ruinous competition of the British steam-engine. But it is clear that, if India had been nearer, the former effect would have taken place as well as the latter. If the shores of Hindostan were within a few days' sail of London and Liverpool, and the Indian cultivators, labouring at 2d. or 3d. a-day, had been brought into direct competition with the British farmers, employing labourers who received two or three shillings, can there be a doubt that the British farmers would have been totally destroyed in the struggle? The English farmers would have been prostrated by the same cause which has ruined the Indian muslin manufacturers. Cheap grain, the fruit of free trade, would have demolished British agriculture as completely as cheap cotton goods, the fruits of unlimited importation, has ruined Indian manufacturing industry.

Is, then, commercial intercourse impossible, on terms of mutual benefit, between states in widely different circumstances of commercial or agricultural advancement; and is the only reciprocity which can exist between them the reciprocity of evil? It is by no means necessary to rest in so unsatisfactory a conclusion. A most advantageous commercial intercourse to both parties may be carried on, but it must not be on the footing of free trade. The foundation of such an intercourse should be, that each should take, on the most favourable terms, the articles which it wants and does not produce, and impose restrictions on those which it wants and does produce. On this principle, trade would be conducted so as to benefit both countries, and injure neither. Thus England may take from India, to the utmost extent, and with perfect safety, sugar, indigo, cotton, tea, spices, clo-



namon, and the more costly species of shawls; while India might take from England some species of cotton manufacture in which they have no fabrics of their own, cutlery, hardware, and all the various luxuries of European manufacture. But a paternal and just government, equally alive to the interests of all its provinces, how far removed soever from the seat of power, would impose restrictions to prevent India being deluged with British cottons, to the ruin of its native manufactures, and to prevent Britain—if the distance did not operate, which it certainly would, as a sufficient protection—from being flooded with Indian grain. The varieties of climate, productions, and wants, in different countries, are such, that commerce, regulated on these principles, might be carried to the greatest extent consistent with the paramount duty of providing in each state for the preservation of its staple articles of industry.

The Roman empire in ancient times afforded the clearest demonstration of the truth of these principles; and the fate of their vast dominion shows, in the most decisive manner, what is the inevitable consequence to which the free trade principles, now so strongly contended for by a party in this country, must lead. Alison is the first modern author with whom we are acquainted, who has traced the decline of the Roman empire in great part to this source. In the tenth volume of his "History of Europe," p. 752, we find the following passage:—

"No nation can pretend to independence which rests for any sensible portion of its subsistence in ordinary seasons on foreign, who may become hostile, nations. And if we would see a memorable example of the manner in which the greatest and most powerful nation may, in the course of ages, come to be paralysed by this cause, we have only to cast our eyes on imperial Rome, when the vast extent of the empire had practically established a free trade in grain with the whole civilized world; and the result was, that cultivation disappeared from the Italian plains, that the race of Roman agriculturists, the strength of the empire, became extinct, that the fields were laboured only by slaves and cattle. The legions could no longer be recruited but from foreign bands, vast tracts of pasture overspread even the

fields of Lombardy and the Campagna of Naples, and it was the plaintive confession of the Roman annalist, that the mistress of the world had come to depend for her subsistence on the floods of the Nile."

This observation has excited, as well it might, the vehement indignation of the free trade journals. The example of the greatest and most powerful nation that ever existed being weakened, and at length ruined by a free trade in corn, afforded too cogent an argument, and was too striking a warning, not to excite the wrath of those who would precipitate Great Britain into a similar course of policy. They have attacked the author, accordingly, with unwonted asperity; and, while they admit the ruin of Italian agriculture in the later stages of the Roman empire, endeavour to ascribe it to the gratuitous distribution of grain to the Roman populace, not the effect of a free importation of grain from its Egyptian and African provinces. The vast importance of the subject has induced us to look into the original authorities to whom Alison refers in support of his observation, and from among them we select three—Tacitus, Gibbon, and Michelet. Tacitus says,

"At Hercule olim ex Italia legionibus longinquas in provincias commeatus portabantur, nec nunc infecunditate laboratur; sed Africam potius et Egyptum exercemus, navibusque et casibus vite populi Romani permixta est."—Tacitus, *Annal.* xii. 43.

Antiquity does not contain a more pregnant and important passage, or one more directly bearing on the present policy of the British empire, than this. It demonstrates: 1, That in former times Italy had been an exporting country: "*olim ex Italia commeatus in longinquas provincias portabantur.*" 2, That at the time when Tacitus wrote, in the days of the Emperor Trajan, it had ceased to be so, and had come to import largely from Africa and Lybia, "*sed nunc Africam potius et Egyptum exercemus.*" 3, That this was not the result of any supervening sterility or unfruitfulness, "*nec nunc infecunditate laboratur,*" but was from causes which made it more profitable to purchase grain in the Egyptian or Lybian markets; "*et*

Africam porius et Egyptum exercemus."

Of the extent to which this decay of agriculture in the central provinces of the Roman empire went, in the latter stages of its history, we have the following striking account in the authentic pages of Gibbon:—

"Since the age of Tiberius the decay of agriculture had been felt in Italy; and it was a just subject of complaint that the life of the Roman people depended on the accidents of the winds and the waves. In the division and decline of the empire, the tributary harvests of Egypt and Africa were withdrawn; the numbers of the inhabitants continually diminished with the means of subsistence: and the country was exhausted by the irretrievable losses of war, pestilence, and famine. Pope Gelasius was a subject of Odoacer, and he affirms, with strong exaggeration, that, in Emilia, Tuscany, and the adjacent provinces, the human species was almost extirpated."—Gibbon, vol. vi. c. xxxvi. p. 235.

Of the progress and extent of this decay, Gibbon gives the following account in another part of his great work:—

"The agriculture of the Roman provinces was insensibly ruined; and in the progress of despotism, which tends to disappoint its own purpose, the emperors were obliged to derive some merit from the forgiveness of debts, or the remission of tributes, which their subjects were utterly incapable of paying. According to the new division of Italy, the fertile and happy province of Campania, the scene of the early victories and of the delicious retirements of the citizens of Rome, extended between the sea and the Apennines, from the Tiber to the Silarius. Within sixty years after the death of Constantine, and on the evidence of an actual survey, an exemption was granted in favour of 330,000 English acres of desert and uncultivated land, which amounted to one-eighth of the whole surface of the province. As the footsteps of the barbarians had not yet been seen in Italy, the cause of this amazing desolation, which is recorded in the laws, (Cod. Theod. lxi. l. 38, l. 2.) can be ascribed only to the administration of the Roman emperors."—Gibbon, vol.

iii. c. xviii. p. 87. Edition in 12 volumes.

Michélot observes, in his late profound and able History of France—

"The Christian emperors could not remedy the growing depopulation of the country any more than their heathen predecessors. All their efforts only showed the impotence of government to arrest that dreadful evil. Sometimes, alarmed at the depopulation, they tried to mitigate the lot of the farmer, to shield him against the landlord; upon this the proprietor exclaimed he could no longer pay the taxes. At other times they abandoned the farmer, surrendered him to the landlord, and strove to chain him to the soil; but the unhappy cultivators perished or fled, and the land became deserted. Even in the time of Augustus, efforts were made to arrest the depopulation at the expense of morals, by encouraging concubinage. Pertinax granted an immunity from taxes to those who could occupy the desert lands of Italy, to the cultivators of the distant provinces, and the allied kings. Aurelian did the same. Probus was obliged to transport from Germany men and oxen to cultivate Gaul.\* Maximian and Constantius transported the Franks and Germans from Picardy and Hainault into Italy: but the depopulation in the towns and the country alike continued. The people surrendered themselves in the fields to despair, as a beast of burden lies down beneath his load and refuses to rise. In vain the emperor strove, by offers of immunities and exemptions, to recall the cultivator to his deserted fields. Nothing could do so. The desert extended daily. At the commencement of the fifth century there was, in the happy Campania, the most fertile province of the empire, 520,000 *juguera* in a state of nature."—Michélot, *Histoire de France*. i. 104–108.

Pursued to its very grave by the same deep-rooted cause of evil, the strength of Italy, even in the last stages of its decay, was still prostrated by the importation of grain from Egypt and Lybia. "The Campagna of Rome," says Gibbon, "about the close of the sixth century, was reduced to the state of a dreary wilderness, in which the land was barren,

\* "Arantur Gallicana rura barbaris boves, et juga Germanica captiva probant colla nigris cultoribus."—*Probi Epist. ad Senatum in Vopisco*.

the waters impure, and the air infectious. Yet the number of citizens still exceeded the measure of subsistence; their precarious food was supplied from the harvests of Egypt and Lybia; and the frequent repetitions of famine betray the inattention of the emperors to a distant province."—Gibbon, vol. viii. c. xlv. 162.

Nor was this desolating scourge of foreign importation confined to Italy; it obtained also in Greece equally with the Ansonian fields, the abode of early riches, opulence, and prosperity. "In the later stages of the empire," says Michelet, "Greece was almost entirely supported by corn raised in the fields of Pontus," (Poland.)—Michelet, l. 277.

Now, let it be recollected that this continual and astonishing decline of agriculture, and disappearance of the rural cultivators in the latter stages of the Roman empire, took place in an empire which contained, as Gibbon tells us, 120,000,000 of inhabitants, and 1600 great cities, was 3000 miles long and 2000 miles broad, contained 1,600,000 square miles, chiefly fertile and well cultivated land, which embraced the fairest and most fertile portions of the earth, and which had been governed for eighty years under the successive sway of Nerva, Adrian, Trajan, and the two Antonines, with consummate wisdom and the most paternal spirit.\* The scourge of foreign war, the devastation of foreign armies, were alike unknown; profound tranquillity pervaded every part of the empire; and a vast inland lake, spreading its ample waters through the heart of the dominion, afforded to all its provinces the most perfect facility of intercourse with the metropolis and the central parts of the empire. Yet this period—the period which Mr Hume has told us the philosophers would select as the happiest the human race had ever known—was precisely that during which agriculture so rapidly declined in the Italian and Grecian fields, during which the sturdy race of free cultivators disappeared, and the plains of Italy were entirely absorbed by pasturage, and

maintained only vast herds of cattle tended by slaves.

What was it, then, which in an empire containing so immense a population, and such boundless resources, drawn from, and developed by, so wise and beneficent a race of emperors, occasioned this constant and uninterrupted decay of agriculture, and at length the total destruction of the rural population in the heart of the empire? How did it happen that Italian cultivation receded, as Tacitus and Gibbon tell us it did, from the time of Tiberius; and equally under the wisdom of the Antonines, as the tyranny of Nero, or the civil wars of Vitellius? Some general and durable cause must have been in operation during all this period, which at first depressed, and at length totally destroyed, the numerous body of free Italian cultivators who so long had constituted the strength of the legions, and had borne the Roman eagles, conquering and to conquer, to the very extremities of the habitable earth. The cause is apparent. It was the free importation of Egyptian and Lybian grain; consequent on the extension of the Roman dominion over their fertile fields, which effected the result. Were England to extend its conquering arms over Poland and the Ukraine, and, as a necessary consequence, expose the British farmer to the unrestrained competition of Polish and Russian wheat, precisely the same result would ensue. If the shores of Hindostan were within three or four days' sail of the mouth of the Thames, as those of Lybia were from the mouth of the Tiber, this result would long ago have taken place. Let Polish and Russian grain be admitted without a protecting duty into the British harbours, as Lybian and Egyptian were into those of Italy, and we shall soon see the race of cultivators disappear from the fields of England as they did from those of old Rome, and the words of Tacitus will, by a mere change of proper names, become a picture of our condition; three hundred thousand acres will soon be reduced to a state of nature in Kent

\* Quingena viginti octo millia quadringenta duo jugera, quæ Campania provincia, juxta inspectorum relationem, in desertis et squalidis locis habere dignoscitur, eodem provincialibus concessum."—Cod. Theod. lxi. l. 2382.

† Gibbon, chap. l. 44.



and Norfolk, as they were in the Campania Felix. "Nec ulla infecunditate laboramus, Podolium potius et Scythiam exerceamus, navibusque et castris, vitæ pecullæ Angliæ pericula est."

The free traders allege that the decay of agriculture in the central provinces of the Roman empire, to which, by the concurring testimony of all historians, the ruin of the dominion of the Cæsars was chiefly owing, is to be ascribed, not to the free importation of grain from Egypt, Podolia, and Lybia, but to the tyranny of the emperors, the gratuitous distribution of grain to the Roman populace, and the dreadful evils of domestic slavery. A very slight consideration, however, must be sufficient to show that these causes, how powerful soever in producing general evils over the empire, could not have been instrumental in occasioning those peculiar and separate causes of depression, which so early began to check, and at length totally destroyed, the agriculture of its central provinces.

The tyranny of the Cæsars, the oppression of the Proconsuls, the avarice of the Patricians, were general evils, affecting alike every part of the empire; or rather they were felt with more severity in the remote provinces than the districts nearer home, in consequence of the superior opportunities of escape which distance from the central government afforded to iniquity, and the lesser chance of success which the insurrection of a remote province held forth to the "wild revenge" of rebellion. Muscovite oppression, accordingly, is more severely felt at Odessa or Taganrog than St Petersburg; and British rule is far from being restrained by the same considerations of justice on the banks of the Ganges or the Indus, as on those of the Thames. The gratuitous distribution of grain by the emperors to the populace of Rome, could never have occasioned the ruin of the Italian cultivators. Supposing that the two or three hundred thousand lazy and turbulent plebeians, who were nourished by the bounty or fed by the terrors of the Cæsars, were the most useless, worthless, and dan-

gerous set of men that ever existed, (which they probably were,) that circumstance could never have uprooted the race of cultivators from the plains of Lombardy, Umbria, or the Campania Felix. The greatest possible good to a nation, according to the free trader, is cheap grain, and never more so than when it is purchased or imported from foreign growers. If this be true, the importation of the harvests of Egypt and Africa into the Italian harbours, either by the voluntary purchase of the Roman emperors, or the forced tribute in grain which they exacted from those provinces, must have been the greatest possible benefit to the Italian people. How then, if there be no mischief in such foreign importations, is it possible to ascribe the ruin of Italian cultivation, and with it of the Roman empire, to these forced contributions? If the free traders have recourse to such an argument, they concede the very point in dispute, and admit that the introduction of foreign grain is injurious, and may in the end prove fatal, to the agriculture and existence of a state.

Slavery, though a great evil, will as little explain the peculiar and extraordinary decline of Italian and Grecian cultivation in the later stages of the Roman empire. The greater part of the labour of the ancient world, as every one knows, was conducted by means of slaves. They were slaves who held the plough, and tilled the land, and tended the flocks, equally in Lybia, in Campania, in Egypt, as in Umbria. Nay, the number of freemen, at least in the days of the Roman Republic, and the earlier periods of the empire, was incomparably greater in Italy and Greece, the abode of celebrated, powerful, and immortal republics, than in Lybia and Egypt, which from the earliest times had been subject to the despotic sway of satraps, kings, and tyrants. So numerous were the free citizens of Rome in the early days of the empire, that, by the census of Claudius, we are told by Gibbon they amounted to 6,945,000 men,\* the greater proportion of whom, of course, were residents in Italy, the seat of

\* Gibbon, chap. i. 68.



government, and the centre of wealth, power, and enjoyment. While so great was the multitude of free citizens which the Republic bequeathed to the empire, resident and exercising unfettered industry in Italy, the cultivators of Africa and Egypt were all serfs and slaves, toiling, like the West Indian negroes, beneath the lash of a master. How, then, did it happen that the labour of the Italian freeman was disused, and at length extinguished, while that of the African and Egyptian slaves continued to furnish grain for Italy down to the very latest period of the empire? We are told that the labour of freemen is cheaper than that of slaves; and the free traders will probably not dispute that proposition. It could not, therefore, have been the slavery of antiquity which ruined Italian agriculture, carried on, in part at least, by freemen: since African agriculture, the fruits entirely of slavery, continued to flourish down to the very last days of the Roman world.

The severe taxation of the emperors is justly stated by Gibbon and Sismondi, as well as Michelet, as a principal cause of the decline of Italian agriculture: but very little consideration is required to show, that this cause is inadequate to explain this ruin of cultivation in the Italian plains, when it continued to flourish and maintain the chief cities of the empire with food, in Egypt and Lybia. Heavy as it was, and oppressive as it ultimately became, it was equal: it was the same every where; it might, therefore, satisfactorily explain the general decline of rural industry through the empire, and doubtless had a large share in contributing to its downfall; but it cannot explain the particular ruin of it, in the central provinces of this vast dominion, while it continued, down to the very last moment, to flourish in its remote dependencies.

But the taxation of the empire, when coupled with the free importation of grain from these distant dependencies, does afford a most satisfactory, and, in truth, the true explanation of the ruin of Italian and Grecian culti-

vation. It was a fixed principle of Roman taxation, that the duties allotted on a particular district should remain fixed, how much lower the inhabitants or industry of the province might decline. When, therefore, by the constant importation of Egyptian and African grain, raised at half the cost at which they could produce it, the Italian cultivators were deprived of a remunerating return, and the taxes exacted from each district underwent no diminution, it is not surprising that the small farmers and proprietors were ruined; that they took refuge in the industry and crowds of cities, and that the race of freemen disappeared from the country. A similar process is now going on in the Turkish provinces. But without undervaluing—on the contrary, attaching full weight to this circumstance—nothing can be clearer than that it was the ruinous competition of foreign grain, raised cheaper than they could produce it, which rendered the same taxation crushing on the Italian farmers, which was borne with comparative facility in the remoter provinces, where land was more fertile, and labour less expensive. An example, *à fortiori*, applied to the British empire, where the free traders wish us to admit a free importation of grain from Poland and the Ukraine, where not only is labour cheap but taxation trifling, into the British islands, where not only is labour dear but taxation is five times more burdensome.

And for a decisive proof that it was the superior advantages which Egypt and Lybia enjoyed in the production of grain, and not any other causes, which occasioned the ruin of Italian agriculture, and with it the fall of the Roman empire, we have only to look to the condition of the Italian fields in the last stages of the government of the Cæsars. Already, in the time of the elder Pliny, it had become a subject of complaint that the great properties were ruining Italy—a sure proof, when the great division of estates in the days of the Republic—when, literally speaking, “every rood had its man”—that some general and

\* “Verumque constantibus latifundia perdidere Italiam.”—Pliny, *Hist. Nat.* xviii. 7.

irreversible cause, affecting the remuneration of their industry, was exterminating the small proprietors. Ere long, cultivators ceased entirely in the country, and the huge estates of the nobles were cultivated exclusively in pasturage, and by means of slaves. "La classe," says Michelet, "*des petits cultivateurs peu à peu a disparu; les grands propriétaires qui leur succéderent y suppléèrent par des esclaves.*"\* It is recorded by Ammianus Marcellinus, that when Rome was taken by the Goths, it contained 1,200,000 inhabitants, and was mainly supported by 1780 great families, who cultivated their ample estates in Italy in pasturage, by means of slaves.† For centuries before, the threat of blockading the Tiber had been found to be the most effectual way of coercing the Roman populace; and whenever it took place, famine ensued, not only in Rome, but the Italian provinces. The diminution of its agricultural produce had long before, been stated by Columella at *nine-tenths*, and by Varro at *three-fourths*, of what at one period had been raised. Yet such was the wealth of the Roman nobles, derived from pasturage, that some of them had L.160,000 a-year.‡ Agriculture, therefore, was destroyed; grain was no longer raised in Italy; Rome was wholly dependent on foreign supplies—but pasturage was undecayed; and colossal fortunes were enjoyed by a wealthy race of great proprietors, who managed their vast estates by means of slaves, and had bought up and absorbed the properties of the whole free cultivators in the country. Such was the effect—such was the result—of a free trade in grain in ancient times.

The free traders seem not insensible to these inevitable results of their favourite principles; but they meet them by describing such consequences as rather advantageous than injurious. If England, say they, can raise iron and cotton goods cheaper than Poland, and Poland and Russia grain cheaper than England, then the interests of each require that they should follow

out these branches of industry, and it is impolitic to strive against it. Let, then, England admit foreign grain on a nominal duty, and this will in the end induce Russia and Prussia to admit English manufactured goods on equally favourable terms; and thus the real interests of both countries will in the end be promoted.

There are two objections to this system. In the first place, it is impracticable if it were expedient. In the second, it is inexpedient if it were practicable.

It is impracticable if it were expedient. Theoretical writers may coolly discuss in their closets the total destruction of various important branches of industry, the "absorption" of the persons engaged in them in other pursuits, and the transference of national capital and industry from agriculture to manufactures, and *vice versa*; but it is impossible to effect such changes by the voluntary act of government, even in the most despotic country. We say by the voluntary act of government: because there is no doubt that it may be effected, though at an enormous sacrifice of life, wealth, and happiness, by the silent and unobserved operation of the laws of nature, which are irresistible; as was the case with the transference of industry from agriculture to pasturage, under the effect of free trade in grain in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean, in the later stages of the Roman empire; or from manufactures to agriculture, from the consequences of the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope in the Italian republics in modern times. But no government, not even that of the Czar Peter or Sultan Mahmoud, could succeed in destroying or nipping in the bud branches of national industry, by simple acts of the legislature or sovereign authority, not imposed by external and irresistible authority. The Emperor Paul tried it, and got a sash twisted about his neck, according to the established fashion of that country, for his pains. The Whigs tried it, and were turned out of office in con-

MICHELET, i. 96.

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS, c. xvi.—See also GIBBON, vi. 264.

GIBBON, vi. 262.

sequence. All the governments of Europe, despotic, constitutional, and democratic, meet our concessions, in favour of free trade, by increased protection to their manufacturers. They dare not destroy their rising commercial wealth any more than we dare destroy our old colossal agricultural investments. The republicans of America even exceed them in the race of tariffs and protection. Sixty-two per cent has lately been laid on our British iron goods in return for Sir Robert Peel's tariff; a similar duty on iron and cotton goods, it is well known, is contemplated in the Prussian leagues in Germany. The British government has at length, through its prime minister, spoken out firmly in support of the existing corn-laws. The feeling of the agricultural counties, as evinced at the late meetings, left them no alternative. All nations, under all varieties of government, situation, race, and political circumstances, concur in rising up to resist the doctrines of free trade. Necessity has enlightened, experience has taught them: a very clear motive urges them on, which is not likely to decline in strength with the progress of time—it is the instinct of self-preservation.

Such a system as the free traders advocate, if practicable, would be to the last degree inexpedient.

What would be its result? Why, that one country would become wholly, or in great part, agricultural, and the other wholly, or in great part, manufacturing. Is this a result desirable to either? Admitting that a city or small state, which has no territory which can furnish any considerable proportion of the subsistence which it requires, like Holland, may do well to attend exclusively to manufactures and commerce; or a country which, by the rigour of nature, or the remoteness of its situation, cannot attain to commercial or manufacturing greatness, would do well to attend exclusively to the cultivation or production of the earth; the question which here occurs—Is such a system advisable or expedient for a nation which has received from the bounty of nature the means of rising to greatness in both—such as Great Britain,

Russia, or Prussia? The free traders would have England sacrifice its agriculture to its manufactures, and Russia sacrifice its manufactures to its agriculture. Would such a system, benefit, either? Would England be happier or richer, more stable or more equal, if the already colossal amount of its manufactures were trebled; or Russia, if its rising iron and woollen fabrics were destroyed, and its industry confined exclusively to the slow return of agricultural labour? Is it desirable that the zone of tall chimneys, sickly faces, brick houses, and crowded jails, which at present spans across the whole of England and part of Scotland, should be doubled and trebled in breadth, and the fertile fields of Kent, Norfolk, and East Lothian, be reduced to vast unenclosed pastures, such as overspread Italy in the later stages of the Roman empire? Or is it desirable to Russia and Prussia that they should be for ever chained to the labour of hours, sows, and shepherds, and all the vivifying and unimportant effects of commercial wealth be denied to their exertions? Nature has designed, experience recommends, a very different system. History tells us in all parts of the world, that it is in the intermixture of commerce and agriculture that the best security is to be found for social happiness and advancement, and the most effectual antidote provided to the evils with which either, when existing alone, is so prone. Mr McCulloch has told us, that the commerce and manufactures of Great Britain have now risen to such a prodigious height, that any further extension of them is undesirable, and that no real patriot would have desired them to have become so extensive as they already are. Is it desirable, in such a state of matters, to go on increasing the same splendid but perilous system, and to do so at the expense of the great pillar of national wealth, security, and independence—the land of the state?

Further, the proposed system is pernicious even with reference to the national wealth and interests of the manufacturers themselves, as tending to undermine the main branches of our national resources, and especially



to an inferior, to injure the superior market for our manufacturing industry.

In the meetings where they address the agricultural constituencies, the free traders hold out that their measures would benefit the manufacturers, and not injure the agriculturists; yet nothing can be clearer than that this is a mere shallow pretext, put forth to conceal their real objects, and the effect of their measures, and that the result they really anticipate is no different from that as the poles are asunder. What is the benefit they hold out to the community, as an inducement to go into their measures? Cheap grain. What is the motive which stimulates all their efforts, and which, among themselves and in private conversation with all men of sense, they at once admit is their ruling object? *Reduced wages*, the hope of extending our export in foreign countries by taking an additional quantity of their rude produce; and diminishing the cost of production to our manufacturers by lowering the price of food, and with it the wages of labour. The whole strength of their case rests in these propositions. Their influence over the urban multitudes arises solely from the continual reiteration of these alluring hopes. If these effects are not to follow free trade and the efforts of the League, in the name of Heaven, what good are they to do, and why do they agitate the country and subscribe to the League fund? Sensible men do not throw away £100,000 for nothing, for no benefit to themselves or others. But these prospects are as fallacious as they are alluring, and so a very few observations will demonstrate.

Considered in a national point of view, if the matter is brought to this issue, the great question is—Whether agriculture or manufactures are the superior interests in the production of national wealth. Admitting that the true policy for government is to protect all the branches of national industry, and stoutly contending, as we do, and ever shall do, that the real and ultimate interests of all is the same, and cannot be separated—the question comes to be, if one fiercely demands the sacrifice of the other, and insists that its interests are so weighty and

momentous that all others must be sacrificed to them, which of the two thus placed in jeopardy is the most momentous? which brings in most to the national treasury? Now, on this point the facts are as adverse to the arguments of the League, as on all other branches of their case.

Take the sum total of manufactures in Great Britain and Ireland, accompanied with the sum total of agricultural production, in order to discover which of the two is the more valuable interest—in order that it may be discovered, if matters are brought to that issue that one or other must be abandoned, which is to be sacrificed. The choice of a wise government could not be doubtful, if it were necessary to make the selection. The agricultural production of the British islands amount to L.300,000,000 a-year, while the sum total of manufactures of every description is only L.180,000,000. Nor can it be said, with any degree of truth, that the agriculture of the country is dependent for its existence on its manufactures, and would decline if they were materially injured; for the example of modern Italy and Flanders proves, that three centuries ago a country has ceased to be the chief in manufacturing or commercial industry, it may advance with undiminished vigour and success in the production of agricultural riches.

But this is not all. The statistical documents which have now been prepared with so much care by Parliament, and published by the accurate and indefatigable Mr Porter, himself a decided free trader, demonstrate that, of the manufacturing productions, nearly three-fourths are taken off by the home market, and four-fifths by the home and colonial market taken together, leaving only one-fifth for the whole foreign markets of the world put together—

“The total amount of British manufactures annually produced is about £180,000,000 worth, of which only £47,000,000 is taken off by the whole external trade of the world put together, while no less than £133,000,000 is consumed in the home market; and of the foreign consumption, fully a third is absorbed by the British Colonies, in different parts of the world. So that the home and colonial trade is to the



whole foreign put together as 5 to 1. And, while the total produce of manufactures is £180,000,000 annually, and of mines and minerals £18,776,000, the amount of agricultural produce annually extracted from the soil is not less than £300,000,000; or a half more than the whole manufactures and mines put together."

Further, if we compare the proportion purchased of our manufactures, which is taken off by foreign nations, for the export to whom we are required to make the sacrifice of our domestic agriculture, with what is consumed by our own native population, whether in the British islands or in our colonies of British descent, the difference is prodigious, and such as might well, even for their own sake, make the Anti-corn-law League pause in their career of violence. From the tables compiled from Porter's *Parliamentary Tables*, and the population of the different states to whom we export, taken from Malte Brun and Bulli, it appears, that while the British population, whether at home or abroad, consume from £3 to £5 a-head worth of our manufactures, the foreign nations to whom we are willing to sacrifice the British agriculturists, take off per head ONLY AS MANY PENNY. In preferring the one to the other, therefore, we are, literally speaking, penny wise and pound foolish.

We have shown how agriculture was ruined in the Roman empire in Italy, by the free importation of grain from the Lybian and Egyptian provinces of the empire. As a contrast to that woful progress, the main cause of the destruction of the empire of the Cæsars, we request the attention of our readers to the progress of British exports in official value, which indicates their amount from 1790 to 1840, premising that the whole of that period was one of protection to the British agriculturist; during the first twenty years of the period, by the effects of the war—during the last twenty-five, by the operation of the corn law and sliding scale, introduced in 1814. We recommend the advocates of free trade to search the annals of the world for a similar instance of progress and prosperity flowing from, or co-existent with, the practical adoption of their principles.

These facts, which, by both, are altogether decisive of the present question, point to the great errors from which the errors of the free trade party are derived, and which appear, in an especial manner, their favourite position, that cheap prices is an untitled blessing, and that the great thing to attend to is to increase our imports. Cheap prices of grain are like the Amreeta cup in Keshava; the greatest of all blessings is the greatest of all curses, according as they arise from magnitude of domestic production, or magnitude of foreign importation. Of the first we had an example during the five fine years in succession, from 1830 to 1835, during which the foreign importation was practically abolished by the abundant harvests, and consequent high duty on grain under the sliding scale. This was a period, as all the world knows, of universal and unexampled commercial prosperity. Of the second we had a memorable example during the five bad years in succession, which elapsed from 1836 to 1840, in the course of which the corn laws, from the effect of the same sliding scale, and the continued low prices, were practically abolished; and importations, at the close of the period, amounted to 2,500,000 quarters, and, on an average of the whole, was little short of 2,000,000 of quarters. And what was the result? The exportation of 6,000,000 of sovereigns in a single year to buy grain; an unexampled pressure on the money market; commercial embarrassments, long-continued, and severe beyond all former precedent; the contraction of ten millions of additional debt in four years, and the creation of a deficit which at length rose to the formidable amount, in 1842, of £4,000,000 sterling! And what first dispelled this distress, and arrested this downward and disastrous progress? The fine harvests of 1842—the blessed sun of its long summer, followed by the more checkered, but also fine summer of 1843, which again gave us plenty, derived from domestic production, and consequent general and increasing manufacturing as well as rural prosperity.

It is in vain, therefore, to say, cheap prices are a blessing in them-

selves, and the consumers at least are ever benefited by a fall in the cost of grain. Cheap prices are a real blessing if that effect consists with prosperity to the producer, as by improved methods of cultivation or manufacture, or the benignity of nature in giving fine seasons. But cheap prices are the greatest of all evils, and to none more than the consumers, if they are the result, not of the magnitude of domestic production, but of the magnitude of foreign importation. It was that sort of cheap prices which ruined the Roman empire, from the destruction of the agriculture of Italy, it is that sort of cheap prices which has ruined the Indian weavers, from the disastrous competition of the British steam-engine; it is that sort of low prices which has so grievously de-

pressed British shipping, from the disastrous competition of the Baltic vessels under the reciprocity system. It is in vain for the consumers to say, we will separate our case from that of the producers, and care not, so as we get low prices, what comes of them. Where will the consumers be, and that ere long, if the producers are destroyed? What will be the condition of the landlords if their farmers are ruined? or of bondholders if their debtors are bankrupt? or of railway proprietors if traffic ceases? or of owners of bank stock if bills are no longer presented for discount? or of the 3 per cents if Government, by the failure of the productive industry of the country, is rendered bankrupt? The consumers all rest on the producers, and must sink or swim with them.

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VOL. LV.

## THE PIRATES OF SEGNA.

A TALE OF VENICE AND THE ADRIATIC. IN TWO PARTS.

### PART II.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE BATTLE OF THE BRIDGE.

THE time occupied by the events detailed in the three preceding chapters, had been passed by Antonio in a state of self-exile from his master's studio. Conscious of having disobeyed the earnest injunctions of Contarini, the weakness of his character withheld him alike from confessing his fault, and from encountering the penetrating gaze of the old painter. Neglecting thus his usual occupation, he passed his days in his gondola, wandering about the canals in the hope of again meeting with the mysterious being who had made such an impression on his excitable fancy. Hitherto all his researches had been fruitless; but although day after day passed without his finding the smallest trace of her he sought, his repeated disappointments seemed only to increase the obstinacy with which he continued the search.

The incognita not only engrossed all his waking thoughts, but she still haunted him in his dreams. Scarcely a night passed that her wrinkled countenance did not hover round his pillow, now partially shrouded by the ample veil, then again fully exposed and apparently exulting in its unearthly ugliness; or else peering at him from behind the drapery that covered the walls of his apartment. In vain did he attempt to address the vision, or to follow it as it gradually receded and finally melted away into distance.

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It was from a dream of this description that he was one morning awakened by his faithful gondolier Jacopo. The sun was shining brightly through his chamber windows, and he heard an unusual degree of noise and bustle upon the canal without.

"Up, Signor mio!" cried the gondolier joyously, and with a mixture of respect and affectionate familiarity in his tone and manner. "Up, Signor Antonio! You were not wont to oversleep yourself on the day of the Bridge Fight. All Venice is hastening thither. Quick, quick! or we shall never be able to make our way through the press of gondolas."

The words of the gondolier reminded Antonio that this was the day appointed for the celebration of a festival, which for weeks past had been looked forward to with the greatest impatience and interest, by Venetians of all ranks, ages, and sexes; a festival which he himself was in the habit of regularly attending, though on this occasion his preoccupied thoughts and feelings had made him utterly unconscious that it was so near at hand.

Although the ancient and bitter hatred of the Guelphs and Ghibellines had died away, and the factions which divided northern Italy had sunk into insignificance, nearly a century before this period, the memory of their feud was still kept up by their great-grandchildren, and Venice was still divided

these two parties or communities, separated from each other by the grand canal. Those who dwelt on the western or land side of this boundary were styled the Nicolotti, after the parish of San Nicolo; while those on the eastern or sea side took the appellation of Castellani, from the district of Castello. Not only the inhabitants of the city itself, but those of the suburbs and neighbouring country, were included in these two denominations; the people from Mestre and the country round it, styling themselves under the banners of the Nicolotti, while those from the islands were strenuous Castellani.

The frequent and sanguinary conflicts of the Guelphs and Ghibellines were now replaced and commemorated by a popular festival, occurring sometimes once, sometimes oftener in the year; usually in the autumn or spring. "In order that," says an old chronicler of the time, "the heat being less great at those seasons, the blood of the combatants should not become too heated and the fight too dangerous." "Also on cloudy days," says the same authority, "that the spectators might not be molested by the sun; and on Sundays or Saints' days, that the people thereby might not be hindered from their occupations." On these occasions one of the numerous bridges was selected as the scene of the mock combat that constituted the chief amusement of the day. The quays afforded good standing-room to the spectators; and here, under the inspection of judges appointed by the people, the two parties met, and disputed for supremacy in a battle, in which, however, no more dangerous weapons than fists were allowed to be brought into play.

It was not the populace alone that divided itself into these two factions. Accordingly as the palaces of the nobles stood on the one or the other side of the canal, were their owners Castellani or Nicolotti, although their partiality existed but in jest, and only showed itself in the form of encouragement to their respective parties. The lower orders, however, were in good-humour, not un-  
usually turned to bitter earnest, and even fatal results.

perhaps still more with a view to make them forget, in a temporary and boundless license, the strict subjection in which they were habitually held, the senate was induced to permit the continuance of a diversion, which from the local arrangements of Venice, the narrowness of the streets and bridges, and the depth of the largest canals, was unavoidably dangerous, and almost inevitably attended with loss of life.

Hastily dressing himself, Antonio hurried into his gondola in order to proceed to the bridge of San Barnaba, opposite to the church of the same name and to the Foscari palace, that being the spot appointed for the combat. The canal of the Giudecca was one black mass of gondolas, which rendered even a casual glimpse of the water scarcely obtainable; and it was amidst the cries of the gondoliers and the noise of boats knocking against each other, that the young painter passed the Dogana and reached the grand canal. There the crowd became so dense, that Jacopo, seeing the impossibility of passing, turned aside in time, and making a circuit, entered the Rio de San Trovaso, whence, through innumerable narrow canals, he succeeded in reaching the scene of the approaching conflict.

The combatants were attending mass, and had not yet made their appearance. Wonderfully great, however, was the concourse of spectators already assembled. Since sunrise they had been thronging thither from all sides, eager to secure places which might afford them a good view of the fight. Every roof, gable, and chimney had its occupants; not a projection however small, not a wall however lofty and perilous, but was covered with people, for the most part provided with baskets of provisions, and evidently determined to sit or stand out the whole of the spectacle. In the anxiety to obtain good places, the most extraordinary risks were run, and feats of activity displayed. Here might be seen individuals clambering up perpendicular buildings, by the aid of ledges and projections which appeared far too narrow to afford either grasp or foot-hold; others on some herculean pedestal or post, perched as high as a house of cards, and supported by the arms of the crowd, who, scrambling over each other's



shoulders, attained in this manner some seemingly inaccessible position. The sea-faring habits of the Venetian populace, who were accustomed from boyhood to climb the masts and rigging of vessels, now stood them in good stead; and notwithstanding all the noise, confusion, and apparent peril, it was very rarely that an accident occurred.

Under the red awnings covering the balconies and flat roofs of the palaces, were seated groups of ladies, whose rich dresses, glittering with the costliest jewels and embroidery, appeared the more magnificent from being contrasted with the black attire of the grave patricians who accompanied them. But perhaps the most striking feature of this striking scene was to be found in the custom of masking, then almost universal in Venice, and the origin of which may be traced in great part to dread of the Inquisition and of its jarring enquiries into the actions and affairs of individuals. Amidst the sea of faces that thronged roofs, windows, balconies, streets, and quays, the minority only were uncovered, and the immense collection of masks, of every form and colour, had something in it peculiarly fantastic and unnatural, conveying an impression that the wearers mimicked human nature rather than belonged to it.

Venice, whose trade and men were at this period greatly on the decline, saw nevertheless, on occasions like the present, strangers from the most opposite nations of Europe, and even Asia, mingling peaceably on her canals. Here were Turks in their bright red caftans and turbans, there Armenians in long black robes; and Jews, whose habitually greedy and crafty countenances had for the nonce assumed an expression of eager curiosity and expectation. The mercantile spirit of the Venetians prevented them from extending to individuals the quarrels of states; and although the republic was then at war with Spain, more than one superb *hidalgo* might be seen, wrapped in his national gravity as in a mantle, and affecting a total disregard of the blunt or hostile observations made within his hearing by sailors of the Venetian navy, or by individuals smarting under the loss of

ships and cargoes captured by Spanish galleys.

Scattered here and there amongst the crowd, Antonio's searching eye soon remarked a number of men, to whom, accustomed as he was to analyse the heterogeneous composition of a Venetian mob, he was yet at a loss to assign any distinct class or country. Their sunburnt and strongly marked features were partially hidden by the folds of ample cloaks, in which they kept themselves closely muffled; and it appeared to Antonio, that in their selection of places they were more anxious to escape observation than to obtain a good view of the approaching fight. In the dark patches of shadow thrown by the overhanging balconies, in the recesses of deep and gloomy portals, or peering out from the entrance of some narrow and tortuous alley, these men were grouped, silent, scowling, and alone, and apparently known to none of the surrounding crowd. But suspicious as were the appearance and deportment of the persons in question Antonio's thoughts were too much engrossed by another and far more interesting subject, to accord them much attention. He nourished the hope of discovering amongst the multitude assembled around him, the mysterious being who had taken so strong a hold on his imagination. Vainly, however, did he scan every balcony and window, and strain his eyes to distinguish the faces of the more distant of the assembled flames. More than once the flutter of a white robe, or a momentarily fancied resemblance of figure, made his heart beat high with expectation, until a second glance destroyed his hopes; and the turning of a head or drawing aside of a veil, disclosed the blooming features of some youthful beauty, to which, in his then state of mind, the wrinkled and weathered visage of the *incognita* would have been infinitely preferable.

While the young painter was thus fluctuating between hope and disappointment, several lads with ~~arms~~, or but slightly ~~armed~~ <sup>clothed</sup>, were giving the spectators forecasts of the approaching combat, and, encouraged by the ~~crowd~~ which was liberally ~~rewarded~~ <sup>making violent</sup> ~~another of the lads~~.

of partnership would induce some of the bystanders to come to the aid of those who seemed likely to be defeated—an interference that was repressed by the ædiles stationed at either end of the bridge, who did their utmost to enforce the laws of this popular tournament. Notwithstanding their efforts, however, the *mostra* or *duello* between two persons, by which the combat should begin, was often converted into the *frotta* or *mêlée*, in which all pressed forward without order. The first advantage was held to be—for one of the combatants to draw blood, if it were only a single drop, from the nose or mouth of his opponent. Loud applause rewarded the skill and vigour of him who succeeded in throwing his adversary into the canal; but the clamour became deafening when a champion was found who maintained his station in the centre of the bridge, without any of the opposite party venturing to attack him. This feat won the highest honour that could be obtained; and he who achieved it retired from his post amid the waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and the enthusiastic cheers of the gratified spectators.

At length the bell of the Campanile announced that mass was over, and presently, out of two opposite streets that had been purposely kept clear, the combatants emerged, pressing forward in eager haste towards the bridge; their arms naked to the shoulders, their breasts protected by leather doublets, and their heads by closely fitting caps—their dress altogether as light as possible, and well adapted to the struggle in which they were about to engage. The loud hum of the multitude was hushed on their appearance, and the deepest silence reigned while the ædiles marshaled them to their respective places, on which they planted themselves in threatening attitudes, their broad and muscular chests expanded, their fists clenched, their feet seeming to grasp the ground on which they stood.

A loud flourish of trumpets gave the signal of the onset, and with inconceivable impetuosity the two parties threw themselves on each other. In spite, however, of the fury and violence of the shock, neither side gained an inch of ground. The bridge was completely filled with men from

end to end, and from side to side; there was no parapet or barrier of any kind to prevent the combatants from pushing one another into the canal; yet so equally balanced was the strength of the two parties, that after nearly half an hour's struggle very few men had been thrown from the bridge, and not the smallest advantage had been obtained either by Castellani or Nicolotti. Those in the rear, who had as yet done nothing, but push the others forward, now came to the front, and the combat was renewed with fresh vigour, but for a long time without any result. Again and again were the combatants changed; but it was past noon before Antonio, whose thoughts had been gradually diverted from the incognita by the struggle that was going on, perceived symptoms of weariness amongst those indefatigable athletes. Here and there a knee was seen to bend, or a muscular form to sink, under some well-directed blow, or before a sudden rush of the opposite party. First one, then another of the combatants was hurled from the bridge into the canal, an immersion that, dripping with perspiration as they were, not unfrequently caused death or severe illness. Nevertheless the fury of the fight seemed rather to increase than diminish. So long as only a man here and there fell into the water, they were dragged out by their friends; and the spectators even seemed to feel pity and sympathy for the unfortunates, as they saw them carried along, some covered with blood, others paralysed by the sudden cold, with faces pale as death and limbs stiff and rigid. But as the fury and violence of the combatants augmented, the bystanders forgot every other feeling in the excitement of the fight, about the result of which they seemed as anxious as those who were actively engaged in it. Even women might be seen encouraging those who were driven back, and urging them once more to the charge; applauding and cheering them on when they advanced, and assailing those who hung back with vehement reproaches. The uproar and shouting, shrieks and yells, exceeded any thing that could be imagined. The partisans had not completely mixed together; and, instead of the struggle

being confined to the foremost ranks of the contending parties, the whole bridge was now one coil of raging combatants. Men fell into the canal by scores, but no one thought of rendering them any assistance. Their places were immediately filled up, and the fight lost none of its fury from their absence.

Evening was now approaching, and the combat was more violent than it had yet been, or than it had for years been known to be, when Antonio saw the cloaked and mysterious individuals who had already attracted his attention, emerge from their lurking-places, and disappear in different directions. Presently he thought he observed some of them on the bridge mingling with the combatants, whose blind rage prevented them from noticing the intrusion. Wherever they passed, there did the fight augment in obstinacy and fury. Suddenly there was a violent rush upon the bridge, a frightful outcry, and a clash of steel. At the same moment the blades of several swords and daggers were seen crossed and glittering upon the bridge, without its being possible for any one to divine whence the weapons came. The spectators, seized with a panic fear, fled in every direction, and sprang in crowds from the quays to seek shelter under the awnings of the gondolas covering the canal. In vain did the gondoliers resist the intrusion of the fugitives: all considerations of rank and property were lost sight of in the terror of the moment, and some of the boats sank under the weight of the multitudes that poured into them. In their haste to get away, the gondolas impeded each other, and became wedged together in the canal; and amidst the screams of the ladies and angry exclamations of the men, the gondoliers laid down their oars and began to dispute the precedence with blows. Meanwhile the people on the roofs of the houses, believing themselves in safety, espoused different sides, and threw stones and bricks at each other, and at those standing below. In an incredibly short time houses were entirely unroofed, and a perfect storm of tiles rained upon the quays and streets. Those who had first fled, when they attained what appeared a safe distance, halted to look on, and thus prevented

others from getting away. Antonio was amongst the number whose escape was thus impeded. His gondolier lay at the bottom of the boat, stunned by a blow from a stone; he himself was bruised and wounded by the missiles that fell in all directions.

The tumult was at its height when suddenly a sound was heard that had a truly magical effect upon the rioters, for such they might now be termed. The alarm-bell of St Mark's rang out its awful peal. In an instant the yells of defiance were hushed; the arm that was already drawn back to deal a blow fell harmless by its owner's side, the storm of missiles ceased, the contending factions parted, and left the combat undecided. The habit of obedience and the intimation of some danger to the city, stilled in an instant the rage of party feeling, and combatants and spectators alike hurried away in the direction of St Mark's place, the usual point of rendezvous on such occasions.

Jacopo had now recovered his senses, and Antonio's gondola was one of the first which reached the square in front of the cathedral. Thence the young painter at once discovered the cause of the alarm. Smoke and flame were issuing from some buildings on the opposite island of San Giorgio Maggiore, where the greater part of the merchants' warehouses were situated. Thither the crowd of gondolas now steered, and Antonio found himself carried along with the stream. But although the fire was already beginning to subside before the prompt measures taken to subdue it, the alarm-bell kept clanging on; and Antonio soon perceived that there must be some other point of danger to which it was intended to turn the attention of the people. Gazing about for some indication of its source, he saw several gondolas hurrying towards the grand canal, on which most of the palaces of the nobles were situated, and he ordered Jacopo to steer in the same direction.

On reaching the palazzo of the Malipieri family, a strange scene presented itself to him. The open space between the side of the palace and the adjacent church of San Samuele, was crowded with men engaged in a furious and sanguinary combat. At one of the windows of the palace, a



tall man in a flowing white robe, with a naked sabre in one hand and a musketoon in the other, which, from the smoke still issuing from its muzzle, had apparently just been discharged, stood defending himself desperately against a band of fierce and bearded ruffians, who swarmed up a rope ladder fixed below the window. The person making so gallant a defence was the Senator Malipiero; the assailants were Uzcoques from the fortress of Segna.

The arrival of the Proveditore Marcello at Gradiska, and his subsequent recognition of his jewels at the ball, having destroyed Strasolda's hopes of obtaining her father's liberation through the intervention of the archducal counsellors, the high-spirited maiden resolved to execute a plan she had herself devised, and which, although in the highest degree rash and hazardous, might still succeed if favoured by circumstances and conducted with skill and decision. This was to seize upon the person of a Venetian of note, in order to exchange him for the Uzcoques then languishing in the dungeons of the republic.

The Venetians were not yet aware that the much-dreaded woiwode Dansowich was among their prisoners. The time chosen by the Uzcoques for their expeditions and surprises was usually the night; and this, added to the custom of mask wearing, was the cause that the features of Dansowich were unknown to his captors. Nevertheless the striking countenance and lofty bearing of the chieftain, and of one or two of those who were taken prisoners with him, raised suspicions that they were persons of mark—suspicions which were not dissipated by their reiterated denial of being any thing more than common Uzcoques. It was this doubt which saved their lives; for their captors, instead of hanging them at once at the yard-arm of the galleys, which was the usual manner of disposing of Segnarese prisoners, took them to Venice, and placed them at the disposal of the senate. All subsequent threats and promises proved ineffectual to extort from the pirates an acknowledgment of superior rank; and the Venetian authorities would perhaps have ended in believing the account they gave of themselves, had not the urgent appli-

cations made by the Austrian Envoy and the Capitano of Flume, for the release of the Uzcoques, given their suspicious new strength. The object of the Venetians was, if they could ascertain that there was a chief among the prisoners, to obtain from him, by torture or otherwise, confessions which might enable them to prove to the Archduke the encouragement afforded by his counsellors to the pirates of the Segnarese. They accordingly delayed, by every possible pretext, giving an answer to the archducal ambassador, doing their utmost meanwhile to find out the real quality of the prisoners. This, Strasolda was most anxious they should not discover; and her anxiety was scarcely less to prevent the captivity of their leader from becoming known among the pirates themselves. His daughter's entreaties, and his own better nature, had frequently caused Dansowich to check his followers in the atrocities they were too apt to commit. In consequence of this interference, Strasolda suspected her father to be more feared than liked by Jurissa Caidneh and some others of the inferior woiwodes or officers; and she apprehended that, if she confided her plan to them, they would be more likely to thwart than to aid her in it. The crews of the two boats which had been engaged in the skirmish with the Venetian galleys when Dansowich was captured, and the men composing the garrison of the castle on the evening of that fatal occurrence, were therefore all whose assistance she could reckon upon. Some of these were her relatives, and the others tried and trusty adherents. They alone knew of their leader's captivity, his absence having been accounted for to the mass of Uzcoques dwelling in the town of Segna, by a pretended journey to Gradiska; and being too few in number to attack a Venetian galley, the sole plan that seemed to offer a chance of success to this handful of faithful followers, was the hazardous one devised by Strasolda. Of this, they did not hesitate to attempt the execution.

With the utmost cunning and audacity did the Uzcoques enter Venice on the day appointed for the Battle of the Bridge, singly, and by twos and threes, variously disguised, and mingled with the country people, and in-



habitants of the islands who were hastening to the festival. Watching their opportunity when the fight was at the fiercest, one party mixed with the combatants, exciting and urging them on, and doing all in their power to increase the confusion; others set fire to the warehouses on the island of San Giorgio, in order to draw the public attention in that direction; while the third and most numerous division, favoured by the deepening twilight and the deserted state of that part of the city, succeeded in fixing a rope ladder to the window of the Malipieri palace, the chief of which noble house was, as they had previously ascertained, lying sick in bed in a side-chamber, attended only by a few domestics.

But there were two things which Strasolda and the Uzenques had forgotten to include in their calculations. These were, first, the slavish obedience of the Venetian populace to the call of their superiors—an obedience to which they were accustomed to sacrifice every feeling and passion; secondly, the Argus eyes and omnipresent vigilance of the Secret Tribunal. Scarcely was the ladder applied, when the first gush of flame from the warehouses brought a deafening peal from the alarm-bell; and at the same moment, the masked and armed familiars of the Venetian police, rising as it seemed out of the very earth, surrounded the ladder, and a fierce conflict began. Even the watchfulness and precautions of the Inquisition, however, were to a certain extent overmatched by Uzenque cunning and foresight. Had it not been necessary to ring the alarm bell on account of the fire, the police, who were far the most numerous, and who each moment received an accession to their numbers, could scarcely have failed to capture some of their opponents, and thus have ascertained to a certainty what the promoters and the object of this audacious attempt really were. But before they could accomplish this, the small piazza where the conflict was going on was thronged with the populace, half intoxicated with the excitement of the scarcely less serious fight they had been witnessing and sharing in. In the crush and confusion that ensued, familiars and Uzenques were separated; and

the latter, mingling with the crowd, and no longer distinguishable from the cloaked and masked figures that surrounded them, easily succeeded in effecting their escape.

When Antonio, who was pushed hither and thither by the mob, was able to extricate himself sufficiently to get another view of the window, the invalid nobleman, delivered from his assailants, had retired into his apartment, while the ladder, now deserted by the Uzenques, had been cut and thrown down. Desirous of escaping from this scene of confusion, the young painter was making his way towards the quay, close to which his gondola was waiting, when his heart suddenly leaped within him at the sight of a muffled figure that passed near him, and in which he thought he recognized the mysterious old woman who had of late occupied so much of his thoughts. She was followed by a number of the rabble, who pressed upon her with oaths and curses, asserting that she was one of the party which had attacked the palace of the Malipieri.

"I saw her holding the ladder," exclaimed one fellow.

"Nay, she was climbing up it herself," cried a second.

"Strike the foul witch dead!" shouted a score of voices.

The old woman's life was in the greatest peril, when a strange and unaccountable, but at the same time irresistible impulse, moved Antonio to go to her rescue. He was forcing his way through the crowd with this intention, when the object of the popular fury turned her head towards him. Her veil was for a moment partially drawn aside, affording a glimpse of her features in profile; and Antonio, still the slave of his diseased imagination, fancied that her yellow shriveled features had been metamorphosed into a countenance of regular beauty; such a countenance, in short, as befitted the graceful and symmetrical form to which it belonged. Confused and bewildered, the naturally weak and undecided youth stood deliberating and uncertain whether he should attempt the rescue, which would have been by no means difficult to accomplish by the display of a little boldness and promptitude. Whilst he was thus hesitating, there suddenly broke

through the crowd a young man, attired like himself in a black dress, and holding a naked rapier in his hand. The new comer had probably lost his mask in the tumult and confusion, for his features were uncovered, and Antonio saw, to his inexpressible consternation and astonishment, that they were the exact counterpart of his own. Before he could recover from this new shock, the stranger, by the aid of his fierce and determined demeanour, and the rapid play of his weapon, had made his way to the mysterious old woman, whose back was turned towards him, and seizing her round the waist he again forced a passage through the throng to the nearest gondola, which happened to be that of the young painter. The crowd pressed after him, and Antonio was hurried along with it to the edge of the quay. But at the very moment that, to avoid being pushed into the water by the throng, he sprang into one end of his gondola, he saw the stranger, who had just entered it at the other, gaze with a look of disgust and dismay on the features of her he had rescued, and then with a cry of horror, leap into another boat, which immediately rowed rapidly away. At the same instant Jacopo, by a strong sweep of the oar, spun the gondola round, and shot into a narrow canal which soon led them out of sight and sound of the scene of confusion they had just left.

These various events had succeeded each other so rapidly, that Antonio could hardly credit his senses when he found himself in this strange manner the deliverer of the mysterious being who now sat under the awning of his gondola, her frightful countenance, unveiled in the struggle and no longer seen through the beautifying prism of the young artist's imagination, again displaying the yellow and wrinkled skin, and the deep-set glittering eyes, which now seemed fixed upon him with an expression of love and gratitude that froze his blood. With a shuddering sensation he retreated to the stern of the boat, where Jacopo stood pale and trembling, crossing himself without a moment's intermission.

"Are you mad, Signore," whispered the gondolier, "to risk your life in behalf of such a frightful witch?"

Never did see you so ready with your rapier, flashing it in people's eyes as though it had been one of your painting brushes."

"By Heaven, Jacopo," answered Antonio, "that was not I"——

"The saints protect us!" interrupted the gondolier. "You are assuredly bewitched, or have lost your senses, Signore. To think of your thus denying your own noble daring! Do, for the blessed virgin's sake, let us jump out upon the next landing-place, and leave the gondola to the sorceress who has bewitched you. Holy mother! she is coming this way!"

A prey to the strangest and most contradictory emotions, Antonio hastily advanced to meet the mysterious being, whom he could not help regarding with superstitious awe, though he at the same time felt himself drawn towards her by a fascination, against which he found it was in vain to contend. The features of the unknown were again shrouded carefully in her veil, but her black and brilliant eyes glittered through it like nebulous stars.

"To the house of the Capitano of Fiume," whispered she to Antonio, and then retreated, as if anxious to avoid further conversation, into the interior of the gondola.

In the district of Castello, through which Antonio and his strange companion were now passing, the canals and quays were deserted, and not a sound was heard except the distant hum of the multitude assembled in the quarter of St Mark's. Without exciting suspicion or attracting observation, they reached the Rialto and the grand canal, and the gondola stopped at a landing-place opposite the church of San Moyses.

As the young painter assisted his mysterious charge out of the boat, a gentle pressure from the warm soft hand which for a moment rested upon his, quickened every pulse in his frame; and long after the enigmatical being had disappeared behind the angle of a palace, he stood gazing, like one entranced, at the spot where he had last seen her imposing and graceful figure. The approach of Jacopo, still crossing himself, and calling upon all the saints for protection against the anares of the evil one,

roused the perplexed youth from his reverie; and, stepping into the gondola, he was soon gliding rapidly over the

canals in the direction of his father's

## CHAPTER II.

### THE PICTURE.

THE gondola of the young painter, gliding rapidly and silently over the still waters of the canals, was passing a turn leading to the Giudecca, when it suddenly occurred to Antonio that he would seek his old master, and, after confessing his disobedience, relate to him the events of the day, and make him the confidant of his troubles and perplexities. A word to Jacopo changed the direction of the gondola, and they entered the grand canal, on which Contarini's dwelling was situated.

The brief twilight of Italy had passed, and it was now completely night, dark and starless, which made more startling the sudden appearance of several blazing torches, borne by masked and hooded figures attired in black, who struck loud and repeated blows on the gates of the Palazzo Contarini.

"Antonio Marcello! We seek Antonio Marcello!" exclaimed a deep and hollow voice.

It would be necessary to be a Venetian, and to have lived in those days, fully to comprehend the feeling of horror which caused Antonio's blood to run cold, and the sweat to stand in beads upon his forehead, when he heard his name uttered by the familiars of the state Inquisition. Frightful dungeons, masked judges, halls hung with black, the block and the gleaming axe, the rack and its blood-stained attendants, the whole grim paraphernalia of the Secret Tribunal, passed like the scenes of a phantasmagoria before the mental vision of the young painter. He at once conjectured the cause for which they were seeking him. He had doubtless been taken for the youth who, by his energy and promptitude, had rescued the mysterious old woman from the mob, and who bore so striking and unaccountable resemblance to himself; and it must be on suspicion of his being connected with the attack on the Malipieri palace, that the ministers of justice were

hunting him out. Nor did he see how he should be able to convince his judges of his innocence. The tale he had to tell, although the truth, was still too marvellous and improbable to obtain credence, and would be more likely to draw upon him severe punishment, or perhaps the torture, with the view of inducing him to confess its falsehood. Bewildered by his terror, Antonio sat trembling, and utterly incapable of deciding as to the course he should adopt, when the trusty gondolier again came to his rescue.

"Cospetto! Signor!" he exclaimed, "have you lost your senses, that you run thus into the very jaws of those devil's messengers? To one like myself flight would certainly avail little; but, with a *Proveditore* for your father, you may arrange matters if you only take time before you become their prisoner. Quick, then, to the palazzo! Don't you see old Contarini's head stuck out of his window? He is telling them you are not there. They have doubtless been to your father's palace, and will not be likely to return thither at present."

While the faithful fellow's tongue was thus wagging, his arms were not idle. Intimately acquainted, as became his calling, with the numerous windings and intricacies of the Venetian canals, he threaded them with unhesitating confidence; and, favoured by the darkness of the night, succeeded in getting Antonio unobserved through a back entrance of his father's palace.

The first impulse of the terrified youth on finding himself thus in at least temporary security, was to destroy the picture of the mysterious old woman, which, if found by the agents of the Inquisition, might bear false but fatal witness against him. With pallid cheek, and still trembling with alarm, he was hurrying to his chamber to execute his intention, when he encountered his father, who advanced to meet him, and, grasping



his arm, fixed upon him for some moments his stern and searching gaze.

"The picture, father!" exclaimed the terror-stricken Antonio. "For the love of Heaven, stay me not! Let me destroy that fatal picture!"

Regardless of his son's agitation and terror, the Proveditore half led, half forced him to a seat in a part of the room, when the red blaze from the larch logs that were crackling on the hearth, lit up the young man's features.

"What means this, Antonio?" he said; "what has befallen during my absence at Gradiaka? The familiars of the Inquisition have been seeking you here—you, the last person whose name I should expect to hear in such mouths. Alarm me it did not; for well I know that you are too scant of energy and settled purpose to be mixed up in conspiracies against the state."

Antonio was still too much preoccupied by his terror to understand, or at any rate to heed, the severity of his father's remark. Collecting his scattered thoughts, he proceeded to narrate all that had occurred to him, not only on that day, but since his first meeting with the incognita near the church of San Moyses, on the very same spot whither he had conveyed her in his gondola but a short hour ago.

"Let me destroy the painting, father!" he concluded; "it may be found, and used as testimony against me."

The Proveditore had listened with a smile, that was at once contemptuous and sorrowful, to his son's narrative, and to the confession of his weakness and disobedience to the injunctions of his aged teacher. When he had finished speaking, there was a minute's silence, broken at last by the elder Marcello.

"I have long been convinced," he said, "that Contarini would never succeed in making of you a painter fit to rank with those old and illustrious masters of whom Venice is so justly proud. But I had not thought so poorly of you, Antonio, as to believe that you would want courage to desert an object, for the attainment of which you scrupled not to disobey your venerable instructor. What the kind entreaties and remonstrances of

Contarini could not induce you to abandon, you are ready to annihilate on the very first symptom of danger. Oh, Venice!" exclaimed the Proveditore, his fine countenance assuming an expression of extreme bitterness, as he gazed mournfully at the portraits of his ancestors, including more than one Doge, which were suspended round the walls of the apartment—"Venice! thou art indeed degenerate, when peril so remote can blanch the cheek of thy patrician youth."

He strode twice up and down the hall, then returning to his son, bade him fetch the picture which he was so desirous of destroying. Antonio, downcast and abashed by these reproaches, which, however, were insufficient to awaken nobler aspirations in his weak and irresolute nature, hurried to his chamber, and presently returned with a roll of canvass in his hand, which he unfolded and spread before the Proveditore—then, dreading to encounter his father's ridicule, he shrunk back out of the firelight. But the effect produced upon Marcello by the portrait of the old woman, was very different from that anticipated by his son. Scarcely had he cast his eyes upon the unearthly visage, when he started back with an exclamation of horror and astonishment.

"By all the saints, Antonio," cried he in an altered voice, "that is a fearful portrait! Alas, poor wretch! thou art long since in thy grave," continued he, addressing the picture, and with looks and tones strangely at variance with his usually stern and imperturbable deportment. "The worms have preyed on thee, and thou art as dust and ashes. Why, then, dost thou rise from the dead to fright me with that ghastly visage?"

"Is the face known to you, father?" the astonished Antonio ventured to exclaim.

"Known to me! Ay, too well! That wrinkled skin, that unearthly complexion, those deep-set eyes glowing like burning coals. Just so did she glare upon me as she swung from the tree, the blood driven into her features by the agonizing pressure of the halter. 'Tis the very look that has haunted me for years, and caused me many bitter moments of remorse; though, God knows, the deed was lawful and justifiable, done in the execu-



tion of my duty to the republic. And yet she lives," he continued musingly. "How could she have been saved? True, she had not been hanging long when we left the place. Some of her people, doubtless, were concealed hard by, and cut her down ere life had entirely fled. But, ha! 'tis a clue this to the perpetrators of to-day's outrage, for she was with them. Uzeoques, then, they must have been! Said you not, Antonio, that she came from the house of the Capitano when first you saw her, and that to-day you left her there?"

"At her own special desire, father," replied Antonio.

"Then is the chain of evidence almost complete," continued the Provéditore. "It must have been herself. And now—this attack on the Malipieri palace. What was its object? A hostage?—Ay, I see it all, and our prisoner is none other than Dansowich himself. But we must have proof of that from his own confession: and this portrait may help to extort it."

Whilst uttering these broken sentences, which were totally incomprehensible to the bewildered Antonio, the Provéditore had donned his mantle, and placed his plumed cap upon his head.

"No, Antonio," said he, "we will not destroy this picture, hideous though it be. It may prove the means of rendering weighty service to the republic."

And with these words, inexplicable to his son, the Provéditore left the apartment: and, taking with him the mysterious portrait, hastened to the prison where the Uzeoque leader was immured.

The pirate chief was a man of large and athletic frame, of strong feelings, and great intellectual capabilities. His brow was large, open, and commanding; his countenance, bronzed with long exposure to the elements; and scarred with wounds, was repulsive, but by no means ignoble; his hair and beard had long been silvered over by time and calamity; but his vast bodily strength was unimpaired, and when roused into furious resentment, his manly chest emitted a volume of sound that awed every listener. Upon a larger stage, and

under circumstances more favourable to the fair development of his natural powers and dispositions, the pirate Dansowich would have become one of the most distinguished and admirable men of his time. Placed by the accident of birth upon the frontiers of Christian Europe, and cherishing from early youth a belief that the highest interests of the human race were involved in the struggle between the Crescent and the Cross, he had embraced the glorious cause with that enthusiastic and fiery zeal which raises men into heroes and martyrs. Too soon, however, were these lofty aspirations checked and blighted by the anti-Christian policy of trading Venice, the bad faith of Austria towards the Uzeoque race, and the extortions of her counsellors. Cursing in the bitterness of his heart, not only Turks, Austrians, and Venetians, but all mankind, he no longer opposed the piratical tendencies of his neglected people, and eventually headed many of their marauding expeditions.

It was nearly midnight when Dansowich was awakened from a deep but troubled slumber by a grating noise at the door of his dungeon. Anxiety of mind, and still more, the effect of confinement in an impure and stifling atmosphere, upon one accustomed to the breezes of the Adriatic and the free air of the mountains, had impaired his health, and his sleep was broken by harassing and painful dreams. In that from which he now awoke, with the sweat of anguish on his brow, he had fancied himself before the tribunal of the Inquisition. The rack was shown to him, and they bade him choose between confession and torture. He then thought he heard his name repeated several times in tones deep and sepulchral. Starting up in alarm, he saw the door of his prison open, and give admittance to a man muffled in a black cloak, who walked up to the foot of his bed of damp straw, and threw the rays of a dark lantern full into his dazzled eyes.

The traces of recent and strong emotion, visible at that moment on the pirate's countenance, did not escape the Provéditore, who attributed them, and rightly, to an artifice he had practised. Previously to enter-

ing the dungeon, he had caused the name of Nicolo Dansowich to be repeated several times in a deep hollow voice. Aware of the superstitious credulity of the Uzcoques, the wily Venetian had devised this stratagem as one likely to produce a startling effect upon the prisoner, and to forward the end he proposed to obtain by his visit. He now seated himself upon a wooden bench, the only piece of furniture in the dungeon, and addressed the captive in a mild and conciliating tone.

"You should keep better watch over your dreams," said he, "if you wish our tribunals to remain in ignorance of your secrets."

"My dreams!" repeated the Uzcoque, somewhat startled by the ominous coincidence between Marcello's words and the visions that had broken his slumber.

"Ay, friend, your dreams! The jailers are watchful, and little passes in these prisons without coming to their knowledge. More than once have they heard you revealing in your sleep that which, during your waking hours, you so strenuously deny.—'Enough! Enough!' you cried. 'I will confess all. I am Nicolo Dansowich.'"

While Marcello was speaking, the old Uzcoque had had time to collect his thoughts, and call to mind the numerous snares and devices by which the Venetian tribunals obtained confessions from their prisoners. With an intuitive keenness of perception, he in a moment saw through the Proveditore's stratagem, and resolved to defeat it. A contemptuous smile played over his features, and, shaking his head incredulously, he answered the Venetian—

"The watchful jailers you speak of have doubtless been cheering their vigils with the wine flask," said he. "Their draughts must have been deep, to make them hear that which was never spoken."

"Subterfuge will avail you nothing," replied Marcello. "Your sleeping confessions, although you may now wish to retract them, are yet sufficient grounds for the tribunal to go upon, and the most excruciating tortures will be used, if needful, to procure their waking confirmation. Reflect, Dansowich," continued the Proveditore in

a persuasive and gentle tone, "on the position in which you now find yourself. Your life is forfeited; and, if you persist in your denials, you will never leave this dungeon but for the rack or scaffold. On the other hand, the senate respects you as a brave and honourable, although misguided man, and would gladly see you turn from the error of your ways. Now is the time to ensure yourself a tranquil and respected old age. Hearken to the proposals I am empowered to make you. The Signoria offers you life, freedom, and a captainship in the island of Candia, on the sole condition, on your part, of disclosing the intrigues and perfidy of the council at Gradiska, and furnishing us, as you are assuredly able to do, with documents by which we may prove to the Archduke the treachery of his ministers. Again, I say—Reflect! or rather hesitate not, but decide at once between a prosperous and honourable life, and a death of degradation and anguish."

Neither the threats nor the temptations held out by the Proveditore seemed to have the smallest effect upon the Uzcoque.

"You are mistaken," replied he calmly. "I am not Dansowich, nor have I any knowledge of the intrigues at Gradiska. I could not therefore, if I wished it, buy my life by the treachery demanded of me; and if the woiwodes of Segna think as I do, they will let themselves be hewn in pieces before they do the bidding of your senators, or concede aught to the wishes of false and crafty Venice."

"You are a brave man, Dansowich!" resumed the Proveditore, who saw the necessity of changing his tactics. "You care little for the dangers and sufferings of this world. But yet—pause and reflect. Your hair is silvered by time, and even should you escape your present peril, you will still, ere many years are past, have to render an account to a higher tribunal than ours. By an upright course you might atone for the crimes of your youth and manhood, and become the chosen instrument of Heaven to deliver your fellow-Christians from a cruel scourge and sore infliction."

"And who has brought the scourge upon you?" demanded the old man in

a raised voice, measuring the Proveditore with a stern and contemptuous look. "Is it our fault that, whilst we were striving to keep the Turk from the door of Christendom, you sought every means of thwarting our efforts by forming treaties with the infidel? You do well to remind me that my head is grey. I was still a youth when the name of Uzcoque was a title of honour as it is now a term of reproach—when my people were looked upon as heroes, by whose valour the Cross was exalted, and the Crescent bowed down to the dust. Those were the days when, on the ruins of Spalatro, we swore to live like eagles, amidst barren cliffs and naked rocks, the better to harass the heathen—the days when the power of the Moslem quailed and fled before us. And had not your sordid Venetian traders stepped in, courting the infidel for love of gain, the Cross would still be worshipped on all the shores of the Adriatic, and the Uzcoques would still combat for honour and victory instead of revenge and plunder. But your hand has ever been against us. Your long galleys were ever ready to sink our barks or blockade our coast; and the fate of robbers and murderers awaited our people if they had the mishap to fall into your hands. You reduced us at last to despair. Each valiant deed performed against the Turk was recompensed by you with new persecutions, till at last you converted into deadly enemies those who would willingly have been your friends and fast allies. Thank yourselves, then, for the foe you have raised up. Your own cowardice and greed have engendered the hydra which now preys upon your heart's blood."

The Proveditore remarked with satisfaction, not unmingled with surprise, that the old pirate, who had hitherto replied to all interrogatories with a degree of cold reserve and cunning which had baffled his examiners, was becoming visibly excited, and losing his power of self-control. This was favourable to the meditated stratagem of the Venetian, who now, in pursuance of the scheme he had combined, gave the conversation another direction.

"I am willing to acknowledge," said he, "that the republic has at times dealt somewhat hardly with your people. But which is in fact the worst foe, he who openly attacks you, or he who makes you his tool to sow discord amongst Christians, and to excite the Turks against Venice, while under pretence of protection he squeezes from you the booty obtained at the price of your blood?"

"And who does that?" demanded the Uzcoque.

"Who! Need you ask the question? What do you give for the shelter you receive from Austria? At what price do you inhabit the town and castle of Segna?"

"At none that I am aware of," replied Dansowich fiercely. "We dwell there, in virtue of our compact with the Emperor, as soldiers of the Archduke, bound to defend the post confided to us against the aggressions of the infidel. As soldiers we have our pay, as mariners we have our lawful booty."

"Pay and booty!" repeated the Proveditore scornfully. "Whence comes, then, your manifest misery and poverty? Whence comes it that you turn robbers, if in the pay of Austria? No, Dansowich, you will not deceive us by such flimsy pretexts! Your gains, lawful and unlawful, are wrested from you by the archducal counsellors, in whose hands you are mere puppets. 'Twas they who prompted you to tell the Turks that you were in league with Venice; that the republic encouraged your misdeeds, and shared the profits of your aggressions on the subjects of the Porte. They it was who caused the documents to be prepared, with forged seals and signatures of the illustrious Signoria, which were to serve as proofs of your lying assertions. Deny this, if you can."

The beard and mustache of the old Uzcoque appeared to curl and bristle with fury at the insulting imputations of the Proveditore. For a moment he seemed about to fly at his interlocutor; his fingers clutched and tore the straw upon which he was sitting; and his fetters clanked as his whole frame shook with rage. After a brief pause, and by a strong effort,



he restrained himself, and replied calmly to the taunting accusation of the Venetian.

"Why go so far," said he, "to seek for motives that may be found nearer home? You seem to have forgotten how many times the Archduke has compelled us to make restitution of booty wrested from Venetian subjects. You forget, too, that it was in consequence of your complaints he sent the cruel Rabbata to control us—Rabbata whom we slew in our wrath, for we are freemen and brook no tyranny. If we are poor individually, it is because we yield up our booty into the hands of our woiwodes, to be used for the common good of seven hundred families. No, Signor! if the republic has to complain of us, let her remember the provocations received at her hands, the persecutions which converted a band of heroes into a pirate horde, and which changed our holy zeal against the enemies of the Cross into remorseless hatred of all mankind. As to the forged seals and signatures you talk of, and the deceptions practised on the Turks, if such there were, they were the self-willed act of our woiwodes, and in no way instigated by Austria."

"Thou liest, Dansonich!" said the Proveditore sternly. "Did you not proclaim and swear in the public market-place of the Austrian town of Segna, that you were the friends and allies of Venice? This you would never have dared to do, but with the approval and connivance of the arch-ducal government."

The eyes of the pirate sparkled with a strange and significant gleam as the Proveditore recalled the circumstance to his recollection.

"Know ye not," said he with a grim smile, "whom ye dare to thank for that good office? 'Twas Dansonich himself, who thereby but half fulfilled his vow of vengeance against the republic. And when did it occur?" he continued with rising fury. "Was it not shortly after the day in which that heartless villain, the Proveditore Marcello, captured the woiwode's wife, and hung her, unoffending and defenceless, underneath and uprooted, upon a tree by the Dalmatian shore?"

The Uzcogne paused, overcome by the bitter memories he was calling up, and by the fury and hatred they revived in his breast. His eyes were bloodshot, and the foam stood upon his lips as he concluded. The Proveditore smiled. The favourable moment he had been waiting had arrived; the moment when he doubted not that Dansonich would betray himself. Taking Antonio's drawing from under his cloak, he suddenly unrolled and held it before the Uzcogne, in such a manner that the light of the lantern fell full upon the ghastly countenance of the old woman.

"Behold!" said he. "Does that resemble her you speak of?"

The object of the Proveditore was gained, but he had not well calculated all the consequences of his stratagem.

"Fiend of hell!" shouted Dansonich in a voice of thunder, while a sudden light seemed to burst upon him. "'Tis thou who art her murderer!" And bounding forward with a violence that at once freed him from his fetters, which fell clattering on the dungeon floor, he clutched the senator by the throat, and hurled him to the ground before the astonished Venetian had time to make the slightest resistance.

"Art thou still in being?" he muttered, while his teeth gnashed and ground together. "I thought thee long since dead. But, no! 'twas written thou shouldst die by my hand. Be it done to thee as thou didst to the wife of my bosom," continued he, while kneeling on the breast of the Proveditore, and compressing his throat in an iron gripe that threatened to prove as efficacious and nearly as speedy in its operation as the bow-string of the Turk. In vain did Marcello struggle violently to free himself from the crushing pressure of the pirate's fingers. Although a very powerful man, and in the full vigour of his strength, the disadvantage at which he had been taken prevented his being a match for the old Uzcogne, whose sinews were braced by a long life of hardship. Fortunately, however, for the Venetian, the furious shout of Dansonich had been over-



heard by the guards and jailers, who now rushed into the dungeon, and rescued the half-strangled Proveditore from the grasp of his fierce antagonist.

"Do him no hurt!" exclaimed Marcello, so soon as he was able to speak, seeing that the guards were disposed to handle the Uzeoque somewhat roughly; "the secret I have won is well worth the risk. The prisoner is Dansowich, woivode of Segna."

The fetters which the pirate had snapped with such facility, were, upon examination, found to be filed more than half through. The instrument by which this had been effected was sought for and discovered, and the prisoner, having been doubly manacled, was again left to the solitude of his cell. After directing all imaginable vigilance to be used for the safe custody of so important a captive, the Proveditore re-entered his gondola and was conveyed back to his palace.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PIRATES.

The desperate attempt on the life of the Proveditore, and the evidence given by him as to the identity of the prisoner, had the result that may be supposed, and the old Uzeoque was put to the torture. But the ingenuity of Venetian tormentors was vainly exhausted upon him; the most unheard-of sufferings failed to extort a syllable of confession from his lips. At last, despairing of obtaining the desired information by these means, the senate commissioned Marcello, as one well acquainted with the localities, to make a descent on the Dalmatian coast, and profiting by the consternation of the Uzeoques at the loss of their leader, to endeavour to surprise a small fort situated at some distance from Segna, and which was the abode of Dansowich. In the absence of the old pirate it would probably be carelessly guarded and easily surprised; and it was hoped that documents would be found there, proving that which the Venetians were so anxious to establish. Another object of the expedition was to capture, if possible, the mysterious female who had been lately seen more than once in Venice, and who had taken so prominent a part in the attack on the palace of the Malipieri.

Accompanied by his son, whom for various reasons he had resolved to take with him, Marcello went on board an armed galley, and with a favouring breeze steered for the Dalmatian coast. He had little doubt of accomplishing the object of his expedition with ease and safety; for a

Venetian fleet was already blockading the channel of Segna, and the archducal city of Fiume, where several of the Uzeoque barks were undergoing repairs. The blockade had been instituted in consequence of the outrageous piracies committed by the Uzeoques during the Easter festival, and was a measure frequently adopted by the republic; which, although carefully avoiding a war, neglected no other means of enforcing their applications to the court at Gradiska for an energetic interference in the proceedings of the pirates. The inconvenience and interruption to the trade of Fiume occasioned by these blockades, usually induced the archducal government to institute a pretended investigation into the conduct of the Uzeoques, or at least to promise the Venetians some reparation—a mockery of satisfaction with which the latter, in their then state of decline and weakness, were fain to content themselves. Relying upon the terror inspired by the presence of the squadron now employed in the blockade, as well as upon his support, should he require it, the Proveditore made sure of success. He was, however, to be cruelly disappointed in his sanguine anticipations.

When the attempt to get possession of the person of a Venetian nobleman had failed, Strassoldi found it impossible to keep her father's captivity any longer a secret, and was compelled to appeal to the whole of the Uzeoques to assist her in his deliverance. Information of the woivode's recogni-

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[The Pirates by Segna.]  
and of the tortures he had suffered, reached the ears of the pirates, who were not slow to perceive that the safety, and even the existence of their tribe, were now at stake. Although well acquainted with the inflexible character of Dansowich, they trembled lest the agonies he was made to suffer should force from him a confession, which would enable the Venetians to convince the archduke of the criminal collusion between his counsellors and the Uzcques. This would be the signal for the withdrawal of the archducal protection from the pirates, who then, exposed to the vengeance of all whom they had plundered, must inevitably succumb in the unequal conflict that would ensue.

The imminence of the peril inspired the Uzcques with unwonted courage and energy. Jurissa Caiduch himself, forgetting any cause of dislike he might have to Dansowich, joined heart and hand in the plans formed by the pirates for the deliverance of their leader. Every man in Segna, whether young or old, all who could wield a cimeter or clutch a knife, hastily armed themselves, and crowded into the fleet of long light skiffs in which they were wont to make their predatory excursions. Then breaking furiously through the line of Venetian ships, stationed between Veglia and the mainland, and which were totally unprepared for this sudden and daring manœuvre, they disappeared amidst the shoals and in the small creeks and inlets of the Dalmatian islands belonging to the republic, where the ponderous Venetian galleys would vainly attempt to follow them. Their object was the same which they had already attempted to carry out in Venice on the day of the Bridge Fight; namely, to seize upon some Venetian magistrate or person of importance whom they might exchange for Dansowich. Under the guidance of Jurissa Caiduch they waylaid and boarded every vessel that passed up or down the Adriatic, especially those coming from the Ionian islands, in hope of meeting with a Venetian of rank. Nor did they pursue their researches upon the water alone. Not a night passed that one or other of the islands

[April,  
was not lighted up by the blaze of villages, hamlets, and villas. In the absence of Dansowich, there was no restraint upon their fury; and urged on by the bloodthirsty Jurissa, the cruelties they committed were unprecedented even in their sanguinary annals. Nor were they without hope that the barbarities they were perpetrating might induce the Venetians to restore their leader to liberty, in order that he might, as was well known to be his wont, check the excesses of his followers.

The outbreak of the pirates had been so sudden and unexpected, that the Provéditore, who sailed from Venice on the same day on which it occurred, had received no intelligence of it, and, unconscious of his peril, steered straight for the islands. One circumstance alone appeared strange to him, which was, that during the last part of his voyage he did not meet a single vessel, although the quarter of the Adriatic through which he was passing was usually crowded with shipping. But he was far from attributing this extraordinary change to its real cause.

It was afternoon when Marcello's galley came in sight of the white cliffs of Cherso, and shortly afterwards entered the channel, running between that island and Veglia. The masses of dark clouds in the western horizon were becoming momentarily more threatening, and various signs of an approaching storm made the captain of the galley especially anxious to get, before nightfall, into the nearest harbour, which was that of Pesca, at the southern extremity of the island of Veglia. All sail was made upon the galley, and they were running rapidly down the channel, when a red light suddenly flashed over the waves in the quarter of the horizon they were approaching, and was reflected back upon the sky, now darkened with clouds and by the approach of night. Attracted by this unusual appearance, Antonio hurried to the high quarterdeck of the galley; and scarcely had he ascended it, when the fiery glow fell in a flood of rosy light upon the distant chalk cliffs. Entranced by the picturesque beauty of the scene, the young painter forgot to enquire the cause of this singular illu-

mination, when suddenly his attention was caught by a shout from the man at the helm.

"By Heavens, 'tis a fire!" ejaculated the sailor, who had been watching the unusual appearance. "All Pesca must be in flames."

He had scarcely uttered the words when the galley rounded a projecting point of land, and the correctness of the seaman's conjecture was apparent. A thick cloud of smoke hung like a pall over the unfortunate town of Pesca. Tongues of flame darted upwards from the dense black vapour, lighting up sea and land to an immense distance.

Scarcely had Antonio's startled glance been able to take in this imposing spectacle, when the storm, which had long been impending, burst forth with tremendous violence: the wind howled furiously amongst the rigging, and the galley was tossed like a nutshell from crest to crest of the foaming waves: each moment bringing it into more dangerous proximity to the rocky shoals of that iron-bound shore. The light from the burning town showed the Venetians all the dangers of their situation; and their peril was the more imminent because the signal usually made for boats to tow large vessels through the rocks and breakers, was at such a moment not likely to be observed or attended to by the people of Pesca. Nevertheless the signal was hoisted: but instead of bringing the assistance so much needed by the Venetians, it drew upon them an enemy far more formidable than the elements with which they were already contending. Boats were soon seen approaching the galley: but as they drew near it was evident they were not manned by the peaceful fishermen, who usually came out to render assistance to vessels. They were crowded with wild, fierce-looking figures, who, on arriving within a short distance of the ship, set up a savage yell of defiance, and sent a deadly volley of musket-balls amongst the astounded Venetians. Before the latter had recovered from their astonishment, the light skiffs of the Uzcques were within a few yards of the galley. Another fatally effective volley of musketry; and then, throw-

ing down their fire-arms, the pirates grasped their sabres and made violent efforts to board. But each time that they succeeded in closing, the plunging of the ponderous galley into the trough of the sea, or the rising of some huge wave, severed them from their prey, and prevented them from setting foot on the decks of the Venetian vessel. This delay was made the most of by the officers of the latter, in making arrangements for defence. The Proveditore himself, a man of tried and chivalrous courage, and great experience both in land and sea warfare, lent his personal aid to the preparations, and in a few pithy and emphatic words strove to encourage the crew to a gallant resistance. But the soldiers and mariners who manned the galley had already sustained a heavy loss by the fire of the Uzcques, and were moreover alarmed by their near approach to that perilous shore, as well as disheartened by the prospect of a contest with greatly superior numbers. Although some few took to their arms and occupied the posts assigned them by their officers, the majority seemed more disposed to tell beads and mutter prayers, than to display the energy and decision which alone could rescue them from the double peril by which they were menaced. The pirates, meanwhile, were constantly foiled in their attempts to board by the fury of the elements, till at last, becoming maddened by repeated disappointments, they threw off their upper garments, and fixing their long knives firmly between their teeth, dashed in crowds into the water. Familiar with that element from childhood, they skimmed over its surface with the lightness and rapidity of sea-mews, and swarmed up the sides of the galley. A vigorous defence might yet have saved the vessel; but the heroic days of Venice were long past—the race of men who had so long maintained the supremacy of the republic in all the Italian seas, was now extinct. After a feeble and irresolute resistance, the Venetians threw down their arms and begged for quarter; while the Proveditore, disgusted at the cowardice of his countrymen, indignantly broke his sword, and retreating to the quarter-



deck, there seated himself beside his son, and calmly awaited his fate.

Foremost among the assailants was Jurissa Caiduch, who sprang upon the deck of the galley, foaming with rage, and slaughtering all he met on his passage. The blazing town lighted up the scene, and showed him and his followers where to strike. In vain did the unfortunate crew implore quarter. None was given, and the decks of the ship soon streamed with blood, while each moment the cries of the victims became fewer and fainter.

Totally forgetting in his blind fury the object of the expedition, Jurissa stayed not his hand in quest of hostages, but rushed with uplifted knife on Marcello and his son. The latter shrieked for mercy; while the Proveditore, unmoved by the imminence of the peril, preserved his dignity of mien, and fixed his deep stern gaze upon the pirate. Jurissa paused for an instant, staggered by the look, and awed by the commanding aspect, of the Venetian. Soon, however, as though indignant at his own momentary hesitation, he rushed forward with a furious shout and uplifted blade. The knife was descending, the next instant it would have entered the heart of Marcello; when an Uzeoque, recognizing by the light of the conflagration the patrician garb of the Proveditore, uttered a cry of surprise, and seized the arm of his bloodthirsty leader.

"Caiduch!" exclaimed the pirate, "would you again blast our purpose? This man is a Venetian noble. His life may buy that of Danso-wich."

"It is the Proveditore Marcello!" cried Antonio, eager to profit by the momentary respite.

The words of the young painter passed from mouth to mouth, and in a few seconds the whole of the Uzeoques were acquainted with the important capture that had been made. For a moment astonishment kept them tongue-tied, and then a wild shout of exultation conveyed to their

companions on shore the intelligence of some joyful event.

Ropes were now thrown out to the pirate skiffs, the galley was safely towed into the harbour, and the Proveditore, his son, and the few Venetian sailors who had escaped the general slaughter, were conducted to the burning town, amidst the jeers and ill-treatment of their captors. Exposed to great danger from the falling roofs and timbers of the blazing houses, they were led through the streets of Pesca, and on their way had ample opportunity of witnessing the incredible cruelties exercised by the pirates upon the inhabitants of that ill-fated town. What made these cruelties appear still more horrible, was the part taken in them by the Uzeoque women, who, as was the case at that period with most of the Slavonian races, were all trained to the use of arms,\* and who on this occasion swelled the ranks of the freebooters. Their ferocity exceeded, if possible, that of the men. Neither age, sex, nor station afforded any protection against these furies, who perpetrated barbarities the details of which would exceed belief.

The violence of the flames rendering it impossible to remain in the town, the Uzeoques betook themselves to the castle of a nobleman, situated on a rising ground a short distance from Pesca. On first landing, the pirates had broken into this castle and made it their headquarters. After pillaging every thing of value, they had gratified their savage love of destruction by breaking and destroying what they could not well carry away. In the court-yard were collected piles of furniture, pictures of price, and fragments of rich tapestry, rent by those ruthless spoilers from the walls of the apartments. With this costly fuel had the Uzeoques lit fires, at which quarters of oxen and whole sheep were now roasting.

A shout of triumph burst forth when the news of the Proveditore's capture was announced to the pirates

\* The reader of German literature will call to mind the anecdote, in Jean Paul's *Levana*, of a Moldavian woman who in one day slew seven men with her own hand, and the same evening was delivered of a child.



who had remained at the castle, and they crowded round the unfortunate prisoners, overwhelming them with threats and curses. Something like silence being at length obtained, Jurissa commanded instant preparations to be made for the banquet appointed to celebrate the success of their expedition. Tables were arranged in a spacious hall of the castle, and upon them soon smoked the huge joints of meat that had been roasting at the fires, placed on the bare boards without dish or plate. Casks of wine that had been rescued from the flames of the town, or extracted from the castle cellars, were broached, or the heads knocked in, and the contents poured into jugs and flagons of every shape and size. Although the light of the conflagration, glaring red through the tall Gothic windows, lit up the hall and rendered any further illumination unnecessary, a number of torches had been fixed round the apartment, the resinous smoke of which floated in clouds over the heads of the revelers. Seating themselves upon benches, chairs, and empty casks, the Uzcques commenced a ravenous attack upon the coarse but abundant viands set before them.

The scene was a strange one. The brutal demeanour of the men, their bearded and savage aspect; the disheveled bloodstained women, mingling their shrill voices with the hoarse tones of their male companions; the disordered but often picturesque garb and various weapons of the pirates; the whole seen by the light of the burning houses—more resembled an orgie of demons than an assemblage of human beings; and even the cool and resolute Proveditore felt himself shudder and turn pale as he contemplated this carnival of horrors, celebrated by wretches on whose hands the blood of their fellow-men was as yet hardly dry. Antonio sat supporting himself against the table, seeming scarcely conscious of what passed around him. Both father and son had been compelled to take their places at the board, amidst the jeers and insults of the Uzcques.

The revel was at its height, when Jurissa suddenly started from his seat, and struck the table violently with his drinking-cup.

“Hold, Uzcques!” he exclaimed; “we have forgotten the crowning ornament of our banquet.”

He whispered something to an Uzcque seated beside him, who left the room. While the pirates were still asking one another the meaning of Jurissa’s words, the man returned, bearing before him a trencher covered with a cloth, which he placed at the upper end of the table.

“Behold the last and best dish we can offer to our noble guests!” said Jurissa; “’twill suit, I doubt not, their dainty palates.” And, tearing off the cloth, he exposed to view the grizzly and distorted features of a human head.

The shout of savage exultation that burst from the pirates at this ghastly spectacle, drowned the groan of rage and grief uttered by the Proveditore, as he recognised in the pale and rigid countenance the well-known features of his friend Christophoro Veniero. That unfortunate nobleman, on his return from a voyage to the Levant, had fallen into the hands of Jurissa, who, before he was aware of the rank of his prisoner, had barbarously slain him. This had occurred not many hours before the capture of Marcello; and it was to the murder of Veniero that the Uzcque made allusion, when he seized Jurissa’s arm at the moment he was about to stab the Proveditore.

One of the pirates, a man of gigantic stature and hideous aspect, now rose from his seat, staggering with drunkenness, and forcing open the jaws of the dead, placed a piece of meat between the teeth. The wildest laughter and applause greeted this frightful pantomime, which made the blood of the Proveditore run cold.

“Infernal and bloody villains!” shouted he, unable to restrain his indignation, and starting to his feet as he spoke. There was a momentary pause, during which the pirates gazed at the noble Venetian, seemingly struck dumb with surprise at his temerity. Then, however, a dozen sinewy arms were extended to seize him, and a dozen daggers menaced his life. Dignified and immovable, the high-souled senator offered no resistance, but inwardly ejaculating a

short prayer, awaited the death-stroke. It came not, however. Although some of the Uzeques, in their fury and intoxication, would have immolated their valuable hostage, others, who had drunk less deeply, protested against the madness of such an act, and rushed forward to protect him. Their interference was resented, and a violent quarrel ensued. Knives were drawn, benches overturned, chairs broken up and converted into weapons; on all sides bare steel was flashing, deep oaths resounding, and missiles of various kinds flying across the tables. It would be impossible to say how long this scene of drunken violence would have lasted, or how long the Proveditore and his son would have remained unscathed amidst the storm, had not the advent of a fresh actor upon the scene stilled the tumult in a manner so sudden as to appear almost miraculous.

The new comer was no other than the ghastly old woman who has been seen to play such an important part in this history, and who now entered the banqueting hall with hasty step and impatient gesture.

"Uzeques!" she exclaimed in a shrill, clear, and emphatic voice, that rose above the clamour of the brawl; "Uzeques! what means this savage uproar? Are you not yet sated with rapine and slaughter, that you thus fall upon and tear each other? Are ye men, or wolves and tigers? Is this the way to obtain your leader's deliverance; and will the news of this day's havoc, think you, better the position of Dansowich?"

The pirates hug their heads in silent confusion at this reproof. None dared to reply; Jurisea alone grumbled something inaudible.

"Follow me!" continued the singular woman whose words had so extraordinary an effect on this brutal band. "Follow, every man! and stop as far as may be, the ruin you have begun."

Obedient to her voice the Uzeques left the hall, some of them sullenly and slowly enough, but none venturing to dispute the injunction laid upon them. The old woman waited till the scene of tumult and revel was abandoned by all but Marcello and his son, and then hurrying after the

pirates, led the way to the burning town. In a few minutes the two Venetians beheld, from the castle windows, the dark forms of the freebooters moving about in the firelight, as they busied themselves to extinguish the conflagration. Here and there the white robe of the mysterious old woman was discernible as she flitted from one group to another, directing their efforts, and urging them to greater exertions.

"Strange!" said the Proveditore musingly, "that so hideous and repulsive an old creature should exercise such commanding influence over these bandits."

He looked round to his son as he spoke; but Antonio, worn out by the fatigues and agitation of the day, had stretched himself upon a bench and was already in a deep sleep. The Proveditore gazed at him for a brief space, with an expression of mingled pity, regret, and paternal affection upon his countenance.

"As weak of body as infirm of purpose," he murmured. "Alas! that a name derived from old Roman ancestors should be borne by one so little qualified to do it honour! Had it pleased Heaven to preserve to me the child stolen in his infancy by the Moslem, how different would have been my position! That masculine and noble boy, so full of life and promise, would have proved a prop to my old age, and an ornament to his country. But now, alas!" —

He continued for a while to indulge in vain regrets that the course of events had not been otherwise; then turning to the window, he watched the efforts made by the pirates to extinguish the flames, until a dense cloud of smoke that overhung the town was the only sign remaining of the conflagration.

For some time the Proveditore paced up and down the hall in anxious thought upon his critical position, and the strange circumstances that had led to it. In vain did he endeavour to reconcile, what now seemed more than ever inexplicable, the vindictive rage of Dansowich in the dungeon, and the evidence before him that the pirate's wife was still in existence. It was a riddle which he was unable to solve; and at last, despairing of

success, he abandoned the attempt, and sought in slumber a temporary oblivion of the perils that surrounded him.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE RECOGNITION.

Upon a divan in the splendid armoury of the pacha's palace at Bosnia-Serai, the young Turk Ibrahim was seated in deep thought, the day after his return home. On the walls around him were displayed weapons and military accoutrements of every kind. Damascens sabres richly inlaid, and many with jeweled hilts, embroidered banners, golden stirrups, casques of embossed silver, burnished armour and coats-of-mail, were arranged in picturesque and fanciful devices. As the young Muslim gazed around him, and beheld these trophies of victories won by Turkish viziers and pachas in their wars against Austria and Venice, his martial and fearless spirit rose high, and he reproached himself with weakness and pusillanimity for having abandoned the pursuit of her he loved. Bitterly did he now regret his precipitation in leaving Venice the morning after the Battle of the Bridge, and while under the influence of the shock he had received, in beholding the hideous features of an old woman where he had expected to find the blooming countenance of Strasolda. His love for the Uzeoque maiden, as he had seen her when his captive, and again in the cavern on the coast by Segna, returned in full force. He was already planning a journey to Venice, when he was interrupted in his meditations by the noise of a horse's hoofs dashing full speed into the court of the palace. In another minute an attendant summoned him to the presence of the pacha, and there he heard the news just received, of the wild outbreak of the Uzeoques. The Martellozzi and other troops were ordered to proceed immediately to the frontier, in order to protect Turkish Dalmatia from the pirates; and Ibrahim, at his urgent request, was appointed to a command in the expedition.

With joyful alacrity did the young

Turk arm and hurry to horse; and then, putting himself at the head of a troop of light cavalry, sped onwards in the direction of the country where he hoped to gain tidings of Strasolda. Having received strict orders to content himself with protecting the Turkish frontier, and above all not to infringe on Archducal territory, Ibrahim, on arriving at the boundary of the pachalic, left his troop in charge of the second in command, and with a handful of men entered Venetian Dalmatia, with the intention of obtaining information concerning the Uzeoques, and more especially concerning her he loved. He was assisted in his enquiries by the good understanding existing between Venice and the Porte; and he soon learned that, after the burning of Posca, the pirates had suddenly ceased their excesses and returned to Segna, taking the Proveditore with them. They had not gone, however, either to the castle or the town; but fearful lest the Archduke should interfere, and make them give up their illustrious prisoners, had betaken themselves to the mountains, in the numerous caverns and lurking-places of which they were able to conceal their captives. From every mouth did the eager enquirer hear praises of the female who accompanied the Uzeoques. None spoke of her but in terms of love and gratitude. As regarded her appearance accounts were at variance, some representing her as young and beautiful, while others compassionated her frightful ugliness; and, more than ever perplexed by this conflicting testimony, Ibrahim pursued his march and his enquiries, still hoping by perseverance to arrive at a solution of the enigma.

While the young Turk was thus employed, the Proveditore and his son were conveyed by their captors from one place of security to another, passing one night in the depths of some

ravine, the next amongst the crags and clefts of the mountains, but always moving about in the daytime, and never sleeping twice in the same place. Since the evening of the revel at Pesca they had not again beheld the mysterious old woman, although they had more than once heard her clear and silvery voice near the place allotted to them for confinement and repose. In certain attentions and comforts, intended as alleviations of their unpleasant position, female care and thought were also visible; but all their efforts were vain to obtain a sight of the friendly being who thus hovered around them.

It was on a beautiful evening some fourteen days after their capture, that the Proveditore and his son lay upon the bank of the only river that waters the rocky vicinity of Segna, wearied by a long and rapid march. There was an unusual degree of bustle observable amongst the Uzcoques, and numerous messengers had been passing to and from the castle of Segna, which was at no great distance from the spot where they had now halted. From the various indications of some extraordinary occurrence, the two Venetians began to hope that the crisis of their fate was approaching, and that they should at last know in what manner their captors meant to dispose of them. Nor were they wrong in their expectations. Suddenly the mysterious old woman stood before them, her partially veiled features bearing their wonted hideous aspect, and her eyes, usually so brilliant, dimmed with tears.

"You are free," said she in an agitated voice to the Proveditore and his son. "Our people will escort you to Fiume in all safety, and there you will find galleys of the republic to convey you back to Venice."

At the sight of the old woman's unearthly countenance, Antonio covered his face with his hands; the Proveditore rose from the ground deeply moved.

"Singular being!" he exclaimed, "by this mildness and mercy you punish me more effectually than by the bloodiest revenge you could have taken for my cruel treatment of you."

"You owe me no thanks," was the reply; "thank rather the holy Virgin,

who sent the youth beside you to be your guardian angel, and who delivered you into the hands of the Uzcoques at a time when they had need of a hostage. Surely it was by the special intervention of Heaven that the murderer of the wife was sent to serve as ransom for the captive husband. But the atonement has come too late, the noble Dansowich was basely ensnared into an act of violence, and his life paid the forfeit of his wrath—he died upon the rack. And now the wily counsellors at Gradiska compel us to release you."

She paused, interrupted by a flood of tears. After a short silence, broken only by her sobs, she became more composed, and the Proveditore again addressed her.

"But what," said he, "could have driven Dansowich to an act of violence, which he must have known would entail a severe punishment? Surely his wife's safety and the lapse of years might have enabled him to forgive, if not to forget, the unsuccessful attempt upon her life."

"His wife's safety!" exclaimed the old woman. "Have the trials and fatigues of the last few days turned your brain? Alas! too surely was the rope fixed round her neck; and had it not carried off her remains how could you have possessed her portrait, and by the devilish stratagem of showing it to the braved husband, have driven him to the act which cost him his life?"

"Gracious Heaven! what hideous jest is this?" exclaimed Marcello. "Do I not see you living and standing before me; and think you I could ever forget your features, or the look you gave me when hanging from the tree? You were cut down and saved after our departure; and but a few weeks have elapsed since my son painted your likeness, after conveying you across the canal in his gondola."

The old woman stood for a few moments as though petrified by what she had just heard. At last she passed her hand slowly across her face, as if to convince herself of her identity.

"And she you murdered resembled me?" she exclaimed in a trembling voice. "It was of me that the portrait was taken, and by him!" she continued, pointing to Antonio with



a gesture of horror and contempt. "My picture was it, that was held before Dansowich, and by you, the murderer of his wife? Holy Virgin!" she exclaimed, as the truth seemed to flash upon her, "how has my faith in thee misled me! I beheld in this youth one sent by Heaven to aid me; but now I see that he was prompted by the powers of darkness to steal my portrait, and thus become the instrument of destruction to the best and noblest of our race."

"Forgive and spare us!" exclaimed Antonio, conscience-stricken as he remembered the admonitions of Contarini. "'Tis true, I *was* the instrument, but most unwittingly. How could I know so sad an end would follow?"

"'Tis not my want to seek revenge," replied the old woman: "nor do I forget that you saved my life from the fury of the Venetians."

Antonio essayed to speak, but had not courage to correct the error into which she had been led by his strong resemblance to the gallant stranger.

"But," she continued, "'tis time you should have full proof that the features you painted were not those of the wife of Dansowich."

With these words she threw back her veil, unfastened some small hooks concealed in her abundant tresses, and took off a mask of thin and untanned lamb-skin, wrinkled and stained with yellow and purple streaks by exposure to sun and storm. This mask, closely fitted to features regular and prominent, and strongly resembling those of her unfortunate mother, whose large, dark, and very brilliant eyes she had also inherited, will explain the misconception of the Provéditore as well as that of Dansowich, who had never seen his daughter in a disguise worn only at Venice or other places of peril, and while away from her father and his protection.

While the beautiful but still tearful Uzcoque maid stood thus revealed before the astonished senator, and his enraptured and speechless son, the approaching footfall of a horse at full speed was heard, and in an instant there darted round the angle of a cliff the martial figure of a Turk, mounted upon a large and powerful

steed, of that noble race bred in the deserts eastward of the Caspian. The tall and graceful person of the stranger was attired in a close riding-dress of scarlet cloth, from the open breast of which gleamed a light coat-of-mail. A twisted turban bound with chains of glittering steel defended and adorned his head. A crooked cimeter suspended from his belt was his only weapon. His countenance bore a striking resemblance to that of Antonio, and had the same sweet and graceful expression about the mouth and chin; but the more arched and commanding forehead, the well opened flashing eyes, the more prominent and masculine nose, the clear, rich, olive complexion and soldierly bearing, proclaimed him to be of a widely different and higher nature. Riding close up to the side of Strasolda, he reined in his steed with a force and suddenness that threw him on his knees: but speedily recovering his balance, the noble animal stood pawing the earth and lashing his sides with his long tail like some untamed and kingly creature of the desert; his veins starting out in sharp relief, his broad chest and beautiful limbs spotted with foam, and his long mane, that would have swept the ground, streaming like a banner in the sea-breeze.

For a moment the startled Strasolda gazed alternately, and in wild and mute amazement, at Antonio and the stranger; but all doubt and hesitation were dispersed in an instant by the well-remembered and impassioned tones, the martial bearing and Moslem garb of Ibrahim, whose captive she had been before she saw him in the cavern.

Leaping from his saddle and circling her slender waist with his arm, he addressed her in those accents of truth and passion which go at once to the heart—

"Heroic daughter of Dansowich! thou art the bright star of my destiny, the light of my soul! Thou must be mine! Come, then, to my heart and home! Gladden with thy love the life of Ibrahim, and he will give thee truth unflinching and love without end."

Strasolda did not long hesitate. Already prepossessed in favour of the young and noble-minded Moslem; her

allegiance to the Christian powers and faith weakened by the treachery of Austria; her people degraded into robbers; a soldier's daughter, and keenly alive to the splendours of martial gallantry and glory; an orphan, too, and desolate—can it be wondered at if she surrendered, at once and for ever, to this generous and impassioned lover all the sympathies of her affectionate nature? She spoke not; but, as she leaned half-fainting on his arm, her eloquent looks said that which made Ibrahim's pulses thrill with grateful rapture. Pressing her fondly to his bosom, he placed her on the back of his faithful steed, and vaulted into the saddle. Snorting as the vapour flew from his red nostrils, and neighing with mad delight, the impatient animal threw out his iron hoofs into the air, flew round the angle of the cliff, and joined ere long a dozen mounted spear-men. Then, bending their headlong course towards the far east, in a few seconds all had disappeared.

During this scene, which passed almost with the speed of thought, the Proveditore, who was seated on a ledge of the cliff, had gazed anxiously and wildly at the youthful stranger. He knew him in an instant, and would have singled him out amidst thousands; but was so overwhelmed by a rushing tide of strong and heartrending emotions, that he could neither rise nor speak, and remained, long after the Turk had disappeared, with outstretched arms and straining eyeballs.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the bewildered Antonio, half suspect-

ing the truth, "who was that daring youth?"

After a pause, and in tones broken and inarticulate, his father answered—"Thy twin brother, Antonio! When a child he was stolen from me by some Turks in Candia; and those who stole have given him their own daring and heroic nature, for they are great and rising, while Venice and her sons are falling and degenerate. Oh Ercole! my dear and long-lost son—seen but a moment and then lost for ever!" ejaculated the bereaved father, as, refusing all comfort, he folded his cloak over his face and wept bitterly.

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NOTE.—Shortly after these events, Venice, urged at last beyond all endurance, took up arms against Austria on account of the protection afforded by the latter power to the Uzeques. The pirate vessels were burned, Segna besieged and taken, the Uzeques slain or dispersed. The quarrel between Austria and the republic was put an end to by the mediation of Spain shortly before the breaking out of the Thirty Years' War.

"Ces misérables," says a distinguished French writer, speaking of the Uzeques, "furent bien plus criminels par la suite des puissances, que par l'instinct de leur propre nature. Les Vénitiens les aigrirent; l'église Romaine préféra de les persécuter au devoir de les éclaircir; la maison d'Autriche en fit les instruments de sa politique, et quand le philosophe examine leur histoire il ne voit pas que les Uzeques soient les seuls criminels."

## THE SLAVE-TRADE.

THE extraordinary change which took place in the public mind in the beginning of the century on the subject of the slave-trade, unquestionably justified the determination of Government to abolish a traffic contradictory to every principle of Christianity. It had taken twenty years to obtain this victory of justice. But we must exonerate the mind of England from the charge of abetting this guilty traffic in human misery. The nation had been almost wholly ignorant of its nature. Of course, that Africans were shipped for the West Indies was known; that, as slaves, they were liable to the severities of labour, or the temper of masters, was also known; but in a country like England, where every man is occupied with the concerns of public or private life, and where the struggle for competence, if not for existence, is often of the most trying order, great evils may occur in the distant dependencies of the crown without receiving general notice from the nation. It seems to have been one of the singular results of the war with America, that the calamities of the slave-trade should have been originally brought to the knowledge of the people. The loss of our colonies on the mainland, naturally directed public attention to the increased importance of the West Indian colonies. A large proportion of our supplies for the war had been drawn from those islands; they had become the station of powerful fleets during the latter portion of the war; large garrisons were placed in them; the intercourse became enlarged from a merely commercial connexion with our ports, to a governmental connection with the empire; and the whole machinery of the West Indian social system was brought before the eye of England.

The result was the exposure of the cruelties which slavery entails, and the growing resolution to clear the country of the stigma, and the benevolent desire to relieve a race of

beings, who, however differing in colour and clime from ourselves, were sons of the same common blood, and objects of the same Divine mercy. The exertions of Wilberforce, and the intelligent and benevolent men whom he associated with himself in this great cause, were at last successful; and he gained for the British the noblest triumph ever gained for a nation over its own habits, its selfishness, its pride, and its popular opinion.

But the manner in which this great redemption of national character was effected, did less honour to the wisdom of the cabinet than to the benevolence of the people. Fox, probably sincere, but certainly headlong, rushed into emancipation as he had rushed into every measure that bore the name of popularity. Impatient of the delay which might take the honour of this crowning act out of the hands of his party—and unquestionably, in any shape, it was an honour to any party—he hurried it forward without securing the concert, or compelling the acquiescence, of any one of the European kingdoms engaged in the slave-trade. It is true that England was then at war with them all; but there was thus only the stronger opportunity of pronouncing the national resolve, never to tolerate the commerce in slaves, and never to receive any country into our protection by which that most infamous of all trades was tolerated. The opportunity was amply given for establishing the principle, in the necessity which every kingdom in succession felt for the aid of England, and the abolition ought to have been the first article of the treaty. But the occasion was thrown away.

The parliamentary regulations, which had largely provided for the comfort of the slaves on the passage from Africa, and their protection in the British colonies, could not be extended to the new and tremendous traffic which was engaged in by all the commercial states of Europe and

the West. The closing of the British mart of slavery flooded the African shore with desperate dealers in the flesh and blood of man: whose only object was profit, and who regarded the miseries of the African only as they affected his sale. The ships which, by the British regulations, had been suffered to carry only a number limited to their accommodation, were now crowded with wretches, stowed in spaces that scarcely allowed them to breathe. The cheapness of the living cargo, produced by the withdrawal of the British from the slave coast, excited the activity, almost the fury, of the trade; and probably 100,000 miserable beings were thus annually dragged from their own country, to undergo the labour of brutes, and die the death of brutes in the Western World.

Another source of evil was added to the original crime. The colonial possessions of Spain had been broken up into republics, and those were all slave-dealers. The great colony of Portugal, Brazil, had rushed into this frightful commerce with the feverish avidity of avarice set free from all its old restrictions. North America, coquetting with philanthropy, and nominally abjuring the principle of slavery, suffered herself to undergo the corruption of the practice for the temptation of the lucre, and the Atlantic was covered with slave-ships.

But rash, ill considered, and unfortunate as was the precipitate measure of Fox, we shall never but rejoice at the abolition of the slave-trade by our country. If England had stood alone for ever in that abolition, it would be a national glory. To have cast that commerce from her at all apparent loss, was the noblest of national gains; and it may be only when higher knowledge shall be given to man, of the causes which have protected the empire through the struggles of war and the trials of peace, that we may know the full virtue of that most national and magnanimous achievement of charity to man.

It is only in the spirit of this principle that the legislature has followed up those early exertions, by the purchase of the final freedom of the slave, by the astonishing donative of twenty millions sterling, the largest sum ever given for the purposes of humanity.

It is only in the same spirit that our cabinet continued to prosecute the commercial states the research, in right which we solicit on the simple ground of humanity; and which, though it cannot be our duty to enforce at the hazard of hostility, must never be abandoned where we can succeed by the representations of reason, justice, and religion.

The curious and succinct narrative to which we now advert, gives the experience of a short voyage on board of one of those slave ships. And the miseries witnessed by its writer, whose detail seems as accurate as it is simple, more than justify the zeal of our foreign secretary in labouring to effect the total extinction of this death-dealing trade.

H.M.S. the *Cleopatra*, of twenty-six guns, commanded by Captain Wyvill, arriving at Rio Janeiro in September 1812, the reverend writer took the opportunity of being transferred from the *Malabar*, as chaplain. In the beginning of September the *Cleopatra* left the *Mauritius*, to proceed to the Mozambique Channel, off Madagascar, her appointed station, to watch the slave-traders. After various cruises along the coast, and as far as Algon Bay, they at last captured a slaver.

April 12.—At daybreak the lookout at the topmast-head perceived a vessel on the lee quarter, at such a distance as to be scarcely visible; but her locality being pronounced "very suspicious," the order was given to bear up for her. The breeze falling, the boats were ordered out, and in a few minutes the barge and the first gig were pulling away in the direction of the stranger. So variable, however, is the weather at this season, that before the boats had rowed a mile from the ship, a thick haze surrounded the ship, and the chase was lost sight of. The rain fell in torrents, and the ship was going seven knots through the water. On the clearing up of the fog, the chase was again visible. The sun broke forth, and the rakish-looking brigantine appeared to have carried on all sail during the squall. They could see, under her sails, the low black hull, pitching up and down; and, approaching within range, one of the fore-castle guns was cleared away for a bow-chaser. The



British ensign had been for some time flying at the peak. It was at length answered by the green and yellow Brazilian flag. At length, after a variety of dexterous manœuvres to escape, and from fifteen to twenty shots fired after her, she shortened sail and lay to. Dark naked forms passing across the deck, removed any remaining doubt as to her character, and showed that she had her slave cargo on board. An officer was sent to take possession, and the British ensign displaced the Brazilian. The scene on board was a sufficiently strange one: the deck was crowded with negroes to the number of 450, in almost riotous confusion, having risen but a little while before against the crew. The meagre, famished-looking throng, having broken through all control, had seized every thing for which they had a fancy in the vessel: some with handfuls of the powdered roots of the cassava, others with large pieces of pork and beef, having broken open the casks, and others with fowls, which they had torn from the coops. Many were busily dipping rags, fastened with bits of string, into the water-casks to act as sponges, and some had got at the contents of a cask of Brazilian rum, which they greatly enjoyed. However, they exhibited the wildest joy, mingled with the clank of the iron, as they were knocking off their fetters on every side. From the moment the first ball had been fired, they had been actively employed in thus freeing themselves. The crew found but thirty thus shackled in pairs, but many more pairs of shackles were found below. There could not be a moment's doubt as to the light in which they viewed their captors, now become their liberators. They rushed towards them in crowds, and rubbed their feet and hands caressingly, even rolling themselves on the deck before them; and, when they saw the crew of the vessel rather unceremoniously sent over the side into the boat which was to take them prisoners to the frigate, they set up a long universal shout of triumph and delight. The actual number of the negroes now on board, amounted to 447. Of those 180 were men, few, however, exceeding twenty years of age; 45 women; 218 boys. The name of the prize was

the *Progresso*, last from Brazil, and bound to Rio Janeiro. The crew were seventeen; three Spaniards, and the rest Brazilians. The vessel was of about 140 tons; the length of the slave-deck, 87 feet; its mean breadth, 21½ feet; its height, 3½ feet—a horrible space to contain between four and five hundred human beings. How they could even breathe is scarcely conceivable. The captain and one of the crew were said to have been drowned in the surf at the embarkation of the negroes. Two Spaniards, and a Portuguese cook, were sent back into the prize.

As the writer understood Spanish, and as some one was wanting to interpret between the English crew and those managers of the negroes, he proposed to go on board with them to their place of destination, the Cape of Good Hope. The English crew were a lieutenant, three petty officers, and nine seamen. It had been the captain's first intention to take a hundred of the negroes on board the frigate, which would probably have prevented the fearful calamities that followed; but an unfortunate impression prevailed, that some of them were infected with the small-pox. In the same evening the *Progresso* set sail. For the first few hours all went on well—the breeze was light, the weather warm, and the negroes were sleeping on the deck: their slender supple limbs entwined in a surprisingly small compass, resembling in the moonlight confused piles of arms and legs, rather than distinct human forms. But about an hour after midnight, the sky began to gather clouds, a haze overspread the horizon to windward, and a squall approached. The hands, having to shorten sail, suddenly found the negroes in the way, and the order was given to send them all below.

There seems to have been some dreadful mismanagement to cause the horrid scene that followed. Why all the negroes should have been driven down together; or why, when the vessel was put to rights, they should not have been allowed to return to the deck; or why, when driven down, the hatches should have been forced upon them—are matters which we cannot comprehend; but nothing could be more unfortunate than the consequence of those rash measures. We

state the event in the words of the narrative:—

"The night being intensely hot and close, 400 wretched beings crammed into a hold twelve yards in length, seven in breadth, and only three and a half feet in height, speedily began to make an effort to re-issue to the open air; being thrust back, and striving the more to get out, the *after hatch* was forced down upon them. Over the other hatchway, in the fore part of the vessel, a wooden grating was fastened. A scene of agony followed those most unfortunate measures, unequalled by any thing that we have heard of since the Black Hole of Calcutta. To this sole inlet for the air, the suffocating heat of the hold, and perhaps panic from the strangeness of their situation, made them press. They crowded to the grating, and, clinging to it for air, completely barred its entrance. They strove to force their way through apertures in length fourteen inches, and barely six inches in breadth, and in some instances succeeded. The cries, the heat, I may say without exaggeration, 'the smoke of their torment,' which ascended, can be compared to nothing earthly. One of the Spaniards gave warning that the consequences would be many deaths—*¡muchoa habra muchos muertos!*"

If this statement with its consequences be true, we cannot conceive how the conduct of those persons by whom it was brought about can be passed over without enquiry. There seems to have been nothing in the shape of necessity for its palliation. There was no storm, the vessel was in no danger of foundering unless the hatches were fastened down. That the negroes might have lumbered the deck for the first few minutes of preparing to meet the squall is probable; but why, when they were palpably suffocating, they should still have been kept down, is one of the most unaccountable circumstances we ever remember. We must hope that, while we are nationally incurring an enormous expenditure to extinguish this most guilty and detestable traffic, such scenes will be guarded against for ever, by the strictest orders to the captors of the slave-traders. It would have been infinitely better for the wretched cargo if they had been carried to their original destination,

and sent to toil in the fields of Brazil.

The Spaniard's prediction was true. Next morning no less than fifty-four crushed and mangled corpses were lifted up from the slave deck, and thrown overboard. We shall avoid disgusting our readers with mentioning the state in which their struggles had left those trampled and strangled beings. On the survivors being released from their horrid dungeon, they drank their allowance of water, somewhat more than half a pint to each, with inconceivable eagerness. A heavy shower having freshened the air, in the evening most of the negroes went below of their own accord, the hatchways having been left open to allow them air. But a short time, however, had elapsed, when they began tumultuously to re-ascend: and some of the persons on deck, fearful of their crowding it too much, repelled them, and they were trampled back, screaming and writhing in a confused mass. The hatch was about to be forced down upon them: and had not the lieutenant in charge left positive orders to the contrary, the catastrophe of last night would have been re-enacted. On explaining to the Spaniard that it was desired he should dispose those who came on deck in proper places, he set himself to the task with great alacrity; and he showed with much satisfaction how soon and how quietly they might be arranged out of the way of the repea, covered with long rugs provided for the purpose. "To-morrow," said he, "there will be no deaths, except perhaps among some of those who are sick already." On the next day there was but one dead, but three were reported dying from the sufferings of the first night. They now saw the *Cleopatra* once more, and the alarm of small-pox having been found groundless, the captain took on board fifty of the boys.

To our surprise, the provisions on board the slaver were ample for the negroes, consisting of Monte Video dried beef, small beans, rice, and cassava flour. The cabin stores were profuse; lockers filled with ale and porter, barrels of wine, liquours of various sorts, cases of English pickles, raisins, &c. &c.; and its list of medicines amounted to almost the whole

*Materia Medica.* On questioning the Spaniards as to the probability of extinguishing the slave-trade, their reply was, that though in the creeks of Brazil it might be difficult, yet it had grown a desperate adventure. Four vessels had been already taken on the east coast of Africa this year: but the venture is so lucrative, that the profits of a fifth which escaped, would probably more than compensate the loss of the four.

On the east coast negroes are paid for in money or coarse cottons, at the rate of eighteen dollars for men, and twelve for boys. At Rio Janeiro their value may be estimated at £52 for men, £41, 10s. for women, and £31 for boys. Thus, on a cargo of 500, at the mean price the profit will exceed £10,000—

Cost price of 500, average fifteen dollars, or £3, 5s. each.	£1625
Selling price at Rio Janeiro, average £41, 10s.,	£20,750

While these enormous profits continue, it must be a matter of extreme difficulty to suppress the trade, especially while the principals, captains, and crews, have perfect impunity. At present, all that they suffer is the loss of their cargo. But if enactments were made, by which heavy fines and imprisonment were to be inflicted on the merchants to whom the expedition could be traced, and corporal punishment and transportation for life for the crews, and for the captains service as common sailors on board our frigates, we should soon find the ardour for the traffic diminished.

The voyage was slow from the frequent calms. By the 20th of April they had advanced only to the tropic, 350 miles. From day to day the sick among the negroes were dropping off. A large shark followed the ship, which they conceived might have gorged some of the corpses. He was caught, but the stomach was empty. When brought on the deck, he exhibited the usual and remarkable tenacity of life. Though his tail was chopped, and even his entrails taken out, in neither of which operations it exhibited any sign of sensation, yet not a drop was a bucket of salt water poured on it, to wash the deck, than it began to flounder about and bite on all sides.

Symptoms of fever now began to

appear on board, and the Portuguese cook died.

*April 29.*—A storm, the lightning intolerably vivid, flash succeeding flash with scarcely a sensible intermission; blue, red, and of a still more dazzling white, which made the eye shrink, lighting up every object on deck as clearly as at mid-day. All the winds of heaven seemed let loose, as it blew alternately from every point of the compass. The screams of distress from the sick and weak in the hold, were heard through the roar of the tempest. From the rolling and creaking, one might fancy every thing going asunder. The woman's shed on deck had been washed down, and the planks which formed its roof falling in a heap, a woman was found dead under the ruin.

*May 1.*—In this hemisphere, marking the approach of the cold weather, the naked negroes began to shiver, and their teeth to chatter.

*May 3.*—Another storm, with severe cold. Seven negroes were found dead this morning. The wretched beings had begun now to steal water and brandy from the hold. "None can tell," says the writer, "save he who has tried, the pangs of thirst which may excite them in that heated hold, many of them fevered, by mortal disease. Their daily allowance of water is about a half pint in the morning, and the same quantity in the evening." This passage now became all storms. A heavy squall came on *May 8*, which continued next day a strong gale. The first object which met the eye in the morning, was three negroes dead on the deck.

*May 11.*—Another storm, heavier than any of the preceding ones. Towards evening the report of the helmsman was the gratifying one, that the heart of the gale was broke; yet a yellow haze overspread the setting sun, and it continued to blow as wildly as ever. Squalls rapidly succeeding each other mingled sea and air in one sheet of spray, blinding the eyes of the helmsman; waves towering high above us, tossing up the foam from their crests towards the sky, threatened to engulf the vessel at every moment. When the squalls,



breaking heavily on the vessel, caused her to heel over, and the negroes to tumble one against each other in the hold, the effects of the storm passing through the darkness of the night, being above the noise of the winds and waves, portents of all horrors in this unhappy vessel, the saddest Dysentery now attacked the crew, and the boatswain's mate died. We pass over the melancholy details of this miserable voyage, in which disgusts and distresses of every kind seemed to threaten all on board with death, every day bringing its mortality. At last on Sunday, May 28th, the welcome sight of Cape Agulhas cheered them at the distance of ten miles. The weather was now fine, but the mortality continued, the fatal cases averaging four a-day. On the 1st of June eight were found dead in the morning; and, when the morning mist had cleared away, they found themselves within three miles of Simon's Bay. As soon as the *Progreso* anchored, the superintendent of the naval hospital came on board, and the writer descended with him for the last time to the slave hold. Accustomed as he had been to scenes of suffering, he was unable to endure a sight, surpassing all he could have conceived, he said, of human misery, and made a hasty retreat. The numbers who had died within the fifty days were 163. Even this was not all; for, on returning to the vessel next day, six corpses were added to the eight of the preceding day, and the fourteen were piled on deck for interment on the shore. A hundred of the healthiest negroes were landed at the pier to proceed in waggons to Cape Town; but though rescued from a state of extreme misery, the change seemed to excite anxiety and apprehension. Each of the men had received on landing a new warm jacket and trousers, and the women had each a new white blanket in addition to an under dress, and they were placed snugly in waggons; yet their countenances resembled those of condemned victims. Of the whole of the original cargo, not far short of one half had died. To what causes this

horrible mortality must be imputed, it is not our purpose to decide; but that it did not arise from the original tendency of the negroes to sickness seems evident—the fact being, that of the fifty who were taken on board the frigate, but one had died at sea and one on shore. Within a few days the liberated negroes had acquired a more cheerful look, their first conception having been that they were to be devoured by the people of the country, and they were reluctant to eat, fearing that it was intended to fatten them for the purpose. However, the negroes in the colonies soon freed them from this apprehension.

We shall be rejoiced if the publicity given to this little but intelligent pamphlet by our means, may assist in drawing the attention of the influential classes to the subject. We fully believe that, if we were to look for the deepest misery that was ever inflicted in this world, and the greatest mass of it, we should find it in the slave-trade. It is the misery, not as in civilized life, of scattered individuals, but of multitudes, and a misery comprehending every other: sudden separation from every tie of the human heart, parent, child, spouse, and country; the misery of bodily affliction, disease, famine, storms, shipwreck, and ultimately slavery, with all its wretchedness of toil and tyranny for life. We certainly do not think it our duty to go to war for the object of teaching humanity to other nations. We must not attempt to heal the calamity of the African by the greatest of all calamities and crimes—an unnecessary war. But England has only to persevere sincerely and steadily, however calmly, and she will, by the blessing of that supreme Disposer of the ways of men, who desires the happiness of all his creatures, succeed in the extinction of a traffic which has brought a curse, and brings it deeper still, upon every nation which insults the laws of humanity and the dictates of religion, by dealing in the flesh and blood of man.



## MOSLEM HISTORIES OF SPAIN. \*—THE ARABS OF CORDOVA.

"The second day was that when Martel broke  
The Mussulmen, delivering France opprest,  
And in one mighty conflict, from the yoke  
Of unbelieving Mekka saved the West."

SOUTHEY.

THE Arab domination in Spain is the grand romance of European history. The splendid but mysterious fabric of Asiatic power and science is seen for age after age, like the fairy castle of St. John, exalted far above the rugged plain of Frank semi-barbarism—till the spell is at last broken by the iron prowess of Christian chivalry; and the glittering edifice vanishes from the land as though it had never been, leaving, like the fabled structure of the poet, only a wreath of laurel to bind the brows of the victor. Yet though replete with gorgeous materials both for history and fiction, and stored not only with the recondite lore of Asia and Egypt, but with the borrowed treasures of ancient Greece, (long known to Christendom only by versions through an Arabic medium,) the language and literature of this marvellous people, and even their history, except so far as it related to their never-ceasing warfare with their Christian foes, remained, up to the middle of the last century, a sealed book to their Spanish successors. Coming into possession, like the Israelites of old, "of a land for which they did not labour, of cities which they built not, of vineyards and oliveyards which they planted not," the Spaniards not merely contemned, but persecuted with the fiercest bigotry, all that was left in the peninsula of the genius and learning of their predecessors. Eighty thousand volumes were publicly burned in one fatal

*auto-da-fé* at Granada by order of Cardinal Ximenes, in whom the literature of his own language yet found a munificent patron; and so meritorious did the deed appear in the eyes of his contemporaries, that the number has been magnified to an incredible amount by his biographers, in their zeal for the renown of their hero! So complete was the destruction or deporation† of the seventy public libraries, which, a century and a half before the subjugation of the Moors, were open in different cities of Spain, that the valuable collection now in the Escorial owes its origin to the accidental capture, early in the seventeenth century, of three ships laden with books belonging to Muley Zidan, emperor of Morocco—and even of this casual prize so little was the value appreciated, that it was not till more than a hundred years later, and after three-fourths of the books had been consumed by fire in 1671, that the learned and diligent Casiri was commissioned to make a catalogue of the remainder. The result was the well-known *Bibliotheca Arabico-Hispanica Escorialensis*, which appeared in 1760-70; and which, in the words of the present learned translator, "though hasty and superficial, and containing frequent unaccountable blunders, must, with all its imperfections, ever be valuable as affording palpable proof of the literary cultivation of the Spanish Arabs, and as containing the first glimpses of historical truth." Up to

\* The History of the Mohammedan Dynasties in Spain. By AHMED IBN MOHAMMED AL-MAKKANI of Telemas. Translated and illustrated with Critical Notes by Pascual de Gayangos, late Professor of Arabic in the Athenaeum of Madrid. —Printed for the Oriental Translation Fund. 2 vols. 4to. 1840-43.

† The Almoravide and Almohade princes, who ruled both in Spain and Africa, often inserted a clause in their treaties with the Christians for the restoration of the libraries captured in the towns taken from the Moslems; and Ibn Khaldun mentions, that Yakub Al-mansur destined a college at Fes for the reception of the books thus recovered.

this time the only authority on Spanish history purporting to be drawn from Mohammedan sources, was the work of a Morisco named Miguel de Luna, written by command of the Inquisition; which was first printed at Granada in 1592, and has passed through many editions. Its value may be estimated from its placing the Mohammedan conquest of Spain in the time of Yakub Al-mansur, the actual date of whose reign was from A.D. 1184 to 1199; inasmuch that Señor de Gayangos suggests, as a possible explanation of its glaring inaccuracies, that it was the writer's intention to hoax his employers. Casiri had, however, opened the door for further researches; and he was followed in the same path by Don Faustino de Borbon, whose works, valuable rather from the erudition which they display than from their judgment or critical acumen, have now become extremely scarce—and next by Don Antonio José Condé, one of the most zealous and laborious, if not the most accurate, of Spanish orientalists. His "*History of the Domination of the Arabs and Moors in Spain*," has been generally regarded as of high authority, and is in truth the first work on the subject drawn wholly from Arab sources; but it receives summary condemnation from Señor de Gayngos, for "the unaccountable arrangement of the materials, the entire want of critical or explanatory notes, the unaccountable neglect to cite authorities, the numerous repetitions, blunders, and contradictions." These charges are certainly not without foundation; but they are in some measure accounted for by the trouble and penury in which the author's last years were spent, and the unfinished state in which the work was left at his death in 1820.

An authentic and comprehensive view of the Arab period, as described by their own writers, was therefore still a desideratum in European literature, which the publication before us may be considered as the first step towards supplying. The work of Al-Makkari, which has been taken as a text-book, is not so much an original history as a collection of extracts, sometimes abridged, and sometimes transcribed in full, from more ancient historians; and frequently giving two or three ver-

sions of the same event from different authorities—so that, though it can claim but little merit as a composition, it is of extreme value as a repository of fragments of authors in many cases now lost; and further, as the only "uninterrupted narrative of the conquests, wars, and settlements of the Spanish Moslems, from their first invasion of the Peninsula to their final expulsion." In the arrangement of his materials, the translator has departed considerably, and with advantage, from the original; giving the historical books in the form of a continuous narrative, and omitting several sections relating to matters of little interest—while the deficiencies and omissions of the author are supplied by an appendix, containing, in addition to a valuable body of original notes, copious extracts from numerous unpublished Arabic MSS. relating to Spain, which afford ample proof of the extent and diligence of his researches among the Oriental treasures of Paris and London. To those in the Escorial, however, he was denied access during his labours—an almost incredible measure of illiberality, which, if he be correct in ascribing it to his known intention of publishing in England, "ill suits a country" (as he justly remarks in the preface) "which has lately seen its archives and monastic libraries reduced to cinders, and scattered or sold in foreign markets, without the least struggle to rescue or secure them."

Ahmed Al-Makkari, the author or compiler of the present work, derived his surname from a village near Telemusan called Makkarah, where his family had been established since the conquest of Africa by the Arabs. He was born at Telemusan some time in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and educated by his uncle, who held the office of Mufti in that city; but having quitted his native country in 1618 on a pilgrimage to Mecca, he married and settled in Cairo. During a visit to Damascus in 1628, he was received with high distinction by Ahmed Ibn Shahin Effendi, the director of the college of Jakmak in that city, and a distinguished patron of literature; at whose suggestion (he tells us) he undertook this work.

His original purpose had been only to write the life of Abu Abdullah Lisan-uddin, a celebrated historian and minister in Granada, better known to Oriental scholars as Ibnu'l-Khattib; but having completed this, the thought struck him of adding, as a second part, an historical account of the Moslems of Spain. He had formerly written an extensive and elaborate work on this subject, composed (to use his own words) "in such an elevated and pleasing style, that had it been publicly delivered by the common crier, it would have made even the stones deaf:—but, alas! the whole of this we had left in Maghreb (Morocco) with the rest of our library. . . .

However, we have done our best to make the present work as useful and complete as possible." It was probably the last literary undertaking of his life: since he was on the point of quitting Cairo to fix his residence in Damascus, when he died of a fever in the second Jumada of A.H. 1041, (Jan. 1632,) leaving a high reputation as a traditionist and doctor of the Moslem law.

The introductory chapter gives a sketch of the various nations which inhabited *Andalus* or Spain before the Arab conquest, prefaced by extracts from numerous writers eulogistic of a country "whose excellences (as Al-Makkari himself declares) "are such and so many that they cannot easily be contained in a book . . . so that one of their wise men, who knew that the country had been called the bird's tail, owing to the supposed resemblance of the earth to a bird with extended wings, remarked that that bird was the peacock, the principal beauty of which was in the tail." These panegyrics are not in all cases exactly consistent; for while the famous geographer, Obeidullah Al-Bekri, "compares his native country to Syria for purity of air and water, to China for mines and precious stones, &c. &c., and to Al-Ahwaz (a district in Persia) for the magnitude of its males"—the Sheikh Ahmed Al-Razi (better known as the historian Razi) praises its comparative freedom from wild beasts and reptiles. The name *Andalus* is derived by some authors from a great grandson of Noah so named, who settled there

soon after the deluge; but Al-Makkari rather inclines, with Ibn Khaldun and other writers, to deduce it from the *Andalosh*, (Vandals,) "a tribe of barbarians," who appear to be considered as the earliest inhabitants; but who, having incurred the divine wrath by their wickedness and idolatry, were all cut off by a terrible drought, which left the land for a hundred years an uninhabited desert. A colony then arrived from Africa, under a chief named Batrikus, eleven generations of whose descendants reigned for one hundred and fifty-seven years; after which they were all annihilated by the "barbarians of Rome, who invaded and conquered the country; and it was after their king Ishban, son of Titus, that Andalus was called Ishbanlah," (Hispania.) As Ishban is just after said to have "plundered and demolished Ila, which is the same as Al-Kods the illustrious," (Jerusalem,) it is obvious that the name must be a corruption of Vespasian, who is thus made the son instead of the father of Titus. We are told that authors differ whether it was on this occasion, or at the former capture of Jerusalem by Bokht-Nasser, (Nebuchadnezzar,) at which a king of Spain named Berian was also present, that the table constructed by the genii for Solomon, and which Tarik afterwards found at Toledo, was transported to Spain—and Al-Makkari professes himself, as well he may, unable to reconcile the different accounts. Fifty-five kings descended from Ishban, whose race was dispossessed ("about the time of the Messiah, on whom be peace!") by a people called Bishtlikat, (Visigoths?) under a king called Talubush, (Atanlphus?) whom Al-Makkari holds to have been the same people as the "barbarians of Rome," though "there are not wanting authors who make the Goths and the Bishtlikat only one nation." After holding possession during the reigns of twenty-seven monarchs, they were in turn subdued by the Goths, whose royal residence was "Toleyalah, (Toledo,) though Ishbilah (Seville) continued to be the abode of the sciences." The Gothic kings are said to have been thirty-six;—but the only one particularized by name is "Khosha-



Justin, (Constantine,) who not only embraced Christianity himself, but called on his subjects to do the same, and is held by the Christians as the greatest king they ever had . . . several kings of his posterity reigned after him, till Andalus was finally subdued by the Arabs, by whose means God was pleased to make manifest the superiority of Islam over every other religion."

With the Arab conquest the authentic history commences; and the accounts given from the Moslem writers of this memorable event, which first gave the followers of the Prophet a footing in Europe, differ in no material point from the eloquent narrative of Gibbon. Al-Makkari, however, does not fail to inform us, that predictions had been rife from long past ages, which foretold the invasion and conquest of the country by a fierce people from Africa; and potent were the spells and talismans constructed to ward off the danger, "by the Greek kings who reigned in old times." Several of these are described with due solemnity; and among them we find the tale of the visit paid by Roderic\* to the magic tower at Toledo, which has been rendered familiar by the pages of Scott and Southey. We shall not here recapitulate the well-known incidents of the wrongs and revenge of Count Yllan, or Julian, the first landing of Tarik at Tarifa, the second expedition sent by Musa under Tarik Ibn Zeyad, and the death or disappearance of the Gothic king on the fatal day of Guadalete.† No complete was the discomfiture of the Christians, that the kingdom fell,

without a second blow, before the victors of a single field; and was overrun with such rapidity, that from the inability of the conquerors to garrison the cities which surrendered, they were entrusted for the time to the guard of the Jews!—a singular circumstance, which, when coupled with the statement that many of the Herbers (of whom the invading army was almost wholly composed) were recent converts from Judaism,‡ would apparently imply that the conquest was facilitated by a previous correspondence. The subjugation of the country was completed by the arrival of Musa himself, who reduced Seville and the other towns which still held out, and is even said to have crossed the Pyrenees and sacked Narbonne;§ but this is not mentioned by any Christian writer, and is referred by the translator to his invasion of Catalonia, which the Arabs considered as part of "the land of the Franks." After the first fury of conquest had subsided, the Christians who remained in their homes were permitted to live unmolested, on payment of the capitation-tax: but peculiar privileges were accorded to the Jews, and the hold of the Moslems on the country was strengthened by the vast influx of settlers, not only from Africa, but from Syria and Arabia, who were attracted by the reports of the riches and fertility of the new province. Nearly all the tribes of Arabia are enumerated by Al-Makkari as represented in Spain; and the feuds of the two great divisions, the Beni-Modharj or race of Adnan, and the Beni-Kalhtan or Arabs of Yemen,

\* He is called by the Arabic writers *Ludherik*—a name afterwards applied as a general designation to the kings of Castile.

† The translator adduces strong grounds for believing that the battle was fought, not as usually held, in the plain of Xeres, on the south bank of the Guadalete, but "nearer the sea-shore, and not far from the town of Medina-Sidonia."

‡ This is not mentioned by the authors from whom Al-Makkari has drawn his materials, but is stated by Professor de Gayangos on the authority of Ibn Khaldun.

§ A story is here told of Musa's reaching some colossal ruins, and a monument inscribed with Arabic characters pointing out that place as the term of his conquests—a legend which perhaps gave the hint for one of the tales in the *Thousand and One Nights*, in which he is sent on an expedition to the city of Brass on the shores of the Western Ocean.—See Lane's translation, chap. 21.

|| Condé, and the writers who have followed him, constantly speak of the Beni-Modhar as Egyptian—an error owing to the neglect or omission of the point which in Arabic orthography distinguishes *Modhar* from *Misr*, (Egypt.)



gave rise to most of the civil wars which subsequently desolated Andalus.

The spoil of the vanquished kingdom was immense—the accumulation of long years of luxury and freedom from foreign invasion in a country which, both from the fertility of the soil and the abundance of the precious metals, was then probably the richest in Europe. Whatever degree of credit we may attach to the famous table of Solomon, "said by some to be of pure gold, and by others green emerald," and the gems and ornaments of which are described with full Oriental luxuriance, every account referring to the booty acquired in the principal cities, gives ample evidence of the riches and splendour of the Visigoths. "The plunder found at Toledo\* was beyond calculation. It was common for the lowest men in the army to find magnificent gold chains, and long strings of pearls and rubies. Among other precious objects were found 170 diadems of the purest red gold, set with every sort of precious stone; several measures full of emeralds, rubies, and other gems; and an immense number of gold and silver vases. Such was the eagerness for plunder, and the ignorance of some, especially the Berbers, that when two or more of this nation fell upon an article which they could not conveniently divide, they would cut it in pieces, whatever the material might be, and share it among them." Some of the victorious army seized some ships in the eastern ports, and set sail for their homes with their plunder: but they were speedily overtaken by a tremendous storm, and all perished in the waves—a manifest token, we are given to understand, of the Divine vengeance for the abandonment of the holy warfare under the banners of Islam.

Musa was on his march into Galicia to crush the last embers of national resistance, when his progress was checked by a peremptory summons from the Khalif, to answer at Damas-cus the charges forwarded against him

by Tarik, whom he had unjustly disgraced and punished. Being convicted of falsehood, on the production by Tarik of the missing foot of the table of Solomon, the merit of finding which had been claimed by Musa, he was tortured and deprived of his riches; and the head of his gallant son Abdulaziz, whom he had left in command in Spain, was shown to him in public by the Khalif Soliman, the successor of Walid, with the cruel demand if he knew whose it was. "I do," was the father's reply: "It is the head of one who fasted and prayed; may the curse of Allah fall on it if he who slew him is a better man than he!" But though Musa was thus arrested in the last stage of his conquering career, so complete was the prostration of the Christians, that the viceroys who succeeded Abdulaziz, overlooking or disregarding this yet unsubdued corner of Spain, at once poured their forces across the Pyrenees, seeking new fields of conquest and glory in the countries of the Franks. But the antagonists whom they here encountered, unlike the luxurious Goths of Spain, still preserved the barbarian valour which they had brought from their German forests. And As-Sanh, (the Zama of the Christian writers,) the first Saracen general who obtained a footing in France, "fell a martyr to the faith," with nearly his whole army, in a battle with Eudo, Duke of Aquitaine, before Toulouse, May 10, A.D. 721. But the fiery zeal of the Moslems was only stimulated by this reverse. In the course of the ten following years, their dominion was established as far as the Rhone and Garonne: till, in 732, the torrent of invasion, headed by the Wali Abdurrahman, burst into the heart of the country; and the battle, decisive of the destinies of France, and perhaps of Europe, was fought between Tours and Poitiers, in October of that year, (Ramadhan, A.H. 114.) Few details are given by the Arab writers of the seven days' conflict, in which the ranks of the Moslems were shattered by the iron arm of Charles Martel;

\* Burkhardt (*Travels in Arabia*, i. 303) says, that all the golden ornaments which the Khalif Walid gave to the mosque at Mekka, "were sent from Toledo in Spain, and carried upon mules through Africa and Arabia."

"and the army of Abdurrahman was cut to pieces at a spot called *Bakattush-Shohadâ*, (the Pavement of the Martyrs,) he himself being in the number of the slain." Some confusion here appears, as the same epithet had been applied to the former battle near Toulouse; but this "disastrous day" of Tours virtually extinguished the schemes of Arab conquest in France, though it was not till many years later that they were completely dislodged from Narbonne, and their other acquisitions between the Garonne and the Pyrenees.

Meanwhile the Christian remnant, left unmolested in the Asturian and Galician mountains, gradually recovered courage: and in 717-18, "a despicable barbarian," (as he is termed by Ibn Huiyan, a writer often cited by Al-Makkari,) "named Belay, (Pelayo or Pelagius,) rose in Galicia: and from that moment the Christians began to resist the Moslems, and to defend their wives and daughters; for till then they had not shown the least inclination to do so." "Would to God," piously subjoins Al-Makkari, "that the Moslems had then extinguished at once the sparkles of a fire destined to consume their whole dominion in those parts! But they said—'What are thirty barbarians, perched on a rock? they must inevitably die!'" The spark, which contained the germ of the future independence of Spain, was thus suffered to remain and spread, while the swords of the Moslems were occupied in France; and its growth was further favoured by the anarchy and civil dissensions which broke out among the conquerors. While the leaders of the different Arab factions contested, sword in hand, the viceroyalty of Spain, the Berbers (whose conversion to Islam was apparently yet but imperfect) rose in furious revolt both in Spain and Africa, and were only overpowered by a fresh army sent by the Khalif Hisham from Syria. But the arrival of these reinforcements added new fuel to the old feuds of the Beni-Modhar, and the Yemenis or Beni-

Kahttan; and a desperate civil war raged till 746, when the Khalif's lieutenant, the Emir Abu'l-Khattar, who supported the Yemenis, was killed in a pitched battle fought near Cordova. The leader of the victorious tribe, Yusuf Al-Fehri,\* now assumed supreme power, which he exercised nearly ten years as an independent ruler, without reference to the court of Damascus. The state of affairs in the East, indeed, left little leisure to the Umayyian khalifs to attend to the regulation of a remote province. Their throne was already tottering before the arms and intrigues of the Abbassides, whose black banners, under the guidance of the formidable Abu-Moslem, were even now bearing down from Khorassan upon Syria. The unpopular cause of the Beni-Umayyah, who were detested for the murder of the grandsons of the Prophet under the second of their line, was lost in a single battle; and the death of Merwan, the last khalif of the race, was followed by the unsparing proscription of the whole family. "Every where they were seized and put to death without mercy; and few escaped the search made by the emissaries of As-Seffah, (the bloodshedder, the surname of the first Abbaside khalif,) in every province of the empire."

Among the few survivors of the general doom, was a youth named Abdurrahman Ibn Muawiyah, a grandson of the Khalif Hisham. In his infancy his granduncle Mokmah, the leader of the first Saracen host sent against Constantinople, had indicated him, from certain marks, as the destined restorer of the fallen fortunes of his race; and he was preserved, by a timely warning from a client of his house, from the fatal banquet, in which ninety of the Beni-Umayyah were treacherously massacred. Yet so hot was the pursuit, that his younger brother was taken and slain before his eyes, while swimming the Euphrates with him in their flight. But Abdurrahman, after numberless perils and adventures, at

\* The tribe of Fehr hold a conspicuous place in the Spanish annals, and one of them was the leader of the last attempt to shake off the yoke of Castile, after the capture of Granada.

length reached Africa, which was ruled by the *wali* or viceroy Abdurrahman Ibn Habib, the father of Yusuf Al-Fehri, who had been a personal retainer of his family. But he soon found that he had erred in trusting to the faith of Ibn Habib; and, after narrowly escaping the search made for him by the emissaries of the governor, lay concealed for several years, a fugitive and outlaw, among the tribes of Northern Africa. In this extremity, he at length cast his eyes on Spain, where the Abbasides had never been recognized, and where his own clansmen of the Koreysh, with their *maulias*, (freedmen or clients,) were numerous and powerful. The overtures of the royal adventurer were eagerly listened to by the Yemenis, who burned to revenge their late defeat on the Beni-Modhar; and Abdurrahman, landing at Al-muslecar in the autumn of 755, found himself instantly at the head of 700 horse, and was speedily joined by the chieftain of the Yemenis, who admitted him into Seville. During the march the want of a banner was remarked, "and a long spear was produced, on the point of which a turban was to be placed; but as it would have been necessary to incline the head of the spear, which was supposed to be of extremely bad omen, it was held erect between two olive trees, and a man, ascending one of them, was enabled to fasten the turban to the spear without lowering it. . . . With this same banner did Abdurrahman, and his son Hisham, vanquish their enemies whenever they met them; and in such veneration was it held, that whenever the turban by long use decayed, it was not removed, but a new one placed over it. In this manner it was preserved till the days of Abdurrahman II.; some say till the days of his son Mohammed, when the turban on the spear being decayed, the vizirs of that monarch, seeing nothing under it but a few rags twisted round the spear, gave orders for their removal, and the whole was thrown away. . . . 'From that time,' remarks the judicious historian Ibn Hayyan, 'the empire of the Beni-Umeyyah began visibly to decline.'"

Under the auspices of this novel *oriflamme* the Umayyad prince and his followers advanced upon Cordova, whither Yusuf Al-Fehri, who had been engaged in suppressing an insurrection in the *Thagher*, (Aragon,) had hastened to oppose them at the head of the Beni-Modhar. Exchanging for a mule the fiery courser which the jealous whispers of his adherents had remarked as designed to secure his escape in case of defeat, Abdurrahman led his troops to the attack; and his victory established on the throne of Spain a new dynasty of the Beni-Umeyyah, "who thus regained in the west the supremacy which they had lost in the east." Those of the fallen family who had escaped the general massacre, flocked to the court of their fortunate kinsman, "to all of whom he gave pensions, commands, and governments, by which means his empire was strengthened;"—and the robes and turbans of the monarch and the princes were always white, the colour assumed by the house of Umayyad, in opposition to the black livery of their rivals. Though Abdurrahman never assumed the title of commander of the faithful, he suppressed the *khotbah* or public prayers in the name of the Abbasides; and when Al-Ala, the *wali* of Africa, invaded Spain in order to re-establish the supremacy of the eastern khalif, the head of his unsuccessful general, thrown before the tent of Al-mansur at Mekka, conveyed to him the first tidings of the destruction of the armament by the "hawk of the Koreysh," as he was wont to term Abdurrahman. In the elation of triumph from this success, he is even said to have contemplated marching through Africa to attack Al-mansur in the east; but this design was frustrated by the continual rebellions of the Arab tribes, whom all his address and prudence was unable to keep in order; and "while the Moslems were revolting against their sovereign, the Christians of Galicia gathered strength, took possession of the towns and fortresses on the frontier, and expelled their inhabitants." We find him at length obliged, in order to maintain his authority, to have recourse to the system, which in the next century became universal in the



east, of entrusting the defence of his throne and person, not to the native levies of his kingdom, but to a standing army of purchased slaves or *Mamlukes*. "He began to cease all communication with the chiefs of the Arabian tribes, whom he found animated with a strong hatred against him, and to surround himself with slaves and people entirely devoted to him; for which end he engaged followers and took clients from every province of his empire, and sent over to Africa to enlist Berbers. 'Thus,' says Ibn Hayyan, 'Abdurrahman collected an army of slaves and Berbers, amounting to upwards of 40,000 men, by means of whom he always remained victorious, in every contest with the Arabian tribes of Andalus.'"

The sciences and fine arts, which had been almost banished from Spain since the conquest, returned in the train of the new dynasty; and literature was encouraged by the example of Abdurrahman, who was himself a poet of no mean merit. His affectionate remembrance of his Syrian home, led him to introduce into his new kingdom the flowers and fruits of the east;—and the palm-tree, which was the parent of all those of its kind in Spain, and to which he addressed the well-known lines, lamenting their common fate as exiles from their fatherland, was planted by himself in the gardens of the *Rissafah*, a country palace built on the model of one near Damascus, in which the first years of his life had been spent. In architectural magnificence he rivaled or surpassed the former princes of his race, the monuments of whose grandeur still exist in the mosque of the Beni-Umeyyah at Damascus, and other edifices adorning the cities of Syria. The palaces and aqueducts which he constructed in Cordova, testified his zeal for the splendour, as well as his care for the salubrity, of his capital;—and after expending the sum of 80,000 golden *dinars* (the produce of the royal fifth of all spoil taken in war) in the erection of the stately mosque which bears his name, he bequeathed the completion of the structure, at his death, A.D. 788, to his younger son Hisham, whom he nominated as his successor, to the exclusion of the elder

brother Soliman. Al-Makkari devotes an entire chapter to the wonders of this celebrated temple, which was finished A.D. 794, nine years after its commencement, and received additions from almost every successive sovereign of the house of Umeyyah. In its present state, as the cathedral of Cordova, it still covers more ground than any church in Christendom; but the inner roof, with its elaborate carving, the *mihrab*, or shrine, of minute inlaid work of ivory, gems, and precious woods, and containing a copy of the Koran which had belonged to the Khalif Othman—the embossed plates of gold and silver which encrusted the doors, and the apples of the same metals which surmounted the dome—have long since disappeared; and the thousand (or, as some say, thirteen hundred) columns of polished marble which it once boasted, have been grievously reduced in number, to make room for the shrines and chapels of Christian saints. The unequal length and proportions of those which remain, their irregular grouping, and the want of height in the roof which they support, indicate a far lower grade of architectural taste than that which we find in the aerial palaces of Granada; but all the Arabic writers who have described it, concur in considering it one of the wonders of the world; and it ranked, in the estimation of the Spanish Moslems, as inferior in point of sanctity to none but the Kaaba, and the mosque of Omar at Jerusalem.

The mood of the Beni-Umeyyah, who appear in their eastern reign only as gloomy and execrated tyrants, had been chastened by their misfortunes; and the virtues of Abdurrahman *Ad-dakkel* (the enterer or conqueror, as he is generally termed by historians) were emulated by his descendants. As an illustration of the character of his son Hisham, it is related by Al-Makkari, that on hearing that the people of Cordova said, that his only motive in restoring the great bridge over the Guadalquivir was to pass over it himself when he went out hunting, he bound himself by a solemn vow never to cross it again as long as he lived; but the reign of this beneficent prince lasted only eight years. His



immediate successors, Al-hakem I., and Abdurrahman II., were almost constantly engaged in warfare, either against their own rebellious relatives and revolted subjects,\* or against the Christians of Gallaecia, who, by the middle of the ninth century, had advanced their frontier to the Douro, and repeatedly repulsed the armies sent against them from Cordova; but we find no mention in the writers cited by Al-Makkari, either of the annual tribute of a hundred virgins, popularly said to have been exacted by the Moslems, or of the great victory in 846, by which King Ramiro redeemed his country from this degrading badge of vassalage.† So widely extended was the martial renown of the Umeyyan sovereigns, that in 839 a suppliant embassy was received by Abdurrahman II. from the Greek Emperor *Typhlus*, (*Theophilus*), then hard pressed by the arms of the Abbaside khalif Al-muttasem, to solicit his aid against their common enemy; and, though Abdurrahman declined to embark in this distant and hazardous enterprise, a friendly intercourse long continued to be kept up between the courts of Cordova and Constantinople. The military establishment was fully organized, and placed on a formidable footing. Besides the troops quartered in the provinces and receiving regular pay, the *haras* or royal guard of Mamelukes, whose commander was one of the principal officers of the court, was augmented to 5000 horse and 1000 foot, all Christians or foreigners by birth, who occupied barracks close to the royal palace, and constantly mounted guard at the gates. The coast was also defended by a powerful fleet of armed vessels, of which each of the seaports fitted out its proportion, against the hostile attacks of the Abbaside lieutenants of

Africa, and the predatory descents of the *Majus* ‡ or Northmen; who, after laying waste with fire and sword the French and English coasts, had extended their ravages into the southern seas even to the Straits of Gibraltar. Lisbon and Seville were sacked by them in 844; and their piratical fleets continued for many years to carry pillage and bloodshed along the shores of the Peninsula.

The simplicity which the first Abdurrahman had uniformly preserved in his dress and habits of life, was soon exchanged by his successors for royal magnificence, rivaling that of the Abbaside court at Bagdad. It was Abdurrahman II. who, in a love quarrel with a beautiful inmate of his harem, caused the door of her chamber to be blocked up with bags of silver coin, to be removed on her relenting—"and she threw herself on her knees and kissed his feet; but," naively adds the Arab historian, "the money she kept, and no portion of it ever returned to the treasury." The same prince testified his esteem for the fine arts, by riding forth in state from his capital, to welcome the arrival of Zaryab, a far-famed musician, whom the jealousy of a rival had driven from Bagdad, and who founded in Spain a famous school of music; and in his convivial habits, and the freedom which he allowed to the companions of his festive hours, his character accords with that assigned in the *Thousand and One Nights*, though not in the page of history, to Haroun-Al-Rasheed. He died in 852, leaving the crown to his son Mohammed, whose reign, as well as those of his two sons Ahnundhir and Abdullah, who filled the throne in succession, is but briefly noticed by Al-Makkari, though Señor de Gavangos has supplied some valuable additional matter in his notes. The never-ceasing contest

\* It was by a body of exiles under Abu Hafas Omar, the Apochapsus of the Greeks, (incorrectly called Abu Caab by Gibbon,) driven from Cordova after one of these insurrections, that Crete was conquered in 823.

† In this battle, according to the veracious Spanish chroniclers, Santiago first appeared on his white horse in the mêlée, fighting for the Christians.—See the "Maiden Tribute," in Lockhart's *Spanish Ballads*.

‡ *Majus*—Magians or fire-worshippers, is the term invariably applied to these fierce Pagans by the Arabic historians, apparently by a negative induction from their being neither Moslems, Jews, nor Christians.

with the Christians was waged year by year; and the Princes of Oviedo, though often defeated in the plain and driven back into their mountains, when the forces of Andalus were gathered against them; yet surely, though slowly, gained ground against the provincial *walis* or viceroys. At the death of "Ordoño Ibn Adefunsh," (Ordoño I.) in 866, their territory extended from the Atlantic and the Bay of Biscay to Salamanca; and the Moslem power was diverted by the rising strength of Navarre, where the Basques had shaken off the divided allegiance paid alternately to the court of Cordova and the Carolingian rulers of France, and conferred on Garcia-Ramirez, in 857, an independent regal title. But these distant hostilities, as yet, little affected the tranquillity of the seat of government, which was more nearly interested in the frequent revolts of the provinces under its rule,\* and particularly by the rebellion of the *Muwallads*, (or descendants of Christian converts to Islam;) which, though the information extant respecting it is somewhat scanty, would appear to have been little less than a struggle between the two races for the dominion of Spain. One of the *Muwallad* chiefs, named Omar Ibn Hafsun,† maintained for years a sort of semi-independence in the Alpuxarras. Al-mundhir fell in a skirmish against him in 888, only two years after his accession; and the insurrection, after continuing through the whole reign of Abdullah, was only finally suppressed under Abdurrahman III.

The system of government under these princes, appears to have remained in nearly the same form as it had been fixed by Abdurrahman I. The monarch nominated, during his lifetime, one of his sons as his successor; and the *wali-al-ahd*, or crown-prince, thus selected, received the oaths of allegiance of the dignitaries of the state, and was admitted to a share in the administration—a wise regulation, which prevented the recurrence of the civil wars arising from the ambition of princes of the blood, which had distracted the reigns of Al-hakem I. and Abdurrahman II. The council of the sovereign was composed of the *vizirs* or ministers of the different departments, the *katibs* or secretaries, and the chiefs of the law; the *walis* of the six great provinces into which Abdurrahman I. divided his empire,‡ as well as the municipal chiefs of the principal cities were also summoned on emergencies:—while the prime minister, or highest officer of the state, in whom, as in the Turkish *Vizir-Azem*,§ the supreme direction of both civil and military affairs was vested, was designated the *Hajib* or chamberlain. Of the four orthodox sects of the Sunnis, the one which predominated in Spain, as it does to the present day in Barbary and Africa, was that of Malik Ibn Ans, whose doctrines were introduced in the reign of Al-hakem I., by doctors who had received instruction from the lips of the Imam Malik himself at Mekka; and was formally established by that prince throughout his dominions. The judicial offices were filled, as in other Moslem

\* No fewer than twenty-seven insurgent leaders, in the reign of Abdullah alone, are enumerated in the translator's notes from Ibn Hayyan.

† The epithet of *kelb*, "dog," frequently applied to this leader, has led Condé into the strange error of creating for him a son, whom he calls *Kalib* Ibn Hafsun. The term *Muwallad* is said to be the origin of *mudetto*.

‡ We do not find this division mentioned by the authors cited by Al-Makkari; but it is stated by Condé, and appears to have prevailed as long as the kingdom retained its unity. The six provincial capitals were Saragossa, Toledo, Merida, Valencia, Murcia, and Granada. Shortly before the arrival of Abdurrahman, Yusuf Al-Fehri had organized five great governments, one of which comprised Narbonne and the Trans-Pyrenean conquests.

§ Under the Arab dynasties of the east, the *vizir* was exclusively an officer of the pen: and Makrizi expressly mentions that Bedr-al-Jemali, who became *vizir* to the Fatimite khalif Al-Mostanssur in 1074, was the first in whom the sword and the pen were united.

|| See Sale's Koran. Preliminary Discourse. Sect. 8.

countries, by Kadis, whose decisions were regulated by the precepts of the Koran: but we find no mention (even before the assumption of the titles of Imam and Khalif by Abdurrahman III.) of any supreme ecclesiastical chief like the Sheikh-al-Islam or Mufti of the Ottomans;—though there were chief justices analogous to the Turkish Kadileklers, who bore the title of *Kadi-'l-jamah*.

The royal revenue was derived from a variety of sources. The principal were, a land-tax amounting to one-tenth of the produce of the soil and the mines, the capitation-tax paid by the Jews and Christians, and the fifth of the spoil taken from the enemy—an enormously productive item in a time of constant warfare—besides a duty of two and a half per cent on all exports and imports. These were the legitimate dues of the crown, sanctioned by the Koran; but the splendid court maintained by the later sovereigns of Cordova, their lavish expenditure in building, and their large military and naval establishments, often compelled them to have recourse to irregular methods of raising money, by forced loans and by duties laid on different articles of food, in direct violation of the Moslem law. The amount raised by all these means varied greatly at different periods. Under Abdurrahman II., the whole direct revenue is said not to have exceeded 1,000,000 of gold *dinars*:—but the royal fifths, and other extraordinary sources of income, appear not to have been included in this estimate:—and a century later, under the third and greatest prince of that name, we are told, on the authority of the biographer Ibn Khallekan, that “the revenues of Andalus amounted to 5,480,000 gold *dinars*, collected from taxes,” (it is elsewhere said from the *land-tax*;) besides 765,000 derived from markets—exclusive also of the royal fifth of the spoil, and the capitation-tax levied on Christians and Jews living in the Moslem dominions, the amount of which is said to have equaled all the rest. An annual sum of equal amount, reckoning the *dinar* at ten shillings, had never in the history of the world been raised in a territory of the same extent, and pro-

ably equaled the united incomes of all the Christian princes in Europe—if we except the revenue of the Greek Emperor. It certainly far exceeded them. “Of this vast income,” Ibn Khallekan continues, “one-third was appropriated to the payment of the army, another third was deposited in the royal coffers to cover the expenses of the household, and the remainder was spent yearly in the construction of Al-zahra and such other buildings as were erected under his reign.” This tripartite allotment of the revenue is alluded to under several reigns: the expenses of administration and the salaries of the civil functionaries were included under the second head: and the third portion was, in ordinary cases, reserved “to repel invasions and meet emergencies.”

The prince under whom the vast revenue thus stated is said to have been collected, ascended the throne on the death of his grandfather Abdullah, in the 300th year of the Hejra, and the 912th of the Christian era:—and his reign, of more than fifty lunar years, saw the power and splendour of the Umeyyan dynasty attain its zenith. For some years after his accession, he headed his armies in person against the Christians and the partizans of Ibn Hafssun, who still continued in arms: but the severe defeat which he received in 939 at Simancas, near Zamora, (called by Moslem writers the battle of Al-handik,) from Ramiro II. of Leon, disgusted him with active warfare; and he deputed the command of his armies to his generals and the princes of the blood, who, in annual campaigns, so effectually kept the Christians within their limits, that little territorial acquisition was made by them during his reign; while the voluntary adhesion of the Berber tribes, after the overthrow of the Edrisite dynasty in 941 by the arms of the Fatimite khalifa, gave him almost unresisted possession of great part of Fez and Morocco. The defeat of Al-handik, and the treason and execution, in 950, of his elder son Abdullah, (whom disappointment at being postponed to his younger brother in the succession, had led to



conspire against his father's life,) were almost the only clouds which dimmed the continual sunshine of his prosperity—and his grandeur was enhanced in the eyes of his subjects, by the assumption of the highest prerogatives of Islam. Hitherto the princes of his line had contented themselves with the style of *Amirs of the Moslems*, and *Beni-Kholaifah* or "sons of the Khalif;" but in 929, "seeing the state of weakness and degradation to which the khalifate of the Beni-Abbas at Bagdad had been reduced," he no longer hesitated to adopt the titles of Imam and Khalif, with the appellation of *An-nasir Lednillah*, (defender of the religion of God,) under which he is generally mentioned by historians.

The writers from whom Al-Mak-kari has drawn his materials, exhaust their powers of language in panegyrics on the unrivaled magnificence of the court of Abdurrahman; which was thronged both by men of letters, whom the distracted state of the East had driven thither for refuge, and by ambassadors, not only from the princes of Islam, but from "Hoto the king of the Alaman," (Otto the Great of Germany,) the king of France, and numerous other Christian potentates. The reception of these missions was usually signalized by a gorgeous display of the pomp of the court—and the ceremonial on the arrival in 949 of the envoys of Constantine VII. of Constantinople, is described at length from Ibn Hayyan. "The vaulted hall in his palace of Az-zahra, which he had fixed upon as the place where he would receive their credentials, was beautifully decorated, and a throne glittering with gold and sparkling with gems raised in the midst. To the right of the throne stood five of the khalif's sons, to the left three others, one being absent from illness. Next to them were the vizirs, each at his post on the right or left of the throne. Then came the hajibs or chamberlains, the sons of the vizirs, the freed slaves of the khalif, and the wakils or officers of his household. The court of the palace had been strewn with the richest carpets; and silken awnings of the most gorgeous description had every where been thrown over the doors and arches.

Presently the ambassadors entered the hall, and were struck with awe at the magnificence displayed, and the power of the Sultan before whom they stood. They advanced a few steps, and presented the letter of their master, Constantine son of Leo, Lord of Constantinah the Great, (Constantinople.) It was written on sky-blue paper, and the characters were of gold. Within the letter was an enclosure, the ground of which was also sky-blue like the first, but the characters were of silver: it was likewise written in Greek, and contained a list of the presents which the Lord of Constantinah sent to the Khalif. On the letter was a seal of gold of the weight of four mithkals, on one side of which was a likeness of the Messiah, and on the other those of the King Constantine and his son. The letter was enclosed in a bag of silver cloth, over which was a case of gold, with a portrait of King Constantine admirably executed on stained glass. All this was enclosed in a case covered with cloth of silk and gold tissue. On the first line of the *Juwan* or introduction was written, 'Constantine and Romanin, (Romanus,) believers in the Messiah, kings of the Greeks:' and in the next, 'To the great and exalted in dignity and power, as he most deserves, the noble in descent, Abdurrahman the khalif, who rules over the Arabs of Andalus: may God preserve his life!' The conclusion of this splendid ceremony was, however, less imposing than the commencement; for a learned *Faqih*, who had been appointed to harangue the envoys in a set speech, was so overawed by the grandeur around him, that "his tongue cleve to his mouth, he could not articulate a single word, and fell senseless to the ground." Nor did his successor, "who was reputed to be a prince in rhetoric, and an ocean of language," fare much better; for though he began fluently, "all of a sudden he stopped for want of a word which did not occur to him, and thus put an end to his peroration." In this awkward dilemma, the reputation of the Andalusian rhetoricians was saved by Mundhir Ibn Said, who not only poured forth a torrent of impromptu eloquence, but delivered a long ex-



tempore poem, "which to this day stands unequalled; and Abdurrahman was so pleased, that he appointed him preacher and Imam to the great mosque; and some time after, the office of Kadi-'l-jamah, or supreme judge, being vacant, he named him to that high post, and made him besides reader of the Khoran to the mosque of Az-zahra."

The palace of Az-zahra, where the eyes of the Greeks were dazzled by this costly pageant, is one of the familiar names of the romance of Spanish history:—it is known to all the world how Abdurrahman, to gratify the capricious fancy of a beautiful and beloved mistress, expended millions, and tasked the labour of thousands, in erecting on the plain beyond Cordova a fairy palace and city which might bear her name and be her own. And like a fairy fabric did Az-zahra vanish; for so utterly was it destroyed, during the wars and civil tumults attending the fall of the race which raised it, that at the present day not a stone can be found, not a vestige even of the foundations traced, to show where it once stood: and all that we know of this "wondrous freak of magnificence" is drawn from the glowing accounts of contemporary writers, who saw it during the brief period of its glory. It is principally from Ibn Hayyan that Al-Makkari has copied the details of this marvellous structure, with its "15,000 doors, counting each flap or fold as one," all covered either with plates of iron, or sheets of polished brass; and its 4000 columns, great and small, 140 of which were presented by the Emperor of Constantinople, and 1013, mostly of green and rose-coloured marble, were brought from various parts of Africa. Among the principal ornaments were two fountains brought from Constantinople, "the larger of gilt bronze, beautifully carved with basso-relieve representing human figures,"—the smaller surrounded by twelve figures, made of red gold in the arsenal of Cordova: they were all ornamented with jewels, and the water poured out of their mouths. The famous fountain of quicksilver, which could be set in motion at pleasure, was placed in the *Kasr-al-Kholifa*, or hall of the khalifa, "the roof

and walls of which were of gold, and solid but transparent blocks of marble of various colours: on each side were eight doors fixed on arches of ivory and ebony, ornamented with gold and precious stones, and resting on pillars of variegated marble and transparent crystal:—and in the centre was fixed the unique pearl presented to An-nassir by the Greek Emperor." The mosque and baths attached to the palace were on a corresponding scale of magnificence: and the number of inmates, male and female, is said to have been not less than 20,000. The expenses of the establishment must have consumed the revenues of a kingdom, if we are to believe the statement, that 12,000 loaves of bread were daily allowed to feed the fish in the ponds! "But all this and more is recorded by orators and poets who have exhausted the mines of eloquence in the description,"—says Al-Makkari, who, after enlarging upon "the running streams, the luxuriant gardens, the stately buildings for the accommodation of the guards and high functionaries—the throngs of soldiers, pages, eunuchs, and slaves, attired in robes of silk and brocade, moving to and fro through its broad streets—and the crowds of judges, katibs, theologians, and poets, walking with becoming gravity through the spacious halls and ample courts of the palace,"—concludes with a burst of pious enthusiasm. "Praise be to God who allowed those contemptible creatures (mankind) to build such palaces, and to inhabit them as a recompense in this world, that the faithful might be stimulated to the path of virtue, by reflecting that the pleasures enjoyed by their owners were still very far from giving even a remote idea of those reserved for the true believers in paradise!"

"Abdurrahman," as Al-Makkari sums up his character, "has been described as the mildest and most enlightened of sovereigns. His meekness, generosity, and love of justice, became proverbial: none of his ancestors surpassed him in courage, zeal for religion, and other virtues which constitute an able and beloved monarch. He was fond of science, and the patron of the learned, with whom he

loved to converse . . . . . We should never finish, were we to transcribe the innumerable anecdotes respecting him which are scattered like loose pearls over the writings of the Andalusian poets and historians,"—but as the "pearls" selected possess but little novelty in the illustration of the kingly virtues which they commemorate, we prefer to quote once more the oft-repeated legacy to posterity, in which this "Soliman of the West," as he was called by his contemporaries, confessed that, like his eastern prototype, he had found all his grandeur "but vanity and vexation of spirit."—"After his death a paper was found in his own handwriting, in which were noted those days he had spent in happiness and without any cause of sorrow, and they were found to amount to fourteen. 'O, man of understanding! consider and observe the small portion of happiness the world affords, even in the most enviable position! The khalif An-nasir, whose prosperity in mundane affairs became proverbial, had only fourteen days of undisturbed enjoyment during a reign of fifty years, seven months, and three days. Praise be given to him, the Lord of eternal glory and everlasting empire! There is no God but he!'"

In the fulness of years and glory, Abdurrahman died of a paralytic stroke at Az-zahra, on the second or third of Ramadhan, A. H. 350, (Oct. 961,) and was succeeded, according to his previous nomination, by his son Al-hakem II., who assumed on this occasion the title of Al-mustanser-billah, (one who implores God's assistance.)—This prince has been characterized, by one of the ablest of recent historians, \* as "one of those rare beings, who have employed the awful engine of despotism in promoting the happiness and intelligence of his species;" and who rivaled, "in his elegant tastes, appetite for knowledge, and munificent patronage, the best of the Medici:"—nor is this high praise undeserved. Though he more than once headed his armies in person, with success, against the Christians and Northmen, and maintained

on public occasions the state and magnificence which had been introduced by his father, the toils of war and the pomp of royalty were alike alien to his inclinations, which had been directed from his earliest years to pursuits of literature and science. The library which he amassed is said by some writers to have amounted to the almost incredible number of 400,000 volumes: and such was his ardour in the collection of books, that even in Persia and other remote regions, the munificence which he exercised through agents employed for the purpose, secured him copies of forthcoming works even before their appearance in their own country. "He made Andalus a great market for the literary productions of every clime . . . . . so that rich men in Cordova, however illiterate they might be, rewarded writers and poets with the greatest munificence, and spared neither trouble nor expense in forming libraries." Nor were these treasures of literature idly accumulated, at least by Al-hakem himself; for so vast and various was his reading, that there was scarcely one of his books (as we are assured by the historian Ibn'ul-Abbar) which was not enriched with remarks and annotations from his pen. "In the knowledge especially of history, biography, and genealogy, he was surpassed by no living author of his days: and he wrote a voluminous history of Andalus, in which was displayed such sound criticism, that whatever he related, as borrowed from more ancient sources, might be implicitly relied upon."

The reign of Al-hakem was the Augustan age of Andalusian literature; and besides the numerous learned men whom the fame of his father's and his own liberality, with the security of their rule, had attracted to Spain from other regions of Islam, we find in the pages of Al-Makkari an extensive list of native authors, principally in the departments of poetry, history, and philology, who are said to be "a few only of the most eminent who flourished during this reign"—but none of their names, however noted in their own day, are known in

modern Europe. Nor was the gentler sex, as is usually the case in the lands of Islam, excluded from the general taste for letters; and one of our author's chapters is almost entirely filled with a catalogue of the poetesses who adorned Andalus at this and other periods of its history. One of these, Mariam or Mary, the daughter of Abu-Yakub Al-ansari, who rose into celebrity in the latter years of Al-hakem, appears to have been one of the earliest *bas-bleus* on record. Independent of her poetical talents, she gave lectures at her residence at Seville "in rhetoric and literature; which, united to her piety, virtue, and amiable disposition, gained her the affection of her sex, and procured her many pupils: she lived to old age, and died after the 400th year of the Hejra," (A.D. 1010.) The favourite study of the Moslems, the divinity and law of the Koran, was cultivated with especial zeal under a monarch who was himself a rigid observer of its ordinances; and various anecdotes are related by Al-Makkari of the extraordinary deference paid by Al-hakem to the eminent theologians who frequented his court. The Khalif himself "attended public worship every Friday, and distributed alms to the poor; he laid out large sums in the construction of mosques, hospitals, and colleges for youth; \* and being himself very strict in the observance of his religious duties, he enforced the precepts of the *Sunnah* (tradition) throughout his dominions." With this view, severe edicts were directed against the use of wine, which had become prevalent among the Andalusian Moslems; and Al-hakem was with difficulty restrained, by representations of the ruin which would be thus brought on the cultivators, from ordering the destruction of all the vines in his dominions. But the reign of this excellent and enlightened prince lasted only fifteen years; and at his death, (Sept. 976,) which was caused by the same malady that had proved fatal to his father, the glory of the house of Umeyyah expired.

The evils of a minority had never yet been experienced in the succession of the Umeyyan princes, all of whom had ascended the throne at a mature age, and with some experience of administration from their previous recognition as heir. But Hisham II., (surnamed Al-muyyed-billah, the assisted by God,) the only son of Al-hakem, was but nine years old at the time of his father's decease; and for some time the government was directed in his name by the Hajib, Jafar Al-Mushafi; but the influence of the queen-mother ere long succeeded in displacing this faithful minister, in favour of Mohammed Ibn Abu Amir, who then held the post of *sahib-ush-shorta*, or captain of the guard. This remarkable personage (better known in history by his surname of Al-man-sur) was the son of a religious devotee, and his condition in early life was so humble, that he supported himself as a public letter-writer in the streets of Cordova; but an accident having introduced him into the palace, he so skillfully wound his way among the intrigues of the court, as to attain the highest place next the throne. But even this dignity was far from satisfying his ambition. Under various pretexts he destroyed or drove into exile, within a few years, all the princes of the blood, and others whose influence or station might have endangered the success of his projects, and concentrated in his own hands all the powers of the state; while the khalif, secluded from public view within his palace, was as completely a puppet in the hands of his all-powerful minister, as the khalifs of Bagdad at the same period in those of the *Jimirs-al-Omrah*. Secure of the support of the soldiery, whose affections he had gained by his liberality, Al-man-sur so little affected to disguise his assumption of supremacy, that he ordered his own name to be struck on the coin, and repeated in the public prayers, along with that of Hisham, thus arrogating to himself a share in the two most inalienable prerogatives of sovereign-

\* Eighty free schools are said by other authorities to have existed or been founded during this reign in Cordova; the number of dwelling-houses in which at the same time, great and small, is stated at 200,000.



ty. His robes were made of a peculiar fashion and stuff appropriated to royalty; he received embassies seated on the throne, and declared peace and war in his own name. To such utter helplessness was the khālif reduced,\* that he was unable even to oppose the removal of the royal treasure from Cordova to a fortified palace which Al-mansur had built for his residence, not far from Az-zahra, and had named, as if in mockery, Az-zahirah;—and the Hajib was at one time obliged to quiet the murmurs of the populace, who doubted whether their sovereign was still in existence, by leading him in procession through the streets of the capital; “and the eyes of the people feasted on what had been so long concealed from them.”

But this daring usurpation was in part redeemed by qualities in the usurper worthy of a king. Though the bigotry of Al-mansur led him to order the destruction of those volumes in the library of Al-hakem which treated of philosophy and the abstruse sciences, on the ground that such studies tended to irreligion, he was yet liberal to the learned men who visited his court at Az-zahirah, where he resided in royal splendour during the intervals of his campaigns; and he endeared himself to the people by his generosity, his rigid justice, and the strict control which he enforced over his subordinate officers. But it was on his fervent zeal for the cause of Islam, and his martial exploits against the Christians, (whence his surname of *Al-mansur*, or *the Victorious*, was derived,) that his fame and popularity chiefly rested. The martial spirit of the Spanish Moslems appears, from various anecdotes related by Al-Makkari, to have suffered great deterioration from the progress of luxury and decay of discipline; but the armies led by Al-mansur were mainly recruited from the fiery tribes of Barbary, and strengthened by numerous Christian slaves or Mamlukes, trained to serve their captors in arms against their own countrymen. With forces thus

constituted, did Al-mansur, in whom once more shone forth the spirit of the Arab conquerors of past times, invade the Christian territories in each spring and autumn for twenty-six successive years, carrying the Moslem arms in triumph even to the shores of the “Green Sea,” (Atlantic Ocean,) and into regions which Tarik and Musa had never reached. Astorga and Leon, in spite of the efforts of Bermudo II. to save his capital, were taken and razed to the ground in 988. Barcelona only escaped the same fate in the following year by submission and tribute; but the crowning glory of Al-mansur’s achievements in the *al-jahid* or holy war, was the capture, in 997, of Santiago, the shrine and sepulchre of the patron saint of Spain. “No Moslem general had ever penetrated as far as that city, which is in an inaccessible position in the most remote part of Galicia, and is a sanctuary regarded by the Christians with veneration equal to that which the Moslems entertain for the Kaaba.”—but Al-mansur, supplied with provisions from a fleet which accompanied his march along the coast of Portugal, forced his way through the Galician defiles, and occupied the holy city without opposition—all the inhabitants having fled, according to Ibn Hayyan, with the exception of an old monk who tended the tomb. The city and cathedral were leveled with the ground; the shrine alone was left untouched in the midst of the ruins, from the belief of the Moslems that St. James was the brother of the Messiah—and the church-bells were conveyed on the shoulders of the captives to Cordova, where they were suspended as lamps in the great mosque, to commemorate the triumph of Islam in the principal seat of Christian worship and pilgrimage.

Such was the depression produced among the Christians by these repeated disasters, that, if we may believe Al-Makkari, “one of Al-mansur’s soldiers having left his banner fixed in the earth on a mountain before a Christian town, the garrison

\* Some historians even speak of this period as the “dynasty of the *Amir*,” from Al-mansur’s father, Abn Amir.



dared not come out for several days after the retreat of the Moslem army, not knowing what troops might be behind ~~it~~." The pressing sense of common danger, at length extinguished ("for the first time perhaps," as Condé remarks) the feuds of the Christian princes; and in the spring of 1002 the united forces of the Count of Castile, Sancho the Great of Navarre, and the King of Leon, confronted the Moslem host at Kalat-an-nosor,\* (the Castle of the Eagles,) on the frontiers of Old Castile. The mighty conflict which ensued is very briefly dismissed by Al-Makkari—"Al-mansur attacked and defeated them with great loss"—but a far different account is given by the Christian chroniclers, who represent the Moslems as only saved from a total overthrow by the approach of night. It seems, in truth, to have been nearly a drawn battle, with immense carnage on both sides; but the advantage was decidedly with the Christians, who retained possession of the field; while Al-mansur, weakened by the loss of great numbers of his best men and officers, abandoned his camp, and retreated the next day across the Douro. In all his fifty-two campaigns he is said never before to have been defeated; and the chagrin occasioned by this severe reverse, joined to a malady under which he was previously suffering, ended his life shortly after† at Medinah-Selim, (Medinaceli.) He was buried by his sons in the same place; the dust which had adhered to his garments in his campaigns against the Christians, and which had been carefully preserved for the purpose, being placed in the tomb with the corpse—a practice not unusual at the funeral of a celebrated warrior. "This enlightened and never-vanquished Hajib"—says Al-Makkari, with whom Al-mansur is a favourite hero—"used continually to ask God to permit him to die in his service and in war

against the infidels, and thus his desire was granted; . . . and after his death, the Mohammedan empire in Andalus began to show visible signs of decay."

Al-mansur had a worthy successor in his son Abdul-malek, who at once received the appointment of Hajib from the passive Khalif:—but on his death in 1008, the post was assumed by his brother Abdurrahman, popularly known, as Shanjul, a Berber word signifying *madman*—a surname which he had earned by his habits of low vice and intemperance. Scarcely had he entered upon office, when, not contented with exercising sovereign authority, like his father and brother, under an appearance of delegation from the Khalif, he persuaded or compelled the feeble Hisham, who had no male issue, to appoint him *Wali-al-ahd*, or heir-presumptive—the deed of nomination is given at length by Al-Makkari, and is a curious specimen of a state-paper. But this transfer was viewed with deep indignation by the people of Cordova, who were warmly attached to the line of their ancient princes; and their discontent being fomented by the members of the Umayyad family, they rose in furious revolt during the absence of the Hajib on the Galician frontiers, deposed Hisham, and raised to the throne Mohammed-Al-mubdi, a great-grandson of Abdurrahman III. Abdurrahman, returning in haste to quell the insurrection, found himself deserted by his army, and was put to death with most of his family and principal adherents; and the power of the Amirites vanished in a day like the remembrance of a dream. But the sceptre which had thus been struck from their grasp, found no other hand strong enough to seize it; and from the first deposition of Hisham II. in 1009, to the final dissolution of the monarchy on the abdication of Hisham III. in 1031, the whole of Moslem Spain presented a frightful scene of

\* The precise locality of this famous battle is not very clearly ascertained; but Condé places it between Soria and Medinaceli.

† The battle is placed by the Christian writers in 998; but the death of Al-mansur, which both Christians and Moslems agree in stating to have taken place within a very short time, is said by the latter to have been A.H. 302, A.D. 1002.

anarchy and civil war. Besides the imbecile Hisham, who was at least once released and restored to the throne, and was personated by more than one pretender, the royal title was assumed, within twenty years, by not fewer than six princes of the house of Umeyyah, and by three of a rival race—a branch of the Edrisides called Beni-Hammud, who endeavoured in the general confusion to assert their claims as descendants of the Khalif Ali. The aid of the Christians was called in by more than one faction; and Cordova was stormed and sacked after a long siege in 1013, by the African troops who followed the standard of Soliman Ab-muhdi, one of the Umeyyan competitors. The palaces of Az-zahra and Az-zahirah were utterly destroyed; the remains of Hakem's library, with the treasures amassed by former sovereigns, were either plundered or dispersed; nor did the ancient capital of Andalus, no more the seat of the Khalifate, ever recover its former grandeur. The provincial *wazirs*, many of whom owed their appointments to the Hajibs of the house of Amir, and were disaffected to the Beni-Umeyyah, every where threw off their allegiance and assumed independence, till only the districts in its immediate vicinity remained attached to Cordova, which was still considered the seat of the Mohammedan empire. The last Umeyyan prince who ruled there was a grandson of the great Abdurrahman, named Hisham Al-Mutaddi; whom the inhabitants, after expelling the troops of the Beni-Hammud in 1027, invited to ascend the throne of his ancestors. "He was a mild and enlightened prince, and possessed many brilliant qualities; but notwithstanding this, the volatile and degenerate citizens of Cordova grew discontented with him, and he was deposed by the army in 422, (A. D. 1031.) He left the capital and retired to Lerida, where he died in 428, (A. D. 1036.) He was the last member of that illustrious dynasty which had ruled over Andalus and a great portion of Africa for two hundred and eighty-four years, counting from the accession of Abdurrahman I., surnamed Ab-dakhel, in 136, (A. D. 756.) There is no God but God! He is the Almighty!"

The fall of the Umeyyan khalfate closes the first of the two brilliant periods which illustrate the Arab history of Spain. The uninterrupted hereditary succession for ten generations, and the long average duration of the reign of each monarch, from the arrival in Spain of Abdurrahman I. in 756, to the death or disappearance of Hisham II. in 1031, are without a parallel in any other Moslem dynasty, with the single exception of the Ottoman line; and though, on pursuing the comparison, the Umeyyan princes cannot vie with the last-named race in extent of conquest and splendour of martial achievement, they far surpass not only the Ottomans, but almost every sovereign family in the annals of Islam, in the cultivation of kingly virtues and arts of peace, and the refinement and love of literature, which they introduced and fostered in their dominions. During the greater part of their rule, the court of Cordova was the most polished and enlightened in Europe; removed equally from the martial rudeness of those of the Frank monarchs, and the punctilious attention to forms and jealous etiquette, within which the Greek emperors studiously intrenched themselves. The useful arts, and in particular the science of agriculture, necessary for the support of a dense population, were cultivated to an extent of which no other country afforded an example; and the commerce which filled the ports of Spain, from all parts of Europe and the East, was the natural result of the industry of her people. In how great a degree the personal character of the Umeyyan sovereigns contributed to this state of political and social prosperity, is best proved by the rapid disruption and fall of the monarchy, when it passed into the feeble hands of Hisham II., and by the history of the two following centuries of anarchy, civil war, and foreign domination. But the sun of Andalusian glory, which had attained its meridian splendour under the Khalifs of Cordova, once more emerged before the close of its course from the clouds and darkness which surrounded it;—and its setting rays shone, with concentrated lustre, over the kingdom of GRANADA.

## TWO NIGHTS IN SOUTHERN MEXICO.

SENT FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

"A capital place this for our bivouac!" cried I, swinging myself off my mule, and stretching my arms and legs, which were stiffened by a long ride.

It was a fairish place, to all appearances—a snug ravine, well shaded by mahogany-trees, the ground covered with the luxuriant vegetation of that tropical region, a little stream bubbling and leaping and dashing down one of the high rocks that flanked the hollow, and rippling away through the tall fern towards the rear of the spot where we had halted, at the distance of a hundred yards from which the ground was low and shelving.

"A capital place this for our bivouac!"

My companion nodded. As to our lazy Mexican *arrieros* and servants, they said nothing, but began making arrangements for passing the night. Curse the fellows! If they had seen us preparing to lie down in a swamp, check by jowl with an alligator, I believe they would not have offered a word of remonstrance. Those Mexican half-breeds, half Indian half Spaniard, with sometimes a dash of the Negro, are themselves so little pervious to the dangers and evils of their soil and climate, that they never seem to remember that Yankee flesh and blood may be rather more susceptible; that miguas\* and mosquitos, and *comito prieto*, as they call their infernal fever, are no trifles to encounter; without mentioning the snakes, and scorpions, and alligators; and other creatures of the kind, which infest their strange, wild, unnatural, and yet beautiful country.

I had come to Mexico in company with Jonathan Rowley, a youth of

Virginian raising, six and twenty years of age, six feet two in his stockings, with the limbs of a Hercules and shoulders like the side of a house. It was towards the close of 1824; and the recent emancipation of Mexico from the Spanish yoke, and its self-formation into a republic, had given it a new and strong interest to us Americans. We had been told much, too, of the beauty of the country—but in this we were at first rather disappointed; and we reached the capital without having seen anything, except some parts of the province of Vera Cruz, that could justify the extravagant encomiums we had heard bestowed in the States upon the splendid scenery of Mexico. We had not, however, to go far southward from the chief city, before the character of the country altered, and became such as to satisfy our most sanguine expectations. Forests of palms, of oranges, citrons, and bananas, filled the valleys: the marshes and low grounds were crowded with mahogany-trees, and with immense fern plants, in height equal to trees. All nature was on a gigantic scale—the mountains of an enormous height, the face of the country scamed and split by *barrancas* or ravines, hundreds, ay, thousands of feet deep, and filled with the most abundant and varied vegetation. The sky, too, was of the deep glowing blue of the tropics, the sort of blue which seems varnished or clouded with gold. But this ardent climate and teeming soil are not without their disadvantages. Vermin and reptiles of all kinds, and the deadly fever of these latitudes, render the low lands uninhabitable for eight months out of the twelve. At the same time there are large districts which are comparatively free

\* The migua is a small but very dangerous insect which fixes itself in the feet, bores holes in the skin, and lays its eggs there. These, if not extracted, (which extraction by the by is a most painful operation,) cause first an intolerable itching, and subsequently sores and ulcers of a sufficiently serious nature to entail the loss of the feet.



from these plagues—perfect gardens of Eden, of such extreme beauty that the mere act of living and breathing amongst their enchanting scenes, becomes a positive and real enjoyment. The heart seems to leap with delight, and the soul to be elevated, by the contemplation of those regions of fairy-like magnificence.

The most celebrated among these favoured provinces is the valley of Oaxaca, in which two mountainous districts, the Misteca and Tzapoteca, bear off the palm of beauty. It was through this immense valley, nearly three hundred leagues in length, and surrounded by the highest mountains in Mexico, that we were now journeying. The kind attention of our charge-d'affaires at the Mexican capital, had procured us every possible facility in travelling through a country, of which the soil was at that time rarely trodden by any but native feet. We had numerous letters to the *alcaldes* and authorities of the towns and villages which are sparingly sprinkled over the southern provinces of Mexico; we were to have escorts when necessary; every assistance, protection, and facility, were to be afforded us. But as neither the authorities nor his excellency, Uncle Sam's envoy, could make inns and houses where none existed, it followed that we were often obliged to sleep *à la belle étoile*, with the sky for a covering. And a right splendid roof it was to our bedchamber, that tropical sky, with its constellations, all new to us northerners, and every star magnified by the effect of the atmosphere to an incredible size. Mars and Saturn, Venus and Jupiter, had all disappeared; the great and little Bear, were still to be seen; in the far distance the ship Argo and the glowing Centaur; and, beautiful above all, the glorious sign of Christianity, the colossal Southern Cross, in all its brightness and sublimity, glittering in silvery magnificence out of its setting of dark blue crystal.

We were travelling with a state and a degree of luxury that would have excited the contempt of our backwoodsmen; but in a strange country we thought it best to do as the natives did; and accordingly, instead of mounting our horses and

setting forth alone, with our rifles slung on our shoulders, and a few handfuls of parched corn, and dried flesh in our hunting pouches, in our rroyed Mexican fashion, with a whole string of mules, a guide, a couple of *arrieros* or *vaqueros*, a cook, and one or two other attendants. While the latter were slinging our hammocks to the lowermost branches of a tree—for in that part of Mexico it is not very safe to sleep upon the ground, on account of the snakes and vermin—our *cocinero* lit a fire against the rock, and in a very few minutes an iguana which we had shot that day was spitted and roasting before it. It looked strange to see this hideous creature, in shape between a lizard and a dragon, twisting and turning in the light of the fire; and its disgusting appearance might have taken away some people's appetites; but we knew by experience that there is no better eating than a roasted iguana. We made a hearty meal off this one, concluding it with a pull at the rum flask, and then clambered into our hammocks: the Mexicans stretched themselves on the ground with their heads upon the saddles of the mules, and both masters and men were soon asleep.

It was somewhere about midnight when I was awakened by an indescribable sensation of oppression from the surrounding atmosphere. The air seemed to be no longer air, but some poisonous exhalation that had suddenly arisen and enveloped us. From the rear of the ravine in which we lay, billows of dark mephitic mist were rolling forward, surrounding us with their baleful influence. It was the *comito prieto*, the fever itself, embodied in the shape of a fog. At the same moment, and while I was gasping for breath, a sort of cloud seemed to settle upon me, and a thousand stings, like red-hot needles, were run into my hands, face, neck—into every part of my limbs and body that was not triply guarded by clothing. I instinctively stretched forth my hands and closed them, clutching by the action hundreds of enormous mosquitoes, whose droning, ringing noise now almost deafened me. The air was literally filled by a dense swarm of these insects; and the agony caused



their repeated and venomous stings was indescribable. It was a perfect plague of Egypt.

Rowley, whose hammock was slung some ten yards from mine, soon gave tongue. I heard him kicking and plunging, spluttering and swearing, with a vigour and energy that would have been ludicrous under any other circumstances; but matters were just then too serious for a laugh. With the torture, for such it was, of the mosquito bites, and the effect of the insidious and poisonous vapours that were each moment thickening around me, I was already in a high state of fever, alternately glowing with heat and shivering with cold, my tongue parched, my eyelids throbbing, my brain searingly on fire.

There was a heavy thump upon the ground. It was Rowley jumping out of his hammock. "Damnation!" roared he, "Where are we? On the earth, or under the earth?—We must be—we are—in their Mexican purgatory. We are, or there's no snakes in Virginia. Hallo, arrieros! Pablo! Matteo!"

At that moment a scream—but a scream of such terror and anguish as I never heard before or since—a scream as of women in their hour of agony and extreme peril, sounded within a few paces of us. I sprang out of my hammock; and as I did so, two white and graceful female figures darted or rather flew by me, shrieking—and oh! in what heart-rending tones—for "*Socorro! Socorro! Por Dios! Help! Help!*" Close upon the heels of the fugitives, bounding and leaping along with enormous strides and springs, came three or four dark objects which resembled nothing earthly. The human form they certainly possessed; but so hideous and horrible, so unnatural and spectre-like was their aspect, that their sudden encounter in that gloomy ravine, and in the almost darkness that surrounded us, might well have shaken the strongest nerves. We stood for a second, Rowley and myself, paralysed with astonishment at these strange appearances; but another piercing scream restored to us our presence of mind. One of the women had either tripped or fallen from fatigue, and she lay a white heap, upon

the ground. The drapery of the other was in the clutch of one of the spectres, or devils, or whatever they were, when Rowley, with a cry of horror, rushed forward and struck a furious blow at the monster with his *machetto*. At the same time, and almost without knowing how, I found myself engaged with another of the creatures. But the contest was no equal one. In vain did we stab and strike with our machettos; our antagonists were covered and defended with a hard bristly hide, which our knives, although keen and pointed, had great difficulty in penetrating; and on the other hand we found ourselves clutched in long sinewy arms, terminating in hands and fingers, of which the nails were as sharp and strong as an eagle's talons. I felt these horrible claws strike into my shoulders as the creature seized me, and, drawing me towards him, pressed me up in the hug of a bear; while his hideous half man half brute visage was grinning and snarling at me, and his long keen white teeth were snapping and gnashing within six inches of my face.

"God of heaven! This is horrible! Rowley! Help me!"

But Rowley, in spite of his gigantic strength, was powerless as an infant in the grasp of these terrible opponents. He was within a few paces of me, struggling with two of them, and making superhuman efforts to regain possession of his knife, which had dropped or been wrenched from his hand. And all this time, where were our arrieros? Were they attacked likewise? Why didn't they come and help us? All this time!—pshaw! it was no time: it all passed in the space of a few seconds, in the circumference of a few yards, and in the feeble glimmering light of the stars, and of the smouldering embers of our fire, which was at some distance from us.

"Ha! That has told!" A stab, dealt with all the energy of despair, had entered my antagonist's side. But I was like to pay dearly for it. Uttering a deafening yell of pain and fury, the monster clasped me closer to his foul and loathsome body; his sharp claws, dug deeper into my back, seemed to tear up my flesh: the agony was

insupportable—my eyes began to swim, and my senses to leave me. Just then—Crack! crack! Two—four—a dozen musket and pistol shots, followed by such a chorus of yellings and howlings and unearthly laughter! The creature that held me seemed startled—relaxed his grasp slightly. At that moment a dark arm was passed before my face, there was a blinding flash, a yell, and I fell to the ground released from the clutch of my opponent. I remember nothing more. Overcome by pain, fatigue, terror, and the noxious vapours of that vile ravine, my senses abandoned me, and I swooned away.

When consciousness returned, I found myself lying upon some blankets, under a sort of arbour of foliage and flowers. It was broad day; the sun shone brightly, the blossoms smelled sweet, the gay-plumaged humming-birds were darting and shooting about in the sunbeams like so many animated fragments of a prism. A Mexican Indian, standing beside my couch, and whose face was unknown to me, held out a cocoa-nutshell containing some liquid, which I eagerly seized, and drank off the contents. The draught (it was a mixture of citron juice and water) revived me greatly; and raising myself on my elbow, although with much pain and difficulty, I looked around, and beheld a scene of bustle and life which to me was quite unintelligible. Upon the shelving hillside on which I was lying, a sort of encampment was established. A number of mules and horses were wandering about at liberty, or fastened to trees and bushes, and eating the forage that had been collected and laid before them. Some were provided with handsome and commodious saddles, while others had pack-saddles, intended apparently for the conveyance of numerous sacks, cases, and wallets, that were scattered about on the ground. Several muskets and rifles were leaning here and there against the trees; and a dozen or fifteen men were occupied in various ways—some filling up saddle-bags or fastening luggage on the mules, others lying on the ground smoking, one party surrounding a fire at which cooking was going on. At a short distance from my bed was another similarly composed couch, occupied by a man muffled up in blankets, and

having his back turned towards me, so that I was unable to obtain a view of his features.

"What is all this? Where am I? Where is Rowley—our guide—where are they all?"

"*Non entiendo*," answered my brown-visaged Ganymede, shaking his head, and with a good-humoured smile.

"*¿Adonde estamos?*"

"*In el valle de Chihuahua, in el gran valle de Oaxaca y Guatimala; diez leguas de Tarifa.* In the valley of Chihuahua; ten leagues from Tarifa."

The figure lying on the bed near me now made a movement, and turned round. What could it be? Its face was like a lump of raw flesh streaked and stained with blood. No features were distinguishable.

"Who are you? What are you?" cried I.

"Rowley," it answered: "Rowley I was, at least, if those devils haven't changed me."

"Then changed you they have," cried I, with a wild laugh. "Good God! have they scalped him alive, or what? That is not Rowley."

The Mexican, who had gone to give some drink to the creature claiming to be Rowley, now opened a valise that lay on the ground a short distance off, and took out a small looking-glass, which he brought and held before my face. It was then only that I began to call to mind all that had occurred, and understood how it was that the mask of human flesh lying near me might indeed be Rowley. He was, if any thing, less altered than myself. My eyes were almost closed; my lips, nose, and whole face swollen to an immense size, and perfectly unrecognisable. I involuntarily recoiled in dismay and disgust at my own appearance. The horrible night passed in the ravine, the foul and suffocating vapours, the furious attack of the mosquitoes—the bites of which, and the consequent fever and inflammation, had thus disfigured us—all recurred to our memory. But the women, the fight with the monsters—beasts—Indians—whatever they were, that was still incomprehensible. It was no dream: my back and shoulders were still smarting from the wounds that had been inflicted on them by the

claws of those creatures, and I now felt that various parts of my limbs and body were swathed in wet bandages. I was mustering my Spanish to ask the Mexican who still stood by me for an explanation of all this, when I suddenly became aware of a great bustle in the encampment, and saw every body crowding to meet a number of persons who just then emerged from the high fern, and amongst whom I recognized our *arrigros* and servants. The new-comers were grouped around something which they seemed to be dragging along the ground; several women—for the most part young and graceful creatures, their slender supple forms muffled in the flowing picturesque *reboros* and *frazadas*—preceded the party, looking back occasionally with an expression of mingled horror and triumph; all with rosaries in their hands, the beads of which ran rapidly through their fingers, while they occasionally kissed the cross, or made the sign on their breasts or in the air.

"*Un Zambo muerto! Un Zambo muerto!*" shouted they as they drew near.

"*Han matado un Zambo!*" They have killed a Zambo!" repeated my attendant in a tone of exultation.

The party came close up to where Rowley and I were lying; the women stood aside, jumping and laughing, and crossing themselves, and crying out "*Un Zambo! Un Zambo muerto!*" the group opened, and we saw, lying dead upon the ground, one of our horrible antagonists of the preceding night.

"Good God, what is that?" cried Rowley and I, with one breath. "*Un demonio! a devil!*"

"*Perdonen vos, Senores — Un Zambo mono—muy terribles los Zambos. Terrible monkeys these Zambos.*"

"Monkeys!" cried I.

"Monkeys!" repeated poor Rowley, raising himself up into a sitting posture by the help of his hands. "Monkeys—apes—by Jove! We've been fighting with monkeys, and it's they who have mauled us in this way. Well, Jonathan Rowley, think of your coming from old Virginny to Mexico to be whipped by a monkey. It's gone goose with your

character. You can never show your face in the States again. Whipped by an ape!—an ape, with a tail and a hairy——O Lord! Whipped by a monkey!"

And the ludicrousness of the notion overcoming his mortification, and the pain of his wounds and bites, he sank back upon the bed of blankets and banana leaves, laughing as well as his swollen face and sausage-looking lips would allow him.

It was as much as I could do to persuade myself, that the carcass lying before me had never been inhabited by a human soul. It was humiliating to behold the close affinity between this huge ape and our own species. Had it not been for the tail, I could have fancied I saw the dead body of some prairie hunter dressed in skins. It was exactly like a powerful, well-grown man; and even the expression of the face had more of bad human passions than of animal instinct. The feet and thighs were those of a muscular man: the legs rather too curved and calfless, though I have seen Negroes who had scarcely better ones; the tendons of the hands stood out like whiplords; the nails were as long as a tiger's claws. No wonder that we had been overmatched in our struggle with the brutes. No man could have withstood them. The arms of this one were like packets of cordage, all muscle, nerve, and sinew; and the hands were clasped together with such force, that the efforts of eight or ten Mexicans and Indians were insufficient to disunite them.

Whatever remained to be cleared up in our night's adventures was now soon explained. Our guide, through ignorance or thoughtlessness, had allowed us to take up our bivouac within a very unsafe distance of one of the most pestiferous swamps in the whole province. Shortly after we had fallen asleep, a party of Mexican travelers had arrived, and established themselves within a few hundred yards of us, but on a rising ground, where they avoided the mephitic vapours and the mosquitoes which had so tortured Rowley and myself. In the night two of the women, having ventured a short distance from the encampment, were surprised by the zambos, or huge man-apes, common in some parts of South-



ern Mexico; and finding themselves cut off from their friends, had fled they knew not whither, fortunately for them taking the direction of our bivouac. Their screams, our shouts, and the yellings and diabolical laughter of the zambos, had brought the Mexicans to our assistance. The monkeys showed no fight after the first volley; several of them must have been wounded, but only the one now lying before us had remained upon the field.

The Mexicans we had fallen amongst were from the Tzapoteca, principally cochineal gatherers, and kinder-hearted people there could not well be. They seemed to think they never could do enough for us; the women especially, and more particularly the two whom we had endeavoured to rescue from the power of the apes. These latter certainly had cause to be grateful. It made us shudder to think of their fate had they not met with us. It was the delay caused by our attacking the brutes that had given the Mexicans time to come up.

Every attention was shown to us. We were fanned with palm leaves, refreshed with cooling drinks, our wounds carefully dressed and bandaged, our heated, irritated, mosquito-bitten limbs and faces washed with balsam and the juice of herbs: more tender and careful nurses it would be impossible to find. We soon began to feel better, and were able to sit up and look about us; carefully avoiding, however, to look at each other, for we could not get reconciled to the horrible appearance of our swollen, bloody, and disgusting features. From our position on the rising ground, we had a full view over the frightful swamp at the entrance of which all our misfortunes had happened. There it lay, steaming like a great kettle; endless mists rising from it, out of which appeared here and there the crown of some mighty tree towering above the banks of vapour. To the left, cliffs and crags were to be seen which had the appearance of being baseless, and of swimming on the top of the mist. The vultures and carrion-birds circled screaming above the huge cañon, or perched on the tops of the tall palms, which looked like enormous umbrellas, or like the roofs of Chinese summer-

houses. Out of the swamp itself proceeded the yellings, snarlings, and growlings of the alligators, bull-frogs, and myriads of unclean beasts that it harboured.

The air was unusually sultry and oppressive: from time to time the rolling of distant thunder was audible. We could hear the Mexicans consulting amongst themselves as to the propriety of continuing their journey, to which our suffering state seemed to be the chief obstacle. From what we could collect of their discourse, they were unwilling to leave us in this dangerous district, and in our helpless condition, with a guide and attendants who were either untrustworthy or totally incompetent to lead us aright. Yet there seemed to be some pressing necessity for continuing the march; and presently some of the older Mexicans, who appeared to have the direction of the caravan, came up to us and enquired how we felt, and if we thought we were able to travel; adding, that from the signs on the earth and in the air, they feared a storm, and that the nearest habitation or shelter was at many leagues' distance. Thanks to the remedies that had been applied, our sufferings were much diminished. We felt weak and hungry; and telling the Mexicans we should be ready to proceed in half an hour, we desired our servants to get us something to eat. But our new friends forestalled them, and brought us a large piece of ignana, with roasted bananas, and cocoa-nutshell cups full of coffee, to all of which Rowley and I applied ourselves with much gusto. Meanwhile our muleteers and the Tzapotecans were busy packing their beasts and making ready for the start.

We had not eaten a dozen mouthfuls when we saw a man running down the hill with a branch in each hand. As soon as he appeared, a number of the Mexicans left their occupations and hurried to meet him.

"*Siete horas!*" shouted the man. "Seven hours, and no more!"

"No more than seven hours!" echoed the Tzapotecans, in tones of the wildest terror and alarm. "*La Santísima nos guarde!*" It will take more than ten to reach the village."

"What's all that about?" said I with my mouth full, to Rowley.



"Don't know some of their Indian tricks, I suppose."

"*Que es esto?*" asked I carelessly. "What's the matter?"

"*Que es esto!*" repeated an old Tzapotecan, with long grey hair curling from under his *sombrero*, and a withered but finely marked countenance. "*Las aguas! El ouracan!* In seven hours the deluge and the hurricane!"

"*Vamos, por la Santissima!* For the blessed Virgin's sake let us be gone!" cried a dozen of the Mexicans, pushing two green boughs into our very faces.

"What are those branches?"

"From the tempest-tree—the prophet of the storm," was the reply.

And Tzapotecans and women, arrieros and servants, ran about in the utmost terror and confusion, with cries of "*Vamos, paso redoblado!* Off with us, or we are all lost, man and beast," and saddling, packing, and scrambling on their mules. And before Rowley and I knew where we were, they tore us away from our iguana and coffee, and hoisted and pushed us into our saddles. Such a scene of bustle and desperate hurry I never beheld. The place where the encampment had been was alive with men and women, horses and mules, shouting, shrieking and talking, neighing and kicking; but with all the confusion there was little time lost, and in less than three minutes from the first alarm being given, we were scampering away over stork and stone, in a long, wild, irregular sort of train.

The rapidity and excitement of our ride seemed to have the effect of calming our various sufferings, or of making us forget them; and we soon thought no more of the fever, or of stings or musquito bites. It was a ride for life or death, and our horses stepped out as if they knew how much depended on their exertions.

In the hurry and confusion we had been mounted on horses instead of on our own mules; and splendid animals they were. I doubt if our Virginians could beat them, and that is saying a great deal. There was no effort or straining in their movements; it seemed mere play to them to surmount the numerous difficulties we encoun-

tered on our road. Over mountain and valley, swamp and barranca, always the same steady surefootedness—crawling like cats over the soft places, gliding like snakes up the steep rocky ascents, and stretching out with prodigious energy when the ground was favourable; yet with such easy action that we scarcely felt the motion. We should have sat in the roomy Spanish saddles as comfortably as in arm-chairs, had it not been for the numerous obstacles in our path, which was strewn with fallen trees and masses of rock. We were obliged to be perpetually stooping and bowing our heads to avoid the creeping plants that swung and twined and twisted across the track, intermingled often with huge thorns as long as a man's arm. These latter stuck out from the trees on which they grew like so many brown bayonets; and a man who had run up against one of them, would have been transfixed by it as surely as though it had been of steel. We pushed on, however, in Indian file, following the two guides, who kept at the head of the party, and making our way through places where a wild-cat would have difficulty in passing; through thickets of mangroves, mimosas, and tall fern, and cactuses with their thorny leaves full twenty feet long; the path turning and winding all the while. Now and then a momentary improvement in the nature of the ground enabled us to catch a glimpse of the whole column of march. We were struck by its picturesque appearance, the guides in front acting as pioneers, and looking out on all sides as cautiously and anxiously as though they had been soldiers expecting an ambuscade; the graceful forms of the women bowing and bending over their horses' manes, and often leaving fragments of their mantillas and rebozas on the branches and thorns of the labyrinth through which we were struggling. But it was no time to indulge in contemplation of the picturesque, and of this we were constantly made aware by the anxious vociferations of the Mexicans. "*Vamos! Por Dios, vamos!*" cried they, if the slightest symptom of flagging became visible in the movements of any one of the party; and at the

words, our horses, as though gifted with understanding, pushed forward with renewed vigour and alacrity.

On we went—up hill and down, in the depths of the valley and over the soft fetid swamp. That valley of Oaxaca has just as much right to be called a valley as our Alleghanies would have to be called bottoms. In the States we should call it a chain of mountains. Out of it rise at every step hills a good two thousand feet above the level of the valley, and four or five thousand above that of the sea; but these are lost sight of, and become flat ground by the force of comparison; that is, when compared with the gigantic mountains that surround the valley on all sides like a frame. And what a splendid frame they do compose, those colossal mountains, in their rich variety of form and colouring! here shining out like molten gold, there changing to a dark bronze; covered lower down with various shades of green, and with the crimson and purple, and violet and bright yellow, and azure and dazzling white, of the millions of paulinias and convolvuluses and other flowering plants, from amongst which rise the stately palm-trees, full a hundred feet high, their majestic green turbans towering like sultans' heads above the luxuriance of the surrounding flower and vegetable world. Then the mahogany-trees, the chicozapotes, and again in the barrancas the candelabra-like cactuses, and higher up the knotted and majestic live oak. An incessant change of plants, trees, and climate. We had been five hours in the saddle, and had already changed our climate three times; passed from the temperate zone, the *tierra templada*, into the torrid heat of the *tierra muy caliente*. It was in the latter temperature that we found ourselves at the expiration of the above-named time, dripping with perspiration, roasting and stewing in the heat. We were surrounded by a new world of plants and animals. The borax and mangroves and fern were here as lofty as forest-trees, whilst the trees themselves shot up like church steeples. In the thickets around us were numbers of black tigers—we saw dozens of those cowardly sneaking beasts—

iguanas full three feet long, squirrels double the size of any we had ever seen, and panthers, and wild pigs, and jackals, and apes and monkeys of every tribe and description, who threatened and grinned and chattered at us from the branches of the trees. But what is that yonder to the right, that stands out so white against the dark blue sky and the bronze-coloured rocks? A town—Quidricovi, d'ye call it?

We had now ridden a good five or six leagues, and began to think we had escaped the *aguas* or deluge, of which the prospect had so terrified our friends the Tzapotecans. Rowley calculated, as he went puffing and grumbling along, that it wouldn't do any harm to let our beasts draw breath for a minute or two. The scrambling and constant change of pace rendered necessary by the nature of the road, or rather track, that we followed, was certainly dreadfully fatiguing both to man and beast. As for conversation it was out of the question. We had plenty to do to avoid getting our necks broken, or our teeth knocked out, as we struggled along, up and down barrancas, through marshes and thickets, over rocks and fallen trees, and through mimosas and bushes laced and twined together with thorns and creeping plants—all of which would have been beautiful in a picture, but was most infernally unpoetical in reality.

"*Vamos! Por la Santissima Madre, vamos!*" yelled our guides, and the cry was taken up by the Mexicans, in a shrill wild tone that jarred strangely upon our ears, and made the horses start and strain forward. Hurra! on we go, through thorns and bushes, which scratch and flog us, and tear our clothes to rags. We shall be naked if this lasts long. It is a regular race. In front the two guides, stooping, nodding, bowing, crouching down, first to one side, then to the other, like a couple of mandarins or Indian idols—behind them a Tzapotecan in his picturesque capa, then the women, then more Tzapotecans. There is little thought about precedence or ceremony; and Rowley and I, having been in the least hurry to start, find ourselves bringing up the rear of the whole column.

"*Vamos! Por la Santissima! Las aguas, las aguas!*" is again yelled by twenty voices. Hang the fools! Can't they be quiet with their eternal *vamos*? We can have barely two leagues more to go to reach the *rancho*, or village, they were talking of, and appearances are not as yet very alarming. It is getting rather thick to be sure; but that's nothing, only the exhalations from the swamp, for we are again approaching one of those cursed swamps, and can hear the music of the alligators and bullfrogs. There they are, the beauties; a couple of them are taking a peep at us, sticking their elegant heads and long delicate snouts out of the slime and mud. The neighbourhood is none of the best; but luckily the path is firm and good, carefully made, evidently by Indian hands. None but Indians could live and labour and travel habitually, in such a pestilential atmosphere. Thank God! we are out of it at last. Again on firm forest ground, amidst the magnificent monotony of the eternal palms and mahogany-trees. But—see there!

A new and surpassingly beautiful landscape burst suddenly upon our view, seeming to dance in the transparent atmosphere. On either side mountains, those on the left in deep shadow, those on the right standing forth like colossal figures of light, in a beauty and splendour that seemed really supernatural, every tree, every branch shining in its own vivid and glorious colouring. There lay the valley, in its tropical luxuriance and beauty, one sheet of bloom and blossom up to the topmost crown of the palm-trees, that shot up, some of them, a hundred and fifty and a hundred and eighty feet high. Thousands and millions of convolvuluses, paulinias, bignonias, dendrobiums, climbing from the fern to the tree trunks, from the trunks to the branches and summits of the trees, and thence again falling gracefully down, and catching and clinging to the mangroves and blocks of granite. It burst upon us like a scene of enchantment, as we emerged from the darkness of the forest into the dazzling light and colouring of that glorious valley.

"*Misericordia, misericordia! Audi*

*nos peccadores! Misericordia, las aguas!*" suddenly screamed and exclaimed the Mexicans in various intonations of terror and despair. We looked around us. What can be the matter? We see nothing. Nothing, except that from just behind those two mountains, which project like mighty promontories into the valley, a cloud is beginning to rise. "What is it? What is wrong?" A dozen voices answered us—

"*Por la Santa Virgen*, for the holy Virgin's sake, on, on! *No hay tiempo para hablar*. We have still two leagues to go, and in one hour comes the flood."

And they recommenced their howling, yelling chorus of "*Misericordia! Audi nos peccadores!*" and "*Santissima Virgen, and Todos santos y angeles!*"

"Are the fellows mad?" shouted Rowley, "What if the water does come? It won't swallow you. A ducking more or less is no such great matter. You are not made of sugar or salt. Many's the drenching I've had in the States, and none the worse for it. Yet our rains are no child's play neither."

On looking round us, however, we were involuntarily struck with the sudden change in the appearance of the heavens. The usual golden black blue colour of the sky was gone, and had been replaced by a dull gloomy grey. The quality of the air appeared also to have changed; it was neither very warm nor very cold, but it had lost its lightness and elasticity, and seemed to oppress and weigh us down. Presently we saw the dark cloud rise gradually from behind the hills, completely clearing their summits, and then sweeping along until it hung over the valley, in form and appearance like some monstrous night-moth, resting the tips of its enormous wings on the mountains on either side. To our right we still saw the roofs and walls of Quidricovi, apparently at a very short distance.

"Why not go to Quidricovi?" shouted I to the guides, "we cannot be far off."

"More than five leagues," answered the men, shaking their heads and looking up anxiously at the huge moth, which was still creeping and crawling on, each moment darker and



more threatening. It was like some frightful monster, or the fabled Kraken, working itself along by its claws, which were struck deep into the mountain-wall on either side of its line of progress, and casting its hideous shadow over hill and dale, forest and valley, clothing them in gloom and darkness. To our right hand and behind us, the mountains were still of a glowing golden red, lighted up by the sun, but to the left and in our front all was black and dark. With the same glance we beheld the deepest gloom and the brightest day, meeting each other but not mingling. It was a strange and ominous sight.

Ominous enough; and the brute creation seem to feel it so as well as ourselves. The chattering parrots, the hopping, gibbering, quarrelsome apes, all the birds and beasts, scream and cry and flutter and spring about, as though seeking a refuge from some impending danger. Even our horses begin to tremble and groan—refuse to go on, start and snort. The whole animal world is in commotion, as if seized with an overwhelming panic. The forest is teeming with inhabitants. Whence come they, all these living things? On every side is heard the howling and snarling of beasts, the frightened cries and chirpings of birds. The vultures and turkey-buzzards, that a few minutes before were circling high in the air, are now screaming amidst the branches of the mahogany-trees; every creature that has life is running, scampering, flying—apes and tigers, birds and creeping things.

"*Vamos, por la Santissima!* On! or we are all lost."

And we ride, we rush along—neither masses of rock, nor fallen trees, nor thorns and brambles, check our wild career. Over every thing we go, leaping, scrambling, plunging, riding like desperate men, flying from a danger of which the nature is not clearly defined, but which we feel to be great and imminent. It is a frightful terror-striking foe, that huge night-moth, which comes ever nearer, growing each moment bigger and blacker. Looking behind us, we catch one last glimpse of the red and bloodshot sun, which the next instant disappears behind the edge of the mighty cloud.

Still we push on. Hosts of tigers, and monkeys both large and small, and squirrels and jackals, come close up to us as if seeking shelter, and then finding none, retreat howling into the forest. There is not a breath of air stirring, yet all nature—plants and trees, men and beasts—seem to quiver and tremble with apprehension. Our horses pant and groan as they bound along with dilated nostrils and glaring eyes, trembling in every limb, sweating at every pore, half wild with terror; giving springs and leaps that more resemble those of a hunted tiger than of a horse.

The prayer and exclamations of the terrified Mexicans, continued without intermission, whispered and shrieked and groaned in every variety of intonation. The earthy hue of intense terror was upon every countenance. For some moments a death-like stillness, an unnatural calm, reigned around us: it was as though the elements were holding in their breath, and collecting their energies for some mighty outbreak. Then came a low indistinct moaning sound, that seemed to issue from the bowels of the earth. The warning was significant.

"*Half! stop!*" shouted we to the guides. "*Stop! and let us seek shelter from the storm.*"

"*On! for God's sake, on! or we are lost,*" was the reply.

Thank Heaven! the path is getting wider—we come to a descent—they are leading us out of the forest. If the storm had come on while we were among the trees, we might be crushed to death by the falling branches. We are close to a barranca.

"*Alerto! Alerto!*" shrieked the Mexicans. "*Madre de Dios! Dios! Dios!*"

And well might they call to God for help in that awful moment. The gigantic night-moth gaped and shot forth tongues of fire—a ghastly white flame, that contrasted strangely and horribly with the dense black cloud from which it issued. There was a peal of thunder that seemed to shake the earth, then a pause during which nothing was heard but the panting of our horses as they dashed across the barranca, and began straining up the steep side of a knoll or hillock. The



cloud again opened: for a second every thing was lighted up. Another thunder clap, and then, as though the gates of his prison had been suddenly burst open, the tempest came forth in its might and fury, breaking, crushing, and sweeping away all that opposed it. The trees of the forest staggered and tottered for a moment, as if making an effort to bear up against the storm; but it was in vain: the next instant, with a report like that of ten thousand cannon, whole acres of mighty trees were snipped off, their branches shivered, their roots torn up; it was no longer a forest but a chaos, an ocean of boughs and tree-trunks, that were tossed about like the waves of the sea, or thrown into the air like straws. The atmosphere was darkened with dust, and leaves, and branches.

"God be merciful to us! Rowley! where are ye?—No answer. What is become of them all?"

A second blast more furious than the first. Can the mountains resist it? will they stand? the Almighty! they do not. The earth trembles: the hillock, on the lee-side of which we are, rocks and shakes; and the air grows thick and suffocating—full of dust and saltpetre and sulphur. We are like to choke. All around is dark as night. We can see nothing, hear nothing but the howling of the hurricane, and the thunder and rattle of falling trees and shivered branches.

Suddenly the hurricane ceases, and all is hushed; but so suddenly that the change is startling and unnatural. No sound is audible save the creaking and moaning of the trees with which the ground is cumbered. It is like a sudden pause in a battle, when the roar of the cannon and clang of charging squadrons cease, and nought is heard but the groaning of the wounded, the agonized sobs and gasps of the dying.

The report of a pistol is heard; then another, a third, hundreds, thousands of them. It is the flood, *las aguas*; the shots are drops of rain; but such drops! each as big as a hen's egg. They strike with the force of enormous hailstones—stunning and blinding us. The next moment there is no distinction of drops; the windows of heaven are opened; it is no longer

rain nor flood, but a sea, a cataract, a Niagara. The hillock on which I am standing, undermined by the waters, gives way and crumbles under me; in ten seconds' time I find myself in the barranca, which is converted into a river, off my horse, which is gone I know not whither. The only person I see near me is Rowley, also dismounted and struggling against the stream, which is already up to our waists, and sweeps along with it huge branches and entire trees, that threaten each moment to carry us away with them, or to crush us against the rocks. We avoid these dangers, God knows how, make violent efforts to stem the torrent and gain the side of the barranca; although, even should we succeed, it is so steep that we can scarcely hope to climb it without assistance. And whence is that assistance to come? Of the Mexicans we see or hear nothing. They are doubtless all drowned or dashed to pieces. They were higher up on the hillock than we were, must consequently have been swept down with more force, and were probably carried away by the torrent. Nor can we hope for a better fate. Wearied by our ride, weakened by the fever and sufferings of the preceding night, we are in no condition to strive much longer with the furious elements. For one step that we gain, we lose two. The waters rise; already they are nearly up to our armpits. It is in vain to resist any longer. Our fate is sealed.

"Rowley, all is over—let us die like men. God have mercy on our souls!"

Rowley was a few paces higher up the barranca. He made me no answer, but looked at me with a calm, cold, and yet somewhat regretful smile upon his countenance. Then all at once he ceased the efforts he was making to resist the stream and gain the bank, folded his arms on his breast and gave a look up and around him, as though to bid farewell to the world he was about to leave. The current was sweeping him rapidly down towards me, when suddenly a wild hurra burst from his lips, and he recommenced his struggles against the waters, striving valiantly to re-

tain a footing on the slippery, uneven bed of the stream.

"*Tenga! Tenga!*" screamed a dozen voices, that seemed to proceed from spirits of the air; and at the same moment something whistled about my ears and struck me a smart blow across the face. With the instinct of a drowning man, I clutched the lasso that had been thrown to me. Rowley was at my elbow and seized it also. It was immediately drawn tight, and by its aid we gained the bank, and began ascending the side of the barranca, composed of rugged, declivitous rocks, affording but scanty foot-hold. God grant the lasso may prove tough! The strain on it is fearful. Rowley is a good fifteen stone, and I am no feather; and in some parts of our perilous ascent the rocks are almost as perpendicular and smooth as a wall of masonry, and we are obliged to cling with our whole weight to the lasso, which seems to stretch, and crack, and grow visibly thinner. Nothing but a strip of twisted cow-hide between us and a frightful agonizing death on the sharp rocks and in the foaming waters below. But the lasso holds good, and now the chief peril is past: we get some sort of footing—a point of rock, or a tree-root to clutch at. Another strain up this rugged slope of granite, another pull at the lasso; a leap, a last violent effort, and—*Viva!*—we are seized under the arms, dragged up, held upon our feet for a moment, and then—we sink exhausted to the ground in the midst of the Tzapotecans, mules, arrieros, guides, and women, who are sheltered from the storm in a sort of natural cavern.

At the moment at which the hillock had given way under Rowley and myself, who were a short distance in rear of the party, the Mexicans had succeeded in attaining firm footing on a broad rocky ledge, a shelf of the precipice that flanked the barranca. Upon this ledge, which gradually widened into a platform, they found themselves in safety under some projecting crags that sheltered them completely from the tempest. Thence they looked down upon the barranca, where they descried Rowley and myself struggling for our lives in the roaring torrent; and thence, by knot-

ting several lassos together, they were able to give us the opportune aid which had rescued us from our desperate situation. But whether this aid had come soon enough to save our lives was still a question, or at least for some time appeared to be so. The life seemed driven out of our bodies by all we had gone through: we were unable to move a finger, and lay helpless and motionless, with only a glimmering indistinct perception, not amounting to consciousness, of what was going on around us. Fatigue, the fever, the immersion in cold water when reeking with perspiration, the sufferings of all kinds we had endured in the course of the last twenty hours, had completely exhausted and broken us down.

The storm did not last long in its violence, but swept onwards, leaving a broad track of desolation behind it. The Mexicans recommenced their journey, with the exception of four or five who remained with us and our arrieros and servants. The village to which we were proceeding was not above a league off; but even that short distance Rowley and myself were in no condition to accomplish. The kind-hearted Tzapotecans made us swallow cordials, stripped off our drenched and tattered garments, and wrapped us in an abundance of blankets. We fell into a deep sleep, which lasted all that evening and the greater part of the night, and so much refreshed us that about an hour before daybreak we were able to resume our march—at a slow pace, it is true, and suffering grievously in every part of our bruised and wounded limbs and bodies, at each jolt or rough motion of the mules on which we were clinging, rather than sitting.

Our path lay over hill and dale, perpetually rising and falling. We soon got out of the district or zone that had been swept by the preceding day's hurricane, and after nearly an hour's ride, we paused on the crest of a steep descent, at the foot of which, as our guides informed us, lay the land of promise, the long looked-for *ranch*. While the muleteers were seeing to the girths of their beasts, and giving the due equilibrium to the baggage, before commencing the downward march, Row-

ley and I sat upon our mules, wrapped in large Mexican *capas*, gazing at the morning-star as it sank down and grew gradually paler and fainter. Suddenly the eastern sky began to brighten, and a brilliant beam appeared in the west, a point of light no bigger than a star—but yet not a star; it was of a far rosier hue. The next moment a second sparkling spot appeared, near to the first, which now swelled out into a sort of fiery tongue, that seemed to lick round the silvery summit of the snow-clad mountain. As we gazed, five—ten—twenty hill tops were tinged with the same rose-coloured glow; in another moment they became like fiery banners spread out against the heavens, while sparkling tongues and rays of golden light flashed and flamed round them, springing like meteors from one mountain summit to another, lighting them up like a succession of beacons. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed since the distant pinnacles of the mountains had appeared to us as huge phantom-like figures of a silvery white, dimly marked out upon a dark star-spangled ground; now the whole immense chain blazed like volcanoes covered with glowing lava, rising out of the darkness that still lingered on their flanks and bases, visible and wonderful witnesses to the omnipotence of *Him* who said, “Let there be light, and there was light.”

Above, all was broad day, flaming sunlight; below, all black night. Here and there streams of light burst through clefts and openings in the mountains, and then ensued an extraordinary kind of conflict. The shades of darkness seemed to live and move, to struggle against the bright beams that fell amongst them and broke their masses, forcing them down the wooded heights, tearing them asunder and dispersing them like tangles of cobwebs; so that successively, and as if by a stroke of enchantment, there appeared, first the deep indigo blue of the tamarinds and chicozapotes, then the bright green of the sugar-canes, lower down the darker green of the nopal-trees, lower still the white and green and gold and bright yellow of the orange and citron groves, and lowest of all, the stately fan-palms, and date-palms, and bananas; all glittering with millions

of dewdrops, that covered them like a gauze veil embroidered with diamonds and rubies. And still the very next valley all was utter darkness.

We sat silent and motionless, gazing at this scene of enchantment.

Presently the sun rose higher, and a flood of light illumined the whole valley, which lay some few hundred feet below us—a perfect garden, such as no northern imagination could picture forth; a garden of sugar-canes, cotton, and nopal-trees, intermixed with thickets of pomegranate and strawberry-trees, and groves of orange, fig, and lemon, giants of their kind, shooting up to a far greater height than the oak attains in the States—every tree a perfect hothouse, a pyramid of flowers, covered with bloom and blossom to its topmost spray. All was light, and freshness, and beauty; every object seemed to dance and rejoice in the clear elastic golden atmosphere. It was an earthly paradise, fresh from the hand of its Creator, and at first we could discover no sign of man or his works. Presently, however, we discerned the village lying almost at our feet, the small stone houses overgrown with flowers and embedded in trees; so that scarcely a square foot of roof or wall was to be seen. Even the church was concealed in a garland of orange-trees, and had lianas and star-flowered creepers climbing over and dangling from it, up as high as the slender cross that surmounted its square white tower. As we gazed, the first sign of life appeared in the village. A puff of blue smoke rose curling and spiral from a chimney, and the matin bell rang out its summons to prayer. Our Mexicans fell on their knees and crossed themselves, repeating their Ave-marias. We involuntarily took off our hats, and whispered a thanksgiving to the God who had been with us in the hour of peril, and was now so visible to us in his works.

The Mexicans rose from their knees.

“*¡Amos! Señores,*” said one of them, laying his hand on the bridle of my mule. “To the rancho, to breakfast.”

We rode slowly down into the valley.



## THE BRITISH FLEET

When the question proposed to us, What is the most extraordinary, complete, and effective instance of skill, contrivance, science, and power, ever combined by man? we should unhesitatingly answer, an English line-of-battle ship. Take the model of a 120 gun ship—large as it may be for a floating body, its space is not great. For example, it is not half the ordinary size of a nobleman's mansion; yet that ship carries a thousand men with convenience, and lodges them day and night, with sufficient room for the necessary distinctions of obedience and command—has separate apartments for the admiral and the captain, for the different ranks of officers, and even for the different ranks of seamen—separate portions below decks for the sleeping of the crew, the dining of the officers, and the receptacle for the sick and wounded. Those thousand men are to be fed three times a-day, and provisions for four months are to be stowed. One hundred and twenty cannon, some of them of the heaviest metal, are to be carried: and room is to be found for all the weight of shot and quantities of powder, with other missiles, rockets, and signal fires, necessary for service. Besides this, room is to be provided for the stowage of fresh rigging, sails, ropes, cables, and yards, to replace those lost by accident, battle, or wear and tear. Besides this, too, there is to be a provision for the hospital. So far for the mere necessities of the ship. Then we are to regard the science: for nothing can be more essential than the skill and the instruments of the navigator, as nothing can be more fatal than a scientific error, a false calculation, or a remission of vigilance. We shall do no more than allude to the habits of command essential to keep a thousand of these rough and daring spirits in order, and that, too, an order of the most implicit, steady, and active kind; nor to their knowledge of tactics, and conduct in battle. The true definition of the line-of-battle ship

being, a floating regiment of artillery in a barrack, which, at the beat of a drum, may be turned into a field of battle, or, at the command of government, may be sent flying on the wings of the wind round the world. We think that we have thus established our proposition. If not, let any thing else be shown which exhibits the same quantity of power packed within the same space; and that power, too, increasing daily by new contrivances of stowage and building, by new models of guns, and new inventions in machinery. England is at this moment building two hundred steam-ships, with guns of a calibre to which all the past were trifling, with room for a regiment of land troops besides their crews, and with the known power of defying wind and wave, and throwing an army in full equipment for the field, within a few days, on any coast of Europe.

It is remarkable that the use of the navy, as a great branch of the military power of England, had been scarcely contemplated until the last century. Though the sea-coast of England, the largest of any European state, and the national habits of an insular country, might have pointed out this direction for the national energies from the earliest period, yet England was a kingdom for five hundred years before she seems to have thought of the use of ships as an instrument of public power. In the long war with France during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the ships were almost wholly mercantile; and, when employed in wars, were chiefly employed as transports to throw our troops on the French soil. It was the reign of Elizabeth, that true birth of the progress of England, that first developed the powers of an armed navy. The Spanish invasion forced the country to meet the Armada by means like its own; and the triumph, though won by a higher agency, and due to the winds and waves, or rather to the Supreme Providence which watched over the



land of Protestantism, awoke the nation to the true faculty of defence; and from that period alone could the burden of the fine national song be realized, and Britain was to "rule the main." The expeditions against the Spanish West Indies, and the new ardour of discovery in regions where brilliant fable lent its aid to rational curiosity, carried on the process of naval power. The war against Holland, under Charles II., though disastrous and impolitic, showed at least that the fleet of England was the true arm of its strength; and the humiliation of the only rival of her commerce at once taught her where the sinews of war lay, and by what means the foundations of naval empire were to be laid. But it was not until the close of the last century that the truth came before the nation in its full form. The American war—a war of skirmishes—had its direct effect, perhaps its providential purpose, in compelling England to prepare for the tremendous collision which was so soon to follow, and which was to be the final security of the Continent itself. It was then, for the first time, that the nation was driven to the use of a navy on a great scale. The war, lying on the western shore of an ocean, made the use of naval armaments necessary to every operation. The treacherous hostility of the French cabinet, and the unfortunate suberviency of Spain to that treachery, made corresponding energy on the part of England a matter of public demand; and when France and Spain sent out fleets of a magnitude till then unknown, England was urged to follow their example. The defeats of the combined navies excited the nation to still more vigorous efforts; and the war closed with so full a demonstration of the matchless importance of a great navy to England, that the public feeling was fixed on giving it the largest contribution of the national confidence.

The time was at hand when the trial was to involve every interest of England and mankind. The first grand struggle of revolutionary France with England was to be on the seas; and the generation of naval officers who had been reared in the American war, then rising into vigour, trained by its

experience, and stimulated by its example, gallantly maintained the honour of their country. A succession of sanguinary battles followed, each on the largest scale, and each closing in British victory; until the republic, in despair, abandoned the fatal element, and tried her fortunes in the easier conflicts of the land. The accession of Napoleon renewed the struggle for naval supremacy, until one vast blow extinguished his hopes and his navy at Trafalgar. Peace now exists, and long may it exist! but France is rapidly renewing her navy, taking every opportunity of exercising its strength, and especially patronising the policy of founding those colonies which it idly imagines to be the source of British opulence. But whether the wisdom of Louis Philippe limits the protection of French trade to the benefits which commerce may confer on his vast kingdom, or looks forward to the support which a mercantile navy may give to a warlike one, we must not sleep on our posts. The life of any individual is brief on a national scale; and his successor, whether regent or republican, may be as hot-headed, rash, and ambitious, as this great monarch has shown himself rational, prudent, and peaceful. We must prepare for all chances; and our true preparation must be, a fleet that may defy all.

It is a remarkable instance of the slowness with which science advances, that almost the whole scientific portion of seamaanship has grown up since the middle of the seventeenth century, though America had been reached in 1492, and India in 1498; and thus the world had been nearly rounded before what would now be regarded as the ordinary knowledge of a navigator had been acquired. England has the honour of making the first advances. It was an Englishman, Norwood, who made the first measurement of a degree between London and York, and fixed it at 122,309 English yards. The attention of the world thus once awakened, Huygens, and Cassini applied themselves to ascertain the figure of the earth. The first experiments of the French *savans* were in contradiction to Newton's theory of the flattening of the poles, but the controversy was the means of exciting new

interest. The eyes of the scientific world were turned more intently on the subject. New experiments were made, which corrected the old; and finally, on the measurement of the arc in Peru, and in the north, truth and Newton triumphed, and the equatorial diameter was found to exceed the polar by a two hundred and fourth part of the whole. This was perhaps the finest problem ever solved by science; the most perplexing in its early state—exhibiting for a while the strongest contradiction of experiment and theory, occupying in a greater degree the attention of philosophers than any before or since, and finally established with a certainty which every subsequent observation has only tended to confirm. And this triumph belonged to an Englishman.

The investigation by measurements has since been largely adopted. In 1787, joint commissions were issued by England and France to connect the Greenwich and Parisian observations. Arcs of the meridian have since been measured across the whole breadth of France and Spain, and also near the Arctic circle, and in the Indian peninsula.

In navigation, the grand point for the sailor is to ascertain his latitude and longitude; in other words, to know where he is. The discovery of the latitude is easily effected by the quadrant, but the longitude is the difficulty. Any means which ascertained the hour at Greenwich, at the instant of making a celestial observation in any other part, would answer the difficulty; for the difference in quarters of an hour would give the difference of the degrees. But clocks could not be used on shipboard, and the best watches failed to keep the time. In the reign of Anne, Parliament offered a reward of £5000, perhaps not far from the value of twice the sum in the present day, for a watch within a certain degree of accuracy. Harrison, a watchmaker, sent in a watch which came within the limits, losing but two minutes in a voyage to the West Indies; yet even this was an error of thirty miles.

But, though chronometers have since been considerably improved, there are difficulties in their preservation in good order which have made it

expedient to apply to other means; and the lunar tables of Mayer of Göttingen, formed in 1755, and subsequently improved by Dr Maskelyne and others, have brought the error within seven miles and a half.

Improvements of a very important order have also taken place in the mariner's compass; the variation of the needle has been reduced to rules, and some anomalies arising from the metallic attraction of the ship itself, have been corrected by Professor Barlow's experiments. The use of the marine barometer and thermometer have also largely assisted to give notice of tempests; and some ingenious theories have been lately formed, which, promising to give a knowledge of the origin and nature of tempests, are obviously not unlikely to assist the navigator in stemming their violence, or escaping them altogether.

The construction of ships for both the merchant and the public service has undergone striking improvements within this century. Round sterns, for the defence of a vessel engaged with several opponents at once; compartments in the hold, for security against leaks; iron tanks for water, containing twice the quantity, and keeping it free from the impurities of casks: a better general stowage; provisions prepared so as to remain almost fresh during an East Indian voyage; every means of preserving health, suggested by science, and succeeding to the most remarkable degree; a more intelligent system of shipbuilding, and a constant series of experiments on the shape, stowage, and sailing of ships, are among the beneficial changes of later times. But the one great change—steam—will probably swallow up all the rest, and form a new era in shipbuilding, in navigation, in the power and nature of a navy, and in the comfort, safety, and protection of the crews in actual engagement. The use of steam is still so palpably in its infancy, yet that infancy is so gigantic, that it is equally difficult to say what it may yet become, and to limit its progress. It will have the one obvious advantage to mankind in general, of making the question of war turn more than ever on the financial and mechanical resources of a people; and thus increa-

sing the necessity for commercial opulence and intellectual exertion. It may expose nations more to each other's attacks; but it will render hostility more dreaded, because more dangerous. On the whole, like the use of gunpowder, which made a Tartar war impossible, and which rapidly tended to civilize Europe, steam appears to be intended as a further step in the same high process, in which force is to be put down by intelligence, and success, even in war, is to depend on the industry of peace; thus, in fact, providing a perpetual restriction on the belligerent propensities of nations, and urging the uncivilized, by necessity, to own the superiority, and follow the example of the civilized, by knowledge, habit, and principle.

It is not to be forgotten, even in this general and brief view of the values of the British fleet, that it has, within these few years, assumed a new character as an instrument of war. The Syrian campaign, the shortest, and, beyond all comparison, the most brilliant on record, if we are to estimate military distinction, not only by the gallantry of the conflict, but by the results of the victory—this campaign, which at once finished the war in Syria, gave peace to Turkey, reduced Egypt to obedience, rescued the sultan from Russian influence, and Egypt from French; or rather rescued all Europe from the collision of England, France, and Russia; and even, by the evidence of our naval capabilities, taught American faction the wisdom of avoiding hostilities—this grand operation was effected by a small portion of the British navy, well commanded, directed to the right point, and acting with national energy. The three hours' cannonade of Acre, the most effective achievement in the annals of war, exhibited a new use of a ship's broadside; for, though ships' guns had often battered forts before, it was the first instance of a fleet employed in attack, and fully overpowering all opposition. The attack on Algiers was the only exploit of a similar kind; but its success was limited, and the result was so far disastrous, that it at once fixed the eye of France on the invasion of Algiers, and disabled and disheartened the native government from vigorous resistance.

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The victory of the fleet at Acre will also have the effect of changing the whole system of defence in fortresses and cities exposed to the sea.

But a still further advance in the employment of fleets as an instrument of hostilities, has since occurred in the Chinese war—their simultaneous operation with troops. In former assaults of fortresses, the troops and ships attacked the same line of defence, and the consequence was the waste of force. From the moment when the troops approached the land, the fire of the ships necessarily ceased, and the fleet then remained spectators of the assault. But in this war, while the troops attacked on the land side, the fleet ran up to the sea batteries, and both attacks went on together—of course dividing the attention of the enemy, thus having a double chance of success, and employing both arms of the service in full energy. This masterly combination the Duke of Wellington, the highest military authority in Europe, pronounced to be a new principle in war; and even this is, perhaps, only the beginning of a system of combination which will lead to new victories, if war should ever unhappily return.

We now revert to the history of a naval hero.

John Jervis, the second son of Swynfen Jervis, Esq., was born on the 20th of January 1735. He was descended, on both the paternal and maternal side, from families which had figured in the olden times of England. The family of Jervis possessed estates in Staffordshire as far back as the reign of Edward III. The family of Swynfen was also long established in Worcestershire. John Swynfen was a public character during the troubled times of Charles I. and Cromwell, and until a late period in the reign of Charles II. He had been originally a strong Parliamentarian; but, thinking that the party went too far, he was turned out of parliament for tardiness by the Protector. But his original politics adhered to him still; for, even after the Restoration, he was joined with Hampden, the grandson of the celebrated patriot, in drawing up the Bill of Exclusion. Among his ancestors by the mother's side was Sir John Turtou, a judge in the Court of King's



Burch, married to a daughter of the brave Colonel Samuel Moore, who made the memorable defence of Hopson Castle in the Civil War.

But no man less regarded ancestry than the subject of the present pages, who, in writing with reference to his pedigree, observed, in his usual frank and straightforward language—"They were all highly respectable; but, *ex sensu et procerbo*, nearly all the Latin I now recollect, always struck my ear as the sound maxim for officers and statesmen."

His first school was at Burton-upon-Trent, where a slight incident seemed to designate his future politics and fortitude. In 1745, when the Pretender marched into the heart of the kingdom, without being joined by his friends or opposed by his enemies, as Gibbon antithetically observed, all the boys at the school, excepting young Jervis and Dick Meux, (afterwards the eminent brewer,) wore plaid ribbands sent to them from home, and they pelted their two constitutional playmates, calling them Whigs.

His father designed young Jervis for the law; but, in 1747, removing to Greenwich on being appointed Counsel to the Admiralty and Auditor to the Hospital, naval sights were too near not to prove a strong temptation to the mind of an animated and vigorous boy. His parents were still strongly for the adoption of his father's profession; but there was another authority on the subject, the family coachman, one Pinkhorne, who, saying that it was a shame to go into a profession where all were rogues, determined the future hero; and, before the year was over, he ran away, to commence life as a sailor. He was reclaimed, however, by his family, and was regularly entered in the navy, in January 1748, on board the Gloucester, fifty guns, Commodore Townshend—twenty pounds being all that was given to him by his father for his equipment. The Gloucester sailed for the West Indies; and thus, at the age of thirteen, young Jervis began the world. It appears that the rigid economy of his father, combined with the singular good sense of this mere child, urged him to every means of acquiring the knowledge of his profession. The monotonous life of a guard-ship al-

ready seemed to him a waste of time, while the expenses on shore must have been ruinous to his slender finances. He therefore volunteered into whatever ship was going to sea. He thus writes to his sister from on board the Sphinx, 1753:—"There are many entertainments and public assemblies here, but they are rather above my sphere, many inconveniences and expenses attending them; so that my chief employ, when from my duty, is reading, studying navigation, and perusing my own letters, of which I have almost enough to make an octavo volume."

At length, however, his twenty pounds were exhausted; and, at the end of three years, he drew for twenty pounds more. It is vexatious to say that his bill was dishonoured; and he never received another shilling from any one. It is scarcely possible to conceive that so harsh a measure could have been the result of intention; but it subjected this extraordinary boy to the severest privations. To take up the dishonoured bill, he was obliged to effect his discharge from one ship into another, so as to obtain his pay tickets, which he sold at forty per cent discount. His remaining six years on the station were spent in the exercise of a severe economy, and the endurance even of severe suffering. He was compelled to sell all his bedding, and sleep on the bare deck. He had no other resource than, generally, to make and mend, and always to wash, his own clothes. He never afforded himself any fresh meat; and even the fruit and vegetables, which are so necessary and so cheap, he could obtain only by barter from the negroes, for the small share of provisions which he could subduct from his own allowance. True as all this doubtless is, it reflects more severely on the captain and officers of his own ship, than even upon his parents. The latter, on the other side of the Atlantic, might have no knowledge of his difficulties; but that those who saw his sufferings from day to day could have allowed them to continue, argues a degree of negligence and inhumanity, of which we hope that no present instance occurs in our navy, and which at any period would appear incomprehensible.



In 1754, young Jervis returned to England, and passed his examination for lieutenant with great credit.

The commencement of the war with France was, like the commencement of English wars in general, disastrous. We seldom make due preparation. Fleets inferior to the enemy in equipment and number, are sent out on the emergency; detachments of troops are sent where armies should have gone; and thus victory itself is without effect. Thus for a year or two we continue blundering if not beaten, and angry with our generals and admirals for failing to do impossibilities. At last the nation becomes fairly roused: the success of the enemy makes exertion necessary; their insolence inflames the popular indignation; a great effort is made; a triumph is obtained, and a peace follows, which might have been accomplished half a dozen years before, at a tenth part of the expense in blood and treasure which it cost to consummate the war. Our troops under Braddock, a brave fool, were beaten by the French and Indians in America. Our Mediterranean fleet was baffled under the unfortunate command of Byng. Minorca was taken before our eyes, and the naval and military stars of England seem to have gone down together. Yet this era of national dishonour and public disgust was followed by the three years of Chatham's administration, a period of triumph that equaled the campaign of Marlborough at the commencement of the century, and was scarcely eclipsed even by the splendours that followed its close.

The skill and talent of young Jervis had already given him distinction among the rising officers of the fleet. He had become a favourite with Admiral Saunders, was taken with him from ship to ship; and when the admiral was recalled from the Mediterranean to take the command of the naval force destined to co-operate in the attack on Quebec, by the heroic and lamented General Wolfe, young Jervis was selected to be first lieutenant of the *Prince*, which bore the admiral's flag. On the passage out, the general and his aide-de-camp, Captain, afterwards the well-known Colonel Barré, were guests on board the

*Prince*, and of course Jervis had the advantage of their intelligent society. In February 1759, the fleet sailed from England, and in June proceeded from Louisburg to the St Lawrence. Lieutenant Jervis was now appointed to the command of the *Porcupine* sloop; and on the general requesting a naval force to escort his transports past Quebec, the *Porcupine* was ordered by the admiral to lead. The service was one of extreme difficulty; for the attempt to sound the channel the day before had failed, though it was made by the master of the fleet, Cook, afterwards the celebrated navigator. The winds suddenly falling calm, prevented the *Porcupine* from reaching her station. A heavy fire was instantly opened upon her from every gun that could be brought to bear, and the army were in terror of her being destroyed, for the general was on board. But Jervis's skill was equal to his gallantry; he hoisted out his boats, cheered his men through the fire, and brought his ship to her station.

A little incident occurred on the night before the memorable engagement, which even at this distance of time is of painful interest, but which shows the confidence reposed in the young naval officer by the hero of Quebec. After the orders for the assault next day were given, Wolfe requested a private interview with him; and saying that he had the strongest presentiment of falling on the field, yet that he should fall in victory, he took from his bosom the miniature of a young lady to whom he was attached, gave it to Jervis, desiring that, if the foreboding came to pass, he should return it to her on his arrival in England. Wolfe's gallant fate and brilliant victory are known: the picture was delivered to Miss Lowther.

After the capture of Quebec, Jervis was dispatched to England; and was appointed to the *Scorpion*, to carry out important despatches to General Amherst. On this occasion, he gave an instance of that remarkable promptitude which characterised him throughout his whole career. The *Scorpion* was in such a crazy state that she had nearly foundered between Spithead and Plymouth. On reaching

the latter port, and representing at once the condition of the vessel and the importance of the despatches, the port-admiral instantly ordered him to proceed to sea in the Albany, a sloop in the Sound. But the Albany had been a long time in commission; her people claimed arrears of pay; and by no means relishing a voyage across the Atlantic in such weather, they absolutely refused to heave the anchor. Their young commander first tried remonstrance, but in vain; he then took a more effectual means—he ordered his boat's crew, whom he had brought from the Scorpion, to take their hatchets and cut the cables, and then go aloft to loosen the foresail. Perceiving the kind of man with whom they had to do, the crew submitted, and the Albany instantly proceeded to sea: the ringleaders were punished, and the service was performed. The Albany made New York in twenty-four days.

In October 1761, Commander Jervis was made Post, into the Gosport of 60 guns. Among his midshipmen was the afterwards Admiral Lord Keith. In 1762, peace was made. The Gosport was paid off next year, and Captain Jervis did not serve again until 1769, when he commanded the Alarm of 32 guns for the next three years.

A striking incident occurred during the cruise of this vessel in the Mediterranean, exhibiting not only the spirit of her captain, but the historic recollections by which that spirit was sustained. One Sunday afternoon, the day after her arrival at Genoa, two Turkish slaves, in enjoyment of the holiday's rest from labour, sauntered from their galley near the mole. Seeing the Alarm's boat, they jumped into her, wrapped themselves in the British colours, and exclaimed, "We are free!" The Genoese officer on duty, however, ordered them to be dragged out, which was done, though one of them tore away in his struggle a piece of the boat's pendant. On the circumstance reaching the captain's ears he was indignant, and demanded instant reparation. To use his own language:—"I required," said he, "of the Doge and Senate, that both the slaves should be brought on board, with the part of the torn pendant which the

slave carried off with him; the officer of the guard punished; and an apology made on the quarterdeck of the Alarm, under the king's colours, for the outrage offered to the British nation."

On the following Tuesday this was complied with in all the particulars; but, unhappily, the government at home did not exhibit the spirit of their gallant officer abroad; and in a letter which he addressed to his brother he says:—"I had an opportunity of carrying the British flag, in relation to two Turkish slaves, as high as Blake had ever done, for which I am publicly censured; though I hope we have too much virtue left, for me not to be justified in private."

The result, however, of this transaction was, that for many years afterwards, in the Barbary states, if a slave could but touch the British colours, which all our men-of-war's boats carry in foreign ports, he could of right demand his release. This, however, was counteracted as far as possible by the renewed vigilance of the Moors, who kept all their slaves out of sight while a British flag flew in the harbour. The allusion to the famous Blake shows with what studies the young officer fed his mind, and in how high a spirit he was prepared to adapt them.

Another instance of his skill and intrepidity soon followed. In March 1770, the frigate, after a tempestuous cruise, came to anchor at Marseilles. An equinoctial gale came on, and after two days of desperate exertion, and throwing many of the guns overboard, the frigate was driven from her anchors, stranded on a reef of rocks, and the crew in such peril that they were saved only by the most extraordinary exertions, and the assistance of the people on shore. The port officer, M. de Peltier, exhibited great kindness and activity, and the ship was rapidly repaired, but with such an exact economy, that its complete refit, with the expense of the crew for three months, amounted only to £1415.

The first act of this excellent son was to write to his father:—"Do not be alarmed, my dear sir, at the newspaper accounts which you will hear of the Alarm. The interpo-

sition of Divine Providence has miraculously preserved her. The same Providence will, I hope, give long life to my dear father, mother, and brother."

In July he wrote to his sister from Mahon, after the repairs of the vessel:—"The Alarm is the completest thing I ever saw on the water, inasmuch that I forgot she was the other day, in the opinion of most beholders, her own officers and crew not excepted, a miserable sunken wreck. Such is the reward of perseverance. Happily for my reputation, my health at that period happened to be equal to the task, or I had been lost for ever, instead of receiving continual marks of public and private approbation of my conduct; but this is *entre nous*. I never speak or write on the subject except to those I most love. You will easily believe Barrington to be one; his goodness to me is romantic."

It is gratifying to state, that the English Admiralty, on the young captain's warm representation of the French superintendent, M. de Peltier's hospitality and kindness, sent a handsome piece of plate in public acknowledgment to that officer; and, as if to make the compliment perfect in all its parts, as it arrived before the frigate had left the station, the captain had the indulgence of presenting it in person; thus making, as his letter to his father mentioned, "the family of Pleville de Peltier happy beyond description."

The frigate was soon after paid off, and as there was no probability of his being speedily employed, he applied himself to gain every speck of knowledge connected with his profession. We strongly doubt whether the example of this rising officer is not even more important when we regard him in peace than in the activity and daring of war. There is no want of courage and conduct in the British fleet; but life on shore offers too many temptations to indolence, to be always turned to the use of which it is capable. Captain Jervis, on the contrary, appears always to have regarded life on shore preparatory to life afloat, and to be constantly employed in laying up knowledge for those emergencies which so often occur in the bold and perilous life of the sailor. There is often something like a pre-

dictive spirit in the early career of great men, which urges them to make provision for greatness; and remote as is the condition of a captain of a smart frigate from the commander of fleets, yet the captain of the Alarm, though the least ostentatious of men, seems always to have had a glance towards the highest duties of the British admiral. "True," says Franklin, "is the stuff that life is made of;" and as France is the antagonist with which the power of England naturally expects to struggle, his first object was to acquire all possible knowledge of the naval means of France. The primary step was to acquire a knowledge of the language. Accordingly, he went to France, and placed himself in a *pension*. There he applied himself so closely to the study of the language, that his health became out of order, and his family requested him to return. But this he declined, and in his answer said that he had adopted this pursuit on the best view a military man in his situation could form. "For it will always," said he, "be useful to have a general idea of this prevalent language, and a knowledge of the country with which we have so long contended, and which must ever be our rival in arms and commerce."

Having accomplished his object of acquiring sufficient fluency in speaking French, his next excursion was to St Petersburg. He and Captain Barrington went in a merchant vessel, and reached Cronstadt. While at sea, Captain Jervis kept a regular log. During the voyage, all the headlands are described, all the soundings noted, and every opportunity to test and correct the charts adopted. As an example, he remarks on the castle of Cronenburg, which guards the entrance into the Sound, that it may be overlooked by a line-of-battle ship, which may anchor in good ground as near the beach as she pleases. He remarks the two channels leading to Copenhagen, puts all the lighthouses down on his own chart, and lays down all the approaches to St Petersburg accurately; "because," said he, "I find all the charts are incorrect, and it may be useful." And he actually did find it useful; for when he was at the head of the Admiralty, this knowledge enabled him, while his colleagues



hesitated, to give his orders confidentially to Sir Charles Pole, in command of the Baltic fleet. His sojourn at St Petersburg was but brief; but it was at a time of remarkable excitement. The Empress Catharine was at the height of her splendour, a legislator and a conqueror, and surrounded by a court exhibiting all the daring and dashing characters of her vast empire. His description of this celebrated woman's character, on one public occasion, shows the exactness with which he observed everything:—"When she entered the cathedral, Catharine mingled her salutations to the saints and the people, showing at once her compliance with religious ceremonials, and her attentions to her servants and the foreign ambassadors. But she showed no devotion, in which she was not singular, old people and Cossack officers excepted. During the sermon she took occasion to smile and nod to those whom she meant to gratify: and surely no sovereign ever possessed the power of pleasing all within her eye to the degree she did. She was dressed in the Guards' uniform, which was a scarlet pelisse, and a green silk robe lapelled from top to bottom. Her hair was combed neatly, and boxed *en militaire*, with a small cap, and an ornament of diamonds in front; a blue riband, and the order of St Andrew on her right shoulder."

He speaks of the empress excelling in that inclination of the body which the Russian ladies substitute for the curtsey, and which he justly regards as very becoming, the empress adding dignity and grace. He describes Orloff as an herculean figure, finely proportioned, with a cheerful eye, and, for a Russian, a good complexion: Potemkin as having stature and shoulders, but being ill flubbed and of a most forbidding countenance. His examination of the Russian dock-yards, naval armament, and general style of shipbuilding, was most exact; and he records in his notes his having seen, in the naval arsenals of Norway, sheds to cover ships on the stocks—an important arrangement, which was afterwards claimed as an invention at home.

After inspecting the harbours of Sweden and Norway, the travellers returned by Holland, where they made

similar investigations. In the following year they renewed their tour of inspection, and traversed the western parts of France. And this active pursuit of knowledge was carried on without any pecuniary assistance beyond his half-pay. He had hitherto made no prize-money. "To be sure," he said in after days, "we sometimes did fare rather roughly; but what signifies that now? my object was attained."

His character was now high, but it is to be presumed that he had some powerful interest; for on his return he was appointed to two line-of-battle ships in succession, the Kent, 74, and the Eoudroyant, 84, a French prize, and reckoned the finest two-decker in the navy.

From this period a new scene opened before him, and his career became a part of the naval history of England. In 1778 he joined the Channel fleet, and his ship was placed by the celebrated Keppel as one of his seconds in the order of battle, and immediately astern of the admiral's ship, the Victory, on the 27th of July, in the drawn battle off Ushant with the French fleet commanded by D'Orvilliers. The people of England are not content with drawn battles, and the result of this action produced a general uproar. Keppel threw the blame on the tardiness of Sir Hugh Palliser, the second, in command. Palliser retorted, and the result was a court-martial on the commander of the fleet; which, however, ended in a triumphant acquittal. It was not generally known that Keppel's defence, which was admired as a model of intelligence, and even of eloquence, was drawn up by Captain Jervis. The transaction, though so long passed away, is not yet beyond discussion; and there is still some interest in knowing the opinion of so powerful a mind on the general subject. It was thus given in a private letter to his friend Jackson:—"I do not agree that we were outwitted. The French, I am convinced, never would have fought us if they had not been surprised into it by a sudden flow of wind; and when they formed their imitable line after our break, it was merely to cover their intention of flight."

He then gives one of those comprehensive maxims which already show



the experienced "admiral."—"I have often told you that two fleets of equal force can never produce decisive events, unless they are equally determined to fight it out, or the commander-in-chief of one of them misconducts his line." We have then an instance of that manly feeling which is one of the truest characteristics of greatness, and yet which has been deficient in some very remarkable men.

"I perceive," says he, "it is the fashion of people to puff themselves. For my part, I forbade my officers to write by the frigate that carried the despatches. I did not write a syllable myself, except touching my health: nor shall I, but to state the intrepidity of the officers and people under my command, (through the most infernal fire I ever saw or heard,) to Lord Sandwich," (first lord of the Admiralty.) But one cannot feel the merit of this self-denial without a glance at his actual hazards and services during the battle.

"In justice to the *Foudroyant*," he thus ends his letter, "I must observe to you, that though she received the fire of seventeen sail, and had the *Bretagne*, *Ville de Paris*, and a seventy-four on her at the same time, and appeared more disabled in her masts and rigging than any other ship, she was the first in the line of battle, and truly fitter for business, in essentials, (because her people were cool,) than when she began. Keep this to yourself, unless you hear too much said in praise of others."

"J. J."

The national wrath was poured on Sir Hugh Palliser, Keppel's second in command, whose tardiness in obeying signals was charged as the cause of the French escape; so strong had already become the national assurance that a British fleet could go forth only to victory. But the succession of courts-martial cleared up nothing except the characters of the two admirals. Palliser was enabled to show that his ship had suffered so much from the enemy's fire as to be at least (plausibly) unfit for close action, and the whole dispute on land closed, like the naval conflict, in a drawn battle. Jervis was the chief witness for Keppel, as serving next his ship; and his testimony was of the highest

order to the gallantry, skill, and perseverance of the admiral. But Palliser was acknowledged to be brave; and it is evident from Jervis's personal opinion, that when it was once the object of the enemy's commander to get away, it was next to impossible to have prevented his escape.

But these were trying times for the British navy: it was scarcely acquainted with its own strength; the nation, disgusted with the nature of the American war, refused its sympathy; without that sympathy ministers could do nothing effectual, and never can do any thing effectual. The character of the cabinet was feebleness, the spirit of the metropolis was faction; the king, though one of the best of men, was singularly unpopular; and the war became a system of feeble defence against arrogant and increasing hostilities. France, powerful as she was, became more powerful by the national exultation—the frenzied rejoicing in the success of American revolt—and the revived hope of European supremacy in a nation which had been broken down since the days of Marlborough; a crush which had been felt in every sinew of France for a hundred angry years. Spain, always strong, but unable to use her strength, had now given it in to the training of discipline; and the combined fleets presented a display of force, which, in the haughty language of the Tuileries, was formed to sweep the seas.

The threat was put in rapid and unexpected execution. The combined fleet moved up the Channel; and to the surprise, the sorrow, and the indignation of England, the British fleet, under Sir Charles Hardy, was seen making, what could only be called "a disguised retreat." The *Foudroyant*, on that melancholy occasion, had been astern of the *Victory*, the admiral's ship. If Jervis had been admiral, he would have tried the fate of battle—and he would have done right. No result of a battle could have been so painful to the national feelings, or so injurious in its effects on the feelings of Europe, as that retreat. If the whole British fleet on that occasion had perished, its gallantry would have only raised a new spirit of worth and power in the nation; and England has reason to be

when once fully called into exertion, are absolutely unconquerable. But that was a dishonour; and even now we can echo the feelings of the brave and high-minded young officer, who was condemned to share in the disgrace. He writes to his sister, as if to relieve the fulness of his heart at the moment—"I am in the most humbled state of mind I ever experienced, from the retreat we have made before the combined fleets all *yesterday* and *this morning*." The Admiralty ultimately gave the retreating admiral an official certificate of good behaviour, "their high approbation of Sir Charles Hardy's wise and prudent conduct;" but "gallant and bold conduct" would have been a better testimonial. The truth seems to be, that the Admiralty, blamable themselves in sending him to sea with an inadequate force, and scarcely expecting to escape if they had suffered him to lie under the charge, were glad to avail themselves of his personal character as a man of known bravery; and thus quash a process which must finally have brought them before the tribunal. But let naval officers remember, that the officer who fights is the officer of the nation. Nelson's maxim is unanswerable—"The captain cannot be mistaken who lays his ship alongside the enemy."

This, too, was a period of cabinet revolutions. No favouritism can sustain a ministry which has become disgusting to the nation. Lord North, though ingenious, dexterous, and long enough in possession of power to have filled all its offices with his dependents, was driven from the premiership with such a storm of national contempt, that he could scarcely be sheltered by the curtains of the throne. Lord Rockingham, a dull minister, was transformed into a brilliant one by his contrast with the national weariness of Lord North; and it fell to the lot of Captain Jervis to give the country the first omen of returning victory. France had already combined Holland in her alliance, and the French minister, already made insolent by his triumph in the Channel, had determined on a blow in a quarter where English interests were most vulnerable, and where the assault was least expected. A squadron of French line-of-battle

ships, convoying a fleet of transports, were prepared for an expedition to the East Indies.

The preparations for the combined movement were on an immense scale. The fleets of France, Spain, and Holland were again to sweep the Channel; and while the attention of the British fleets was thus engrossed, the Eastern expedition was to sail from Brest. The Admiralty, in order to counteract, or at least delay, this formidable movement, immediately dispatched Admiral Barrington, with twelve sail of the line, to cruise in the bay of Biscay. On the 18th of April the French expedition sailed, and on the 20th, when Admiral Barrington had reached a few leagues beyond Ushant, the Artois frigate signaled a hostile fleet, but could not discover their flag or numbers. The signal being made for a general chase, the Foudroyant, Jervis's ship, soon left the rest of the fleet behind; and before night she had so much gained upon the enemy as to ascertain that they were six French ships of war, with eighteen sail of convoy. The whole of the British fleet, being several leagues astern, was now lost sight of, and did not come up till the following day. In the mean time Jervis was left alone. At ten at night, the French ships of war separating, Jervis, selecting the largest for pursuit, prepared to attack: at twelve, he had approached near enough to see that the chase was a ship of the line. The Foudroyant's superior manœuvring enabled her to commence the engagement by a raking fire. Its effect was so powerful, that the enemy was thrown into extreme disorder, and was carried by boarding, after an action of only three quarters of an hour. The prize was the *Pégase*, seventy-four. The loss of life on board the enemy was great; but by an extraordinary piece of good fortune, on board the Foudroyant not a man was killed, Captain Jervis and five seamen being the only wounded.

To the gallantry which produced this striking success, the young officer added extreme delicacy with respect to his prisoners. He would not allow the first boat to be sent on board the prize, until he had given written orders for the particular pro-

servation of every thing in the shape of property belonging to the French officers, adding at the bottom of his memorandum,—“For though I have the highest opinion of my officers, we must not be suspected of designs to plunder.”

The result of the action was, that sixteen transports out of twenty were taken, according to the letter of young Ricketts, the captain's nephew. It must be owned, that brave as the French are, their admiral made but a bad figure in this business: why the sight of one vessel should have been sufficient to disperse a fleet of six men-of-war, and of course ruin an expedition which must thus be left without convoy, is not easily to be accounted for; or why, when the admiral saw that his pursuer was but a single ship, he should not have turned upon him and crushed him, it is equally difficult to say. It only shows that his court wanted common sense as much as he wanted discretion. The expedition was destroyed, and the *Foudroyant* had the whole honour of the victory.

An action between single ships of this force is rare at any period, and nothing could be nearer a match in point of equipment than the two ships. The *Foudroyant* had the larger tonnage, and carried three more guns on her broadside; but the *Pégase* threw a greater weight of shot, had a more numerous crew, and a large proportion of soldiers on board. The English ship, however, had the incomparable advantage of a crew which had sailed together for six years, and been disciplined by such an officer as Jervis.

The ministry and the king were equally rejoiced at this return of the naval distinctions of the country, and the immediate consequence was, the conferring of a baronetcy and the order of the Bath upon the gallant officer. Congratulations of all kinds were poured upon him by the ministry, his admiral, and his brother officers. The admiral writes, in speaking of the squadron's cruise, “but the *Pégase* is every thing, and does the highest honour to Jervis.”

Another instance of his decision, and, as in all probability will be thought, of the clearness of his judgment, was shortly after given in the memorable relief of Gibraltar. As it

was likely that the combined fleets of France and Spain would oppose the passage of the British, Lord Howe, at an early period, called the flag-officers and captains on board the *Victory*, and proposed to them the question—Whether, considering the superiority of the enemy's numbers, it might not be advisable to fight the battle at night, when British discipline might counterbalance the numerical superiority? All the officers junior to Jervis gave their opinion for the night attack, but he dissented. “Expressing his regret that he must offer an opinion, not only contrary to that of his brother officers, but also, as he feared, to that of his commander-in-chief, he was convinced that battle in the day would be greatly preferable. In the first place, because it would give an opportunity for the display of his lordship's tactics, and afford the means of taking prompt advantage of any mistake of the enemy, change of the wind, or any other favourable circumstance; while in the *mêlée* of a battle at night, there must always be greater risk of separation, and of ships receiving the fire of their friends as well as their foes.” It is obvious to every comprehension, that a night action must preclude all manœuvring, and prevent the greater skill of the tactician from having any advantage over the blunderer who turns his ships into mere batteries. The only officer who coincided with Jervis was Admiral Barrington, who gave as an additional and a just argument for the attack by day, that it would give an opportunity of ascertaining the conduct of the respective captains in action. On those opinions Lord Howe made no comment; but it is presumed that he ultimately agreed with them, from his conduct in the celebrated action of the 1st of June 1794, when he had the enemy's fleet directly to leeward of him from the night before.

In the relief of Gibraltar, the *Foudroyant* had the honour to be the ship which was dispatched from the fleet to escort the victuallers into the harbour, which was accomplished amid the acclamations of the garrison. It had been expected that Lord Howe would have attacked the combined fleets, and the nation of course looked forward to a victory; but they were disappointed.



The fact is, that Lord Howe, though a brave man, and what is generally regarded as a good officer, was of a different class of mind from the Jervises and Nelsons. He did his duty, but he did no more. The men who were yet to give a character to the navy did more than their duty, suffered no opportunity of distinction to escape them, relied on the invincibility of British prowess when it was boldly directed, and by that reliance rendered it invincible.

There was a kindness and generosity of nature in this future "thunderbolt of war," which shows how compatible the gentler feelings are with the gallant daring, and comprehensive talent of the great commander. Having happened to receive the Duc de Chablais on board his ship when at Cadiz, the politeness of his reception caused the Sardinian prince to exhibit his gratitude in some handsome presents to the officers. One of Jervis's letters mentions, that the prince had given to each of the lieutenants a handsome gold box; to the lieutenant of marines and five of the midshipmen gold watches; and to the other officers and ship's company, a princely sum of money.

"I pride myself," he adds, "exceedingly in the presents being so diffused: on all former occasions they have centred in the captain." In another letter he says,—"I was twenty-four hours in the bay of Marseilles about a fortnight ago, just time to receive the warm embraces of a man to whose bravery and friendship I had some months before been indebted for my reputation, the preservation of the people under my command, and of the Alarm. You would have felt infinite pleasure at the scene of our interview." In a letter to the under-secretary of the Admiralty, he says,—"*My dear Jackson, you must allow me to interest your humanity in favour of poor Spicer, who, overwhelmed with dropsy, asthma, and a large family, and with nothing but his pay to support him under those afflictions, is appointed to the ——— under a mean man, and very likely to go to the East Indies. The letter which he writes to the Board, desiring to be excused from his appointment, is dictated by me.*"

He then mentions a contingency, "in which case I shall write for Spicer to be first lieutenant of the *Foudroyant*, with intention to nurse him, and keep him clear of all expense."

Shortly after the *Foudroyant* was paid off, Sir John Jervis was united to a lady to whom he had long been attached, the daughter of Sir Thomas Parker, Chief Baron of the Exchequer. Every man in England, as he rises into distinction, necessarily becomes a politician. It was the misfortune of Sir John Jervis, and it was his only misfortune, that he was a politician before he had risen into distinction. Having had the ill luck to profess himself a Whig, at a period when he could scarcely have known the nature of the connexion, he unhappily adhered to it long after Whiggism had ceased to possess either public utility or national respect. But his Whiggism was unconscious Toryism after all; it was what even his biographer is forced to call it, Whig Royalism, or pretty nearly what Blake's Republicanism was—a determination to raise his country to the highest eminence to which his talents and bravery could contribute, without regarding by whom the government was administered. At the general election of 1784, he sat for Yarmouth.

In 1787, Sir John Jervis was promoted to the rank of rear-admiral. At the general election in 1790, he was returned for Wycombe, and shared in parliament the successive defeats of his party: until, in 1793, he was called to a nobler field, in which, unembarrassed by party, and undegraded by Whiggism, his talents took their natural direction in the cause of his country. It is now scarcely necessary to remark upon the narrow system of enterprise with which England began the great revolutionary war; nor can it now be doubted that, if the energies of the country had been directed to meet the enemy in Europe, measureless misfortunes might have been averted. If the succession of fleets and armies which were wasted upon the conquest of the French West Indies, had been employed in the protection of the feeble European states, there can be no question that the progress of the French armies would have been signally retarded, if invasion had



not been thrown back over the French frontier. For instance, it would have been utterly impossible for Napoleon, in 1796, to have marched triumphantly throughout Italy with the British fleet covering the coast, commanding all the harbours, and ready to throw in troops in aid of the insurrections in his rear.

But it was the policy of the time to pacify the merchants, whose bugbear was a negro insurrection in the West Indies; and whether the genius or the fears of Pitt gave way to the impression, the consequence was equally lamentable—the mighty power of England was wasted on the capture of sugar islands, which we did not want, which we could not cultivate, and which cost the lives, by disease and climate, of ten times the number of gallant men who might have saved Europe. At the close of 1793, a grand expedition against the French Caribbean islands was resolved upon by the British cabinet; and it is a remarkable instance of both the reputation of Sir John Jervis and the impartiality of the great minister, that a Whig member of parliament should have been chosen to command the naval part of the expedition.

The expedition consisted of twenty-two ships of war and six thousand troops, the troops divided into three brigades, of which one was commanded by the late Duke of Kent. Sir John Jervis hoisted his flag as vice-admiral of the blue on the 3d of October.

A ludicrous circumstance occurred in the instance of a favourite officer, Mr. Bayntun, who had applied for permission to join Sir John. Bayntun received in answer the following decisive note: "Sir, your having thought fit to take to yourself a wife, you are to look for no further attention from your humble servant, J. JERVIS." It happened that Bayntun was a bachelor, and he instantly wrote an exculpatory letter, denying that he had been guilty of so formidable a charge. The mistake arose from a misdirection in two notes which the admiral had written on the same subject. He had left them to Lady Jervis to direct, and she had addressed them to the wrong persons. The consequence, however, was, that Bayntun received the appointment, and the married man the refusal. This inveteracy against

married officers seems strange in one who had committed the same crime himself; yet he constantly persisted in calling officers who married moon-struck, and appears at all times to have regarded matrimony in the service as little short of personal ruin.

On the passage out, a curious circumstance occurred to the Zebra frigate, under command of the gallant Robert Faulknor. The Zebra, which had been separated from the rest of the squadron, saw one evening a ship on the horizon. All sail was made in chase, and the ship was discovered to be a twenty-eight gun frigate. All contrivances were adopted to induce her to show her colours, but without success. At length Faulknor, impatient of delay, and disregarding the disparity of force, closed upon her, and jumped on board at the head of his men. To his astonishment he found that she was a Dutch frigate, quietly pursuing her way; and as Holland was at peace with England, equally unexpected and unprepared for an attack. This instance of apathy might have procured her a broadside; but luckily the affair finished with the shaking of hands.

On the 5th of February the expedition reached Martinique. On the 18th of March Fort Lewis was stormed. General Rochambeau capitulated, and Martinique was taken, St Lucie followed, the Saintes next fell, and the final conquest was Guadaloupe. Thus in three months the capture of the French islands was complete.

But an enemy more formidable than the sword was now to be encountered. The yellow fever began its ravages. The troops perished in such numbers, that the regiments were reduced to skeletons; and just at the moment when the disease was at its height, Victor Hughes was dispatched from France with an expedition. The islands fell one by one into his hands, and the campaign was utterly thrown away.

The romantic portion of the European campaign now began. The French Directory, unpopular at home, wearied by the sanguinary successes of the Vendean insurrection, and baffled in their invasion of Germany, were in a condition of the greatest perplexity, when a new wonder of war taught France again to conquer.

Napoleon Bonaparte, since so memorable, but then known only as commanding a company of artillery at Toulon, and repelling the armed mob in Paris, was appointed to command the army on the Italian frontier. Even now, with all our knowledge of his genius, and the splendid experience of his successes, his sudden elevation, his daring offer of command, his plan of the Italian campaign, and his almost instantaneous victories, are legitimate matter of astonishment. In him we have the instance of a young man of twenty-six, who had never seen a campaign, who had never commanded a brigade, nor even a regiment, undertaking the command of an army, proposing the invasion of a country of eighteen millions, garrisoned by the army of one of the greatest military powers of Europe, which had nearly 300,000 soldiers in the field, and which was in the most intimate alliance with all the sovereigns of Italy. Yet, extravagant as all those conceptions seem, and improbable as those results certainly were, two campaigns saw every project realized—Italy conquered, the Tyrol, the great southern barrier of Austria, overpassed, and peace signed within a hundred miles of Vienna. The invasion of Italy first awoke the British ministry to the true direction of the vast naval powers of England. To save Italy if possible, was the primary object; the next was to prevent the superiority of the French fleet in the Mediterranean. A powerful fleet had been prepared in Toulon, for the purpose of aiding the French army in its invasion, and finally taking possession of all the ports and islands, until it should have realized the project of Louis XIV., of turning the Mediterranean into a French lake. It was determined to keep up a powerful British fleet to oppose this project, and Sir John Jervis was appointed to the command. Nothing could be a higher testimony to the opinion entertained of his talents, as his connexion with the Whigs was undisguised. But Pitt's feeling for the public service overcame all personal predilections, and this great officer was sent to take the command of the most extensive and important station to which a British admiral could be appointed. Lord Hood had previously declined it, on the singular plea of inadequacy

of force; and Sir Charles Hotham having solicited his recall in consequence of declining health, the gallant Jervis was sent forth to establish the renown of his country and his own.

The fleet was a noble command. It consisted on the whole of about twenty-five sail of the line, two of them of a hundred guns, and five of ninety-eight; thirty-six frigates, and fifteen or sixteen sloops and other armed vessels.

Among the officers of the fleet were almost all the names which subsequently obtained distinction in the great naval victories—Troubridge, Hallowell, Hood, Collingwood, &c., and first of the first, that star of the British seaman, Nelson. It is remarkable, and only a just tribute to the new admiral, that he, almost from his earliest intercourse with those gallant men, marked their merits, although hitherto they had found no opportunities of acquiring distinction—all were to come. Nelson, in writing to his wife, speaking of the admiral's notice of him, says, "Sir John Jervis was a perfect stranger to me, therefore I feel the more flattered."

The admiral, in writing to the secretary of the Admiralty, says—"I am afraid of being thought a puffer, like many of my brethren, or I should before have dealt out to the Board the merits of Captain Troubridge, which are very uncommon."

The French fleet, of fifteen sail of the line, lay in Toulon, ready to convey an army to plunge upon the Roman states. Sir John Jervis instantly proceeded to block up Toulon, keeping what is called the in-shore squadron looking into the harbour's mouth, while the main body cruised outside. The admiral at once employed Nelson on the brilliant service for which he was fitted, and sent him with a flying squadron of a ship of the line, three frigates, and two sloops, to scour the coast of Italy. The duties of the Mediterranean fleet, powerful as the armament was, were immense. Independently of the blockade of Toulon, and the necessity of continually watching the enemy's fleet, which might be brought out by the same wind which blew off the British, the admiral had the responsibility of protecting the Mediterranean convoys, of sustaining the British inte-

rests in the neutral courts, of assisting the allies on shore, of overawing the Barbary powers, which were then peculiarly restless and insolent, and of upholding the general supremacy of England, from Smyrna to Gibraltar.

The French campaign opened on the 9th of April 1797, and the Austrians were beaten on the following day at Montenotte, and in a campaign of a month Bonaparte reached Milan. The success of the enemy increased to an extraordinary degree the difficulties of the British admiral. The repairs of the fleet, the provisioning, and every other circumstance connected with the land, lay under increased impediments; but they were all gradually overcome by the vigilance and intelligence of the admiral.

A curious and characteristic circumstance occurred, soon after his taking the command. Nelson had captured a vessel carrying 152 Austrian grenadiers, who had been made prisoners by the French, and actually sold by their captors to the Spaniards, for the purpose of enlisting them in the Spanish army. His letter to Jackson, the secretary of legation at Turin, on this subject, spiritedly expresses his feelings:—

"Sir.—From a Swiss dealer in human flesh, the demand made upon me to deliver up 152 Austrian grenadiers, serving on board his Majesty's fleet under my command, is natural enough; but that a Spaniard, who is a noble creature, should join in such a demand, I must confess astonishes me; and I can only account for it by the Chevalier Caimano being ignorant that the persons in question were made prisoners of war in the last affair with General Beaulieu, and are not deserters, and that they were most basely sold by the French commissaries to the vile crimps who recruit for the foreign regiments in the service of Spain. It is high time a stop should be put to this abominable traffic, a million times more disgraceful than the African slave-trade."

But other dangers now menaced the British supremacy in the Mediterranean. The victories of Bonaparte had terrified all the Italian states into neutrality or absolute submission; and the success of the Directory, and perhaps their bribes, influenced the miser-

ably corrupt and feeble Spanish ministry, to make common cause with the conquering republic. Spain at last became openly hostile. This was a tremendous increase of hazards, because Spain had fifty-seven sail of the line, and a crowd of frigates. The difficulty of blockading Toulon was now increased by the failure of provisions. On the night of the 2d of November, the admiral sent for the master of the *Victory*, and told him that he now had not the least hope of being reinforced, and had made up his mind to push down to Gibraltar with all possible dispatch.

The passage became a stormy one, and it was with considerable difficulty that the fleet reached Gibraltar. Some of the transports were lost, a ship of the line went down, and several of the fleet were disabled.

The result of the French successes and the Austrian misfortunes, was an order for the fleet to leave the Mediterranean, and take up its station at the Tagus. The vivid spirit of Nelson was especially indignant at this change of scene. In one of his letters he says—"We are preparing to leave the Mediterranean, a measure which I cannot approve. They at home do not know what this fleet is capable of performing—any thing, and every thing. Of all the fleets I ever saw, I never saw one, in point of officers and men, equal to Sir John Jervis's, who is a commander able to lead them to glory." The admiral's merits were recognized by the government in a still more permanent manner: for, by a despatch from the Admiralty in February 1797, it was announced that the king had raised him to the dignity of the peerage.

The prospect now darkened round every quarter of the horizon. The power of Austria had given way; Spain and Holland were combined against our naval supremacy; Italy was lost; a French expedition threatened Ireland; there was a strong probability of the invasion of Portugal; and the junction of the French and Spanish fleets might endanger not merely the Tagus fleet, but expose the Channel fleet to an encounter with numbers so superior, as to leave the British shores open to invasion. The domestic difficulties, too, had



their share. The necessity of suspending cash payments at the Bank had, if not thrown a damp upon the nation, at least given so formidable a ground for the fallacies and bitterness of the Opposition, as deeply to embarrass even the fortitude of the great minister. We can now see how slightly all these hazards eventually affected the real power of England; and we now feel how fully adequate the strength of this extraordinary and inexhaustible country was to resist all obstacles, and turn the trial into triumph. But faction was busy, party predicted ruin, public men used every art to dispirit the nation and inflame the populace; and the result was, a state of public anxiety of which no former war had given the example.

It is incontestable that the list of the British navy at this period of the war exhibited some of the noblest specimens of English character—brave, intelligent, and indefatigable men, ready for any service, and equal for all; with all the intrepidity of heroes, possessing the highest science of their profession, and exhibiting at once that lion-heartedness, and that knowledge, which gave the British navy the command of the ocean. And yet, if we were to assign the highest place where all were high, we should probably assign it to Lord St Vincent as an admiral. Nelson certainly, as an executive officer, defies all competition; his three battles, Copenhagen, Aboukir, and Trafalgar, each of them a title to eminent distinction, place him as a conqueror at the head of all. But an admiral has other duties than those of the line of battle; and for a great naval administrator, first disciplining a fleet, then supplying it with all the means of victory, and finally leading it to victory—Lord St Vincent was perhaps the most complete example on record of all the combined qualities that make the British admiral. His profound tactics, his stern but salutary exactness of command, his incomparable judgment, and his cool and unhesitating intrepidity, form one of the very noblest models of high command. All those qualities were now to be called into full exertion.

The continental campaign had left Europe at the mercy of France. England was now the only enemy,

and she was to be assailed, in the first instance, by a naval war. To prevent the junction of the Spanish and French fleets, the Tagus was the station fixed upon by Lord St Vincent. Ill luck seemed to frown upon the fleet. The *Bonlay Castle*, a seventy-four, was lost going in; the *St George*, a ninety, grounded in coming out, and was obliged to be docked; still the admiral determined to keep the sea, though his fleet was reduced to eight sail of the line. The day before he left the Tagus, information was received that the enemy's fleets had both left the Mediterranean. The French had gone to Brest, the Spanish first to Toulon, then to Carthageua, and was now proceeding to join the French at Brest. A reinforcement of six sail of the line now fortunately joined the fleet off the Tagus; but at the same time information was received that the Spanish fleet of twenty-seven sail of the line, with fourteen frigates, had passed Cadiz, and could not be far distant. To prevent the junction of this immense force with the powerful fleet already prepared for a start in Brest, was of the utmost national importance; for, combined, they must sweep the Channel. The admiral instantly formed his plan, and sailed for Cape St Vincent.

The details of the magnificent encounter which followed, are among the best portions of the volumes. They are strikingly given, and will attract the notice, as they might form the model, of the future historian of this glorious period of our annals. We can now give only an outline.

On the announcement of the Spanish advance, the first object was to gain exact intelligence, and ships were stationed in all quarters on the look-out. But on the 13th Captain Foote, in the *Niger* frigate, joined, with the intelligence that he had kept sight of the enemy for three days. The admiral was now to have a new reinforcement, not in ships but in heroes; the *Minerva* frigate, bearing Nelson's broad pendant, from the Mediterranean, arrived, and Nelson shifted his pendant into the *Captain*. The *Lively* frigate, with Lord Charles, also arrived from Corsica. The signal was made, "To keep close order, and prepare for battle." On that day,



Lord Garies, Sir Gilbert Elliot, and Captain Hallowell, with some other officers, dined on board the *Victory*. At breaking up, the toast was drunk, "Victory over the Dons, in the battle from which they cannot escape to-morrow!"

The "gentlemen of England who live at home at ease," can probably have but little conception of the price which men in high command pay for glory. No language can describe the anxieties which have often exercised the minds of those bold and prominent characters, of whom we now know little but of their laurels. The solemn responsibilities of their position, the consciousness that a false step might be ruin, the feeling that the eye of their country was fixed upon them, the hope of renown, the dread of tarnishing all their past distinctions, must pass powerfully and painfully through the mind of men fitted for the struggles by which greatness is to be alone achieved.

"It is believed that Sir John Jervis did not go to bed that night, but sat up writing. It is certain that he executed his will." In the course of the first and second watches, the enemy's signal-guns were distinctly heard; and, as he noticed them sounding more and more audibly, Sir John made more earnest enquiries as to the compact order and situation of his own ships, as well as they could be made out in the darkness. Long, before break of day, he walked the deck in more than even his usual silence. When the grey of the morning of the 13th enabled him to discern his fleet, his first remarks were high approbation of his captains, for "their admirably close order, and that he wished they were now well up with the enemy: for," added he thoughtfully, "a victory is very essential to England at this moment."

Now came on the day of decision. The morning was foggy; but as the mist cleared up, the *Calcutta*, and then the *Niger*, signaled "a strange fleet." The *Bonne Citoyenne* was next ordered to reconnoitre. Soon after, the *Culloden's* guns announced the enemy. At twenty minutes past ten the signal was made to six of the ships—"to chase." Sir John still walked the quarterdeck, and, as the enemy's num-

bers were counted, they were duly reported to him by the captain of the fleet.

"There are eight sail of the line, Sir John."

"Very well, sir."

"There are twenty sail of the line, Sir John."

"Very well, sir."

"There are twenty-five sail of the line, Sir John."

"Very well, sir."

"There are twenty-seven sail of the line, Sir John." This was accompanied by some remark on the great disparity of the two forces. Sir John's gallant answer now was:—

"Enough, sir—no more of that: the die is cast, and if there are fifty sail, I will go through them."

At forty minutes past ten the signal was made to form line of battle ahead and astern of the *Victory*, and to steer S.S.W. The fog was now cleared off, and the British fleet were seen admirably formed in the closest order; while the Spaniards were stretching in two straggling bodies across the horizon, leaving an open space between. The opportunity of dividing their fleet struck the admiral at once, and at half-past eleven the signal was made to pass through the enemy's line, and engage them to leeward. At twelve o'clock, as the *Culloden* was reaching close up to the enemy, the British fleet hoisted their colours, and the *Culloden* opened her fire. An extraordinary incident, even in those colossal battles, occurred to this fine ship. The course of the *Culloden* brought her directly on board one of the enemy's three-deckers. The first lieutenant, Griffiths, reported to her captain, Troubridge, that a collision was inevitable. "Can't help it, Griffiths—let the weakest fend off," was the hero's reply. The *Culloden*, still pushing on, fired two of her double-shotted broadsides into the Spaniard with such tremendous effect, that the three-decker went about, and the guns of her other side not being even cast loose, she did not fire a single shot, while the *Culloden* passed triumphant-ly through. Scarcely had she broken the enemy's line, than the commander-in-chief signaled the order to tack in succession. Troubridge's manoeuvre was so dashing performed, that the

admiral could not restrain his delight and admiration.

"Look, Jackson," he rapturously exclaimed, "look at Troubridge there! He tacks his ship to battle as if the eyes of all England were upon him; and would to God they were, for then they would see him to be what I know him."

The leeward division of the enemy, perceiving the fatal consequences of their disunited order of sailing, now endeavoured to retrieve the day, and to break through the British line. A vice-admiral, in a three-decker, led them, and was reaching up to the *Victory* just as she had come up to tack in her station. The vice-admiral stood on with great apparent determination till within pistol-shot, but there he stopped: and when the *Victory* could bring her guns to bear upon him, she thundered in two of her broadsides, sweeping the Spaniard's decks, and so terrified him, that when his sails filled, he ran clear out of the battle altogether. The *Victory* then tacked into her station, and the conflict raged with desperate fury. At this period of the battle, the Spanish commander-in-chief bore up with nine sail of the line to run round the British, and rejoin his leeward division. This was a formidable manœuvre: but no sooner was it commenced, than his eye caught it "whose greatest wish it ever was to be the first to find, and foremost to fight, his enemy." Nelson, instead of waiting till his turn to tack should bring him into action, took it upon himself to depart from the prescribed mode of attack, and ordered his ship to be immediately wore. This masterly manœuvre was completely successful, at once arresting the Spanish commander-in-chief, and carrying Nelson and Collingwood into the van and brunt of the battle. He now attacked the four-decker, the *Santissima Trinidad*, also engaged by the *Culloden*. The Captain's fore-top-mast being now shot away, Nelson put his helm down, and let her come to the wind, that he might board the *San Nicolas*; Captain, afterwards Sir Edward Berry, then a passenger with Nelson, jumping into her mizen-chains, was the first in the enemy's ship; Nelson leading his boarders, and a party of the 69th regiment, immediately fol-

lowed, and the colours were hauled down. While he was on the deck of the *San Nicolas*, the *San Josef*, disabled, fell on board. Nelson instantly seized the opportunity of boarding her from his prize; followed by Captain Berry, and Lieutenant Pierson of the 69th, he led the boarders, and jumped into the *San Josef's* main-chains. He was then informed that the ship had surrendered. Four line-of-battle ships had now been taken, and the *Santissima Trinidad* had also struck; but she subsequently made her escape, for now the Spanish leeward division, fourteen sail, having re-formed their line, bore down to support their commander-in-chief: to receive them, Sir John Jervis was obliged to form a line of battle on the starboard tack—the enemy immediately retired. Thus, at five in the evening, concluded the most brilliant battle that had ever till then been fought at sea.

Captain Calder was immediately sent off with the despatch, and arrived in London on the 3d of March. A battle gained over such a numerical superiority, for it was much more than two to one, when we take into our estimate the immense size of the enemy's ships, and their weight of metal, there being one four-decker of 130 guns, and six three-deckers of 112, of which two were taken; and further, the more interesting circumstance, that this great victory was gained on our part with only the loss of 73 killed and 227 wounded, the public feeling of exultation was unbounded; and when the minister on that very evening proposed that the vote of thanks should be taken on the following Monday, the House would hear of no delay, but insisted on recording its gratitude at the moment. The House of Peers gave a similar vote on the 8th; and the Commons and the Crown immediately proposed to settle upon the admiral a pension of three thousand a-year. \* A member of the House of Commons, on moving for an address to the Crown to confer some signal mark of favour on the admiral, was instantly replied to by the sonorous eloquence of the minister—"Can it be supposed," said he, "that the Crown can require to be prompted to pay the just tribute of approbation and honour to those who have emi-

neatly distinguished themselves by public services? On the part of his Majesty's ministers, I can safely affirm, that before the last splendid instance of the conduct of the gallant admiral, we have not been remiss in watching the uniform tenor of his professional career. We have witnessed the whole of his proceedings—such instances of perseverance, of diligence, and of exertion in the public service, as, though less brilliant and dazzling than the last exploit, are only less meritorious as they are put in competition with a single day, which has produced such incalculable benefit to the British empire."

The result was an earldom. The first lord of the Admiralty, Lord Spencer, having already written to Sir John the royal pleasure to promote him to a peerage, and the letter not having reached him previously to the battle, he thus had notice of the two steps in the peerage nearly at once.

Popular honours now flowed in upon him: London voted its freedom in a gold box, with swords to the admirals of the fleet and Nelson; vice-admirals Parker and Thompson were created baronets; Nelson received the red riband; the chief cities and towns of England and Ireland sent their freedoms and presents; and the king gave all the admirals and captains a gold medal.

We must now be brief in our observations on the services of this most distinguished person. We have next a narrative of the suppression of the memorable mutiny of 1798, whose purpose it was to have suffered the enemy's fleet to leave their harbours, to revolutionize the Mediterranean fleet, and, after putting the admirals and captains to death, proceed to every folly and frenzy that could be committed by men conscious of power, and equally conscious that forgiveness was impossible. The fleet under Lord St Vincent was on the point of corruption, when it was restored to discipline by the singular firmness of the admiral, who, by exhibiting his determination to punish all insubordination, extinguished this most alarming disaffection, and saved the naval name of the country.

On the resignation of Mr Pitt in 1801, and the appointment of Mr

Addington as first lord of the treasury, a letter was written from the new minister to Lord St Vincent, offering him the appointment of first lord of the Admiralty. Having obtained an interview with the king, and explained the general tone of his political feelings, the king told him he very much wished to see him at the Admiralty, and to place the navy entirely in his hands. This was perhaps the only appointment of that singularly feeble administration which met with universal approval. There could be no question of the intelligence, high principle, or public services of the great admiral. Mr Addington came into power under circumstances which would have tried the talents of a man of first-rate ability. The war had exhausted the patience, though not the power, of the nation. All our allies had failed. The severity of the taxes was doubly felt, when the war had necessarily turned into a blockade on the Continent. We had thus all the exhaustion of hostilities without the excitement of triumph; and, to increase public anxieties, the failure of the harvest threatened a comparative famine. Wheat, which on an average of the preceding ten years had been 5s. a quarter, was now at 110s., then rose to 139s., and even reached as high as 180s. At one period the quartern loaf had risen to 1s. 10½d. The popular cry now arose for peace. France, which with all her victories had been taught the precariousness of war, by the loss of Egypt and the capture of her army, was now also eager for peace. England had but two allies, Portugal and Turkey. At length the peace was made, and Lord St Vincent's attention was then drawn to an object which he had long in view, the reformation of the dockyards. This was indeed the Augean stable, and unexampled clamour arose from the multitude who had indolently fattened for years on the easy plunder of the public stores. However, the reform went on: perquisites were abolished, privileges taken away; and, rough as the operation was, nothing could be more salutary than its effect. The acuteness of the gallant old man at the head of the Admiralty could not be evaded, his vigour could not be



dedied, and his public spirit gave him an influence with the country, which enabled him to outlive faction and put down calumny. Yet this was evidently the most painful, and, to a certain extent, the most unsuccessful portion of his long career. Nominally a Whig, but practically a Tory—for his loyalty was unimpeachable and his honour without a stain—Lord St Vincent found himself in the condition of a man who presses reform on those with whom hitherto it has been only a watchword, and expects faction to act up to its professions.

The Addington treaty was soon discovered to be nothing more than a truce. Napoleon lived only in war; hostilities were essential to the government which he had formed for France; and his theory of government, false as it was, and his passion for excitement, whatever might be its price, made even the two years of peace so irksome to him, that he actually adopted a gross and foolish insult to the British ambassador as the means of compelling us to renew the conflict. The first result was, the return of Pitt to power; the next, the total ruin of the French navy at Trafalgar: the next, the bloody and ruinous war with Russia, expressly for the ruin of England through the ruin of her commerce; and finally the crash of Waterloo, which extinguished his diadem and his dominion together—a series of events, occurring within little more than ten years, of a more stupendous order than had hitherto affected the fate of any individual, or influenced the destinies of an European kingdom.

With the ministry of Mr Addington, Lord St Vincent retired from public life. He was now old, and the hardships of long service had partially exhausted his original vigour of frame. He retired to his seat, *Rochetta* in Essex, and there led the delightful life of a man who had gained opulence and distinction by pre-eminent services, and whose old age was surrounded by love, honour, and troops of friends. He appeared from time to time in the House of Lords, where, however, he spoke but seldom, but where he always spoke with dignity and effect.

In the month of March 1823, Lord

St Vincent was seized with a general feeling of infirmity which forwarded his speedy dissolution. He had a violent and convulsive cough: yet his intellects were strongly turned upon public events, and he expressed an anxiety to know all that could be known of events in France, which was then disturbed; of the Spanish revolution, which then threatened to involve Europe; and even of the affairs of Greece. In the course of the evening of the 13th, while his physician and family were round him, his strength suddenly gave way, and at half past eight he died, at the age of eighty-eight, and was buried at Stone in Staffordshire. He was succeeded in the peerage by his nephew, who, however, inherits only the viscountcy.

In our general notice of Lord St Vincent's career, we have adverted as little as possible to the opinions which his biographer had introduced from his own view of public affairs. We have no wish to make a peevish return to the writer of a work which has given us both information and pleasure. But it is necessary to caution Mr Tucker against giving trite and trifling opinions on subjects of which he evidently knows so little as of the Romish question, or the state of Ireland. Nothing is easier than to be at once solemn and superficial on such topics; and when a writer of this order flings his epithets of "bigoted, harsh, and impolitic," and the other stock phrases of party organs, he only excuses our respect for his authority in the immediate matters of his work, and rather lowers our respect for his faculties in all. The question of Popery in Ireland, is not a question of religion but of faction. Religious controversy on Romish doctrines has long ceased to exist. Romanism has no grounds on which a controversy can be sustained. It cannot appeal to the Scriptures, which it shuts up; and it will no longer be suffered to appeal to its own childish pretence of infallibility. Its only ground in Ireland is party; and the present unhappy condition to which it has reduced Ireland, exhibits the natural consequences of indulgence to Popery, and the only means by which its spirit can be rendered consistent with the order of society.



## MARSTON ; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

## PART X.

" Have I not in my time heard lions roar ?  
 Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with wind,  
 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat ?  
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
 And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?  
 Have I not in the pitched battle heard  
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang ? "

SHAKESPEARE.

On reaching the prison, I gave up all for lost; sullenly resigned myself to what now seemed the will of fate; and without a word, except in answer to the interrogatory of my name and country, followed the two horrid-looking ruffians who performed the office of turnkeys. St. Lazare had been a monastery, and its massiveness, grimness, and confusion of buildings, with its extreme silence at that late hour, gave me the strongest impression of a huge catacomb above ground. The door of a cell was opened for me after traversing a long succession of cloisters; and on a little wooden trestle, and wrapt in my cloak, I attempted to sleep. But if sleep has not much to boast of in Paris at any time, what was it then? I had scarcely closed my eyes when I was roused by a rapid succession of musket-shots, fired at the opposite side of the cloister, the light of torches flashing through the long avenues, and the shouts of men and women in wrath, terror, and agony. I threw myself off my uneasy bed, and climbing up by my prison bars, endeavoured to ascertain the cause of the mêlée. But the imperfect light served little more than to show a general mustering of the national guard in the court, and a huge and heavy building, into which they were discharging random shots whenever a head appeared at its casements. A loud huzza followed whenever one of those shots appeared to take effect, and a laugh equally loud ran through the ranks when the bullet wasted its effect on the massive mullions or stained glass of the windows. A tall figure on horseback, whom I afterwards learned to be Henriot, the commandant of the national guard, galloped up and down the court with the air

of a general-in-chief manœuvring an army. I think that he actually had provided himself with a truncheon to meet all the emergencies of supreme command. While this sanguinary, and yet mocking representation of warfare was going on, M. le Commandant was in full eloquence and prodigious gesticulation. "*A la gloire, mes enfans!*" was his constant cry. "*Fight, mes braves! the honour of France demands it: the eyes of Europe—of the world—are turned upon you. Vive la République!*" And, all this accompanied with waving his hat, and spurring his horse into foam and fury. But fortune is a jade after all; and the hero of the tricolored scarf was destined to have his laurels a little shorn, even on this narrow field. While his charger was caracoling over the cloisters, and his veterans from the cellars and counters of Paris were popping off their muskets at the unfortunates who started up against the old casement, I heard a sudden rush and run; a low postern of the cloister had been flung back, and the prisoners within the building had made a sally on their tormentors. A massacre at the Bicêtre, in which six thousand had perished, had warned these unhappy people that neither the prison wall, nor night, was to be security against the rage of the bloodhounds with whom murder seemed to have grown into a pastime; and after having seen several of their number shot down within their dungeon, they determined to attack them, and, if they must die, at least die in manly defence. Their rush was perfectly successful; it had the effect of a complete surprise; and though their only weapons were fragments of their firewood—for all fire-arms and knives had been taken from them immediately

on their entrance into the prison—they routed the heroes of the guard at the first charge. Even the gallant commander himself only shared the chance of his “camarades:” a flourish or two of his sabre, and an adjuration of “liberty,” had no other effect than to insure a heavier shower of blows, and I had the gratification of seeing the braggadocio go down from his saddle in the midst of a group, who certainly had no veneration for the majesty of the truncheon. The victory was achieved: but, like many another victory, it produced no results: the gates of the St Lazare were too strongly guarded to be forced by an unarmed crowd, and I saw the prisoners successively and gloomily return to the only roof, melancholy as that was, which now could shelter them.

The morning brought my case before the authorities of this den. Half a dozen coarse and filthy uniformed men, and some of them evidently sufferers in the tumult of the night, for their heads were bound up and their arms bandaged—a matter which, if it did not improve their appearance, gave me every reason to expect increased brutishness in their tempers—formed the tribunal. The hall in which they had established their court had once been the kitchen of the convent; and, though all signs of hospitality had vanished, its rude and wild construction, its stone floor and vaulted roof, and even its yawning and dark recesses for the different operations which, in other days, had made it a scene of busy cheerfulness, now gave it a look of dreariness in the extreme. I could have easily imagined it to be a chamber of the Inquisition. But men in my circumstances have not much time for the work of fancy; and I was instantly called on for my name, and business in France. I had heard enough of popular justice to believe, that I had now arrived within sight of the last struggle, and I resolved to give these ruffians no triumph over the Englishman.

“Citizen, who are you?” Was the first interrogatory.

“I am no citizen, no Frenchman, and no republican,” was my answer. My judges stared at each other.

“You are a prisoner. How came you here?”

“You are judges; how came you there?”

“You are charged with crimes against the Republic.”

“In my country no man is expected to criminate himself.”

“But you are a traitor: can you deny that?”

“I am no traitor to my king; can you say as much for yourselves?” They now began to cast furious glances at me.

“You are insolent: what brought you into the territory of France?”

“The same thing which placed you on that bench—force.”

“Are you mad?”

“No—are you?”

“Do you not know that we can send you to the”——

“If you do, I shall only go before you.”

This put an end to my interrogatory at once. I had accidentally touched upon the nerve which quivered in every bosom of these fellows. There was a singular presentiment among even the boldest of the Revolutionists, that the new order of things would not last, and that, when the change came, it would be a bloody one. Life had become sufficiently precarious already among the possessors of power; and the least intimation of death was actually formidable to a race of villains whose hands were hourly imbued in slaughter. I had been hitherto placed in scarcely more than surveillance. An order for my confinement as a “Brigand Anglais,” was made out by the indignant “commission,” and I was transferred from my narrow and lonely cell into the huge crowded building in the opposite cloister, which had been the scene of the attack on the previous night. I could, with Cato, “smile on the drawn dagger and defy its point.” I walked out with the air of a Cato.

This change, intended for my infinite degradation until the guillotine should have dispatched its business in arrears, I found much to my advantage. The man who expects nothing, cannot be hurt by disappointment; and when I was conducted from my solitary cell into the midst of four or five hundred prisoners, I felt the human feelings kindle in me, which had been chilled between my four stone walls.

The prisoners with whom I was

now to take my chance, were of all ranks, professions, and degrees of crime. The true crime in the eyes of the republic being, to be rich. Yet there the culprit had some hope of being suffered to live, at least while daily examinations, with the hourly perspective of the axe, could make him contribute to the purses of the tribunal. Those who happened to be poor, were found guilty of *incivisme* at once, and were daily drafted off to the Place de Grève, from which they never returned. But some of the prisoners were from La Vendée, peasants mixed with nobles; who, though no formal shape of resistance to the republic was yet declared, had exhibited enough of that gallant contempt of the new tyranny, which afterwards immortalized the name, to render them obnoxious to the ruffians at its head. It was this sturdy portion which had made the dash on the night of the riot, and their daring had the effect, at least, of saving their fellow-prisoners in future from being made marks, to teach the national guard the art of shooting. Even their sentries kept a respectful distance; and M. Henriot, wisely mindful of his flagellation, flourished his staff of command no more within our cloister. We were, in fact, left almost wholly to ourselves. Yet, if a philosopher desired to take a lesson in human nature, this was the spot of earth for the study. We had it in every shape and shade. We had it in the wits and blockheads, the courtiers and the clowns, the opulent and the ruined, the brave and the pusillanimous—and all under the strangest pressure of those feelings which rouse the nature of man to its most undisguised display. Death was before every eye. Where was the use of wearing a mask, when the wearer was so soon to part with his head? Pretence gradually vanished, and a general spirit of boldness, frankness, and something, if not exactly of dignity, at least of manliness, superseded the customary cringing of society under a despotism. In all but the name, we were better republicans than the tribe who shouted in the streets, or robbed in the tribunals.

I made the remark one day to the Marquis de Cassini, a philosopher and

pupil of the great Buffon. "The reason is," said he, "that men differ chiefly by circumstances, as they differ chiefly by their clothes. Throw off their dress, whether embroidery or rags, and you will find the same number of ribs in them all."

"But my chief surprise is, to find in this prison more mutual kindness, and, in every sense, more generosity of sentiment, than one generally expects to meet in the world."

"Helvetius would tell you that all this was self-interest," was my pale-visaged and contemplative friend's reply. "But I always regarded M. Helvetius in the light of a well-trained baboon, who thought, when men stared at his tricks, they were admiring his talents. The truth is, that self-interest is the mere creature of society, and is the most active in the basest society. It is the combined cowardice and cruelty of men struggling for existence; the savageness of the forest, where men cannot gather acorns enough to share with their fellows; the effort for life, where there is but one plank in a storm, and where, if you are to cling at all, it must be by drowning the weaker party. But here," and he cast his eyes calmly round the crowd, "as there is not the slightest possibility that any one of us will escape, we have the better opportunity of showing our original *bienséance*. All the struggling on earth will not save us from the guillotine; and therefore we resolve to accommodate each other for the rest of our journey."

I agreed with him on the philosophy of the case, and in return he introduced me to some of the Vendéan nobles, who had hitherto exhibited their general scorn of Parisian contact by confining themselves to the circle of their followers. I was received with the distinction due to my introducer, and was invited to join their supper that night. The prison had once been the chapel of the convent; and though the desecration had taken place a hundred years before, and the revolutionary spoil had spared but little of the remaining ornaments, the original massiveness of the building, and the nobleness of the architecture, had withstood the assaults of both time and plunder. The roofs of the



siales could not be reached except by flame, and the monuments of the ancient priors and prelates, when they had once been stripped of their crosses, were too solid for the passing fury of the mob. And thus, in the midst of emblems of mortality, and the recollections of old solemnity, were set some hundreds of people, who knew as little of each other as if they had met in a caravansery, and who, perhaps, expected to part as soon. The scene was curious, but by no means uncheerful. The national spirit is inextinguishable; and, however my countrymen may bear up against the extremes of ill-fortune, no man meets its beginnings with so easy an air as the man of France. Our supper was laid out in one of the side chapels; and, coarse and scanty as it was, I seldom recollect an evening which I passed with a lighter sense of the burden of a prisoner's time. I found the Vendéan nobles a manlier race than their more courtly countrymen. Yet they had a courtliness of their own; but it was more the manner of our own country gentlemen of the last century, than the polish of Versailles. Their habits of living on their domains, of country sports, of intercourse with their peasantry, and of the general simplicity of country life, had drawn a strong line of distinction between them and the dukes and marquises of the royal saloons. Like all Frenchmen of the day, they conversed largely upon the politics of France; but there was a striking reserve in their style. The existing royal family were but little mentioned, or mentioned only with a certain kind of sacred respect. Their misfortunes prohibited the slightest severity of language. Yet still it was not difficult to see, that those straightforward and honest lords of the soil, who were yet to prove themselves the true chevaliers of France, could feel as acutely, and express as strongly, the injuries inflicted by the absurdities and vices of the successive administrations of their reign, as if they had figured in the clubs of the capital. But the profligacies of the preceding monarch, and the tribe of fools and knaves whom those profligacies as naturally

gathered round him as the plague propagates its own contagion, met with no mercy. And, though they were spoken of with the gravity which became the character and rank of the speakers, they were denounced with a sternness which seemed beyond the morals or the mind of their country. Louis XV., Du Harri, and the whole long succession of corrupting and corrupted cabinets, which had at length rendered the monarchy odious, were denounced in terms worthy of gallant men; who, though resolved to sink or swim with the throne, experienced all the bitterness of generous indignation at the crimes which had raised the storm.

We had our songs too, and some of them were as contemptuous as ever came from the pen of Parisian satire. Among my recollections of the night was one of those songs, of which the refrain was—

“*Le Bien-Aimé—de l'Almanac.*”

A burlesque on the title—*Le Bien-Aimé, &c.*, which the court calendar, and the court calendar *alone*, had annually given to the late king. I can offer only a paraphrase.

“Louis Quinze, our burning shame,  
Hear our song, ‘old well-beloved,’  
What if courts and camps are tame,  
Pension’d beggars laced and gloved,  
France’s love grows rather slack,  
Idol of—the Almanac.

“Let your flatterers hang or drown,  
We are of another school;  
Truth no more shall be put down,  
We can call a fool a fool,  
Fearless of Bastile or rack,  
Titus of—the Almanac.

“Louis, trample on your sorfs,  
We’ll be trampled on no more,  
Revel in your *parc aux cerfs*,\*  
Eat and drink—’twill soon be o’er.  
France will steer another tack,  
Solon of—the Almanac!

“Hear your praises from your pages,  
Hear them from your liveried lords,  
Let your valets earn their wages,  
Liars, living on their words;  
We’ll soon give them nuts to crack,  
Cæsar of—the Almanac!

“When a dotard fills the throne,  
Fit for nothing but a nurse,

\* A scene of peculiar infamy near Paris.

When a nation's general groan,

Yields to nothing but its curse ;

What are armies at thy back,

Henri of—the Almanac ?

“ When the truth is bought and sold,

When the wrongs of man are spurn'd,

Then the crown's last knell is toll'd,

Then, old Time, thy glass has turn'd,

And comes flying from thy pack

To nations a new Almanac !

“ Mistress, minister, Bourbon,

Rule by bayonets, bribes, and spies,

Charlatans in church and throne,

France is opening all her eyes—

Down go minion, king, and quack,

We'll have our new Almanac ! ”

When I returned to the place where my mattress was flung, the crowd had already sunk to rest, and there was a general silence throughout the building. The few lights which our jailers supplied to us, had become fewer; and, except for the heavy sound of the doubled sentries' tread outside, I might have imagined myself in a vast cemetery. The agitation of the day, followed by the somewhat unsuitable gaiety of the evening, had thrown me into such a state of mental and bodily fatigue, that I had scarcely laid my side on my bed, untempting as it was, when I dropped into a heavy slumber. The ingenuity of our tormentors, however, prohibited our knowing any thing in the shape of indulgence; and in realisation of the dramatist's renowned *mot*, “ traitors never sleep,” the prison door was suddenly flung open—a drum rattled through the aisle—the whole body of the prisoners were ordered to stand forth and answer to their names; this ceremony concluding with the march of the whole night-guard into the chapel, and their being ordered to load with ball-cartridge, to give us the sufficient knowledge of what any attempt to escape would bring upon us in future. This refinement in cruelty we owed to the *escapade* of the night before.

At length, after a variety of insulting queries, even this scene was over. The guard marched out, the roll of their drum passed away among the cloisters; we went shivering to our beds—throw ourselves down dressed as we were, and tried to forget France and our jailers.

But a French night in those times

was like no other, and I had yet to witness a scene such as I believe could not have existed in any other country of the globe.

After some period of feverish sleep I was awakened by a strange murmur, which, mixing with my dreams, had given me the comfortless idea of hearing the roar of the multitude at some of the horrid displays of the guillotine; and as I half opened my unwilling eyes, still heavy with sleep, I saw a long procession of figures, in flowing mantles and draperies, moving down the huge hall. A semicircle of beds filled the extremity of the chapel, which had been vacated by a draft of unfortunate beings, carried off during the day to that dreadful tribunal, whose sole employment seemed to be the supply of the axe, and from which no one was ever expected to return. While my eyes, with a strange and almost superstitious anxiety—such is the influence of time and place—followed this extraordinary train, I saw it take possession of the range of beds; each new possessor sitting wrapt in his pale vesture, and perfectly motionless. I can scarcely describe the singular sensations with which I continued to gaze on the spectacle. My eyes sometimes closed, and I almost conceived that the whole was a dream: but the forms were too distinct for this conjecture, and the question with me now became, “ are they flesh and blood ? ” I had not sunk so far into reverie as to imagine that they were the actual spectres of the unhappy tenants of those beds on the night before, all of whom were now, doubtless, in the grave; but the silence, the distance, the dimness perplexed me, and I left the question to be settled by the event. At a gesture from the central figure they all stood up—and a man loaded with fetters was brought forward in front of their line. I now found that a trial was going on: the group were the judges, the man was the presumed criminal; there was an accuser, there was an advocate—in short, all the general process of a trial was passing before my view. Curiosity would naturally have made me spring from my bed and approach this extraordinary spectacle; but I am not ashamed now to acknowledge, that I felt a

nervelessness and inability to speak or move, which for the time wholly awed me. All that I could discover was, that the accused was charged with *incrimination*, and that, defying the court and disdaining the charge, he was pronounced guilty—the whole circle, standing up as the sentence was pronounced, and with a solemn waving of their arms and murmur of their voices, assenting to the act of the judge. The victim was then seized on, swept away into the darkness, and after a brief pause I heard a shriek and a crash; the sentence had been fulfilled—all was over. The court now covered their heads with their mantles, as if in sorrow for this formidable necessity.

But how shall I speak of the closing scene? However it surprised and absorbed me in that moment of nervous excitement, I can allude to it now only as characteristic of a time when every mind in France was half lunatic. I saw a figure enveloped in star-coloured light emerge from the darkness, slowly ascend, in a vesture floating round it like the robes which Raphael or Guido gives to the beings of another sphere, and, accompanied by a burst of harmony as it rose, ascend to the roof, where it suddenly disappeared. All was instantly the silence and the darkness of the grave.

Daylight brought back my senses, and I was convinced that the pantomimic spirit of the people, however unaccountably it might disregard proprieties, had been busy with the scene. I should now certainly have abandoned the supernatural portion of the conjecture altogether; but on mentioning it to Cassini, he let me into the solution at once.

"Have you never observed," said he, "the passion of all people for walking on the edge of a precipice, climbing a church tower, looking down from a battlement, or doing any one thing which gives them the nearest possible chance of breaking their necks?—then you can comprehend the performance of last night. There we are, like fowls in a coop: every day sees some of us taken out; and the amusement of the remaining fowls is to imagine how the heads of the others were taken from their bodies." The prisoners were practising a trial.

I gave an involuntary look of surprise at this species of amusement, and remarked something on the violation of common feeling—to say nothing of the almost profaneness which it involved.

"As to the feeling," said Cassini, with that shrug which no shoulders but those of a Frenchman can ever give, "it is a matter of taste; and perhaps we have no right to dictate in such matters to persons who would think a week a long lease of life, and who, instead of seven days, may not have so many hours. As to the profanation, if your English scruples made you sensitive on such points, I can assure you that you might have seen some things much more calculated to excite your sensibilities. The display last night was simply the trial of a royalist; and as we are all more or less angry with republicanism at this moment, and with some small reason too, the royalist, though he was condemned, as every body now is, was suffered to have his apotheosis. But I have seen exhibitions in which the republican was the criminal, and the scene that followed was really startling even to my rather callous conceptions. Sometimes we even had one of the colossal ruffians who are now lording it over France. I have seen St Just, Couthon, Carrier, Danton, nay Robespierre himself, arraigned before our midnight tribunal; for this amusement is the only one which we can enjoy without fear of interruption from our jailers. Thus we enjoy it with the greater gusto, and revenge ourselves for the tribulations of the day by trying our tormentors at night."

"I am satisfied with the reason, although I am not yet quite reconciled to the performance. Who were the actors?"

"You are now nearer the truth than you suspected. We have men of every trade here, and, among the rest, we have actors enough to stock the *Comédie Française*. If you remain long enough among us, you will see some of the best farces of the best time played uncommonly well by our fellow *détenus*. But in the interim—for our stage is permitted by the municipality to open in the St Lazare only four times a month—a piece of



cruelty which we all regard as intolerable—our actors refresh their faculties with all kinds of displays. You acknowledge that the scene last night was well got up; and if you should see the trial of some of our ‘Grands Democrats,’ be assured that your admiration will not be attracted by showy vesture, blue lights, or the harmonies of the old asthmatic organ in yonder gallery; our pattern will be taken from the last scene of ‘Il Don Giovanni.’ You will have no pasteboard figure suspended from the roof, and wafted upward in starlight or moonlight. But if you wish to see the exhibition, I am concerned to tell you that you must wait; for to-night all our *artistes* are busy. In what, do you conceive?”

I professed my inability to fathom “the infinite resources of the native mind, where amusement was the question.”

“Well then—not to keep you in suspense—we are to have a masquerade.”

The fact was even so. France having grown tired of all things that had been, grew tired of weeks, and Decades were the law of the land. The year was divided into packs of ten days each, and she began the great game of thue by shuffling and cutting her cards anew. The change was not marked by any peculiar good fortune; for it was laughed at, as every thing in France was except an order for deportation to the colonies, or a march to the scaffold. The populace, fully admitting the right of government to deal with kings and priests as it pleased, regarded the interference with their pleasures as a breach of compact; and the result was, that the populace had their *Dimanche* as well as their *Decadi*, and that the grand experiment for wiping out the Sunday, issued in giving them two holidays instead of one.

It was still early in the day when some bustle in the porch of the prison turned all eyes towards it, and a new detachment of prisoners was brought in. I shall say nothing of the scenes of wretchedness which followed; the wild terrors of women on finding themselves in this melancholy place, which looked, and was, scarcely more than a vestibule to the tomb; the

deep distress of parents, with their children clinging round them, and the general despair—which was but too well founded. Yet the tumult of their settling and distribution among the various quarters of the chapel had scarcely subsided when another scene was at hand. The commissary of the district came in, with a list of the prisoners who were summoned before the tribunal. Our prison population was like the waters of a bath, as one stream flowed in another flowed out; the level was constantly sustained. With an instinctive pang I heard my name pronounced among those unhappy objects of sanguinary rule. Cassini approached me with a smile, which he evidently put on to conceal his emotion.

“This is quick work, M. Marston,” said he, taking my hand. “As the ruffian in the school fable says, ‘Hodie tibi, cras mihi’—twelve hours will probably make all the difference between us.”

I took off the little locket containing my last remembrance of Clotilde, and put it into his hands, requesting him, if he survived, to transmit it to his incomparable countrywoman, with an assurance that I remembered her in an hour when all else was forgotten.

“I shall perform the part of your legatee,” said he, “till to-morrow; then I will find some other depositary. Here you must know that heirship is rapid, and that the will is executed before the ink is dry.” He turned away to hide a tear. “I have not known you long, sir,” said he; “but in this place we must be expeditious in every thing. You are too young to die. If you are sacrificed, I am convinced that you will die like a gentleman and a man of honour. And yet I have some feeling, some presentiment, nay almost a consciousness, that you will not be cut off, at least until you are as weary of the world as I am.”

I endeavoured to put on a face of resignation, if not of cheerfulness, and said, “That though my country might revenge my death, my being engaged in its service would only make my condemnation inevitable. But I was prepared.”

“At all events, my young friend,”

said he, "If you escape from this pandemonium of France, take this paper, and vindicate the memory of Cassini."

He gave me a memoir, which I could not help receiving with a smile, from the brevity of the period during which the trust was likely to hold. The gendarme now came up to demand my attendance. I shook hands with the marquis, who at that moment was certainly no philosopher, and followed the train.

We were about fifty in number; and after being placed in open artillery waggons, the procession moved rapidly through the suburb, until we reached one of those dilapidated and hideous-looking buildings which were then to be found startling the stranger's eye with the recollections of the St Bartholomew and the Froule.

A crowd, assembled round the door of one of these melancholy shades, and the bayonets of a company of the national guard glittering above their heads, at length indicated the place of our destination. The crowd shouted, and called us "aristocrats, thirsting for the blood of the good citizens." The line of the guard opened, and we were rapidly passed through several halls, the very dwelling of decency, until we reached a large court, where the prisoners remained while the judges were occupied in deciding on the fate of the train which the morning had already provided. I say nothing of the insults which were intended, if not to add new bitterness to death, to indulge the wretched men and women who could find an existence in attending on the offices of the tribunal, with opportunities of triumphing over those born to better things. While we remained in the court exposed to the weather, which was now cold and gusty, shouts were heard at intervals, which, as the turnkeys informed us, arose from the spectators of the executions—death, in these fearful days, immediately following sentence. Yet, to the last the ludicrous often mingled with the melancholy. While I was taking my place in the file according to the order of our summons, and was next in rotation for trial, a smart and overdressed young man stepped out of his place in the rank, and drawing from his bosom a pamphlet in manuscript, presented

it to me, with the special entreaty that, "in case I survived, I should take care of its propagation throughout Europe." My answer naturally was, "That my fate was fully as precarious as that of the rest, and that thus I had no hope of being able to give his pamphlet to mankind."

"*Mais, monsieur,*" that phrase which means so many inexpressible things—"But, sir, you must observe, that by putting my pamphlet into your charge, it has a double chance. You may read it as a part of your defence; it is a treatise on the government of France, which settles all the disputed questions, reconciles republicanism with monarchy, and shows how a revolution may be made to purify all things without overthrowing any. Thus my sentiments will become public at once, the world will be enlightened, and, though you may perish, France will be saved."

Nothing could be more convincing; yet I continued stubborn. He persisted. I suggested the "possibility of my not being suffered to make any defence whatever, but of being swept away at once; in this case endangering the total loss of his conceptions to the world;" but I had to deal with a man of resources.

"No," said the author and philanthropist; "for that event I have provided. I have a second copy folded on my breast, which I shall read when I am called on for trial. Then those immortal truths shall not be left to accident; I shall have two chances for celebrity; the labour of my life shall be known; nor shall the name of Jean Jacques Pelletier go to the tomb without the renown due to a philosopher."

But further deprecation on my part was cut short by the appearance of two of the guard, by whom I was marched to the presence of the tribunal. The day had now waned, and two or three lamps showed my weary eye the judges, whose decision was to make the difference to me between life and death, within the next half hour. Their appearance was the reverse of one likely to reconcile the unfortunate to the severity of the law. They were seven or eight sitting on a raised platform, with a long table in their front, covered with papers, with

what seemed to be the property taken from the condemned at the moment—watches, purses, and trinkets; and among those piles, very visibly the fragments of a dinner—plates and soups, with several bottles of cognac and wine. Justice was so indefatigable in France, that its ministers were forced to mingle all the functions of public and private life together; and to be intoxicated in the act of passing sentence of death was no uncommon event.

The judges of those sectional tribunals were generally ruffians of the lowest description, who, having made themselves notorious by violence and Jacobinism, had driven away the usual magistracy, and, under the pretext of administering justice, were actually driving a gainful trade in robbery of every kind. The old costume of the courts of law was of course abjured; and the new civic costume, which was obviously constructed on the principle of leaving the hands free for butchery, and preserving the garments free from any chance of being disfigured by the blood of the victim—for they were the perfection of savage squalidness—was displayed *à la rancur* on the bench. A short coat without sleeves, the shirt sleeves tucked up as for instant execution, the neck open, no collar, fierce moustaches, a head of clotted hair, sometimes a red nightcap stuck on one side, and sometimes a red handkerchief tied round it as a temporary “bonnet de nuit”—for the judges frequently, in drunkenness or fatigue, threw themselves on the bench or the floor, and slept—exhibited the regenerated aspect of Themis in the capital of the polished world.

My name was now called. I shall not say with what a throb of heart I heard it. But at the moment when I was stepping forward, I felt my skirt pulled by one of the guard behind me. I looked, and recognized through all his beard, and the hair that in profusion covered his physiognomy, my police friend, who seemed to possess the faculty of being every where—a matter, however, rendered easier to him by his being in the employ of the government—and who simply whispered the words—“Be firm, and acknowledge nothing.” Slight as the

hint was, it had come in good time; for I had grown desperate from the sight of the perpetual casualties round me, and, like Cassini’s idea of the man walking on the edge of the precipice, had felt some inclination to jump off, and take my chance. But now contempt and defiance took the place of despair; and, instead of openly declaring my purposes and performances, my mind was made up to leave them to find out what they could.

On my being marched up to the foot of the platform between two frightful-looking ruffians, whose coats and trousers seemed to have been dyed in gore, to show that they were worthy of the murders of September, and who, to make “assurance doubly sure,” wore on their sword-belts the word “September,” printed in broad characters, I remained for a while unquestioned, until they turned over a pile of names which they had flung on the table before them. At last their perplexity was relieved by one of the clerks, who pronounced my name. I was then interrogated in nearly the same style as before the committee of my first captors. I gave them short answers.

“Who are you?” asked the principal distributor of rabble justice. The others stooped forward, pens in hand, to record my conviction.

My answer was—

“I am a man.” (Murmurs on the platform.)

“Whence come you?”

“From your prison.”

“You are not a Frenchman?”

“No, thank Heaven!” (Murmurs again.)

“Beware, sir, of insolence to the tribunal. We can send you instantly to punishment.”

“I know it. Why then try me at all?”

“Because, prisoner, we desire to hear the truth first.”

“First or last, can you bear to hear it?” (Angry looks, but more attention.)

“We have no time to waste—the business of the Republic must be done. Are you a citizen?”

“I am; a citizen of the world.”

“You must not equivocate with justice. Where did you live before you were arrested?”



"On the globe." (A half-suppressed laugh among the crowd in the back ground.)

"What profession?"

"None."

"On what then do you live, have lived, or expect to live?"

"To-day on nothing, for your guards have given me nothing. Yesterday, I lived on what I could get. To-morrow, it depends on circumstances whether I shall want any thing." (A low murmur of applause among the bystanders, who now gathered closer to the front.)

"Prisoner," said the chief, swilling a glass of cognac to strengthen the solemnity of his jurisprudence, "the Republic must not be trifled with. You are arraigned of *incivisme*. Of what country are you a subject?"

"Of France, while I remain on her territory."

"Have you fought for France?"

"I have; for her laws, her liberty, her property, and her honour." (Bravo! from the crowd.)

"Yet you are not a Republican?"

"No; no more than you are."

This produced confusion on the bench. The hit was contemptuously accidental; but it was a home-thrust at the chief, who had formerly been a domestic in the Tuileries, and was still strongly suspected of being a spy of the Bourbons. The crowd who knew his story, who are always delighted with a blow at power, burst into a general roar. But a little spruce fellow on the bench, who had already exhibited a desire to take his share in the interrogatory, now thrust his head over the table, and said in his most searching tone—

"To come to the point—Prisoner, how do you live? What are your means? All honest men must have visible means. That is *my* question." (All eyes were now turned on me.)

I was now growing angry; and, pointing to the pile of purses and watches on the table—

"No man," said I, "needs ask what are your visible means, when they see that pile before you. Yet I doubt if that proves you to be an honest man. That is *my* answer."

The little inquisitor looked furious, and glanced towards the chief for protection; but his intrusion had provoked

wrath in that quarter, and his glance was returned with a rigid smile.

"Prisoner," said the head of the tribunal, "though the question was put improperly, it was itself a proper one. How do you live?"

"By my abilities."

"That is a very doubtful support in those times."

"I do not recommend you, or any of those around you, to make the experiment," was my indignant answer.

The bystanders gave a general laugh, in which even the guard joined. To get the laugh against one, is the most unpardonable of all injuries in France, and this answer roused up the whole tribunal. They scarcely gave themselves the trouble of a moment's consultation. A few nods and whispers settled the whole affair; and the chief, standing up and drawing his sabre from its sheath—then the significant custom of those places of butchery, pronounced the fatal words, "Guilty of *incivisme*. Let the criminal be conducted *à la Force*," the well-known phrase for immediate execution.

The door was opened from which none ever came back. Two torches were seen glaring down the passage, and I was seized by the grim escort who were to lead me to the axe.

The affectation of cowardice is as childish as the affectation of courage; but I felt a sensation at that moment which took me by surprise. I had been perfectly assured of my sentence from the first glance at the judges. If ever there was a spot on earth which deserved Dante's motto of *Encubi*—

Voi qui entrate, lasciate agui speranza "—

It was the revolutionary tribunal. Despair was written all over it in characters impossible to be mistaken. I had fixed my resolution to go through the whole scene, if not with heroism, at least with that decent firmness which becomes a man; yet the sound of the words which consigned me to the scaffold struck me with a general chill. Momentary as the period was, the question passed through my mind, are those paralysed limbs the same which bore me so well through the

hazards of the campaign? Why am I to feel the fluttering of heart now, more than when I was facing sabres and cannon-shot? Why am I thus frigid and feeble, when I so lately fought and marched, and defied alike fatigue and wounds? But I felt in this chamber of death an inconceivable exhaustion, which had never approached me in the havoc of the field. My feet refused to move, my lips to breathe; all objects swam round, and sick to death and fainting, I thrust out my hand to save me from falling, and thus gave the last triumph to my murderers.

At this decisive moment I found my hand caught by a powerful grasp, and a strong voice exclaiming, "Messieurs, I demand the delay of this sentence. The criminal before you is of higher importance to the state than the wretches whom justice daily compels you to sacrifice. His crime is of a deeper dye. I exhibit the mandate of the Government to arrest the act of the tribunal, and order him to be reserved until he reveals the whole of the frightful plots which endanger the Republic."

He then advanced to the platform; and, taking a paper from his bosom, displayed to the court and the crowd the order for my being remanded to prison, signed by the triumvirate, whose word was law in France. Some confusion followed on the bench, and some bustle among the spectators; but the document was undeniable, and my sentence was suspended. I am not sure that the people within much regretted the delay, however those who had been lingering outside might feel themselves ill-used by a pause in the executions, which had now become a popular amusement; for the crowd instantly pushed forward to witness another trial of sarcasm between me and my judges; but this the new authority sternly forbade.

"The prisoner," said he, in a dictatorial tone, "is now in my charge. He is a prisoner of state—an Englishman—an agent of the monster Pitt"—(he paused, and was answered with a general shudder;) "and, above all, has actually been in arms with the fiend Brunswick, (a general groan,) and with those worse than fiends, those parricides, those emigrant no-

bles, who have come to burn our harvests, slay our wives and children, and destroy the proudest monument of human wisdom, the grandest triumph of human success, and the most illustrious monument of the age of regeneration—the Republic of France." Loud acclamations followed this popular rhetoric; and the panegyrist, firmly grasping me by the arm, walked with me rapidly out of court. All made way for him, and, before another word could be uttered by the astounded bench, we were in one of the covered carriages reserved for prisoners of the higher rank, and on our way, at full gallop, through the intricate streets of Paris.

All this was done with such hurried action, that I had scarcely time to know what my own emotions were; but the relief from immediate death, or rather from those depressing and overwhelming sensations which perhaps make its worst bitterness, was something, and hope dawned in me once more. Still, it was wholly in vain that I attempted to make my man of mystery utter a word. Nothing could extort a syllable from him, and he was evidently unwilling that I should even see his face, imperfect as the chance was among the few lamps which Paris then exhibited to enlighten the dismal darkness of her thoroughfares. Yet the idea that my rescue was not without a purpose predominated; and I was beginning even to imagine that I already felt the fresh air of the fields, and that our journey would terminate outside the walls of Paris, when the carriage came to a full stop, and, by the light of a torch streaming on the wind in front, I saw the gate of the St Lazare. All was now over—resistance or escape was equally beyond me. The carriage was surrounded by the guard, who ordered me to descend; their officer received the rescript for my safe custody, and I had nothing before me but the dungeon. But at the moment when my foot was on the step of the vehicle, my companion stooped forward, and uttered in my ear, with a pressure of my hand, the word "Mordecai." I was hurried onward, and the carriage drove away.

My surprise was excessive. This talismanic word changed the current

of my thoughts at once. It had so often and so powerfully operated in my favour, that I could scarcely doubt its effect once more; yet before me were the stern realities of confinement. What spell was equal to those stone walls, what dexterity of man or friendship, or even the stronger love of woman, could make my dungeon free, or my chains vanish into "thin air?" Still there had been an interposition, and to that interposition, whether for future good or ill, it certainly was due that I was not already mounting the scaffold, or flung, a headless trunk, into the miserable and nameless grave.

As I passed again through the cloisters, my ears were caught with the sound of music and dancing. The contrast was sufficiently strong to the scene from which I had just returned; yet this was the land of contrasts. To my look of surprise, the turnkey who attended me answered, "Perhaps you have forgotten that this is Decadi, and on this night we always have our masquerade. If you have not got a dress, I shall supply you: my wife is a *fripier* in the Antoine; she supplies all the civic fêtes with costumes, and you may have any dress you like, from a grand signor with his turban, down to a *colporteur* with his pack, or a watchman with his nightcap.

My mind was still too unsettled to enjoy masquerading, notwithstanding the temptation of the turnkey's wardrobe; and I felt all that absence of accommodation to circumstances, that want of plasticity, that failure of grasping at every hair's-breadth of enjoyment, which is declared by foreigners to form the prodigious deficiency of John Bull. If I could have taken refuge, for that night at least, in the saddest cell of the old convent, or in the deepest dungeon of the new prison, I should have gone to either with indulgence. I longed to lay down my aching brains upon my pillow, and forget the fever of the time. But prisoners have no choice; and the turnkey, after repeating his recommendations that I should not commit an act of such profound offence as to appear in the assembly without a domino, if I should take nothing else from the store of the most popular

*marchande* in Paris, the wife of his bosom, at last, with a shake of his head and a bending of his heavy brows at my want of taste, unlocked the gate, and thrust me into the midst of my old quarters, the chapel.

There a new scene indeed awaited me. The place which I had left filled with trembling clusters of people, whole families clinging to each other in terror, loud or mute, but all in the deepest dread of their next summons, I found in a state of the most extravagant festivity—the chapel lighted up from floor to roof—bouquets planted wherever it was possible to fix an artificial flower—gaudy wreaths depending from the galleries—and all the genius of this country of extremes lavished on attempts at decoration. Rude as the materials were, they produced at first sight a remarkably striking effect. More striking still was the spectacle of the whole multitude in every grotesque dress of the world, dancing away as if life was but one festival.

As I stood aloof for a while, wholly dazzled by the glare, the movement, and the multitude, I was recognised by some of my "old" acquaintance—the acquaintance of twenty-four hours—but here time, like every thing else, had changed its meaning, and a new influx had recruited the hall. Cassini and some others came forward and welcomed me, like one who had returned from the tomb—the news of the day was given and exchanged—a bottle of champagne was prescribed as the true medicine for my lowness of pulse—and I gradually gave myself up to the spirit of the hour.

As I wandered through the crowd, a mask dressed as a sylph bent its head over my shoulder, and I heard the words, "Why are you not in a domino?" I made some careless answer. "Go and get one immediately," was the reply. "Take this card, fasten it on your robe, and meet me here again." The mask put a card marked with a large rose into my hand, and was gone waltzing away among the crowd. I still lingered, leaning against one of the pillars of the aisle. The mask again approached me. "Monsieur Anglais," was the whisper, "you do not know your friends. Go and furnish yourself with



a domino. It is essential to your safety." "Who are my friend and why do you give me this advice?" was my enquiry. The mask lightly tripped round me, laid its ungloved hand on mine, as if in the mere sport of the dance; and I saw that it was the hand of a female from its whiteness and delicacy. I was now more perplexed than ever. As the form floated round me with the lightness of a zephyr, it whispered the word "Mordecai," and flew off into an eddy of the moving multitude. I now obeyed the command; went to the little shrine where the turnkey's wife had opened her *friperie*, and equipped myself with the dress appointed; and, with the card fixed upon my bosom, returned to take my station beside the pillar. But no sylph came again; no form rivaled the zephyr before me. I listened for that soft, low voice; but listened in vain. Yet what was all this but the common sport of a masquerade?

However, an object soon drew the general attention so strongly, as to put an end to private curiosity for the time. This was a man in the uniform of a national guard, but so outrageously fine that his *entrée* excited an universal burst of laughter. But when, after a few displays of what was apparently all but intoxication, he began a detail of his own exploits, it was evident that the whole was a daring caricature; and as nothing could be less popular among us than the heroes of the shops, the Colonels Calicot, and Mustaches *au comptoir*, all his burlesque told incomparably. The old officers among us, the Vendéans, and all the ladies—for the sex are aristocrats under every government and in every region of the globe—were especially delighted. "Alexandre Jules Cæsar," colonel of the "brave battalion of the Marais," was evidently worth a dozen field-marshal in his own opinion; and his contempt for Vendôme, Marlborough, and Frederick le Grand, was only less piquant than the perfect imitation and keen burlesque of Santerre, Henriot, and our municipal warriors. At length when his plaudits and popularity were at their height, he proposed a general toast to the "young heroism" of the capital, and prefaced

it by a song, in great repute in the old French service.

"AVANCEZ, BRAVE GUERRIERS."

'Shoulder arms—brave regiment!

Hark, the bugle sounds 'advance.'

Pile the baggage—strike the tent;

France demands you—fight for France.

If the hero gets a ball,

His accounts are closed—that's all!

"Who'd stay wasting time at home,

Made for women to despise;

When, where'er we choose to roam,

All the world before us lies,

Following our bugle's call,

Life one holiday—that's all!

"When the soldier's coin is spent,

He has but to fight for more;

He pays neither tax nor rent,

He's but where he was before.

If he conquer, if he fall—

*Fortuns de la guerre*—that's all!

"Let the pedant waste his oil,

With the soldier all is sport;

Let your blockheads make a coil

In the cloister or the court;

Let them fatten in their stall,

We can fatten too—that's all!

"What care we for fortune's frown,

All that comes is for the best;

What's the noble's bed of down

To the soldier's evening rest

On the heath or in the hall,

All alike to him—that's all!

"When the morn is on the sky,

Hark the gay *reveillé* rings!

Glory lights the soldier's eye,

To the gory breach he springs,

Plants his colours on the wall,

Wins and wears the *croix*—that's all!"

The dashing style in which this hereditary song of the French camp was given by "Colonel Alexandre Jules Cæsar" of the "brave battalion of the Marais," his capital awkward imitation of the soldier of the old *régime*, and his superb affectation of military nonchalance, were so admirable, that his song excited actual raptures of applause. His performance was encored, and he was surrounded by a group of nymphs and graces, among whom his towering figure looked like a grenadier of Brobdignag in the circle of a Liliputian light company. He carried on the farce for a while with great adroitness and animation; but at length he put the

circle of tinsel and tiffany aside, and rushing up to me, insisted on making me a recruit for the "brave battalion of the Marais." But I had no desire to play a part in this pantomime, and tried to disengage myself. One word again made me a captive: that word was now "Lafontaine;" and at the same moment I saw the sylph bounding to my side. What was I to think of this extraordinary combination? All was as strange as a midsummer night's dream. The "colonel," as if fatigued, leaned against the pillar, and slightly removing his mask, I saw, with sudden rejoicing, the features of that gallant young friend, whom I had almost despaired of ever seeing again. "Wait in this spot until I return," was all that I heard, before he and the sylph had waltzed away far down the hall.

I waited for some time in growing anxiety; but the pleasantries of the night went on as vividly as ever, and some clever *tableaux vivants* had varied the quadrilles. While the dancers gave way to a well-performed picture of Hector and Andromache from the *Iliad*, and the hero was in the act of taking the plumed helmet from his brow, with a grace which enchanted our whole female population, an old Savoyard and his daughter came up, one playing the little hand-organ of their country, and the other dancing to her tamborine. This was pretty, but my impatience was ill disposed to look or listen; when I was awakened by a laugh, and the old man's mask being again half turned aside, I again saw my friend: the man moved slowly through the crowd, and I followed. We gradually twined our way through the labyrinth of pillars, leaving the festivity further and further behind, until he came to a low door, at which the Savoyard tapped, and a watchword being given, the cell was opened. There our robes and masks were laid aside; we found peasant dresses, for which we exchanged them; and following a muffled figure who carried a lantern, we began our movements again through the recesses of the endless building. At length we came to a stop, and our guide lifting up a ponderous stone which covered the entrance to a deep and dark staircase,

we began to descend. I now for the first time heard the cheerful voice of Lafontaine at my side. "I doubt," said he, "whether a hundred years ago any one of us would have ventured on a night march of this kind; for, be it known to you, that we are now in the vaults of the convent, and shall have to go through a whole regiment of monks and abbots in full parade." I observed that, "if we were to meet them at all, they would be less likely to impede our progress dead than alive;" but I still advised Lafontaine to allude as little as he could to the subject, lest it might have the effect of alarming our fair companion. "There is no fear of that," said he, "for little Julie is in love with M. le Comte, our gallant guide; and a girl of eighteen desperately in love, is afraid of nothing. You Englishmen are not remarkable for superstition; and as for me and my compatriots, we have lost our reverence for monks in any shape since the taking of the Bastille."

We now went on drearily and wearily through a range of catacombs, stopping from time to time to ascertain whether we were pursued; and occasionally not a little startled by the sudden burst of sound that came from the revelry above, through the ventilators of these enormous vaults. But the Count had well prepared his measures, had evidently traced his way before, and led us on without hinderance, until we approached a species of sallyport, which, once opened, would have let us out into the suburb. Here misfortune first met us; none of the keys which the Count had brought with him would fit the lock. It was now concluded by our alarmed party, either that the design of escape had been discovered, or that the lock had been changed since the day before. Here was an insurmountable difficulty. To break down the gate, or break through it, was palpably impossible, for it was strongly plated with iron, and would have resisted every thing but a six-pounder. What was to be done? To remain where we were was starvation and death; to return, would be heart-breaking; yet escape was clearly out of the question. The Count was furious, as he tried in vain

to shake the solid obstacle; Lafontaine was in despair. I, rather more quietly, took it for granted that the guillotine would settle all our troubles in the course of the next day; and the pretty Julie, in a deluge of tears, charging herself with having undone us all, hung upon the neck of her cavalier, and pledged herself, by all the hopes and fears of passion, to die along with him. While the lovers were exchanging their last vows, Lafontaine, in all the vexation of his soul, was explaining to me the matchless excellence of the plot, which had been thus defeated in the very moment of promised success.

"You perhaps remember," said he, "the letter which the father of Mariamne, that dearest girl whom I shall now never see again in this world, gave you for one of his nation in Paris. On the night when I last saw you, I had found it lying on your table; and in the confusion of the moment, when I thought you killed, and rushed into the street to gain some tidings of you, I took charge of the letter, to assist me in the enquiry. Unlucky as usual, I fell into the hands of a rattole returning from the plunder of the palace, was fired on, was wounded, and carried to the St. Lazare. The governor was a man of honour and a royalist, and he took care of me during a dangerous illness and a slow recovery. But to give me liberty was out of his power. I had lost sight of the world so long, that the world lost sight of me, and I remained, forgetting and forgotten; until, within these two days, when I received a note from the head of the family to whom your letter was directed, informing me that you had been arrested and sent to the very prison in which I was—my recollection of the world suddenly revived, and I determined to save you if possible. I had grown familiar with the proceedings of that tribunal of demons, the Revolutionary committee; and as I had no doubt of your condemnation, through the mere love of bloodshed, I concerted with my Jewish friend the plan of having you claimed as a British agent, who had the means of making important disclosures to the government. If this succeeded, your life was saved for the day, and your escape was prepared

for the night. This weeping girl is the daughter of the late governor, who has engaged in our plot to save the life of her affianced husband; and now, within an hour of daylight, when escape will be impossible, all our plans are thrown away—we are brought to a dead stand by the want of one miserable key, and shall have nothing more to do than to make up our minds to die with what composure we can."

Having finished his story, the narrator wrapt up his head in his cloak, and laid himself down like one determined never to rise again. The Count and his Julie were so engaged in recapitulating their sorrows, sitting side by side on a tombstone, like a pair of monumental figures, that they had neither ear nor eye for any thing else; but my English nature was made of sterner stuff, and thinking that at the last I could but die, I took the lantern and set sturdily to work to examine the gate. It was soon evident that it could be neither undermined nor broken down by any strength of ours; but it was also evident that the lock was the old one which had closed it perhaps for the last century, and that the right key was the only thing wanting. Leaving Lafontaine in his despair lying at the foot of the monument, on which the lovers sat murmuring like a pair of turtle doves, I determined to make a thorough search for the missing key, and made my way back through all the windings of the catacomb, tracing the ground step by step. Still no key was to be found. At last I reached the cell where we had changed our dresses, and examined table, floor, and chair. Still nothing was to be found; but, unluckily, the light of the lantern glancing through the loophole of the cell, caught the eye of the sentinel on the outside, and he challenged. The sound made me start; and I took up one of the robes to cover the light. Something hard struck my hand. It was in the gown of the Savoyard's daughter. I felt its pockets, and, to my infinite astonishment and delight, produced the key. The pretty Julie, who had procured it, had forgotten every thing in the rapture of meeting her lover, and had left it behind her when she threw off her masquerading costume.



I now hastened back with the rapid step becoming the bearer of good tidings, and revived the group of despair. The key was applied to the lock, but it refused to move, and we had another pang of disappointment. Lafontaine uttered a groan, and Julie poured another gush of tears upon her companion's shoulder. I made the experiment again; the rust of the lock was now found to have been our only hinderance; and with a strong turn the bolt flew back, and the door was open.

We had all been so much exhausted by agitation, and the dreary traverse of the catacomb, that the first gush of fresh air conveyed a sensation almost of new life. The passage had probably been formed in the period when every large building in Paris was a species of fortress; and we had still a portcullis to pass. When we first pushed against it, we felt another momentary pang; but age had made it an unfaithful guardian, and a few stout attacks on its decayed bars gave us free way. We were now under the open sky; but, to our consternation, a new and still more formidable difficulty presented itself. The moat was still to be passed. To attempt the drawbridge was hopeless; for we could hear the sentinel pacing up and down its creaking planks. The moment was critical; for a streak of grey light in the far east showed that the day was at hand. After resolving all imaginable plans, and abandoning them all as fruitless: determining, at all events, never to return, and yet without the slightest prospect of escape, except in the bottom of that sullen pool which lay at our feet—the thought occurred to me, that in my return through the vault I had stumbled over the planks which covered a vault lately dug for a prisoner. Communicating my idea to Lafontaine, we returned to the spot, loaded ourselves with the planks, and fortunately found them of the length that would reach across the narrowest part of the fosse. Our little bridge was made without delay, and Lafontaine led the way, followed by the count and Julie, I waiting to see them safe across, before I added my weight to the frail structure. But I was not yet fated to escape. The sentinel, whose vigilance I had startled by my lantern

in the cell, had given the alarm; and, as I was setting my foot on the plank, a discharge of fire-arms came from the battlement above. I felt that I was struck, and a stunning sensation seized me. I made an attempt to spring forward, but suddenly found myself unable to move. The patrol from the drawbridge now surrounded me, and in this helpless state, I decaying, and as I thought dying, I was hurried back into the St Lazare.

After a fortnight's suffering in the hospital of the prison, which alone probably saved me from the guillotine, then almost the natural death of all the suspected, I was enabled to get on my feet again. I found the prison as full as ever, but nearly all its inmates had been changed except the Vendéens, whom the crooked policy of the time kept alive, partly to avoid raising the whole province in revolt, partly as hostages for their countrymen.

On my recovery, I had expected to be put down once more in the list for trial; but it reached even the prison, that the government were in a state of alarm for themselves, which prevented them from indulging their friends in the streets with the national amusement. The chance of mounting the scaffold themselves had put the guillotine out of fashion; and two or three minor attempts at the seizure of the Jacobin sceptre by the partisans of the Girondists and Cordeliers, had been put down with such difficulty, that even the Jacobin Club had begun to protest against bloodshed, through the prospect of a speedy retaliation. Thus we were suffered to linger on. But, "disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery, thou art a bitter draught," and the suspense was heart-sickening. At length, however, a bustle outside the walls, the firing of alarm guns, and the hurrying of the national guard through the streets, told us that some new measure of atrocity was at hand, and we too soon learned the cause.

The army under Dumonrier had been attacked by the Austrians under Clairfait, and had been defeated with heavy loss; despatches had been received from their favourite general, in all the rage of failure, declaring that the sole cause of the disaster was

information conveyed from the capital to the Austrian headquarters, and demanding a strict enquiry into the intrigues which had thus tarnished the colours of the Republic. No intelligence could have been more formidable to a government, which lived from day to day on the breath of popularity; and, to turn the wrath of the rabble from themselves, an order was given to examine the prisons, and send the delinquents to immediate execution. It may be easily believed that the briefest enquiry was enough for vengeance, and the prisoners of St Lazare were the first to furnish the spectacle. A train

of carts rattled over the pavement of our cloisters, and we were enabled to mount them without delay. The guard was so strong as to preclude all hope of resistance; and with all the pomp of a military pageant, drums beating, trumpets sounding, and bands playing *Ça Ira* and the *Marseillaise*, we left our dreary dwelling, which habit had now almost turned into a home, and moved through the principal streets of the capital, for the express purposes of popular display, in the centre of a large body of horse and foot, and an incalculable multitude of spectators, until in the distance we saw the instrument of death.

#### THE CHILD'S WARNING.

There's bloom upon the lady's cheek,  
There's brightness in her eye:  
Who says the sentence is gone forth  
That that fair thing must die?

Must die before the flowering time.  
Out yonder, sheds its leaf—  
Can this thing be, O human flower!  
Thy blossoming so brief?

Nay, nay, 'tis but a passing cloud,  
Thou dost but droop awhile;  
There's life, long years, and love and  
joy,  
Whole ages, in that smile—

In the gay call that to thy knee  
Brings quick that loving child,  
Who looks up in those laughing eyes  
With his large eyes so mild.

Yet, thou art doom'd—art dying; all  
The coming hour foresee,  
But, in love's cowardice, withhold  
The warning word from thee.

God keep thee and be merciful!  
His strength is with the weak;  
Through babes and sucklings, the  
Most High  
Hath oft vouchsafed to speak—

And speaketh now—"Oh, mother  
dear!"  
Murmurs the little child;  
And there is trouble in his eyes;  
Those large blue eyes so mild—

"Oh, mother dear! they say that soon,  
When here I seek for thee,  
I shall not find thee—nor out there,  
Under the old oak-tree;

"Nor up stairs in the nursery,  
Nor any where, they say.  
Where wilt thou go to, mother dear?  
Oh, do not go away!"

Then was long silence—a deep hush—  
And then the child's low sob.  
*Her* quivering eyelids close—one hand  
Keeps down the heart's quick throb.

And the lips move, though sound is none,  
That inward voice is prayer.  
And bark! "Thy will, O Lord, be  
done!"  
And tears are trickling there,

Down that pale cheek, on that young  
head—  
And round her neck he clings;  
And child and mother murmur out  
Unutterable things.

*He* half unconscious—*she* deep-struck  
With sudden, solemn truth,  
That number'd are her days on earth,  
Her shroud prepared in youth—

That all in life her heart holds dear,  
God calls her to resign.  
She hears—feels—trembles—but looks  
up,  
And sighs "Thy will be mine!"

## THE TWO PATRONS.

## CHAPTER I.

THE front door of a large house in Harley Street stood hospitably open, and leaning against the plaster pillars (which were of a very miscellaneous architecture) were two individuals, who appeared as if they had been set there expressly to invite the passengers to walk in. Beyond the red door that intersected the passage, was seen the coloured-glass entrance to a conservatory on the first landing of the drawing-room stairs; and a multitude of statues lined each side of the lobby, like soldiers at a procession, but which the inventive skill of the proprietor had converted to nearly as much use as ornament; for a plaster Apollo, in addition to watching the "arrow's deathful flight," had been appointed custodian of a Tagliani and a Mackintosh, which he wore with easy negligence over his head—a distracted Niobe, in the same manner, had undertaken the charge of a grey silk hat and a green umbrella. The Gladiator wore a lady's bonnet; the Farnese Hercules looked like an old-fashioned watchman, and sported a dreadnought coat. A glaring red paper gave a rich appearance to the hall; the stair carpet also added its contribution to the rubicundity of the scene, which was brought to a *ne plus ultra* by the nether habiliments of the two gentlemen who, as already stated, did the honours of the door.

A more pleasing sight than two footmen refreshing themselves on the top of the front stairs with a view of the opposite houses, and gratifying the anxious public at the same time with a view of themselves, it is difficult to imagine. They always look so diffident and respectful, that involuntarily our interest in them becomes almost too lively for words. We think with disdain on miserable soldiers and hungry mechanics, and half-starved paupers and whole-starved labourers; and turn, with feelings of a very different kind, to the contemplation of virtue rewarded, and modesty well fed, in the persons of the two meditative gentlemen whose appearance at the front door in Harley Street has given

rise to these reflections. The elder of them, who kept the post of honour on the right hand side, just opposite the bell-handle, and whose superiority over the other was marked by much larger legs, a more prominent blue waistcoat, and a slight covering of powder over his autumn locks, looked for some time at his companion, while an expression of ill-disguised contempt turned up to still more dignified altitude the point of his nose. At last, as if by an effort, he broke forth in speech.

"Snipe," he said—and seeing that Mr Snipe's ears were open, he continued—"I can't tell how it is, but I saw, when first I came, you had never been in a regular family—never."

"We was always more regular at Miss Hendy's nor here—bed every night at ten o'clock, and up in the morning at five."

"You'll never get up to cribbage—you're so confounded slow," replied the senior; "you'll have to stick to dominoes, which is only fit for babbies. Did ye think I meant Miss Hendy's, or low people of that kind, when I spoke of a regular family?—I meant that you had never seen life. Did you ever change plates for a marquis, Snipe?"

"Never heard of one. Is he in a great way of business?"

"A marquis is a regular nob, you know; and gives regular good wages when you gets 'em paid. A man can't be a gentleman as lives with vulgar people—old Pitskiver is a genuine snob."

"He's a rich gentleman," returned Mr Snipe.

"But he's low—uncommon low"—said the other—"regular boiled mutton and turnips."

"And a very good dish too," observed Mr Snipe, whose intellect, being strictly limited to dominoes, was not quite equal to the metaphorical.

"By mutton and turnips, I means—he may be rich; but he ain't genteel, Snipe. Look at our Sophiar's shoulders."



Mr Snipe looked up towards his senior with a puzzled expression, as if he waited for information—"What has Miss Sophiar's shoulders to do with boiled mutton and turnips?"

"Nothing won't do but to be at it from the very beginning," said the superior, with a toss of his powdered head; "fight after it as much as ever they like, wear the best of gowns, and go to the finest of boarding-schools—though they plays ever so well on the piano, and talks Italian like a regular Frenchman—nothing won't do—*there's* the boiled mutton and turnips—shocking vulgarity! Look again, I say, at our Sophiar's shoulders, and see how her head's set on. Spinks's Charlotte is a very different affair—and there she is at the window over the way. 'That's quite the roast fowl and blumange,'" he continued, looking at a very beautiful girl who appeared at the window of one of the opposite houses—"a pretty blowen as ever I see, and uncommon fond of Spinks."

"I see nothing like a fowl about the young lady," replied the prosaic Mr Snipe; "and Spinks is a horrid liar."

"But can't you judge for yourself, Snipe? That girl opposite found two footmen and a butler all waiting to receive her, with a French governess and a lady's maid, the moment she got out of the cradle; and I say again she's nothing but roast fowl and blumange, or perhaps a breast slice of pheasant, for she's uncommon genteel. How different from our boiled veals, and parsley and butters! I shall give warning if we don't change soon."

"She's a beautiful young lady," said Mr Snipe; "but I think not half so plump and jolly as our Miss Emily or Sophia."

"Plump! do you think you've got a sporting license, and are on the lookout for a partridge? No; I tell you all the Pitskivers is low, and old Pits is the worst of the lot."

"I used always to hear him called a great man at Miss Hendy's," replied Snipe; "no end of money, and a regular tip-topper. I really expected to see the queen very often drop in to supper."

"And meet all the tag-rag we have here! What would the queen care for all them portrait-painters, and

poets, and engineers, and writing vagabonds, as old Pits is eternally feeding? The queen knows a mighty sight better, and wouldn't ax any body to her table as had done nothing but write books or paint pictures. No; old Pits is the boy for patronizing them there fellers; but mark ye, Snipe, he takes the wrong chaps. If a man is to demean himself by axing a riff-raff of authors to his house, let it be the big 'uns; I should not care to give a bit of dinner to Dickens or Bulwer myself."

With this condescending confession of his interest in literature, the gentleman in the shining garments looked down the street, as if he expected some public approval of his praiseworthy sentiments.

Being disappointed in this natural expectation, he resolved to revenge himself by severe observations on the passers-by; but the severity was partly lost on the slow-minded Mr Snipe—being clothed in the peculiar phraseology of his senior, in which it appeared that some particular dish was placed as the representative of the individual attacked. Not that Mr Daggles—for such was the philosophical footman's name—saw any resemblance between his master, Mr Pitskiver, and a dish of boiled mutton and turnips, or between the beautiful young lady opposite and the breast of a pheasant: but that, to his finely constituted mind, those dishes shadowed forth the relative degrees in aristocracy which Mr Pitskiver and the young lady occupied. He had probably established some one super-eminent article of food as a high "ideal" to which to refer all other kinds of edibles—perhaps an ortolan pie: and the further removed from this imaginary point of perfection any dish appeared, the more vulgar and commonplace it became; and taking it for granted, that as far as human gradations are concerned, the loftiest aristocracy corresponded with the ortolan pie, it is evident that Mr Daggles's mode of assigning rank and precedence was founded on strictly philosophical principles; as much so, perhaps, as the labours of Debre'tt.

"Now, look at this old covey—twlg his shorts and long gaiters: he's some old Suffolk squire, has grown too fat

for harriers, and goes out with the greyhounds twice a-week—a truly respectable member of society”—continued Mr Daggles with a sneer, when the subject of his lecture had passed on—“reg’lar boiled beef and greens.”

“He ain’t so fat as our Mr Pitskiver,” replied Snipe; “I thinks I never see no gentleman with so broad a back; except p’raps a prize ox.”

“You should get a set of harrows to clean his Chesterfield with, instead of a brush—it’s more like a field than a coat,” said Daggles. “But look here—here comes a ticket!”

The ticket alluded to was a well-made young man, with a very healthy complexion, long glossy black curls hanging down his cheek, a remarkably long-backed surtout, and a small silk hat resting on the very top of his umbrageous head. As he drew near, he slackened his pace—passed the house slowly, looking up to the drawing-room window, evidently in hopes of seeing some object more attractive than the vast hydrangia which rose majestically out of a large flowerpot, and darkened all the lower panes. Before he had proceeded ten yards, and just when Mr Daggles had fixed in his own mind on the particular effort of culinary skill suggested by his appearance, the ticket turned quickly round and darted up the steps. Snipe stepped forward in some alarm.

“Your master’s not at home,” said the Ticket; “but the ladies”—

“Is all out in the featon, sir.”

“Will you be good enough—I see I may trust you—to give this note to Miss Sophia? I shall take an opportunity of showing my gratitude very soon. Will you give it?”

“Yes, sir, in course.”

“Secretly? And, be assured, I shall not forget you.” So saying, the Ticket walked hurriedly away, and Snipe stood with the note still in his hand, and looked dubiously at his companion.

Mr Daggles’s eyes were fixed on the retreating figure of the Ticket; and, after a careful observation of every part of his dress, from the silk hat to the Wellingtons, he shook his head in a desponding manner, and merely said—“Tripe!”

“What’s to be done with this here letter?” enquired Snipe.

“Open and read it of course. By dad! I don’t think you *are* up to dominoes; you must go back to skittles. He’s evidently enclosed the sovereign in the note; for he never could have been fool enough to think that two gentlemen like us are to give tick for such a sum to a stranger.”

“What sum?” enquired Snipe.

“Why, the sovereign he was to pay for delivering the letter. If you don’t like to read it yourself, give it to the old snob—Pitskiver will give you a tip.”

“But the gentleman said he would show his gratitude”—

“He should have showed his tin first. There ain’t no use of denying it, Snipe; this is a very low establishment, and I shall cut it as soon as I can. What right has a dowdy like our Sophia to be getting billydoos from fellers as ought to be ashamed of themselves for getting off their three-legged stools at this time of the day? Give the note to old Pits—and how, I think, he is.”

Mr Pitskiver—or old Pits, as he was irreverently called by his domestic—came rapidly up the street. He was a little man, between fifty and sixty years of age, with an exceedingly stout body and very thin legs. He was very red in the face, and very short in the neck. A bright blue coat, lively-coloured waistcoat, and light-green silk handkerchief fastened with two sparkling pins, united to each other by a gold chain, check trousers, and polished French leather boots, composed his attire. He wore an eyeglass though he was not short-sighted, and a beautifully inked riding-whip though he never rode. His white muslin pocket-handkerchief hung very prominently out of the breast pocket of his coat, and his hat was set a little on one side of his head, and rested with a coquettish air on the top of the left whisker. What with his prodigious width, and the flourishing of his whip, and the imposing dignity of his appearance altogether, he seemed to fill the street. Several humble pedestrians stepped off the pavement on to the dirty causeway to give him room. Daggles drew up, Snipe slunk back to hold the door,

and Mr Pitskiver retired from the eyes of men, and entered his own hall, followed by his retainers.

"If you please, sir," said Snipe, "I have a letter for Miss Sophiar."

"Then don't you think you had better give it her?" replied Mr Pitskiver.

"A gentleman, sir, gave it to me."

"I'll give it you, too," said the master of the mansion, shaking the whip over the astonished Snipe. "What are you bothering me with the ladies' notes for? Any thing for me, Daggles?"

"A few parcels, sir—books, and a couple of pictures."

"No statue? My friend Bristles has deceived me. It was to have been finished to-day. If he gives the first view to the Whalleys, I'll never speak to him again. Nothing else? Then have the phaeton at the door at half past five. I dine at Miss Hendy's, at Hammersmith."

While Mr Pitskiver stepped up stairs, Snipe was going over in his own mind the different grammatical meanings of the words. "I'll give it you." And concluding at last that, in the mouth of his master, it meant nothing but a horsewhipping, he resolved, with the magnanimity of many other virtuous characters who find treachery unproductive, to be true to Miss Sophia, and give her the mysterious note with the greatest possible secrecy.

"Now, donkey," said Daggles, aiding his benevolent adviser with a kick that made it nearly superfluous, "get down them kitchen stairs and learn pitch-and-toss, for you haven't

brains enough for any thing else—and recollect, you owes me a sovereign; half from master for telling, and half from the long-backed Ticket for keeping munn. You can keep the other to yourself; for the job was well worth a sovereign a-piece."

A knock at the door interrupted the colloquy, and Snipe once more emerged from the lower regions, and admitted the two fair daughters of his master.

They were stout, bustling, rosy-checked girls, two or three and twenty years of age, superbly dressed in flashy silks, and bedizened with ribands like a triumphal arch.

"Miss," said Snipe, "I've got a summut for you." And he looked as knowing as it was possible for a student of pitch-and-toss to do.

"For me? What is it? Make haste, Thomas."

"A gentleman has been here, and left you this," replied the Morenry, holding out the note. "He said something about giving me a guinea; but I wasn't to let any body see."

"It is his hand—I know it!" cried Miss Sophia, and hurried up stairs to her own room.

"You donkey!" growled Mr Daggles, who had overheard Snipe's proceedings; "you've done me out of another ten shillings. Blowed if I don't put you under the pump! She would have given you a guinea for the letter by way of postage. But it all comes of living with red herrings and geese's eggs." And so saying Mr Daggles resumed his usual seat in the dining-room, and went on with the perusal of the *Morning Post*.

## CHAPTER II.

Mr Pitskiver's origin, like that of early Greece, is lost in the depths of antiquity. Through an infinite variety of posts and offices, he had risen to his present position, and was perhaps the most multifariously occupied gentleman in her majesty's dominions. He was chairman of three companies, steward of six societies, general agent, and had lately reached the crowning eminence of his hopes by being appointed trustee of mandated accounts. In the midst of all these labours, he

had gone on increasing in breadth and honour till his name was a symbol of every thing respectable and well to do in the world. With each new office his ambition rose, and a list of his residences would be a perfect index to the state of his fortunes. We can trace him from Stepney to Whitechapel; from Whitechapel to Finsbury square; from Finsbury square to Hammersmith; and finally, the last office (which, by the by, was without a salary) had raised him,



three months before our account of him begins, to the centre of Harley Street. With his fortune and ambition, we must do him the justice to say, his liberality equally increased. He was a patron, and would have travelled fifty miles to entertain a poet at his table; he had music-masters (without any other pupils) who were Mozarts and Handels for his daughters—Turners and Landseers (whose names were yet unknown) to teach them drawing—for, by a remarkable property possessed by him, in common with a great majority of mankind, every thing gained a new value when it came into contact with himself. He bought sets of china because they were *artistic*; changed his silver plate for a more *picturesque* pattern; employed Stultz for his clothes, and, above all, Bell and Ramie for his wines. His cook was superb; and, thanks to the above-named Bell and Ramie, there were fewer headaches in the morning after a Maccenatian dinner at Pitskiver's, than could have been expected by Father Matthew himself. With these two exceptions—wine and clothes—his patronage was more indiscriminate than judicious. In fact, he patronized for the sake of patronizing; and as he was always in search of a new miracle, it is no wonder that he was sometimes disappointed—that his Landseers sometimes turned out to have no eyes, and his musicians more fitted to play the Handel to a pump than an organ. But Pitskiver never lost heart. If he failed in one he was sure to succeed in another: he saw his name occasionally in the newspaper, by giving an invitation to one of the literary gentlemen who enliven the public with accounts of fearful accidents and desperate offences; had his picture at the Exhibition in the character of the "Portrait of a gentleman," and his bust in the same place as the semblance of the honorary Secretary to the Poor Man's Pension and Perpetual Annuity Institution. He was a widower, and looked dreadful things at all the widows of his acquaintance. "And it was thought that, if he succeeded in marrying off his girls, he would himself become once more a candidate for the holy estate; and by this wise manœuvre—

for, in fact, he made no secret of his intention—he enlisted in his daughters' behalf all the elderly ladies who thought they had any claims on the attentions of that charming creature Mr Pitskiver. There were certainly no young ladies I have ever heard of, so well supplied with assistants in the great art of catching husbands, as the two plump damsels whom we have already seen enter the house in Harley Street, and one of whom we have perceived placed in possession of the mysterious letter by the skittle-minded Mr Snipe.

Miss Sophia Pitskiver, according to all ordinary ideas of romance and true love, had no right whatever to indulge in such luxuries, being more adapted to make pies than enter into the beauty of sonnets to the moon. She was short, stout—shall we be pardoned for saying the hateful word?—she was dumpy, but a perfect picture of rosy health and hilarious good-nature. And yet, if she had been half a foot taller, and half a yard thinner, and infinitely paler, she could not have been one jot more sentimental. She cultivated sentiment, because it was so pleasant, and her father approved of it because it was genteel. Her enthusiasm was tremendous. Her ideas were all crackers, and exploded at the slightest touch. She had a taste for every thing—poetry, history, fine arts in general, philosophy, glory, puseyism, and, perhaps more than all, for a certain tall young man, with an interesting complexion, whom we have introduced to the courteous reader by the name of the long-barked Ticket. It was this gentleman's note she was now about to read. Sundry palpitations about the remotest regions of the heart might, to common eyes, have appeared to arise from her speed in running up stairs. But she knew better. She took out one look of the cheval glass, and broke the seal.

"Stanza!" she said; and, taking one other glance at the mirror, she exclaimed to the agitated young lady represented there, "only think!" and devoured the following lines:—

"There is a tear that will not fall  
To cool the burning heart and brain;  
Oh, I would give my life, my all,  
To feel once more that blessed rain!"

"There is a grief—I feel, in sooth,  
It rends my soul, it quells my tongue;  
It dims the sunshine of my youth,  
But, oh, it will not dim it long!

"There is a place where life is o'er,  
And sorrow's blasts innocuous rave;  
A place where sadness comes no more.  
Know'st thou the place? It is the  
grave.

"Yes, if within that gentle breast  
Mild pity ever held her sway,  
Thou'lt weep for one who finds no rest—  
The reason he can never say.

"P.S.—Miss Hendy is an angel upon earth. My friend Mr Bristles, of the *Universal Surveyor*, one of the most distinguished literary men of the age, has got me an invitation to go to her house to-night, to read the first act of my tragedy. Shall I have the happiness of seeing thee? Would to my stars my fate were so fortunate! I enclose you the above lines, which Bristles says are better than any of Lord Byron's, and will publish next week in the *Universal*. Mayest thou like them, sweetest, for they are dedicated to thee! Thine ever—ALMANSOP." What she might have done beyond reading the lines and letter six times over, and crying "beautiful, beautiful!" as fast as she could, it is impossible to say, for at that moment she was called by her venerable sire. She crumpled the note up after the manner of all other heroines, and hid it in her bosom; and hurried to the drawing-room, where she found her father in full dress, pulling on a pair of new kid gloves.

"Well, Soph, I'm off for Miss Hendy's—don't give me any nonsense now about her being low, and all that sort of thing: she don't move in the same circle of society, certainly,

as we do, but she has always distinguished people about her."

"Oh, papa!" interrupted the young lady. "I don't object to Miss Hendy in the least. I love her of all things, and would give worlds to be going with you!"

"That's right! You've heard of the new poet then? Tremendous they say; equal to Shakspeare—quite a great man."

"Indeed! Oh, how I long to see him!"

"Well, perhaps you may one of these days. Bristles—my friend Bristles of the *Universal*—says he's a perfect—what do they call that pretty street in Southampton?—Paragon—a perfect paragon. Bristles says: I'll ask him to dinner some day."

"What day?—Oh, let it be soon, dear papa!"

"There's a dear delightful enthusiastic girl! We ought to encourage people of genius. Charlons we never heard of him before, for he was our neighbour, I hear, in Finsbury; but poor, I suppose, and did not mix with our set even then."

Mr Pitskiver looked at the opposite side of the street while he spoke, as if to assure himself that he was in a still higher altitude above the poet now than some few years before. But, as if feeling called on to show his increased superiority by greater condescension, he said, as he walked out of the room. "I shall certainly have him to dinner, and Bristles, and some more men of talent to meet him—

"The feast of reason, and the flow of  
soul!"

the only quotation, by the way, in which Mr Pitskiver was ever known to indulge.

### CHAPTER III.

Miss Hendy had formerly kept a school, and her portrait would have done very well for a frontispiece to Mrs Trimmer. She was what is called prim in her manner, and as delicate as an American. She always called the legs of a table its props—for the word legs was highly unfeminine. She admired talent, and gave it vast quantities of tea and toast.

Her drawing-room was a temple of the Muses, and only open to those who were bountifully endowed with the gifts of nature or of fortune; for she considered it a great part of her duty to act as a kind of link between Pallas and Minerva. In the effort to discover objects worthy of her recommendation, she was mainly aided by the celebrated Mr Bristles. Every

month whole troops of Herschels and Wordsworths, and Huines and Gibbons, were presented to her by the great critic; and with a devout faith in all he told her, she listened enraptured to the praises of those astonishing geniuses, till she had begun to enter into Mr Bristles's own feelings of contempt for every body except the favoured few." And to-night was the grand debut of a more remarkable phenomenon than any of the others. A youth of twenty-three, tall, modest, intellectual, and long-haired,—in short, the "Ticket"—was to read the opening of a tragedy; and sculptors, painters, mechanicians, and city Cræsus, were invited to be present at the display. Among these last shone our friend Mr Pitskiver, radiant in white waistcoat and gold chains, two rings on each finger, and a cameo the size of a cheese-cake on his neckcloth. The other critic, in right of his account at the bank, was a tall silent gentleman, a wood-merchant from the Boro', who nodded his head in an oracular manner when any thing was said above his comprehension; and who was a patron of rising talent, on the same enlightened principles as his friend Mr Pitskiver. Mr Whalley also showed his patronage in the same economical manner as the other, and expected immortality at the expense of a few roasts of beef and bottles of new wine.

Mr Bristles was also of the dinner party—an arrangement made by the provident Miss Hendy, that the two *millionaires* might receive a little preliminary information on the merits of the rest of the company, who were only invited to tea. Four maiden ladies (who had pulled on blue stockings in order to hide the increasing thickness of their ankles, and considered Miss Hendy the legitimate successor of Madame de Staël, and Mr Pitskiver in Harley Street the bean-ideal of love in a cottage) relieved the monotony of a gentleman party by us profuse a display of female charms as low gowns and short sleeves would allow. And about six o'clock there was a highly interesting and superior party of eight, to whom Miss Hendy administered cod's-head and shoulders, aphorisms and oyster sauce, in almost equal proportion; while Mr Pitskiver,

like a "sweet seducer, blandly smiling," made polite enquiries whether he should not relieve her of the trouble.—"Oh no!—It degrades woman from the lofty sphere of equal usefulness with the rougher sex. Why shouldn't a lady help fish?—why should she confess her inferiority? The post assigned to her by nature—though usurped by man—is to elevate by her example, to enlighten by her precepts, and to add to the great aggregate of human felicity by a manifestation of all the virtues;" saying this, she inserted her knife with astonishing dexterity just under the gills—and looked round for approbation.

Mr Pitskiver had recourse to his usual expedient, and said something about the feast of reason; Mr Whalley shook his head in a way that would have made his fortune in a grocer's window in the character of Howqua; and Mr Bristles prepared himself to reply—while the four literary maidens turned their eyes on Aristarchus in expectation of hearing something fine. "I decidedly am of opinion," said that great man, "that woman's sphere is greatly misunderstood, and that you maintain the dignity of your glorious sex by carving the fish.—You on being further interrogated, I should be inclined to proceed with my statement, and assert that you deprive us of pleasure, in debarring us from giving you our assistance."

"Then, why don't you help us with our samplers? why don't you aid us in our knitting? why don't you assist us in hemming garments?"—exclaimed Miss Hendy, digging her spoon into the oyster-boat.

"This is what I call the feast and flow," said Mr Pitskiver; while Mr Whalley nearly shook his head off his shoulders on to the table-cloth. The young ladies looked slyly at Mr Pitskiver, and laughed.

"It would be rather undignified," said Mr Bristles, "to see the Lord Chancellor darning a stocking."

"Dignity! the very thing I complain of. Why more undignified in a Lord Chancellor, or a Bishop, than in his wife? Oh, will the time never come when society will be so regenerated, that man will know his own position, and woman—noble, elevating, surprising woman—will assume the



rank to which her powers and virtues entitle her!"

Mr Bristles was very hungry, and at that moment received his plate.—"Really, Miss Hendy," he said, with his mouth prodigiously distended with codfish—"there's no arguing against such eloquence. I must give in." But Miss Hendy, who had probably lunched, determined to accept no surrender.—"No," she cried—"you shall *not* give in, till I have overwhelmed you with reasons for your submission. A great move is in progress—woman's rights and duties are becoming every day more widely appreciated. The old-fashioned scale must be re-adjusted, and woman—noble, elevating, surprising woman—ascend to the loftiest eminence, and sit superior on the topmost branch of the social tree."

Mr Whalley, whose professional ear was caught by the last word, broke through his usual rule of only nodding his remarks, and ventured to say—"Uncommon had climbers, for the most part in general, is woman. Their clothes isn't adapted for it.—I minds once I see a woman climb a pole after a leg of muttoning."

If looks could have killed Mr Whalley, Mr Pitskiver's eyes would certainly have been tried for murder; but that matter-of-fact individual was impervious to the most impassioned glances. Miss Hendy sank her face in horror over her plate, and celestial rosy red over-pread her countenance; while a look of the most extraordinary nature rewarded Mr Pitskiver for all his efforts in her behalf. A look!—it went quite through his waistcoat, and if it had gone straight on, must have reached his heart. Mr Pitskiver was amazed at the expression of the look; for he little knew that his labours under the table, in attempting to check Mr Whalley's oratory by pressing his toes, had unfortunately been bestowed on the delicate foot of his hostess: and what less could she do than respond to the gentle courtesy by a glance of gratitude for what she considered a movement of sympathy and condolence under the atrocious reminiscences of the wool-merchant? Mr Whalley, however, was struck with the mourn-

ful silence that followed his observation.

"That was a thing as happing'd on a pole," he said. "In cooss it would be werry different on a tree—because of the branches, as I think you was a-saying, Miss Hendy?"

Mr Pitskiver grew desperate. "Bristles," he cried, "any thing new in sculpture? By the by, you haven't sent me Stickleback's jack-ass as you promised. Is it a fine work?"

"I have no hesitation," replied the critic, "with a perfect recollection of Canova's Venus, and even Moggs's Pandean Pipe, which I reviewed in last number of the *Universal*, in declaring that Stickleback's work (it is a female, not a jack-ass) is the noblest effort of the English chisel; there is life about it—a power—a feeling—a sentiment—it is overwhelming! I shall express these ideas in print. Stickleback's fame is secured by a stupendous ass, at once so simple and so grand."

"A female, I think you said?" enquired Miss Hendy.

"A jeanie—miraculously soft, yet full of graceful dignity," replied Bristles bowing to the enquirer, as if the description applied to her.

"I honour the sculptor for breaking through the prejudices of sex in this splendid instance!" exclaimed the lady. "The feminine star is in the ascendant. How much more illustrious the triumph! How greater the difficulty to express in visible types, the soft, subduing, humanizing graces of the female disposition, than to imprint the coarse outline of masculine strength! How rough the contour of an Irish hodumn to the sweet flexibilities of the Venus of Canova!"

"Canova was by no means equal to Stickleback," said Mr Bristles magisterially. "I have devoted much time to the study of the fine arts—I have seen many statues—I have frequently been in sculptors' studios; I prefer Stickleback to Canova."

"I honour his moral elevation," observed Miss Hendy, "in stamping on eternal marble the femininity of the subject of his chisel."

"I must really have the first view," whispered Mr Pitskiver. "Can't you

remind him, Bristles? Don't send it to Whalley on any account."

But Mr Whalley, who was a rival *Mæcenas*, put in a word for himself, "Mr Bristles," he said, "this must be a uncomming statty of a she-ass. I onceet was recommended to drink a she-ass's milk myself, and liked it uncomming. I must have the private sight you promised; and, if you'll fix a day, I vill ask you and the artist to dine."

"Certainly, my dear sir—but Mr Pltskiver and Stickleback, they are friends, you know, Mr Whalley, and perhaps Mr P.'s interest may be useful in getting the great artist an order to ornament some of the new buildings. I have some thoughts of recommending him to offer the very statue we talk of for the front of the Mansion-house. A hint on the subject has already appeared in the *Universal*."

"Miss Hendy," said Mr Pitskiver for the tenth time, "this is the regular feast and flow; and nothing pleases me so much in my good friend Bristles as his candid praise of other men's talents. You seldom find clever people allowing each other's merits."

"Or stupid ones either"—replied Mr Bristles before the lady had time to answer; "the fact is, we are much improved since former days. Our great men don't quarrel as they used to do—conscious of one's own dignity, why refuse a just appreciation of others? Stickleback has often told me, that Chantrey was not altogether without merit—I myself pronounce Macanley far from stupid; and my intellectual friend, young Sidsby, who will read us the first act of his tragedy to-night, allows a very respectable degree of dramatic power to Lord Byron. Surely this is a far better state of things than the perpetual carplings of Popes and Addisons, Smiths and Johnsons, Foxes and Pitts."

"And all owing to the rising influence of the female sex," interposed Miss Hendy. "But woman has not yet received her full development. The time will come when her influence is universal; when, softened, subdued, purified, and elevated, the animal now called Man will be un-

known. You will be all women—can the world look for a higher destiny?"

"In cooss," observed Mr Whalley—"if we are all turned into woming, the world will come to a end. For 'spose a case;—'spose it had been my sister as married Mrs Whalley instead of me—it's probable there wouldn't have been no great fambly; wich in cooss, if there was no popplea-tion"——

But what the fearful result of this supposed case would have been, has never been discovered; for Miss Hendy, making a signal to the four representatives of the female sex, started out of the room as if she had heard Mr Whalley had the plague, and left the gentlemen to themselves.

"De Stael was no match for that wonderful woman," said Mr Bristles, resuming his chair. "I don't believe so noble an intellect was ever enshrined in so beautiful a form before."

"Do you think her pretty?" enquired Mr Pitskiver.

"Pretty? no, sir—beautiful! Here is the finest sort of loveliness—the light blazing from within, that years cannot extinguish. I consider Miss Hendy the finest woman in England; and decidedly the most intellectual."

The fact of Miss Hendy's beauty had never struck Mr Pitskiver before. But he knew that Bristles was a judge, and took it at once for granted. The finest woman in England had looked in a most marvellous manner into his face, and the small incident of the foot under the table was not forgotten.

Mr Pitskiver was inspired by the subject of his contemplations, and proposed her health in a strain of eloquence which produced a wonderful amount of head-shaking from Mr Whalley, and frequent exclamations of "Demosthenes," "Cicero," "Burke all over!" from the more enraptured Mr Bristles.

"I'm horrible afeard," observed the older gentleman putting down his empty glass, "as my son Bill Whalley is a reg'lar fool."

"Oh, pardon me!" exclaimed Bristles—"I haven't the honour of his intimacy, but'——

"Only think the liberties he allows himself in regard to this here intellectual lady, Miss Hendy. He never hears her name without a putting of his thumb on the top of his nose, and a shaking of his fingers in my face, and a crying out for a friend of his'n of the name of Walker. Its unmeaning provoking—and such a steady good business hand there ain't in the Boro'. I can't failom it."

"Some people have positively no souls," chimed in Mr Pitskiver, looking complacently down his beautiful waistcoat, as if he felt that souls were in some sort of proportion to the tenements they inhabited, and that his was of gigantic size; "but I did not think that your son William was so totally void of ideas. I shall talk to him next Sunday's dinner."

"If you talks to him about Memel and Danzig, you'll find there ain't such a judge of timber in London," said the father, who was evidently proud of his son's mercantile qualifications; "but with regard to this here pottery, and senpshire, and other things as I myself delights in, he don't care nothing about 'em. He wouldn't give twopence to see Stickleback's staty."

"Then he had better not have the honour," said Pitskiver. "Bristles,

you'll send it to Harley Street. First view is every thing."

"Really, gentlemen, you are both such exquisite judges of the arts, and such discriminating patrons of artists, that I find it difficult to determine between you. Shall we let Stickleback settle the point himself?"

Both the Mæcenases consented, each at the same time making resolutions in his own mind to make the unhappy artist suffer, if by any chance his rival should get the preference. After another glass or two of the dark-coloured liquid which wore the label of port, and which Bristles maintained was the richest wine he had ever tasted, as it was furnished by a particular friend of his, who, in addition to being a wine merchant, was one of the most talented men in Europe, and a regular contributor to the *Universal* under the signature "Squirk,"—after another glass or two of this bepraised beverage, which, at the same time, did not seem altogether to suit the taste of the two patrons of the arts and sciences, the gentlemen adjourned to the drawing-room, from which music had been sounding for a considerable time.

#### CHAPTER IV.

On entering the room they were nearly made fitting inmates of the deaf and dumb institution, by the most portentous sounds that ever endangered a human ear. A large party was assembled, ranged solemnly on chairs and sofas all round the wall, every eye turned with intense interest to the upper end of the apartment, where stood a tall stout man, blowing with incredible effect into a twisted horn, which, to all outward appearance, had not long ceased to ornament the forehead of a Highland bull. A common horn it was—and the skill of the strong-winded performer consisted in extracting a succession of roars and bellowings from its upper end, which would have done honour to the vocal powers of its late possessor. A tune it certainly was, for immense outbreaks of sound came at regular intervals, and the per-

former kept thumping his foot on the floor as if he were keeping time; but as the intermediate notes were of such a very soft nature as to be altogether inaudible, the company were left to fill up the blanks at their own discretion; and Mr Pitskiver, who was somewhat warlike, perceived at once it was Rule Britannia, while Mr Whalley shook his head in a state of profound loyalty, and thought it was God save the Queen. When the ingenious musician withdrew the bull's horn from his mouth, and paused after his labours in a state of extreme calefaction, murmurs of applause ran all round the room.

"Mr Slingo," said Mr Bristles, "Mr Slingo, you have immortalized yourself, by evoking the soul of Handel from so common an instrument as an ox's horn. I have studied music as a science—I have reviewed an



opera—and once met Sir Henry Bishop at the Chinese exhibition; and I will make bold to say, that more genius was never shown by Rossini or Cherubini, than you have displayed on this stupendous and interesting occasion. Allow me, Mr Slingo, to shake your hand."

Mr Bristles gave a warm squeeze to the delighted musician's enormous fingers—and all the company were enchanted with the liberality and condescension of the celebrated author, and the humility and gratitude of the musical phenomenon, who could not find words to express his gratification. Miss Hendy was also profuse in her praises. "Pray, Mr Slingo," she said taking the horn, and examining it very closely, "do you know what animal we are indebted to for this delicious instrument?"

"I took it from the head of a brown cow."

"A cow!—ha!"—exclaimed the lady—"but I could have told you so before. There is a sweetness, a softness, and femininization of tone, in the slower passages, that it struck me at once could only proceed from the milder sex. We shall not have to wait long for the answer to a question which has stirred the heart of mankind to its foundations—can Women etherealize society? I say she can—I say she will—I say she shall!"

Miss Hendy said this with considerable vehemence, and darted a look of the same extraordinary nature as had puzzled Mr Pitskiver at dinner, full in the face of that enraptured gentleman.

"Oh, 'pon my soul, she's a very fine woman!" he said almost audibly; and again the commendations of Mr Bristles recurred to his thoughts—"and has such a fund of eloquence. I wish to heaven somebody would take a fancy to my girls! I will ask a lot of young men to dinner."

In the midst of these cogitations he drew near Miss Hendy—and if you were to judge by the number of elbows which young ladies, in all parts of the room, nudged into other young ladies' sides, and the strange smiles and winks that were exchanged by the more distant members of the society—you might easily perceive that

there was something very impressive in the manner of his address. He bowed at every word, while the gold chains across his waistcoat glistened and jingled at every motion. Miss Hendy's head also was bent till the white spangles on her turban seemed affected with St Vitus's dance; and their voices gradually sank lower and lower, till they descended at last to an actual whisper. There were seven female hearts in that assemblage lusting with spite, and one with triumph. Mr Pitskiver had never been known to whisper in any body's ear before.

In the mean time Mr Bristles, as literary master of the ceremonies, had made a call on Mr Sidsby to proceed with his reading of the first act of his play. A tall young gentleman, very good-looking, and very shy, was with difficulty persuaded to seat himself in the middle of the room; and with trembling hands he drew from his pocket a roll of manuscript, though, to judge from his manner, he did not seem quite master of his subject.

"Modesty, always the accompaniment of true genius," observed Mr Bristles, apologetically to the expectant audience. "Go on, my good sir; you will gain courage as you proceed."

All was then silent. Mr Pitskiver at Miss Hendy's side, near the door; Mr Whalley straining his long neck to catch the faintest echo of their conversation; the others casting from time to time enquiring glances towards the illustrious pair; but all endeavouring to appear intensely interested in the drama. Mr Sidsby began:—

It was a play of the passions. A black lady fell in love with a white general. Her language was fit for a dragon. She breathed nothing but fire. It seemed, by a strange coincidence of ideas between Sidsby and Shakspeare, to bear no small resemblance to Othello, with the distinction already stated of the colour of the Desdemona. But breathless attention rewarded the reader's toil; and though he occasionally missed a word, in which he was always set right by Mr Bristles, and did not enter very warmly into the more vigorous parts of the declamation, his efforts were

received with overwhelming approbation, and Bristles as usual led the chorus of admiration.

"A wonderful play! an astonishing effort! Certainly up to the finest things in Otway, if not of Shakspeare himself—a power, a life, an impetus. I have never met with such a magnificent opening act."

"I wish you would bring him to taste my mutting, Mr Bristles," said Mr Whalley; "as he's a poet he most likely don't touch butcher meat every day, and a good tuck-out of a Sunday won't do him no harm. But I say, Mr Bristles, I must raily make a point of seeing Stickleback's donkey first. Say you'll do it—there's a good fellow."

Mr Pitskiver also extended his hospitable invitation to the successful dramatist; and urged no less warmly his right to the first inspection of the masterpiece of the modern chisel.

"I have had a very particular conversation with Miss Hendy," he said, laying his hand confidentially on the great critic's shoulder.

"An extraordinary woman!" chimed in Bristles, "the glory of the present times."

"I must have an additional treasure to boast of in my house," resumed Mr Pitskiver, whose heart seemed more than ever set on cutting out Mr Whalley in priority of inspection of the unequalled statue. "You'll help me, I know—I may depend on you, Mr Bristles."

"You may indeed, sir—a house such as yours needed only such an addition to make it perfect."

"You'll procure me the pride, the gratification—you'll manage it for me."

"I will indeed," said Mr Bristles,

seizing the offered hand of the overjoyed Pitskiver; "since your happiness depends on it, you may trust to me for every exertion."

"And you'll plead my cause—you'll speak in the proper quarter?"

"Certainly, you may consider it all arranged."

"But secretly, quietly, no blabbing—these matters are always best done without noise. I would even keep it from my daughters' knowledge, till we are quite prepared to reveal it in all its charms."

"It is indeed a masterpiece—a chef-d'œuvre—beauty and expression unequalled."

"I flatter myself I am a bit of a judge; and when I have had it in my possession for a short time, I will let you know the result."

The party were now about to break up.

"Them's uncommon pleasant little meetings, arn't them?" said Mr Whalley to one of the middle-aged spinsters who had been present at dinner; "and I thinks this one is like to have a very favourable conclusion."

"Miss Hendy?" enquired the spinster in breathless anticipation.

"Jist so," responded the other—"there can't be no mystery no longer, and they'll be off for France in a few days."

"For France?—gracious I how do you know?"

"I hear'd Mr Bristles, which is their confidant, say something about a chny and Dover. In cooss they will go that way to Boulogne."

Oh, Mæcenæ! is there no difference between the chef-d'œuvre of the great Stickleback, and the down of Dover and a post-chaise.

## CHAPTER V.

After these events, six or seven gentlemen were gathered round a table in a room very near the skylight in the Minerva chambers. Our former acquaintance, Mr Bristles, whose name shone in white paint above the entrance door, was evidently strongly impressed with the dignity of his position; and as in the pauses of conversation he placed the pen he was using

transversely in his mouth, and turned over the pages of various books on the table before him, it will be seen that he presided not at a feast of substantial meat and drink, but at one of those regular "feasts and flows" which the great Mr Pitskiver was in the habit of alluding to, in describing the intellectual treats of which he was so prodigious a glutton.

"What success, Sidsby?" enquired Bristles with a vast appearance of interest.

"None at all," replied the successful dramatist, or, in other words, the long-backed Ticket to whom we were introduced at the commencement of the story. "I have no invitation to dinner yet, and Sophy thinks he has forgotten me."

"That's odd—very odd," mused Mr Bristles, "for I don't know that I ever praised any one half so highly before, not even Stickleback; and the first act was really superb. It took me a whole week to write it."

"But I did not understand some parts of it, and I am afraid I spoiled it in the reading. But Sophy was enchanted with the poem you made me copy."

"A sensible girl; but how to get at the father is the thing. I have mentioned a few of the perfections of our friend Miss Hendy to him in a way that I think will stick. If we could get *her* good word."

"Oh, she's very good!" replied Sidsby, "she says I'm far above Lord Byron and Thomas Moore."

"Why not? haven't I told you to say, wherever you go, that she is above Corinne?"

"Ah," said Sidsby, "but what's the use of all this to me? I am a wine-merchant, not a poet; my uncle will soon take me into partnership, and when they find out that I know no more about literature than a pig, what an impostor they'll think me!"

"Not more of an impostor than half the other literary men of the day, who have got praised into fame as you have, by judicious and disinterested friends. No; you must still go on. I shall have the second act ready for you next week, and you can make it six dozen of sherry instead of three. You must please the girl first, and get at the father afterwards. She's of a decidedly intellectual turn, and has four thousand pounds in her own right."

"I don't believe she is more intellectual than myself; but that silly old noodle, her father"—

"Stop!" exclaimed Bristles in great agitation, "this is against all rule. Mr Pitskiver is our friend—a man of the profoundest judgment

and most capacious understanding. I doubt whether a greater judge of merit ever existed than Mr Pitskiver."

"Hear, hear!" resounded in various degrees of intensity all round the table.

"Well, all I can say is this—that if I don't get on by shamming cleverness, I'll try what open honesty will do, and follow Bill Whalley's advice."

"Bill Whalley! who is he?" asked Bristles with a sneer.

"Son of the old Tom Noddy you make such a precious fool of."

"Mr Whalley of the Boro' is our friend, Mr Sidsby—a man of the profoundest judgment and most capacious understanding. I doubt whether a greater judge of merit ever existed than Mr Whalley of the Boro'."

"Hear, hear!" again resounded; and Mr Sidsby, shaking his head, said no more, but looked as sulky as his naturally good-tempered features would let him.

"And now, Stickleback," said Mr Bristles—"I am happy to tell you your fortune is made: your fame will rise higher and higher."

A little dark-complexioned man, with very large mouth and very flat nose, looked a little disdainful at this speech, which to any one else would have sounded like a compliment.

"I always knew that merit such as I felt I possessed, would force its way, in spite of envy and detraction," he said.

"We have an uphill fight of it. I assure you," rejoined Mr Bristles: "but by dint of throwing it on pretty thick, we are in hopes some of it will stick."

"Now, Mr Bristles," resumed the artist, "I don't at all like the style you talk in to me. You always speak as if my reputation had been made by your praises. Now, talents such as mine"—

"Are very high, my good sir; no one who reads the *Universal* doubts that fact for a moment."

"Talents, I say, such as mine," pursued Mr Stickleback, "were sure to raise me to the highest honours; and it is too bad for you to claim all the merit of my success."

"Not I; but all our friends here," said Bristles. "For two years we



have done nothing but praise you wherever we went. Haven't we sneered at Bailey, and laughed at the ancient statues? Who wrote the epigram on Thorwaldsen—was it not our friend now present, Mr Banks? a gentleman, I must say, perfectly unequalled in the radiance of his wit and the delicious pungency of his satire. Without us, what would you have been?"

"Exactly what I am. The only sculptor worth a sixpence since the fine arts were invented," replied the self-satisfied Mr Stickleback.

"No," said Mr Bristles; "since you force us to tell you what we have done for you, I will mention it. We have persuaded all our friends, we have even persuaded yourself, that you have some knowledge of sculpture; whereas every one who follows his own judgment, and is not led astray by our puffs, must see that you could not carve an old woman's face out of a radish; that you are fit for nothing with the chisel but to smooth gravestones, and cut crying cherubs over a churchyard door; that your donkey"——

"Well, what of my donkey, as you call it?" cried the enraged sculptor, "I have heard you praise it a thousand times."

"Of course you have; but do you think I meant it?"

"As much as I meant what I said, when I praised some of your ridiculous rubbish in the *Universal*."

"Oh, indeed! Then you think my writings ridiculous rubbish?"

"Yes—I do—very ridiculous rubbish."

"Then let me tell you, Mr Stickleback, you are about as good a critic as a sculptor. My writings, sir, are universally appreciated. To find fault with *them* shows you are unfit for our acquaintance; and with regard to Mr Pitskiver's recommendation to the city building committee, and your donkey to adorn the pediment of the Mansion-house—you have of course given up all hopes of any interest I may possess."

"Gentlemen," said a young man with small piercing eyes and a rather dirty complexion, with long hair

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rolling over the collar of his coat—"are you not a little premature in shivering the friendship by a blow of temper which had been consolidated by several years of mutual reciprocity?"

"Silence, Snooksby!—I have been insulted. I was ever a foe to ingratitude, and grievous shall the explanation be," replied Bristles.

"I now address myself to you, sir," continued Snooksby, turning to the wrathful sculptor, whose wrath, however, had begun to evaporate in reflecting on the diminished chance of the promotion so repeatedly promised by Mr Bristles for his donkey; "and I feel on this momentous occasion, that it is my imperative duty to endeavour to reunite the expiring members of amity, and re-knit the relaxed cords of unanimity. Mr Stickleback, you were wrong—decidedly, powerfully, undeniably wrong—in denominating the splendid lucubrations of our illustrious friend by the name of ridiculous rubbish. Apologise, apologise, apologise; and I know too well the glowing sympathies of that philanthropic heart to doubt for a moment that its vibrations will instantly beat in unison with yours."

"I never meant to call his writings rubbish," said the subdued sculptor. "I know he's the greatest writer in England."

"And you, my dear Stickleback, the greatest sculptor the world has ever seen!" exclaimed the easily propitiated critic. "Why will you doubt my respect, my admiration of your surpassing talent? Let us understand each other better—we shall both be ever indebted to the eloquent Mr Snooksby—(may he soon get on the vestry, the object of his inadequate ambition;) for a speech more refulgent in simple pathos, varied metaphor, and conclusive reasoning, it has not been my good fortune to hear. When our other friends leave me, Stickleback, I hope you will stay for half an hour. I have a most important secret to confide to you, and a favour to ask."

The hint seemed to be sufficient. The rest of the party soon retired; and Bristles and Stickleback began their confidential conclave.

## CHAPTER VI.

But another confidential conclave, of rather a more interesting nature to the parties concerned, took place three days after these occurrences in the shady walk in St James's Park. Under the trees sauntered four people—equally divided—a lady and a gentleman; the ladies brilliantly dressed, stout, and handsome—the gentlemen also in the most fashionable costume: one tall and thin, the long-backed Ticket; and the other short and amazingly comfortable-looking, Mr William Whalley—for shortness called Bill. Whether, while he admired the trunks of the old elms, he calculated what would be their value in deals, this narrative disdains to mention; but it feels by no means bound to retain the same cautious reserve with regard to his sentiments while he gazed into the eyes of Emily Pitkiver. He thought them beautiful eyes; and if they had been turned upon you with the same loving, trusting expression, ten to one you would have thought them beautiful too. The other pair seemed equally happy.

"So you don't like me the worse," said Mr Sidsby, "now that you know I am not a poet?"

"I don't know how it is, but I don't think I care for poetry now at all," replied the lady. "In fact, I suppose my passion for it was never real, and I only fancied I was enchanted with it from hearing papa and Mr Bristles perpetually raving about strength and genius. Is Miss Hendy a really clever woman?"

"A genuine humming, I should say—gooseberry champagne at two shillings a bottle," was the somewhat professional verdict on Miss Hendy's claims.

"Oh! you shouldn't talk that way of Miss Hendy—who knows but she may be my mamma soon?"

"He can never be such a confounded jackass!" said Mr Sidsby, without giving a local habitation or a name to the personal pronoun *he*.

"He loses his daughters, I can tell him," said Miss Sophy with a toss of her head, that set all the flowers on

the top of her bonnet shaking—"Emily and I are quite resolved on that."

"But what can you do?" enquired the gentleman, who did not appear to be very nearly akin to Oedipus.

"Do? Why, don't we get possession of mamma's fortune if he marries; and can't we—oh, you've squeezed my ring into my finger!"

"My dear Sophy, I was only trying to show you how much I admired your spirit. I hope he'll marry Miss Hendy with all my heart."

When a conversation has got to this point, a chronicle of any pretensions to respectability will maintain a rigid silence; and we will therefore only observe, that by the time Mr William Whalley and Emily had come to Marlborough House, their conversation had arrived at a point where discretion becomes as indispensably a chronicler's duty as in the case of the other couple.

"We must get home," said Sophy.

"Why should you go yet? There is no chance of your father being back from the city for hours to come."

"Oh! but we must get home. We have been out a long time." And so saying, she led the way up the steps by the Duke of York's column, followed by her sister and her swain—and attended at a respectful distance by a tall gentleman with an immense gold-headed walking-stick, displaying neither integuments of the brightest red, and white silk stockings of unexampled purity. The reader, if he had heard the various whispered allusions to different dishes, such as "sheep's head," "calf's foot jelly," "rhubarb tart," and "toasted cheese," would have been at no loss to recognise the indignant Daggles, whose culinary vocabulary it seemed impossible to exhaust. He followed, watching every motion of the happy couples. "Well, if this ain't too bad!—I've a great mind to tell old Pitts how them disgusting saussingers runs after his mince-pies—meets 'em in the Park; gallivants with them under the trees as if they was ortolans and bec-calleas; bills and coos with 'em as if they was real turtles and punch à la

*Romaine.* How the old cucumber would flare up! Up Regent Street, along Oxford Street, through the square, up to our own door. Well, blowed if that ain't a good one! Into the very house they goes; up stairs to

the drawing-room. O Lord! that there should be sich impudence in beefsteaks and ingans! They couldn't be more audacious if they was Perigord pies."

## CHAPTER VII.

Half an hour passed—an hour—and yet the conversation was flowing on as briskly as ever. Mr Bill Whalley had explained the exact difference between Norway and Canada timber, greatly to Miss Emily's satisfaction; and Miss Sophia had again and again expressed her determination to leave the house the moment Miss Hendy entered it; and both the young ladies had related the energetic language in which they had expressed this resolution to their father, and threatened him with immediate desertion if he didn't ent that horrid old schoolmistress at once. The same speeches about happiness and simple cottages, with peace and contentment, had been made a dozen times over by all parties, when the great clock in the hall—a Dutch pendule, inserted in a statue of Time—struck three o'clock, and at the same moment a loud rap was heard at the front door.

"Who can it be?" exclaimed Miss Sophia. "It isn't papa's knock;"—and hiding her face in the thick hy-draugia which filled the drawing-room window, she gazed down to catch a glimpse of the entrance steps. She only saw the top of a large wooden case, and the white hat of a gentleman who rested his hand on the burden, and was giving directions to the bearers to be very careful how they carried it up stairs.

Mr Whalley started up, as did Mr Sidsby, in no small alarm. "I wouldn't be found here for half-a-crown," said the former gentleman: "old father would shake his head into a reglar palsy if he knew I was philandering here, when the Riga brig is unloading at the wharf."

"Let us go into the back drawing-room," suggested one of the young ladies, "and you can get out quite easily when the parcel, whatever it is,

is delivered." They accordingly retreated to the back drawing-room, and in a few minutes had the satisfaction of hearing heavy steps on the stairs, and the voice of the redoubtable Mr Bristles saying, "Gently, gently,—I have no hesitation in stating, that you were never entrusted with so valuable a burden before. Deposit it with gentleness on the large table in the middle; and, you may now boast, that your hands have borne the noblest specimen of grace and genius that modern ages have produced."

"It's that everlasting donkey papa is always talking about!" whispered Sophia.

"If it's Stickleback's statue," said Mr William Whalley, "the little vagabond promised the first sight of it to old father. He'll be in a precious stew when he finds his rival has been beforehand!"

The porters now apparently retired, and the youthful prisoners in the back drawing-room tried to effect their escape by the door which opened on the stairs; but, alas! it was locked on the outside, and it was evident, from the soliloquy of Mr Bristles, that their retreat was cut off through the front room. A knock—the well-known rat, rat, tat, of the owner of the mansion—now completed their perplexity; and, in a moment more, they heard the steps of several persons rushing up stairs.

"Mr Pitsliver!" exclaimed Bristles in intense agitation, "you have surely forgotten our agreement—Snooksby! Butters! Banks! Why, I am quite overpowered with the surprise! It was to have been alone, without witnesses; or at most, in my presence. But so public!"

"Never mind, my dear Bristles. Why should I conceal my triumph—my happiness—the boast and gratification of my future days? Let us



open the casket that enshrines such unequalled merits."

"If you really wish for no further secrecy," replied Mr Bristles.

"Certainly! Don't I know that that case contains a masterpiece, softly sweet and beautifully feminine, as a talented friend of ours would say?"

"An exquisite woman, indeed!" said Bristles; "and a truly talented friend. The case, as you justly observe," proceeded the critic, while he untied the cords, "contains the most glorious manifestation of the softening influences of sex."

"It's a pity she's an ass," suggested Mr Pitskiver. "I can't help thinking that that's a drawback."

"What?—what is a drawback, my dear sir?"

"That femininity, as Miss Hendy calls it, should be brought so prominently forward in the person of an ass."

"An ass? — I don't understand! Are you serious?"

"Serious! to be sure, my dear Bristles. In spite of all efforts to assume an intellectual expression, the donkey, depend upon it, preponderates—the long visage, the dull eyes, the crooked legs—it is impossible to perceive any grace in such a wretched animal. I can't help thinking that if it had been a young girl you had brought me—say, a sleeping nymph—full of youth and beauty, 'twould have been a vast improvement on the scraggy jeanie contained in this box. But clear away, Bristles, we are all impatience."

"My dear sir—Mr Pitskiver—unaccustomed as I am, this I can truly say is the most uncomfortable moment of my life."

"Why, what's the matter with you, Bristles, can't you untie the string?"—

"Here," continued Mr Pitskiver, "give me the cord," and so saying he untwisted it in a moment—down fell the side of the case, and to the astonished eyes of the assembled critics, and also of the party in the back drawing-room, revealed, not the masterpiece of the immortal Stickleback, but a female figure enveloped in a grey silk cloak, and covering its face with a white muslin handkerchief.

"Why, what the mischief is all

this?" exclaimed the bewildered Mr Pitskiver; "this isn't the jeanie-ass you promised me a sight of. Who the dence is this?"

The handkerchief was majestically removed, and the sharp eyes of Miss Hendy fixed in unspeakable disdain on the assembled party.

"'Tis I, base man! Are all your protestations of admiration come to this? Who shall doubt hereafter that it is the task of noble, gentle, self-denyng woman to elevate society?"

A smothered but very audible laugh proceeding from the back drawing-room, interrupted the further eloquence of the regenerator of mankind; and, finding concealment useless, the two young ladies threw open the door, and advanced with their attendant lovers to the table. The female philosopher, with the assistance of Mr Bristles, descended from her lofty pedestal, and looked unutterable basilisks at the open-mouthed Mæcenæ, who turned his eyes from the wooden box to Miss Hendy, and from Miss Hendy to the wooden box, without trusting himself with a word of either explanation or enquiry.

"We told you of our intentions, papa," said Miss Sophia, "if you brought that old lady to your house."

"I didn't bring her; I give you my honour 'twas that scoundrel Bristles," whispered the dismayed Pitskiver.

"You told me sir," exclaimed Bristles, "that you would be for ever indebted to me if I brought this lady to your mansion—that she was the perfection of grace and innocence. By a friendly arrangement with Mr Stickleback, the greatest sculptor of ancient or modern times, I managed to secure to this illustrious woman an admission to your house, which, I understood, she could not openly obtain through the opposition of your daughters. I considered that you knew of the arrangement, sir; and I know that, with a soft and feminine trustfulness, this most gentle and intellectual ornament of her sex and species consented to meet the wish you had so ardently expressed."

"I never had a wish of the kind," cried Mr Pitskiver; "and I believe you talking fellows and chattering

women are all in a plot to make me ridiculous. I won't stand it any longer."

"Stand what?" enquired Mr Bristles, knitting his brows.

"Your nonsensical praises of each other—your boastings of Sticklebacks, and Snooksbys, and Bankses; a set of mere humbugs and blockheads! And even this foolish woman, with her femininities and re-invigorating society, I believe to be a regular quack. By dad! one would think there had never been a woman in the world before."

"Your observations are uncalled for"——

"By no manner of means," continued the senior, waxing bolder from the sound of his own voice. "I believe you're in a conspiracy to puff each other into reputation; and, if possible, get hold of some silly fellow's daughters. But no painting, chiseling, writing, or sonnetteering black-guard, shall ever catch a girl of mine. What the deuce brings *you* here, sir?" he added, fiercely turning to Mr Sidsby. "You're the impostor that read the first act of a play"——

"I read it, sir," said the youth, "but didn't write a word of it, I assure you. Bristles is the author, and I gave him six dozen of sherry."

"No indeed, papa; he never wrote a line in his life," said Sophia.

"Then he may have you if he likes."

"Nor I, except in the ledger," modestly observed Mr Bill Whalley.

"Then take Emily with all my heart. Here, Daggles," he continued, ringing the bell, "open the street-door, and show these parties out!"

Amidst muttered threats, fierce looks, and lips contorted into all modes and expressions of indignation, the guests speedily disappeared. And while Mr Pitskiver, still panting from his exertions, related to his daughters and their enchanted partners his grounds for anger at the attempt to impose Miss Hendy on him instead of a statue, Mr Daggles shut the front door in great exultation as the last of the intruders vanished, and said——

"\*Snipe, old Pits may do after all. Ho' ain't a bad round of beef; and I almost like our two mutton-chops, since they have freed the house from such shocking sour-crousts and watery tates as I have just flinged into the street."

But it was impossible to convert the great Mr Bristles to the belief into which his quondam follower, Mr Pitskiver, had fallen as to the qualities of Miss Hendy. That literary gentleman had too just a perception of the virtues of the modern Corinne, and of a comfortable house at Hammer-smith, with an income of seven hundred a-year, to allow them to waste their sweetness on some indecent clown, unqualified by genius and education to appreciate them. The result of this resolution was seen in a very few days after the interesting scene in Harley Street; and the following announcement in the newspapers will put our readers in as full a state of knowledge as we can boast of being in ourselves:—

"Woman's value Vindicated as the teacher and example of Man, by Mrs Bristles, late Miss Hendy, Hammer-smith."

## IRELAND.

AN interdict has rested, through four months, on the discussion of Irish affairs—an interdict self-imposed by the English press, in a spirit of honourable (almost of superstitious) jealousy on behalf of public justice; jealousy for the law, that it should not be biased by irresponsible statements—jealousy for the accused, that they should not be prejudiced by extrajudicial charges. At length the interdict is raised, and we are all free once more to discuss the great interests so long sealed up and sequestered by the tribunals of Dublin. Could it have been foreseen or fancied, pending this sequestration, that before it should be removed by the delivery of the verdict, nay, two months before the trial should have closed in a technical sense, by the delivery of the sentence, the original interest (profound as it was) would be obliterated, effaced, practically superseded, by a new phasis of the same unparalleled movement? Yet this has happened. A debate, which (like a series of natural echoes) has awakened and revived all the political transactions of last year in Ireland, should naturally have preserved the same relation to those transactions that any other shadow or reflection bears to the substance. And so it would: but unhappily with these recollections of the past, have mingled tumultuous menaces of a new plot. And these menaces, in the very

act of uttering themselves, advertise for accomplices, and openly organize themselves as the principle of a new faction for refusing tranquillity once more to Ireland. Once more an opportunity is to be stifled for obtaining rest to that afflicted land.

This "monster" debate, therefore, presents us in equal proportions with grounds of disgust and terror—a disgust which forces us often to forget the new form of terror—a terror (from a new conspiracy) which forces us to forget even the late conspiracy of Repeal, and that glorious catastrophe which has trampled it under foot for ever.

It is painful to the understanding—this iteration of statements a thousand times related; it is painful to the heart—this eternal neglect (in exchange for a *hear, hear*) of what the speaker knows to be mere necessities of a poor distracted land: this folly privileged by courtesy, this treason privileged by the place. If indeed of every idle word—meaning not trivial word, but word consciously false—men shall hereafter give account, Heavens! what an arrears, in the single case of Ireland, will by this time have gathered against the House of Commons! Perfectly appalled we are when we look into the formless chaos of that nine nights' debate! Beginning with a motion which he who made it did not wish \* to succeed—

\* The reader may suppose that Lord John Russell had no motive for wishing his motion to fail, because (as he was truly admonished by Sir Robert Peel) that motion pledged him to nothing, and was "an exercise in political fluxions on the problem of combining the *maximum* of damage to his opponents with the *minimum* of prospective movement to himself." True: but for all that Lord John would have cursed the hour in which he resolved on such a motion, had it succeeded. What would have followed? Ministers would have gone out: Sir Robert Peel has repeatedly said they would in the event of parliament condemning their Irish policy. This would bring in Lord John, and then would be revealed the distraction of his party, the chicanery of his late motion, and the mere incapacity of moving at all upon Irish questions, either to the right or to the left, for any government which at this moment the Whig-radicals could form. Doubtless, Lord John cherishes hopes of future power; but not at present. "Wait a little," is his secret caution to friends: let us see Ireland settled; let the turn be taken; let the policy of Sir Robert Peel (at length able to operate through the late assertion of the law) have once taken root; and then, having the benefit of measures which past declarations would not permit him personally to initiate, nor his party even to propose, Lord John might return to power securely—saying of the Peel policy, "*Fieri non debuit, factum valet.*"



ending with a vote by which one-half of the parties to that vote meant the flattest contradiction of all that was contemplated by the rest. On this quarter, a section raging in the highest against the Protestant church—on that quarter, a section (in terror of their constituents) vowing aid to this church, and yet allying themselves with men pledged to her destruction. *Here*, men rampant against the Minister as having strained the laws, in what regarded Ireland, for the sake of a vigour altogether unnecessary; *there*, men threatening impeachment—as for a lenity in the same case altogether intolerable! To the right, “how durst you diminish the army in Ireland, leaving that country, up to March 1843, with a force lower by 2400 rank and file than the lowest that the Whigs had maintained?” To the left, “how durst you govern Ireland by martial strength?” Question from the Minister—“Will you of the Opposition place popish bishops in the House of Lords?” Answer from a premature sponsor of Lord John’s—“We will.” Answer from Lord John—“I will not.” *Question retrospective* from the Conservatives—“What is it, not being already done, that we could have done for Ireland?” Answer from the Liberals—“Oh, a thousand things!” *Question prospective* from the Conservatives—“What is it, then, in particular, that you, in our places, would do for Ireland? Name it.” Answer from the Liberals—“Oh, nothing in particular!” Sir R. Peel ought to have done for Ireland whole worlds of new things. But the Liberals, with the very same power to *do* heretofore, and to *propose* now, neither did then, nor can propose at present. And why? partly because the privilege of acting for Ireland, so fruitful in reproaches, is barren in practice: the one thing that remained to be done,—viz. the putting down agitators—has been done; and partly because the privilege of proposing for Ireland is dangerous: first, as pledging themselves hereafter; second, because to specify, though it were in so trivial a matter as the making pounds into guineas for Maynooth, is but to put on record, and to publish their own party incapacity to agree upon any one of the merest trifles imaginable. Anarchy of anarchies, very mob of

very mobs, whose internal strife is greater than your common enmity *ab extra*—what shall we believe? Which is your true doctrine? Where do you fasten your real charge? Amongst conflicting arguments, which is it, that you adopt? Amongst self-destroying purposes, for which is it that you make your election?

It might seem almost unnecessary to answer those who thus answer themselves, or to expose the ruinous architecture of politicians, who thus with mutual hands tear down their own walls as they advance, were it not for the other aspect of the debate. But the times are agitated; the crisis of Ireland is upon us; now, or not at all, there is an opening for a new dawn to arise upon the distracted land; and when a public necessity calls for a contradiction of the enemy, it is a providential bounty that we are able to plead his *self*-contradiction. In the hurry of the public mind, there is always a danger that many great advantages for the truth should be overlooked: even things seen steadily, yet seen but once and amongst alien objects, are seen to little purpose. Lowered also in their apparent value by the prejudice, that what passes in parliament is but the harmless skirmishing of partisanship, dazzling the eye, but innocuous as the aurora borealis, demonstrations only too certain of coming evils receive but little attention in their earlier stages. Yet undoubtedly, if the laws applicable to conspiracy can in any way be evaded, we may see by the extensive cabal now organizing itself in England for aiding the Irish conspiracy to overthrow the Irish Protestant church, that we have but exchanged one form of agitation for a worse. Worse in what respect? Not as measured simply by the ruin it would cause—between ruin and ruin, there is little reason for choice; but worse, as having all the old supporters that Repeal ever counted, and many others beside. Especially with Repeal agitation recommending itself to the Irish priesthood, and to those whom the priesthood can put in motion, it will recommend itself also and separately to vast multitudes amongst ourselves. It is worse also—not because in the event more ruinous, but because in its means less desperate. All the



factions in politics and the schismatic in religion—all those who, caring little or nothing about religion as a *spiritual* interest, seek to overthrow the present Ministers—all those who (caring little or nothing about politics as a trading interest) seek to overthrow the Church of England—all, again, who are distressed in point of patriotism, as in Ireland many are, hoping to establish a foreign influence upon any prosperous body of native prejudice against British influence, are now throwing themselves, as by a forlorn hope, into this rearmost of their batteries, (but also the strongest)—a deadly and combined struggle to pull down the Irish Protestant establishment. And why? because nothing else is left to them as a hopeful subject of conspiracy, now that the Repeal conspiracy is crushed; and because in its own nature an assault upon Protestantism has always been a promising speculation—sure to draw support from England, whilst Repeal drew none; and because such an assault strikes at the citadel of our strength. For the established church of Ireland is the one main lever by which Great Britain carries out the machinery of her power over the Irish people. The Protestant church is by analogy the umbilical cord through which England connects herself *materially* with Ireland; through *that* she propagates her milder influence; *that* gone, the rest would offer only coercive influence. Without going diffusively into such a point, two vast advantages to the civil administration, from the predominance of a Protestant church in Ireland, meet us at the threshold: 1st, that it moulds by the gentlest of all possible agencies the *recusant* part of this Irish nation into a growing conformity with the two other limbs of the empire. The Irish population is usually assumed at about one fourth part of the total imperial population. Now, the gradual absorption of so large a section amongst our resources into the temper, sympathies, and moral habits of the rest, is an object to be kept in view by every successive government, let their politics otherwise be what they may; and therefore to be kept in view by all Irish institutions. In Canada every body is *now* aware how much this country has been wanting to herself, (that is,

wanting to the united interests equally of England and Canada,) in not having operated from the first upon the political dispositions of the old French population by the powerful machinery of her own language, and in some cases of her institutions. Her neglect in this instance she now feels to have been at her own cost, and therefore politically to have been her crime. Granting to her population a certain degree of education, and of familiarity with the English language, certain civic privileges, (as those of voting at political elections, of holding offices, profitable or honorary, &c.,) under such reasonable latitude as to time as might have made the transition easy, England would have prevented the late wicked insurrection in Canada, and gradually have obliterated the external monuments of French remembrances, which have served only to nurse a senseless (because a hopeless) enmity. Now, in Ireland, the Protestant predominance has long since trained and moulded the channels through which flows the ordinary ambition of her national aristocracy. The Popery of Ireland settles and roots itself chiefly in the peasantry of three provinces. The bias of the gentry, and of the aspiring in all ranks, is towards Protestantism. Activity of mind and honourable ambition in every land, where the two forms of Christianity are politically in equilibrium, move in that same line of direction. Undoubtedly the Emancipation bill of 1829 was calculated, or might have seemed calculated, to disturb this old order of tendencies. But against that disturbance, and in defiance of the unexampled liberality shown to Papists upon *every* mode of national competition, there is still in action (*and judging by the condition of the Irish bar, in undiminished action*) the old spontaneous tendency of Protestantism to 'go ahead;' the fact being that the original independency and freedom of the Protestant principle not only create this tendency, but also meet and favour it wherever nature has already created it, so as to operate in the way of a perpetual bounty upon Protestant leanings.

Here, therefore, is *one* of the great advantages to every English govern-

ment from upholding and fostering, in all modes left open by the Emancipation bill, the Protestant principle—viz. as a principle which is the pledge of a continual tendency to union; since, as no prejudice can flatter itself with seeing the twenty-one millions of our Protestant population pass over to Popery, it remains that we encourage a tendency in the adverse direction, long since established and annually increasing amongst the six and a half Irish Papists. Thus only can our total population be fused; and without that fusion, it will scarcely be hoped that we can enjoy the whole unmitigated use of our own latent power.

Towards such a purpose therefore, *as tending to union* by its political effects, the Protestant predominancy is useful; and secondly, were it no otherwise useful, it is so to every possible administration by means of its patronage. This function of a government—which, being withdrawn, no government could have the means of sustaining itself for a year—connects the collateral channels of Irish honours and remunerations with the great national current of similar distributions at home. We see that the Scottish establishment, although differing essentially by church government, yet on the ground that doctrinally it is almost in alliance with the Church of England, has not (except by a transient caprice) refused to the crown a portion of its patronage. On the other hand, if the Roman Catholic church were installed as the ruling church, every avenue and access for the government to the administration of national resources so great, would be closed at once. These evils from the overthrow of the Protestant church, we mention *in limine*, not as the greatest—they are the least; or, at any rate, they are so with reference to the highest interests—but for their immediate results upon the purposes common to all governments; and *there* they would be fatal, for any Roman Catholic church, where it happens also (like the Irish) to be a Papal church, neither will nor can confide privileges of this nature to the state. A Papal church, not modified (as the Gallican church) by original limitations of the Papal autho-

rity, not modified (as even the bigoted churches of Portugal and Austria) by modern *conventional* limitations of that alien authority, gloomily refuses and must refuse, to accept any thing from the state, for the simple reason that she is incapacitated for giving any thing. Wisely, according to the wisdom of this world, she cuts away from below the footing of the state all ground on which a pretence could ever be advanced for interfering with herself. Consequently, whosoever, and by whatsoever organs, would suffer from the overthrow of the Irish church as now established by law, the administration of the land would feel the effects from such a change, first and instantly. Let us not mistake the case. Mr O'Connell did not seriously aim at Repeal—that he knew too well to be an enterprise which could not surmount its earliest stages without coming into collision with the armed forces of the land; and no man will ever believe that he dreamed of prevailing *there*. What was it, then, that he *did* aim at? It was the establishment in supremacy of the Papal church. His meaning was, in case he had been left quietly to build up his aspiring purpose so high as seriously to alarm the government, then suddenly to halt, to propose by way of compromise some step in advance for his own church. Suppose that some arrangement which should have the effect of placing that church on a footing of equality, as a privileged (not as an endowed) church, with the present establishment; this gained, he might have safely left the church herself thenceforwards, from such a position of advantage, to fight her way onwards, to the utter destruction of her rival.

Thus it was that the conspirators hoped to terrify the minister into secret negotiation and compromise. But that hope failed. The minister was firm. He watched and waited his opportunity; he kept his eye settled upon them, to profit by the first opening which their folly should offer to the dreadful artillery of law. At last, said the minister, we will put to proof this vaunt of yours. We dare not bring you to trial, is your boast. Now, we will see that settled; and, at the same time, we will try whether

we cannot put you down for ever. That trial was made, and with what perfection of success the reader knows; for let us remind him, that the perfection we speak of lay as much in the manner of the trial as in its result—in the sanctities of abstinence, in the holy forbearance to use any one of many decent advantages, in the reverence for the sublime equities of law. Oh, mightiest of spectacles which human grandeur can unfold to the gaze of less civilized nations, when the ermine of the judge and the judgment-seat, belted by no swords, bristling with no bayonets—when the shadowy power of conscience, citing, as it were, into the immediate presence of God twelve upright men, accomplishing for great kingdoms, by one day's memorable verdict, that solemn revolution which elsewhere would have caused torrents of blood to flow, and would perhaps have nusealed the tears of generations. Since the trial of the seven bishops\*—which inaugurated for England the certainty that for *her* the "bloody writing" was torn

which would have consigned her children to the mercies of despotism—there has been no such crisis, no such agitation, no such almighty triumph. Here was the *second* chapter of the history; and lastly, that the nine nights' debate attached itself as the *third*, is evident from its real purpose, which may be expressed strictly in this problem: Given, as a fact beyond all doubt, that O'Connell's Repeal conspiracy is for ever shattered; let it now be proposed, as a thing worthy of the combined parties in opposition, to find out some vicarious or supplementary matter for sedition. A new agitation must be found, gentlemen—a new grievance must be had, or Ireland is tranquillized, and we are lost. Was there ever a case illustrating so strongly the maxim, that no man can be effectually ruined except by himself? Here is Lord John Russell, taxed a thousand times with having not merely used Mr O'Connell as an ally, but actually as having lent himself to Mr O'Connell as an instrument. Is that true? A wise man, kind-hearted,

\* The trial of the seven bishops for declining to obey the king's order in council against what, in conscience, they believed to be the law of the land, is the more strictly a parallel case, because, as in Ireland, the whole Popish part of the population—in effect, therefore, the whole physical strength of the land—*seemed* to have arrayed itself on the side of conspiracy; so in England, the only armed force, and that close to London, was supposed to have been bought over by the systematic indulgence of the king. Himself and the queen (Mary of Modena) had courted them through the summer. But all was fruitless against the overwhelming sympathy of the troops with an universal popular feeling. Bishop Burnet mentions that this army (about 10,000 men, and then encamped beyond Hounslow) broke into tremendous cheers at the moment when the news of the acquittal reached them. Whilst lauding their Creator his majesty was present. But a far more picturesque account of the case is given by an ancestor of the present Lord Lonsdale's, whose memoirs (still in MS.) are alluded to in one of his Ecclesiastic Sonnets by Mr Wordsworth, our present illustrious laureate. One trait is of a nature so fine, and so inevitable under similar circumstances of interest, that, but for the intervention of the sea, we should certainly have witnessed its repetition on the termination of the Dublin trials. Lord Lowther (such was the title at that time) mentions that, as the bishops came down the Thames in their boat after their acquittal, a perpetual series of men, linked knee to knee, knelt down along the shore. The blessing given, up rose a continuous thunder of huzzas; and these, by a kind of natural telegraph, ran along the streets and the river, through Brentford, and so on to Hounslow. According to the illustration of Lord L., this voice of a nation rolled like a *feu-de-jote*, or running fire, the whole ten miles from London to Hounslow, within a few minutes; or, like a train of gunpowder laid from London to the camp, this irresistible sentiment finally involved in its torrent even its professional and hired enemies. Caesar mentions that such a transmission, telegraphically propagated from mouth to mouth, of a Roman victory, reached himself, at a distance of 160 miles, within about four hours.



and liberal in the construction of motives, will have found himself hitherto unwilling to suppose a thing so full of disgrace; he will have fancied arguments for scepticism. But just at this moment of critical suspense, forth steps Lord John himself, and by his own act dissipates all doubts, frankly subscribing the whole charge against himself; for his own motion reveals and publishes his wrath against the ministers for having extinguished the only man, viz. a piratical conspirator, by whose private license there was any safety for navigating the sea of Irish politics. The exact relation in which Lord John had hitherto stood to Mr O'Connell, was that of a landowner paying black-mail to the cateran who guaranteed his flocks from molestation: how naturally must the grazier turn with fury on the man who, by suppressing his guardian, has made it hopeless for the future to gain private ease by trafficking in public wrongs! The real grievance was, the lopping Dagon of all power to stand erect, and thus laying the Whig-radical under the necessity of "walking in the light of the constitution" without aid from Irish crutches. The real *onus* imposed on Lord John's party is, where to look for, and how to suborn, some new idol and some fresh idolatry. Still to dispense with the laws in Ireland in the event of their own return to power, still to banish tranquillity from Ireland in the event of Sir Robert's power continuing, required that some new conspiracy should be cited to the public service, possibly (after the 15th of April) some new conspirator. The new seditious movement could not be doubtful: by many degrees of preference, the war upon the Irish church had the "call." This is to be the war now pursued, and with advantages (as we have already said) never possessed by the Repeal cause. The chief advantage of *that* lay in the utter darkness to the Irish peasantry of the word "Repeal." What it meant no wizard could guess; and merely as a subject to allure by uncertain hopes, on the old maxim of "omne ignotum pro magnifico," the choice of that word had considerable merit. But the cause of Popery has another kind of merit, and (again we remind the

reader) reposes upon another kind of support. In that cause the Irish peasantry will be unaffectedly and spontaneously zealous; in that cause there will be a confluence from many quarters of English aid. Far other phenomena will now come forward: Meetings, even of the kind convened by Mr O'Connell, are not, we must remember, found to be unlawful by the issue of the late trials. Had certain melodramatic features been as cautiously banished from Mr O'Connell's parades as latterly they were affectedly sought, it is certain that, to this hour, he and his pretended myriads would have been untouched by the petrific mace of the policeman. Lay aside this theatrical costuming of cavalry, of military step, &c., and it will be found that these meetings were lawful. Most certainly a meeting for the purpose of petitioning is not, and (unless by its own folly) never can be, found unlawful.

But may not this new conspiracy, which is now mustering and organizing itself, be put down summarily by force? We may judge of *that* by what has happened to the old conspiracy. Put down by martial violence, or by the police, Repeal would have retired for the moment only to come forward and reconstruct itself in successive shapes of mischief not provided for by law, or not shaped to meet the grasp of an executive so limited as, in these days, any English executive must find itself. On the other hand, once brought under the cognizance of law, it has been crushed in its fraudulent form, and compelled to transmigrate at once into that sincere, substantial, and final form, towards which it was always tending. Whatever of extra peril is connected with a movement so much more intelligible than Repeal, and so much more in alliance with the natural prepossessions of the Irish mind—better it is, after all, that this peril should be forced to show itself in open daylight, than that it should be lurking in ambush or mining underground; ready for a burst when other mischief might be abroad, or evading the clue of our public guardians. Besides that, Repeal also had its own peculiar terrors, notwithstanding that it did not grow up originally upon any stock of popular wishes; but



had been an artificial growth propagated by an artificial inoculation. That flame also could burn fiercely when fanned by incendiaries, although it did not supply its own combustibles. And, think as we may of the two evils, valued as mischief against mischief, Repeal against Anti-protestantism, certain it is, that one most important advantage has accrued to Government from the change. Fighting against Repeal, they had to rely upon one sole resource of doubtful issue; for, after all, the law stood on the interpretation of a jury, and therefore too much on the soundness of individual minds; whereas, in meeting the assaults of Anti-protestantism, backed as it is by six millions of combatants, ministers will find themselves reposing on the whole strength of two nations, and of that section, even amongst the Irish, which is socially the strongest. An old enemy is thus replaced by a new one many hundred-fold more naturally malignant; true, but immediately the new one will call forth a natural antagonism many thousand-fold more determined.

Such is the result; and, though alarming in itself, for ministers it remains an advantage and a trophy. How was this result accomplished? By a Fabian policy of watching, waiting, warding, and assaulting at the right moment. Three times within the last twelve months have the Government been thrown upon their energies of attack and defence; three times have they been summoned to the most trying exercise of skill—vigilantly to parry, and seasonably to strike: *first*, when their duty was to watch and to arrest agitation; *secondly*, when their duty was, by process of law, to crush agitation; *thirdly*, when their duty was to explain and justify before Parliament whatsoever they had done through the two former stages. Now, then, let us rapidly pursue the steps of our ministers through each severally of these three stages; and by a seasonable *résumé* or recapitulation, however brief, let us claim the public praise for what merits praise, and apply our vindication to what has been most misrepresented.

The first charge preferred against

the Government was, that it did not instantly attack the Repealers on their earliest appearance. We must all recollect this charge, and the bitterness with which it was urged during the whole of last summer; for, in fact, the difference of opinion upon this question led to a schism even amongst the Conservative party and press. The majority, headed by the leading morning paper, have treated it to this day as a ground of suspicion against Government, or at least as an impeachment of their courage, that they should have lingered or hesitated upon the proper policy. Our Journal was amongst the few which, after considerable reflection and perhaps doubt, defended the course adopted; and specifically upon the following suggestion, *inter alia*, viz. that Peel and the Wellesley were assuredly at that moment watching Mr O'Connell, not at all, therefore, hesitating as to the general character of the policy to be observed, but only waiting for the best mode (best in effect, best in popularity) of enforcing that policy. And we may remind our readers, that on that occasion we applied to the situation of the two parties, as they stood watching and watched, the passage from Wordsworth—

“The vacillating bondsman of the Pope  
Shrinks from the verdict of that steadfast eye.”

There was no great merit in being right; but it is proper to remind our readers that we *were* right. And there is considerable merit, more merit than appears, in not having been wrong; for in that we should have followed not only a vast leading majority amongst public authorities, but we should have followed an instinct of impassioned justice, which cannot endure to witness the triumph, though known to be but fugitive, of insolence and hyperbolical audacity. Not as partisans, which was proved by the caution of our manner, but after some deliberation, we expressed our conviction that Government was not slumbering, but surveying its ground, taking up its position, and trying the range of its artillery, in order to strike surely, to strike once, but so, that no second blow should be needed. All

this has been done ; so far our predictions have been realized ; and to that extent the Government has vindicated itself. But still it may be asked, to *what* extent ? Doubtless the thing has been done, and done completely. Yet *that* will not necessarily excuse the Government. To be well done is, in many cases, all that we require ; but in questions of civil policy often there is even more importance that it should be *soon* done, done maturely, (that is, seasonably done with a view to certain evils growing up concurrently with the evil,) done even prematurely with respect to immediate bad consequences open to instant arrest. At this moment amongst the parliamentary opponents of ministers, though some are taxing them with unconstitutional harshness, (or at least with that *summum jus* which the Roman proverb denounces as *summa injuria*,) in having ever interfered at all with Mr O'Connell, others of the same faction are roundly imputing to them a system of decoy, a "laying of traps," (that was the word,) in waiting so patiently for the ripening of the Repeal frenzy. Upon the same principle, a criminal may have a right to complain that her Majesty, when extending mercy to a first crime, or a crime palliated by its circumstances, and that a merciful prosecutor who intercedes effectually on his behalf with the court, have both been laying a trap for his future conduct ; since, assuredly, there is one motive the less to a base nature for abstaining from evil in the mitigated consequences which the evil drew after it. On the same principle the Repealers, having found Sir R. Peel so anxious, in the first stages of their career, to spare them altogether, were seduced into thinking that surely he never would strike so hard when at length he had made ready to strike. Still, with submission, we think that to found false expectations upon a spirit of lenity, and upon that mistake to found an abuse of goodness that was really sincere, was not the fault of Sir R. Peel, but of the Repealers. Any man's goodness becomes a trap to him who is capable of making it such ; since the most noble forbearance, misinterpreted as fear, will probably enough operate as a snare for such a

person, by tempting him into excesses calculated to rouse that courage with which all genuine forbearance is associated. If the early moderation of Government did really entrap any man, that man has himself, and his own meanness of heart, to thank for his delusion. But were it otherwise, and the Government became properly responsible for any possible misinterpretation of their own lenity—even in that case, it will remain to be enquired whether Government *could* have acted otherwise than it did. For else, though Government could owe little enough to the conspirator ; yet with respect to the ill-educated and misled labouring man, whose honest sensibilities were so grievously played upon by traitors, we do ourselves conceive that Government had a clamorous duty. If such men by thousands believed that the cause of Repeal was patriotic, that we consider a delusion not of a kind or a class to challenge exposure from Government ; they have neither such functions assigned to them, nor could they assume any office of teaching without suspicion. But when the credulity of the poor was shown also in anticipating impunity for the leader of Repeal, and upon the ground that ministers feared him, when for this belief there was really much plausible sanction in the behaviour of the Whig ministers—too plainly it became a marked duty of Sir Robert Peel to warn them how matters stood : to let them know that sedition tended to dangerous results, and that *his* Government was bound by no secret understanding with sedition for averting its natural penalties. So much, we all agree, was due from the present Government to the poorer classes ; and exactly because former governments had practically taken another view of sedition. If, therefore, Sir R. Peel had left unpaid this great debt, he failed grievously in the duties of his high office ; but we are of opinion that he did *not*. We have an obscure remembrance that the Queen's speech uttered a voice on this point—a solemn, a monitory, a parental voice. We seem to recollect also, that in his own parliamentary place he warned the deluded followers of Repeal—that they were engaged in a chase which must be fruitless, and

might easily become criminal. What was open to him, therefore, Sir Robert did. He applied motives, such as there were within his power, to lure men away from this seditious service. The "traps" he laid were all in that direction. If more is required of him by people arguing the case at present, it remains to ask whether more was at that time in his power.

The present administration came into power in September 1841. Why the Repealers did not go to work instantly, is more than we can explain; but so it was. In March of 1843, and not sooner, Mr O'Connell opened a new shop of mercenary agitation, and probably for the last time that he will ever do so. The *surveillance* of Government, it now appears, commenced almost simultaneously; why not the reaction of Government? Upon that it is worth spending a few words. It is now made known to the public, that from the very first Sir R. Peel had taken such measures of precaution as were really open to him. In communicating officially with any district whatsoever, in any one of the three kingdoms, the proper channel through which the directions travel is the lord-lieutenant of the particular county in which the district lies. He is the direct representative of the sovereign—he stands at the head of the county magistrates, and is officially the organ between the executive and his own rural province. To this officer in every county, Sir R. Peel addressed a letter of instructions; and the principle on which these instructions turned was—that for the present he was to exercise a jealous neutrality; not interfering without further directions in ordinary cases, that is, where simply Repeal was advocated, or individuals were abused: but that, on the first *suggestion* of local outrages, the first *incitement* to mischief, arrests and other precautionary measures were to take place. Not much more than twenty years are gone by, since magistrates moved on principles so wholly different, that now, and to the youthful of this generation, they would seem monstrous. In those days, let any man be found to swear that he apprehended danger to his property, or violence to his person, from the assembling of a mob

in a place assigned, and the magistrate would have held it his duty to disperse or prevent that meeting. But now on a *changé tout cela*; and as easily might a magistrate of this day commit Fanny Elssler as a vagabond. Yet even in these days we have heard it mooted—

1. On the mere ground of *numerical amount*, and as for that reason alone an uncontrollable mass, might not such a meeting have been liable to dispersion? *Answer*—this allegation of monstrous numbers was uniformly a falsehood; and a falsehood gross and childish. Was it for the dignity of Government to assume, as grounds of action, fables so absurd as these? Not to have assumed them, will never be made an argument of blame against the Executive: and, indeed, it was not possible to do so, since Government had employed qualified persons to estimate the numbers, and in some instances to measure the ground. The only real charge against Government, in connexion with these fables, is (and we grieve to say it) that of having echoed them, in an ambiguous way, at one point of the trials: not exactly assuming them for true, and resting any other truth upon their credit, but repeating them as parts *inter alia* of current popular hearsay. Now this, though probably the act of some subordinate officer, does a double indignity to Government: it is discreditable to the understanding, if such palpable nursery tales are adopted for any purpose; and openly to adulterate with falsehood, even in those cases where the falsehood is not associated with folly, still more deeply wounds the character of an honourable government. But, besides, had the numerical estimates stood upon any footing of truth, were numbers could not have been pleaded as an argument for reasonable alarm. The false estimate was not pleaded by the Repealers until *after* the meetings, and as an inference from facts. But the use of the argument was *before* the meeting, and to prevent the meeting. And if the experience of past meetings were urged as an argument for presuming that the coming one would be not less numerous, concurrently would be urged this same experience, as a demonstration that no



danger was to be apprehended. Dangerous the meetings certainly were in another sense; but, in the police sense, so little dangerous, that each successive meeting squared, cubed, &c., in geometrical progression the guarantee in point of safety for all meetings that were to follow.

2. On the ground of *sedition*, and disaffection to the Government, might not these assemblages have been lawfully dispersed or prevented? Unfortunately, not under our modern atmosphere of political liberality. In time of war, when it may again become necessary, for the very salvation of the land, to suspend the *habeas corpus* act, sedition would revive into a new meaning. But, at all times, sedition is of too unlimited a nature to form the basis of an affidavit sworn before a police magistrate; and it is an idea which very much sympathizes with the *general* principles of political rights. When these are unusually licentious, sedition is interpreted liberally and laxly. Where danger tightens the restraints upon popular liberty, the idea of sedition is more narrowly defined. Sedition, besides, very much depends upon overt acts as expounding it. And to take any controversial ground for the basis of restraint upon personal liberty, would probably end in disappointment. At the same time, we must make one remark. Some months ago, in considering what offence was committed by the public avowal of the Repeal doctrine, we contended, that it amounted constructively to treason; and on the following argument—Why had any body supposed it lawful to entertain or to propagate such a doctrine? Simply, on the reflexion that, up to the summer of 1800, there *was* no union with Ireland: since August of that 1800, this great change had been made. And by what? By an act of Parliament. But could there be any harm in seeking the repeal of a parliamentary act? Is not *that* done in every session of the two Houses? And as to the more or less importance of an act, *that* is a matter of opinion. But we contended, that the sanctity of an act is to be deduced from the sanctity of the subjects for which it legislates. And, in proof of this, we alleged the

*Act of Settlement*. Were it so, that simply the term *Act of Parliament* implied a license universally for undoing and canceling it, then how came the Act of Settlement to enjoy so peculiar a consecration? We take upon us to say—that, in any year since the Revolution of 1688-9, to have called a meeting for the purpose of framing a petition against this act, would have been treason. Might not Parliament itself entertain a motion for repealing it, or for modifying it? Certainly; for we have no laws resembling those Athenian laws, which made it capitally punishable to propose their repeal. And secondly,—no body external to the two Houses, however venerable, can have power to take cognizance of words uttered in either of those Houses. Every Parliament, of necessity, must be invested with a discretionary power over every arrangement made by their predecessors. Each several Parliament must have the same power to *undo*, which former Parliaments had to *do*. The two Houses have the keys of St Peter—to unloose in the nineteenth century whatever the earliest Parliament in the twelfth century could bind. But this privilege is proper and exclusive to the two Houses acting in conjunction. Outside their walls, no man has power to do more than to propose as a petitioner some lawful change. But how could that be a lawful change which must begin by proposing to shift the allegiance into some other channel than that in which it now flows? The line of succession, as limited in the act, is composed of persons all interested. As against *them*, merely contingent and reversionary heirs, no treason could exist. But we have supposed the attempt to be against the individual family then occupying the throne. And it is clear that no pretence, drawn from the repealable nature of an English law, can avail to make it less, or other than treason, for a person outside of Parliament to propose the repeal of *this* act as to any point affecting the existing royal family, or at least, so many of that family as are privileged persons known to the constitution. Now, then, this remark instantly points to two classes of acts; one upon which to all men is open

the right of calling for Repeal; another upon which no such right is open. But if this be so, then to urge the legality of calling for a Repeal of the Union, on the ground that this union rests only upon an act of Parliament, is absurd; because that leaves it still doubtful whether this act falls under the one class or the other.

Why do we mention this? Because we think it exceedingly important that the attention of parliament should be called to the subject, and to the necessity of holding certain points in our constitution as absolutely sacred. If a man or party should go about proclaiming the unlawfulness, in a religious sense, of *property*, and agitating for that doctrine amongst the lower classes by appropriate arguments—it would soon be found necessary to check them, and the sanctity of property would soon be felt to merit civil support. Possibly it will be replied—"Supposing the revolutionary doctrines followed by overt acts, then the true redress is by attacking these acts." Yet every body feels that, if the doctrine and the acts continued to propagate themselves, very soon both would be punished. In the case where missionaries incited negro slaves to outrages on property, or were said to do so, nobody proposed to punish only the overt outrages. So, again, in the event of those doctrines being revived which denounced all differences of rank, and the official distinctions of civil government, it would be too late to punish the results after the bonds of society were generally relaxed. Ministers are placed in a very false position, continually taxing a man with proposing the repeal of a law as if *that* were an admitted crime, and yet also pronouncing the proposed repeal of any law to be a privilege of every citizen. They will soon find it necessary to make their election for one or other of these incompatible views.

Meantime, in direct opposition to this uncertainty of the ministers, the Irish Attorney-General has drawn the same argument from the Act of Settlement which we have drawn. In February 1844, the Irish Attorney-General pronounced his views; *Blackwood's Magazine* in August or

September 1843. A fact which we mention—not as imputing to that learned gentleman any obligation to ourselves; for, on the contrary, it strengthens the opinion to have been *independently* adopted by different minds, but in order to acquit ourselves from the natural suspicion of having, in a legal question, derived our own views from a high legal authority.

3. Might not the Repeal Association have been arrested and prosecuted at first, viz. in March 1843, as six months afterwards they were, on a charge of conspiracy? That was a happy thought, by whomsoever suggested; and strange that an idea, so often applied to minor offences as well as to political offences, should not at once have been seen to press with crushing effect upon these disturbers of the public peace. Since the great change in the combination laws, this doctrine of conspiracy is the only means by which masters retain any power at all. Wheresoever there are reciprocal rights, for one of the two antagonist interests to combine in defence of their own, presupposes in very many cases an unfair disturbance of the legal equilibrium. Society, as being an inert body in relation to any separate interests of its own, and chiefly from the obscurity of these interests, cannot be supposed to combine; and therefore cannot combine even to prevent combinations. Government is the perpetual guardian and organ of society in relation to its interests. Government, therefore, prosecutes. This, however, left the original question as to the Repeal of the Irish Union act, whether a lawful attempt or not lawful, untouched. And necessary it was to do so. Had the prosecutor even been satisfied on that point, no jury would have regarded it as other than a delicate question in the casuistry of political metaphysics. But the offence of combining, by means of tumultuous meetings, and by means of connecting with this obscure question rancorous nationalities or personalities, so as to make *that* a matter of agitating interest to poor men, which else they would have regarded as a pure scholastic abstraction—this was a crime well understood by the jury; and thence

flowed the verdict. But could not the same verdict have been obtained in the month of March? Certainly not. For the act of *conspiracy* must prove itself by collusion between speeches and speeches, between speeches and newspapers, between reporters and newspapers, being newspaper and newspaper. But in the infancy of such a concern, these links of concert and mutual reverberation are few, hard to collect, and unless carelessly diffused, (as in the palmy days of the Repeal Association they were,) difficult to prove.

In short, no indictment could have availed that was not founded on the offence of conspiracy; and *that* would not have been available with certainty much before the autumn, when in fact the conspirators were held to bail. To have failed would have been ruinous. We have seen how hardly the furious Opposition have submitted to the Government measure, under its present principle of simple confidence in the law as it is: had new laws, or suspension of old ones, been found requisite—the desperate resistance of the Liberals would have reacted contagiously on the excitement in Ireland, so as to cause more mischief in a secondary way, than any measure of restraint upon the Repealers could have healed directly.

It is certain, meantime, that Sir R. Peel did not wish to provoke a struggle with the Repealers. Feeling, probably, considerable doubts upon the issue of any trial, moving upon whatsoever principle—because in any case the composition of the jury must depend a good deal upon chance, and one recalcitrant juror, or one juror falling ill at a critical moment, might have reduced the whole process to a nihility—Sir Robert, like any moderate man, hoped that his warnings might meet with attention. They did not. So far from *that*, the Repealers kindled into more frenzy through their own violence, irritated no doubt by public sympathy with their worst counsels in America and elsewhere. At length the case indurated in the minister's instructions to the lords-lieutenant of counties, the *casus fœderis*, actually occurred. One meeting was fixed ostentatiously on the anniversary of the

rebellion in 1798; and against the intended meeting at Clontarf, large displays of cavalry and of military discipline were publicly advertised. These things were decisive: the viceroy returned suddenly to Ireland: the Privy Council of Ireland assembled: a proclamation issued from government: the conspirators were arrested: and in the regular course the trials came on.

Such is our account of the first stage in this great political transaction; and this first stage it is which most concerns the reputation of Government. For though the merit of the trials, or second stage, must also belong to Government, so far as regards the resolution to adopt this course, and the general principle of their movement; yet in the particular conduct of their parts, these trials naturally devolved upon the law-officers. In the admirable balance of firmness and forbearance it is hardly possible to imagine the minister exceeded. And here, where chiefly he stood between a double fire of attacks, irreconcilable in themselves, and proceeding not less from friends than foes, it is now found by official exposures that Sir Robert's conduct is not open to a trivial demerit. He made his preparations for vindicating the laws in such a spirit of energy, as though he had resolved upon allowing no escape for the enemy; he opened a *locus penitentie*, noiseless and indulgent to the feelings of the offenders, with so constant an overture of placability as if he had resolved upon letting them *all* escape. The kindness of the manner was as perfect as the brilliancy of the success.

Next, as regards the trials, there is so very much diffused through the speeches or the incidents of what is noticeable on one ground or other—that we shall confine ourselves to those points which are chiefly concerned in the one great factions (let us add fraudulent) attempt within the House of Commons to disparage the justice of the trial. In all history, we remember nothing that ever issued from a baffled and mortified party more audacious than this. As, on the other hand, in all history we remember nothing more anxiously or sublimely conscientious than the whole



conduct of the trial. More conspicuously are these qualities displayed, as it was inevitable they should, in the verdict. Never yet has there been a document of this nature more elaborate and fervent in the energy of its distinctions, than this most memorable verdict; and the immortal twelve will send down their names to posterity as the roll-call of those upright citizens, who, in defiance of menaces, purchased peace to their afflicted country at the price of peril to themselves. With partisans, of course, all this goes for nothing; and no cry was more steadily raised in the House of Commons than the revolting falsehood—that the conspirators had not obtained a fair trial. Upon the three pretences by which this monstrous allegation endeavoured to sustain itself, we will say a word. Two quarrels have been raised with incidents occurring at separate stages in the striking of the jury. What happened first of all was supposed to be a mere casual effect of hurry. Good reason there has since appeared, to suspect in this affair no such excusable accident, but a very fraudulent result of a plan for vitiating the whole proceedings. Such things are likely enough to be attempted by obscure partisans. But at all events any trick that may have been practised, is traced decisively to the party of the defendants. But the whole effect of the trick, if such it were, was to diminish the original fund from which the names of the second list were to be drawn, by about one twenty-ninth part. But this inconsiderable loss was as likely to serve the defendants as not; for the object, as we have said, was—simply by vitiating the proceeding to protract the trial, and thus to benefit by a larger range of favourable accidents. But why not cure this irregularity, however caused, by the means open to the court? Simply for these reasons, explained by the Attorney-General:—1st, that such a proceeding would operate injuriously upon many other trials; and 2d, as to this particular trial, that it would delay it until the year 1845. The next incident is still more illustrative of the determination, taken beforehand, to quarrel with the arrangements, on whatever principle conducted. When

the list of persons eligible as jurors has been reduced by the unobjectionable process of balloting to forty-eight, from that amount they are further reduced by ultimate challenges; and the necessity resting upon each party to make these challenges is not discretionary, but peremptory. It happened that the officer who challenged on behalf of the crown, struck off about ten Roman Catholics. The public are weary of hearing it explained—that these names were not challenged as Catholics, but as Repealers. Some persons have gone so far as to maintain—that even Repealers ought not to have been challenged. This, however, has been found rather too strong a doctrine for the House of Commons—to have asked for a verdict of guilty from men glorying in the very name which expresses the offence. Did any man ever suggest a special jury of smugglers in a suit of our lady the Queen, for the offence of “running” goods? Yet certainly they are well qualified as respects professional knowledge of the case. We on our part maintain, that not merely Repealers were inadmissible on the Dublin jury, but generally Roman Catholics; and we say this without disrespect to that body. As will appear from what follows. It will often happen that men are challenged as labouring under prejudices which disqualify them for an impartial discharge of a juror’s duty. But these prejudices may be of two kinds. First, they may be the natural product of a certain birth, education, and connexion; and these are cases in which it will almost be a *duty* for one so biased to have contracted something of a permanent inability to judge fairly under circumstances which interest his prejudices. But secondly, there are other prejudices, as, for instance, of passions, of blind anger, or of selfish interest. Such cases of prejudice are less honourable; and yet no man scruples to tell another, under circumstances of this nature, that he cannot place confidence in his impartiality. No offence is either meant or taken. A trial is transferred from Radnorshire to Warwickshire in order to secure justice: yet Radnorshire is not offended. And every day a witness is

told to stand down, when he is acknowledged to have the slightest pecuniary interest in the case, without feeling himself incited. Yet the insinuation is a most gross one—that, because he might be ten guineas richer or poorer by the event of the trial, he is not capable of giving a fair testimony. This would be humiliating, were it not seen that keen interests compel men to speak bluntly and plainly: men cannot sacrifice their prospects of justice to ceremony and form. Now, when a Roman Catholic is challenged as a jurymen, under the first and comparatively offensive mode of imputation. It is not said—you are under a cloud of passion, or under a bias of gross self-interest. But simply—you have certain religious opinions: no imputation is made on your integrity. On the contrary, it is honourable to you that you should be alive to the interests of your class. Some think, and so may you, that separation from England would elevate the Catholics; since, in such a case, undoubtedly your religion would become predominant in Ireland. It is but natural, therefore, that you should lean to the cause of those who favour yours. In setting aside a Catholic as a jurymen on the trial of Repealers, this is the imputation made upon him. Now, what is there in that to wound any man's feelings? Lastly, it is alleged that the presiding judge summed up in terms unfavourable to the Repealers. Of course he did; and, as an upright judge, how could he have done otherwise? Let us for one moment consider this point also. It is often said that the judge is counsel for the prisoner. But this is a gross misconception. The judge, properly speaking, is counsel for the law, and for every thing which can effect the right understanding of the evidence. Consequently he sometimes appears to be advocating the prisoner's cause, merely because the point which he is clearing up happens to make for the prisoner. But equally he would have appeared to be against the prisoner, if he found it necessary to dissipate perplexities that would have benefited the prisoner. His business is with no personal interest, but generally with the interest of truth and equity—

whichever way those may point. Upon this principle, in summing up, it is the judge's duty to appraise the entire evidence; and if any argument lurks obscurely in the evidence, he must strip it of its obscurity, and bring it forward with fuller advantage. That may happen to favour the prisoner, or it may weigh against him. But the judge cannot have any regard to these consequences. His concern is simply with the pressure and incidence of the testimony. If, therefore, a prisoner has brought forward witnesses who were able to depose any thing in his favour, be assured that the judge will not overlook that deposition. But, if no such deposition were made, is it meant that the judge is to invent it? The whole notion has grown out of the original conceit—that a defendant in relation to the judge is in the relation of a client to an advocate. But this is no otherwise true than as it is true of every party and interest connected with the case. All these alike the judge is to uphold in their true equitable position and rights. In summing up, the judge used such facts as had been furnished to him. All these happened to be against the Repealers; and therefore the judge appeared to be against them. But the same impression would have resulted, if he had simply read his notes of the evidence.

Such are the desperate attempts to fasten charges of unfairness on this fairest of all recorded trials. And with an interest so keen in promoting the belief of some unfairness, was there ever yet a trial that could have satisfied the losing party? Losers have a proverbial privilege for being out of temper. But in this case more is sought than the mere gratification of wrath. Fresh hopes spring up in every stage of this protracted contest, and they are all equally groundless. First, Mr O'Connell was not to be arrested: it was impossible and absurd to suppose it. Next, *being* arrested, he was not to be tried. We must all remember the many assurances in Dublin papers—that all was done to save appearances, but that no trial would take place. Then, when it was past denial that the trial had really begun, it was to break down on grounds past numbering. Finally,

the jury would never dare to record a verdict of guilty. This, however, being actually done, then was Mr O'Connell to bring writs of error; he was to "take the sense" of the whole Irish bench; and, having taken all that, he was to take the sense of the Lords. And after all these things were accomplished, finally (as we then understood it) he was to take himself off in the direction pointed out by the judges. But we find that he has not yet reconciled himself to *that*. Intimations come out at intervals that the judges will never dare to pass any but a nominal sentence upon him. We conclude that all these endless conflicts with the legal necessities of his case are the mere gasconades of Irish newspapers, addressing themselves to provincial readers. Were there reason to suppose them authorized by the Repealers, there would be still higher argument for what we are going to say. But under any circumstances, we agree with the opinion expressed dispassionately and seasonably by the *Times* newspaper—that judgment must be executed in this case. We agree with that journal—that the nation requires it as a homage rendered necessary to the violated majesty of law. Nobody wishes that, at Mr O'Connell's age, any severe punishment should be inflicted. Nobody will misunderstand, in such a case, the mitigation of the sentence.

The very absence of all claim to mitigation, makes it impossible to mistake the motive to lenity in *his* case. But judgment must be done on Cawdor. Two aggravations, and heavy ones, of the offence have occurred even since the trial. One is the tone of defiance still maintained by newspapers under his control. Already, with one voice, they are ready to assure the country, in case of the sentence being incommensurate to the case, that Government wished to be severe, but had not courage for the effort; and that Government dares not enforce the sentence. The other aggravation lies in this—that he, a convicted conspirator, has presumed to take his seat amongst the senators of the land—"Venit in senatum, sit particeps consilii." Yet Catiline, here denounced to the public rage, *was* not a *convicted* conspirator; and even his conspiracy rests very much on the word of an enemy. It is true that, in some formal sense, a man's conviction is not complete in our law until sentence has been pronounced. But this makes no real difference as to the scandalous affront which Mr O'Connell has thus put upon the laws of the land. And in that view, viz. as an atonement for the many outrages offered to the laws, that the nation waits for the consummation of this public example.



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## IMPRISONMENT AND TRANSPORTATION.

No. I.

### THE INCREASE OF CRIME.

AMONG the many causes of anxiety which the present state of society in the British empire must occasion to every thoughtful or reflecting mind—one of the most extraordinary and alarming is, the *constant and uninterrupted increase of crime*. The Liberals shut their eyes to this, because it affords a sad illustration of the effect of their favourite theories, which for a quarter of a century have been, under the direction of his Majesty's Ministry or his Majesty's Opposition, in almost ceaseless operation. The selfish and inconsiderate (and they form the vast majority of men) give themselves no sort of trouble about the matter: they care not though their neighbours are murdered or robbed, plundered or swindled, so as they escape unscathed themselves; and without either thinking on the subject, or suggesting one remedy for its evils, interfere only, with stentorian lungs, to resist any project to arrest them having the remotest tendency to terminate in an assessment. Their principle is to take of civilisation only its fruits, and steadily to withstand the concomitant evils; and the simple way by which they think this is to be effected—is quietly, and without saying a word, to reap the benefit of manufacturing industry in the doubling or tripling of their incomes; but to roar out like madmen if the smallest per centage is pro-

posed to be laid on them, to arrest or mitigate the evils which that industry brings in its train. Government meanwhile, albeit fully aware of the danger, is not sufficiently strong to do any thing to avert it; its own majority is paralysed by the inherent selfishness of mankind; and nothing but some great and stunning public calamity can, it is universally felt, awaken the country to a sense of the evils growing out of its greatness, but threatening in the end to endanger its existence. Thus nothing is done, or at least nothing effectual is done, to avert the dangers: every one shuts his eyes to them, or opens them only to take measures to avert an assessment; and meanwhile crime advances with the steps of a giant, sweeping whole classes of society into its vortex, and threatening to spread corruption and vice, in an incredible manner, through the densest and most dangerous classes of the community.

Authentic and irrefragable evidence of the magnitude of this danger exists in the statistical tables of committals which have now, for a very considerable time, been prepared in all parts of the British empire. Since the year 1805, when regular tables of commitments first began to be kept in England, commitments have increased *sixfold*: they have swelled from five to thirty-one thousand. During

the same period population has advanced about sixty per cent : in other words, detected crime has advanced FOUR TIMES AS FAST AS THE NUMBERS OF THE PEOPLE. Unwilling as we are to load our pages with statistical tables—which, attractive to the thinking few, are repulsive to the unthinking many—we must yet request our readers to cast their eyes to the bottom of the pages, where these appalling truths are demonstrated by the parliamentary returns. In Scotland and Ireland the returns of commitments have not been kept, until within the last twenty years, with such accuracy as can be relied on ; but they exhibit an increase still more alarming. Ireland, as might be expected, exhibits a growth of crime which has fully kept pace with that of England during the same period : but Scotland exhibits a change which fairly outstrips all the others in the race of iniquity. In 1803, Lord Advocate Hope said in Parliament, that more crime was tried at one Quarter Sessions at Manchester than over all Scotland in a whole year : and the proceedings of the criminal courts to the north of the Tweed, at that period, amply demonstrated the truth of his assertion. In the year 1805, eighty-nine criminals were brought before

the whole tribunals, supreme and inferior, in Scotland ; but in the year 1842, the committals for serious offences were nearly four thousand—in other words, serious crime, in less than forty years, had augmented in Scotland above THIRTY-SIX FOLD. During the same period population has advanced about fifty per cent, viz. from 1,800,000 to 2,660,000 ; so that in moral, staid, and religious Scotland, serious crime, during the last forty years, has risen TWENTY-FIVE TIMES as fast as the number of the people.\*

Overlooked as this prodigious change has been, as all things are which arise gradually in this country, it has yet attracted, as well it might, the astonishment of writers on the Continent. Nine years ago, M. Moreau observed, speaking of the increase of crime in Scotland—" In the year 1805, the criminal commitments in Scotland were eighty-nine : they are now 2864—that is, they have increased in thirty years thirty-fold. It would appear that Scotland, in becoming a manufacturing state, has in a great degree lost the virtue and simplicity of character by which she was formerly distinguished." †

What renders this prodigious increase of crime in so short a period,

\* Table showing the progress of crime in the British islands since 1805, in so far as can be ascertained.

Years.	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.	Years.	England.	Scotland.	Ireland.
1805	4605	89	3600	1824	13,698	1802	15,258
1806	4346	101	3781	1825	14,437	1876	15,515
1807	4446	97	3522	1826	16,164	1999	16,318
1808	4735	124	3704	1827	17,924	2116	18,031
1809	5330	Chasm.	3641	1828	16,564	2024	14,683
1810	5146		3799	1829	18,675	2063	15,271
1811	5337		4162	1830	18,107	2329	15,794
1812	6576		4286	1831	19,647	2451	16,192
1813	7164		Chasm.	1832	20,829	2431	16,056
1814	6390			1833	20,072	2564	17,819
1815	7818			1834	22,451	2691	24,381
1816	9091			1835	20,731	2867	21,205
1817	13,932			1836	20,984	3922	23,891
1818	13,567			1837	23,612	3126	24,804
1819	14,254			1838	23,094	3418	25,723
1820	13,710	1486		1839	24,443	3409	26,392
1821	13,115	1522		1840	27,187	3872	23,833
1822	12,241	1691	13,251	1841	27,760	3562	20,796
1823	12,263	1733	14,632	1842	31,309	3884	

† PORTER'S *Progress of the Nation*, iii. 172, 227.

† MOREAU, *Stat. de la Grande Bretagne*, vol. ii. p. 317.

in all parts of the British Empire, in a peculiar manner extraordinary and alarming, is, that it has taken place at the very time when unheard-of efforts were made, in every part of the country, for the moral and religious instruction of the people. We are very far indeed from saying that enough has been done in this way: no one is better aware that the vast debt, which the prosperous wealth of Britain owes in this respect to its suffering indigence, is still in great part undischarged, and that till it is taken up and put on a proper footing *by the state*, it never can be completely liquidated;—still, more has been done to discharge it during the last thirty years, than in the whole previous centuries which have elapsed since the Reformation. The churches of England and Scotland, during that period, have improved to an astonishing degree in vigour and efficiency: new life, a warmer spirit, a holier ambition, has been breathed into the Establishment; the dissenters of all denominations have vied with them in zeal and effort; churches and chapels have been built and opened in every direction; and though they have by no means, in the manufacturing districts, kept pace with the increase of population, yet they have advanced with a rapidity hitherto unheard of in British history. The laity of all denominations have made extraordinary efforts to promote the cause of education. In this great and good work, persons of all descriptions have, though from very different motives, laboured together; but much remains to be done. We well know how many tens and hundreds of thousands, in the manufacturing districts, are now wandering in worse than heathen darkness in the midst of a Christian land;—we well know what insurmountable obstacles mere voluntary zeal and exertion meet with in the most praiseworthy efforts, from the selfish resistance of property and the reckless dissipation of indigence. But still, no one acquainted with the subject can deny, that during the last thirty years, incomparably more has been done to promote education among the poor than in the preceding three centuries. Yet this period of anxious solicitude, awakened fear, and general effort

to stem, by all the known methods, the deluge of profligacy and depravity with which the country has been flooded, has been characterized by an increase of crime, and a general loosening of morals among the labouring classes, hitherto unprecedented in the country—certainly not equaled during the same period in any other European state, and, so far as we know, without an example in the previous history of mankind.

Struck with astonishment at this extraordinary and painful phenomenon, and wholly at a loss to explain it on any of the principles to which they have been accustomed to give credit, the Liberals have generally endeavoured to deny its existence. They say that the returns of commitments do not afford a correct measure of the crime that really exists in the country; that a police force is now more generally established, and is incomparably more vigilant than heretofore; that crimes are classified in a different way from what they formerly were; and that though the figures do not err, yet the results to which they point are not the real ones. There is some truth in these observations. It is true that a police force is more extensively established, and is more efficient than it formerly was;—it is true that crimes are now differently classified, and enter different columns, and appear in different returns from what they formerly did;—it is true that there are specialties in the case;—but it is not true that those specialties tend to make the returns of crime appear greater than the reality; on the contrary, they all tend the other way. They show that the returns as now constructed, and the police force as it at present exists, do not by any means exhibit the growth of crime in its true colours; that it is in reality *incomparably greater* than these returns or this agency has brought to light; and that, great as the evil appears from an examination of the Parliamentary returns, it is in truth far more colossal and alarming.

How is a police force established in any part of Great Britain? If we except the metropolis, where the vast concourse from all parts of the empire unavoidably forced upon government, fourteen years ago, the establishment of a central police, since found



to be attended with such admirable effects, it is every where set on foot by the *voluntary act* of the inhabitants, or a certain portion of them, in a peculiar manner cognizant of the necessity which exists for such an addition to the means of public defence. In boroughs, it is generally the magistrates, elected by a suffrage little superior to household suffrage, who introduce such a measure. In counties, it can only be proposed by the justices of peace in England, or commissioners of supply in Scotland—both of which bodies are thoroughly imbued with, and fairly represent, the general voice of the community. In all cases, whether in the metropolis or in the provinces, a police imposes *an immediate and heavy burden on all householders*. In London £40,000 a-year is given by government to aid in the support of the police; but the whole remainder of the cost, amounting to four times as much, falls on the ratepayers. In the provinces the whole cost of every police force falls on the householders; and our readers need not be told how heavy it sometimes is, and how universally it is every where complained of.

Now, if there is any one peculiarity more than another by which this generation is distinguished, it is aversion to assessment. People may differ in other respects as to the designation by which the age should be characterized; but we believe all will agree that it is a *tax-hating age*. What did this nation first do on being liberated from danger by the battle of Waterloo? Throw off the income-tax. What alone induced them to submit to it again on the modified scale of three per cent? The disasters in Afghanistan; the perils of our Indian empire; the rocking of Britain to its foundation. When therefore, in such a country and in such an age, we see numerous bodies of men—popularly elected in some cases, in all swayed by the popular voice—concurring, in a great many places, in the taxation of themselves for the establishment of a police, we may rely upon it that some very general and grinding sense of necessity has been at work to produce the effect. Nothing but this could overcome, in men

really and practically invested in this particular with the power of self-government, the universal and almost invincible repugnance to assessments. Rely upon it, for every crime which is brought to light, and made the subject of commitment and trial by the institution of a police force, ten previously existed, undetected and unpunished, before men were driven to the *flexible remedium*, the *ultimum malum*, of taxing themselves for the establishment of a force to repress them.

To illustrate the strength of this resistance, and the important bearing it has upon the present question, we shall refer only to two instances—one in England, and one in Scotland. It is well known what a scene of confusion and disorder South Wales has for years past been. The bloodshed at Merthyr-Tydvil, the strikes in Glamorganshire, the attack on Newport, and the Rebecca riots, had for a series of years fixed the attention of all parts of the empire upon this, as one of the most inflammable and dangerous portions of the community. Nor did these disorders appear surprising to those who were practically acquainted with the state of the country, overrun as it is in many places by vast iron-works, which have brought together a great and reckless population, and inhabited in all by a discontented and ill-instructed peasantry. Population had advanced with unexampled rapidity—having increased, from 1831 to 1841, *thirty-six and a tenth per cent* in Monmouthshire; the greatest increase during the same period of any county in the British empire.\* Here then, if any where, it might have been expected that a general feeling of insecurity, the sense of an overbearing necessity, would have overcome the general repugnance of men towards local assessment, and led to the establishment of a police force in all the counties of South Wales, on a scale adequate to the magnitude of the danger with which they were threatened. Was it so? Had the counties taken the requisite steps to avoid the calamity? Quite the reverse; the aversion to a police assessment was so strong, that nothing whatever had been done. Glamorganshire had only

established one on a small scale, after repeated and earnest efforts on the part of its able and public-spirited lord-lieutenant, the Marquis of Bute; and the Rebecca riots surprised the adjoining counties without any preparation whatever. And even after those disgraceful disorders had continued several weeks, and rendered South Wales the scandal of the empire, and the astonishment of Europe; still the repugnance to assessment was such, that it was only after a severe struggle, and by no small exertions, that it was at length carried; and the public-spirited member for the county, who to his infinite credit brought forward the measure, stated at the county meeting on the subject, that he was aware he endangered his seat by so doing!

The Scotch have shown themselves not a whit behind their southern compatriots in repugnance to a police assessment. In Lanarkshire, as it is well known, the iron and coal trades have made unexampled progress during the last ten years. Its population, in consequence, has enormously increased; having risen from 316,000 to 431,000 in ten years, from 1831 to 1841—an increase of thirty-six per cent in that short time—the next to Monmouthshire of the whole empire. Crime had, of course, enormously increased. In 1835, the committals for serious offences were 401: in 1842, they had risen to 696—being an increase of seventy-five per cent in seven years.\* Serious crime, therefore, so far as detected, was doubling in ten years, while population was doubling in thirty—in other words, detected crime was increasing *three times as fast as the numbers of the people*. Disturbances, as a matter of course, of a very serious nature had arisen. In 1837, the great cotton-spinners' conspiracy, which led to the memorable trial, had kept above twenty thousand persons in Lanarkshire, for four months, in a state of compulsory destitution. In 1842, the colliers' strike threw a still greater number into a state of idleness for five months, which led to a general system of plunder, and forcible seizure of the

farmers' produce in the fields; only repressed, with infinite difficulty, by the introduction of a large military force, aided by the yeomanry of the county, who were on permanent duty for six weeks, and the establishment for a few months, by subscription, of a powerful police. In October 1842, twenty policemen, who had some prisoners in charge for combination offences, were assaulted by a furious mob of two thousand persons on the streets of Airdrie, in the centre of the mining district of the county, the house in which they had taken refuge set on fire, and the prisoners by main force rescued from the hands of the law.† These facts were known to the whole county, and the terror which, in consequence, pervaded the agricultural inhabitants or the mining districts was so great, that in a petition to government praying for protection, they stated—that they would be better if law were altogether abolished, and every man were allowed to defend himself by fire-arms, than they were now; for that, if they used lethal weapons in defence of their property, they ran the risk of being transported for culpable homicide—if they did not, they were certain of being plundered by the combined workmen. And what did the county do to arrest this disgraceful and perilous system of outrage and plunder? Why, in the full knowledge of all these facts, they passed a solemn resolution at Lanark, on 30th April 1843, that *they never would again, on any occasion, or under any circumstances of necessity whatever, sanction the employment of any police or defensive force raised at their expense*.

We do not suppose that the inhabitants of South Wales or the banks of the Clyde are particularly shortsighted or selfish, or more inclined to resist assessment for objects of public utility or necessity than those of other parts of the empire. On the contrary, we know that they are in a remarkable degree the reverse; and that in no part of the world are undertakings in public improvement or charity entered into with more alacrity, and supported with more liberal-

\* PORTER'S *Parliamentary Tables*.

† These facts were all proved in the subsequent trial of the leaders of the riot, at Edinburgh.

ity. We suppose the Scotch and Welsh are what other men are—neither better nor worse. We adduce these facts, not as tending to fasten any peculiar charge on them, but as indicating the general character of human nature, and the universal repugnance to taxation, which, when men are really and practically, and not in form only, invested with the power of self-government, appears the moment that any proposition of subjecting them to assessment for the purpose of local defence and protection, even under the most aggravating circumstances, is brought forward. How great, then, must have been the mass of experienced, but undetected and unpunished, crime which pervades the state, when this all but invincible repugnance has been generally overcome, and men in so many cities and counties have been induced to submit to the certainty of the visit of the tax-gatherer, rather than the chance of a visit from the thief or the burglar!

And for decisive evidence that the new establishment of a police force is not, by the crimes which it is the means of bringing to light, the cause of the prodigious increase of crime of late years in the British empire, we refer to the contemporary examples of two other countries, in which a police force on a far more extensive scale has been established, and has been found the means of effecting a signal *diminution* of crime and commitment. In Hindostan, as is well known, a most extensive and admirably organized system of police has been found absolutely indispensable to repress the endless robberies of which its fertile plains had long been the

theatre; and the force employed, permanently or occasionally, in this way amounts to a *hundred and sixty thousand*! The consequence has been a *diminution* of crime and commitments, during the last forty years, fully as remarkable as this simultaneous increase in the British islands. The official reports which have been compiled in India by the British authorities, exhibit of late years the pleasing prospect of a decrease of serious crime to a third or fourth part of its former amount.\*

Look at France during the same period. That there is in that great country a numerous and well-organized police force, will not probably be denied by those who know any thing, either of its present circumstances by observation, or its past from history. Unlike Great Britain, it is universally established and raised, not by separate acts of Parliament, local effort, and contribution, but by a *general* assessment, under the name of "Centimes Additionnels," yet varying in particular districts, according to the necessity and amount of the defensive force, but, in all, imposed by the authority and levied by the officers of government. And what has been the result? Is it that crime, from being generally brought to light, evinces the same steady and alarming increase which is conspicuous in all parts of the British islands? Quite the reverse: criminal law and a powerful system of police appear there in their true light, as checking and deterring from crime. Population is advancing steadily though slowly in that country, crime is stationary or declining; † and while the most

\* Table showing the diminution of crime in British India:—

CIRCUIT COURT OF BENGAL.					
	Burglary.	Cattle-stealing.	Fraud.	Larceny.	Total.
1816 to 1818.....	2853	203	150	1516	3722
1825 to 1827.....	1036	31	49	223	1339

#### LOWER AND WESTERN PROVINCES OF BENGAL.

LOWER.		WESTERN.	
Sentenced.		Gang Robberies.	Murder.
1816.....	13,869	1807.....	1481
1827.....	8075	1824.....	234
			30

—MARTIN'S *British Colonies*. 12mo, Edin. 1X. 322, 329.

† Table showing the persons accused at the Assize Courts of France in the under-mentioned years:—

1828—6922	1832—7565	1836—6280	1840—6117
1829—7359	1833—6694	1837—7164	1841—
1830—6962	1834—6952	1838—6872	1842—
1831—7604	1835—6371	1839—6271	

—PORTER'S *Parl. Tables*, vi. 346.



powerful and efficient police in Europe only bring to light about 7000 serious criminals annually out of 34,000,000 souls—that is, 1 in 6700—in Great Britain, out of a population, including England and Scotland, of 18,000,000 in round numbers, there were in 1842 no less than 34,800 persons charged with serious crimes before the criminal tribunals, or 1 in 514—in other words, serious crime is *fourteen times* as prevalent in Great Britain as it is in France. Nothing can more clearly demonstrate the deplorable fallacy of those who ascribe the present extraordinary frequency and uninterrupted growth of crime in this country, as attested by the criminal returns, to the vigilance of the police in bringing it to light.

In truth, so far from its being the case that crime is now better looked after, and therefore more frequently brought to light than formerly, and that it is that which swells our criminal returns, the fact is directly the reverse. So weak, feeble, and disjointed, are the efforts of our various multifarious and unconnected police establishments over the country generally,\* that we assert, without the fear of contradiction by any person practically acquainted with the subject, that the amount of undetected and unpunished crime is rapidly on the increase, and is now greater than it was in any former period. We would recommend any person who doubts this statement, to go to any of the criminal establishments in the country, and compare the list of informations of serious crimes lodged with those of offenders committed; he will find the latter are scarcely ever so much as a third of the former. These facts do not appear in the criminal returns, because they are not called for; and the police-officers are in no hurry to publish facts which proclaim the insufficiency of the means of repressing crime at their disposal. But occasionally, and under the pressure of immediate danger, or a strong sense of duty on the part of the public functionaries, they do come out. For example, it was stated by Mr Millar, the head of the Glasgow police, (a most able and

active officer,) in a letter read at the county meeting of Lanarkshire on 21st January 1843, on the subject of a police for the rural district of that and the adjoining counties, that in the three months immediately preceding that date, *ninety-one* cases of theft, chiefly by housebreaking, had been reported at the Glasgow police-office, committed in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, but beyond the police bounds; and that from his own information, and that of the other officers of his establishment, this number, great as it was, was not *a third* of the crimes of that description which had actually been committed during that period. On the other hand, it was stated by the sheriff of the county at the same meeting, that in only fourteen of these ninety-one cases had any trace whatever been got of the delinquents. In other words, the number of instances in which any clue was obtained to the criminals was only fourteen out of 273, or *one in twenty nearly*. And yet this miserable dribble of one in twenty, exhibits in the criminal returns for Lanarkshire an increase of *75 per cent* in seven years, or a duplication in ten. This instance, to which hundreds of others might be added from all parts of the country, shows how extreme is the illusion of those who lay the flattering unction to their souls, that serious crime is not now more prevalent than it was formerly, but only better brought to light.

In truth, it has long been known, that in consequence of the relaxation of the severity of our criminal code, and the astonishing increase of serious crimes which cannot be passed over, a vast number of criminals are now disposed of in the police courts, and never appear in the criminal returns at all, who, twenty years ago, were deemed felons of the very highest class, and visited often with death, always with transportation. It was stated in parliament as a subject of complaint against the Lancashire magistrates, that during the insurrection, of 1842 in that county, nearly ten thousand persons were imprisoned, and let go after a short confinement, without ever

\* We except the police of London, which is admirable, and also that of Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester, and Edinburgh; where, though there is great room for improvement, much has been done in this way to repress crime.

being brought to trial. During the disturbances in the same year, in Lanarkshire and many other counties of Scotland, (especially Ayrshire, Fife, and Mid-Lothian,) the accumulation of prisoners was so great, that not only were none detained for trial, but those against whom the evidence was altogether conclusive; but that great numbers were remitted for trial before the summary tribunals, and escaped with a month or two of imprisonment, who had committed capital crimes, and a few years before would infallibly have been transported for fourteen years. We are getting on so fast, that nothing is more common now than to see hardened criminals, both in England and Scotland, disposed of by the police magistrates, and for capital crimes receive a few months' imprisonment. Their names and crimes never appear in the returns at all. There is no fault attaches to any one for this seeming laxity. The thing is unavoidable. If the class of cases were all sent to the higher tribunals which formerly were considered private to them, the judges, were they twice as numerous as they are, would sit in the criminal courts from one year's end to another, and the jails would still be choked up with untried criminals, numbers of whom would linger for years in confinement.

The Liberal party, in the beginning present century, were unanimous in imputing the vast increase of crime to the defects of our criminal law. The nominal severity of that system, it was said, and said justly, with its uncertain punishments and frequent opportunities of escape, afforded in fact a bounty on the commission of crime. Injured parties declined to give information for fear of being bound over to prosecute; witnesses were reluctant to give evidence, judges caught at legal quibbles, juries violated their oaths, in order to save the accused from a punishment which all felt was disproportioned to the offence; and thus the great object of criminal jurisprudence, certainty of punishment, was entirely defeated. There was much truth in these observations, but much fallacy in the hope that their removal would effect any reduction in the number of offences. The object sought for was carried. Humane principles were

triumphant. The labours of Sir Samuel Romilly and Sir James Mackintosh, aided by the cautious wisdom and experienced ability of Sir R. Peel, produced a total revolution in our criminal jurisprudence. The old stain has been removed: we need no longer fear a comparison with the laws of Draco. For the last fifteen years so many offences, formerly capital, have had that dreadful penalty removed, that the law in Great Britain, as now practically administered, is probably the mildest in Europe. Death is scarce ever inflicted except for murder; in cases of housebreaking, even when attended with personal violence, it is never thought of. The executions in Great Britain now range from twenty-five to thirty-five only a-year, instead of a hundred and fifty or two hundred, which they formerly were. And what has been the result? Has the promised and expected diminution of crime taken place, in consequence of the increased certainty of punishment, and the almost total removal of all reasonable or conscientious scruples at being concerned in a prosecution? Quite the reverse. The whole prophecies and anticipations of the Liberal school have been falsified by the result. Crime, so far from declining, has signally increased; and its progress has never been so rapid as during the last fifteen years, when the levity of its administration has been at its maximum. An inspection of the returns of serious crimes already given, will completely demonstrate this.

Next, it was said, that education would lay the axe to the root of crime; that ignorance was the parent of vice; and, by diffusing the schoolmaster, you would extinguish the greater part of the wickedness which afflicted society; that the providing of cheap, innocent, and elevating amusements for the leisure hours of the working-classes, would prove the best antidote to their degrading propensities; and that then, and then only, would crime really be arrested, when the lamp of knowledge burned in every mechanic's workshop, in every peasant's cottage. The idea was plausible, it was seducing, it was amiable; and held forth the prospect of general improvement of morals from the enlarged culture of mind. The present generation is generally, it may almost

be said universally, imbued with these opinions; and the efforts accordingly made for the instruction of the working-classes during the last twenty-five years, have been unprecedented in any former period of our history. What have been the results? Has crime declined in proportion to the spread of education? Are the best instructed classes the least vicious? Has eating of the fruit of the tree of knowledge diminished the power of the Tempter? So far from it, the consequences, hitherto at least, have been melancholy and foreboding in the extreme.

The criminal returns of Great Britain and Ireland for the last twenty years, demonstrate that the uneducated criminals are about a third of the whole: in other words, the educated criminals are to the uneducated as two to one.\* In Scotland, the educated criminals are about *four times* the uneducated; in England, just double; in Ireland, they are nearly

equal. Nay, what is still more remarkable, while the number of uneducated criminals, especially in Scotland, is yearly diminishing, that of educated ones is yearly increasing.† In France, the criminal returns have for long demonstrated that the amount of crime, in all the eighty-four departments of the monarchy, is just in proportion to the number of educated persons which each contains; a fact the more remarkable, as three-fifths of the whole inhabitants of the country have received no education whatever.‡ Of the criminals actually brought before the Courts of Assize, which correspond to our Old Bailey and Circuit Courts, it appears that about four-sevenths are educated, and three-sevenths destitute of any instruction; which gives a greater proportion of criminals to the educated than the uneducated class, as three-fifths of the people are wholly uneducated.§ But what is most

\* Table showing the instruction of criminals over the British Empire in 1841.

Neither read nor write.	Imperfectly.	Well.	Superior.	Total.	
				Educated.	Uneducated.
England...9220	13,532	2,253	126	18,171	9,220
Scotland... 696	2,248	554	42	2,834	696
Ireland....7152	3,084	5,631	0	8,733	7,152
17,068	19,064	8,438	168	29,738	17,068

—PORTER'S *Progress of the Nation*, iii. 201, 214, 215, 232.

† Table showing the centesimal proportion of crime in relation to education in the under-mentioned years.

	Unable to read or write.	Imperfectly.	Well.	Superior.	Not ascertained.	Total.
1836	33.52	52.63	10.36	0.91	2.68	100
1837	35.85	52.08	9.45	0.43	2.18	100
1838	34.42	53.41	9.77	0.34	2.08	100
1839	33.53	53.48	10.07	0.32	2.60	100
1840	33.32	55.57	8.29	0.37	2.45	100
1841	33.21	56.67	7.10	0.43	2.27	100
1842	32.33	58.52	6.77	0.22	2.34	100

—*Parl. Papers*, 5th May 1843. M'CULLOCH, *Stat. of Great Britain*, i. 476-7.

‡ See GUERRY'S *Stat. Tables of France*.

	Uneducated.	Imperfectly educated.	Good do.	Superior do.	Total educated.
§1828	4,116	1,858	780	118	2,756
1831	4,600	2,047	767	190	3,004
1834	4,080	2,061	608	203	2,872

—PORTER'S *Parl. Tables*, ii. 346.



marvellous of all, the criminal returns of Prussia, the most universally educated country in Europe, where the duty of teaching the young is enforced by law upon parents of every description, and entire ignorance is wholly unknown, the proportion of criminals to the entire population is **TWELVE** times greater than in France, where education of any sort has only been imparted to *two-fifths* of the community.\* These facts are startling—they run adverse to many preconceived ideas—they overturn many favourite theories; but they are not the less facts, and it is by facts alone that correct conclusions are to be drawn in regard to human affairs. In America too, it appears from the criminal returns, many of which, in particular towns and states, are quoted in Buckingham's *Travels*, that the educated criminals are to the uneducated often as three, generally as two, to one. These facts completely settle the question; although, probably, the whole present generation must descend to their graves before the truth on the subject is generally acknowledged.

But to any one who reflects on the principles of human nature, and the moving powers by which it is impelled, whether towards virtue or vice, such a result must appear not only intelligible but unavoidable. It is our desires which are our tempters. All the statistical returns prove that the great majority of educated persons, generally at least three-fourths of the whole, have received an *imperfect* education. They have just got knowledge enough to incur its dangers; they have not got enough either to experience its utility or share in its elevation. Their desires are inflamed, their imaginations excited, their cravings multiplied by what they read: but neither their understandings strengthened, their habits improved, nor their hearts purified. The great bulk of mankind at all times, and especially in all manufacturing communities, can

only receive an imperfect education. It is not in the age of twelve hours' labour at factories, and of the employment of children without restraint in coal and iron mines, that any thing approaching to a thorough education can be imparted to the working classes, at least in the manufacturing districts. The conclusion to be drawn from this is, not that education is hopeless and should be abandoned, in relation to the great bulk of men—for we every day, in detached instances, have proof of its immense and blessed influence; the conclusion is, that it is by the active, not the intellectual powers, the desires, not the understanding, that the great majority of men are governed; that it is the vast addition civilization and commerce make to the wants and passions of men, which constitutes the real cause of its demoralizing influence; and that these dangers never will be obviated till means are discovered of combating sin with its own weapons, and by desires as extensively felt as its passions. We must fight it, not only with the armour of reason, but the fire of imagination. It is by *enlisting the desires on the side of virtue and order*, that we can alone generally influence mankind.

It is astonishing how many ways men will turn before they can be brought to admit the simple truth unfolded in the book of Jeremiah and enforced in every page of the gospel, that the heart is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." Driven from the chimeras of mild punishment and general education as antidotes against the antagonist power of sin, philanthropists have at last taken refuge in the infallible effects of *solitary confinement*. Punishment, it was said, is the real demoralizer of society; it is our jails which are the hotbeds and nurseries of crime. Reform them—separate the hardened criminal from the apprentice to crime—

\* In France and Prussia there were in 1826.—

	Prussia.	France.
Crimos against the person	1 in 34.122	1 in 32.411
Do. property	1 in 597	1 in 9.392
Do. on the whole	1 in 587	1 in 7.285

let solitary confinement teach its impressive lessons, and confer its regular habits; and vice, with all its concomitant evils, will disappear from the land. At the same time a great impression was made on the legislature by a graphic, and, in some respects, just description of the suffering in the penal colonies of New South Wales; and the result has been a general adoption, over the whole empire, of the system of long imprisonment instead of transportation, to an extent previously unknown since the system of forced convict-labour in the colonies was introduced. All persons practically acquainted with the subject were aware of the result in which their experiment would terminate, and the fearful multiplication of irreclaimable criminals to which it would lead in the heart of the empire. But unfortunately the persons practically acquainted with the subject had scarcely a voice in the legislature—the current ran strong in favour of lengthened imprisonment, and the abolition, except in very bad cases, of transportation. The judges gave ample scope to the new system, and it received in every point of view a fair experiment. Highway robbers, housebreakers, and habitual thieves, received, in great numbers of cases, sentences of imprisonment, instead of transportation for life or fourteen years. The jails at the same time were every where improved; a general system of prison discipline was adopted and enforced; and solitary confinement, with hard labour, became almost universal. And what has been the result? Why, that it has been now demonstrated by experience, that even the longest imprisonments, and the best system of prison discipline, have no effect, or scarce any, in reclaiming offenders; and that the only effect of the new system has been, to crowd the jails with convicts and the streets with thieves; to load the counties with assessments and the calendars with prisoners; to starve New South Wales for want of compulsory labour, and oppress Great Britain by the redundancy of hardened idleness. We speak of a matter the subject of universal notoriety: ample proof of it will be furnished in a future Number.

But, what is most alarming of all, it has now been completely demonstrated, that we are not to look even to the general spread of religious instruction for any immediate or even rapid diminution of crime, or amelioration of the habits of the labouring classes. We say *immediate or rapid*, because none can be more sensible than we are, that it is thus alone that crime in the end is to be arrested, and that the efforts now making in this respect in all parts of the British empire, are laying the only foundation whereon in future times the superstructure of a moral and orderly society are to be laid. But, as every system must be tested by its fruits, and these fruits in the present forced and artificial state of society are so rapidly brought forth—it is worse than useless to go on encouraging expectations of an *early* reformation of society from the extension of church establishments, the zeal of dissenters, or the efforts of clerical instructors. Depend upon it, half a century must elapse before these praiseworthy and philanthropic efforts produce any *general* effect on the frame of society. We shall be fortunate indeed, if in a whole century the existing evils are in any material degree lessened, and society has gone on so long without one of those terrible convulsions, like the French Revolution, which at once destroy the prospects of the present generation and the hopes of the next.

The reason is, that degraded and sensual men have an instinctive aversion to religious truth, and a still greater distaste for religious restraint. The carnal man is at war with God. When will this great truth, so loudly proclaimed in every page of the gospel, be practically acknowledged and acted upon? To those who are acquainted with the anatomy of crime, and who see exemplified in real life the courses of the wicked, its truth becomes not only evident, but of overwhelming importance. The strength of the world consists in its pleasures and enjoyments. It is the vehemence of the desire for these pleasures and enjoyments, which constitutes the fearful force of its temptations. The whole progress of society, the whole efforts of man, the whole accumula-

tions of wealth are directed, in its later stages, to augment these desires. Necessities in a large portion of society being provided for, pleasures only are thought of. Civilisation increases them, for it augments enjoyment: commerce, for it multiplies the wealth by which it is purchased: ingenuity, for it adds to the instruments of luxury: knowledge, for it spreads an ardent, and often exaggerated picture of its gratifications. The whole efforts of man in civilized life are directed to the increase of human enjoyment, the incitement of human desire. Need we wonder, then, if religion, which prescribes an *abstinence* from the pleasures of sin, which enjoins continence to the sensual, sobriety to the drunkard, reflection to the unheeding, gentleness to the irascible, restraint to the voluptuous, probity to the avaricious, punishment to the profligate, meets in such an age with very few votaries? Some, doubtless, will always be found, who, disgusted with the profligacy with which they are surrounded, are led only the more rapidly to a life of rectitude and duty by such vice; but how many are they amidst the crowd of sensual and unreflecting? Perhaps one in twenty. The great mass pass quietly by on the other side; they do not say there is no God, but they live altogether without God in the world. In vain are efforts made to reclaim the vicious, to bring up their children in the way they should go, in the hope that when they are old they will not desert it. The grown-up will not go to church; in manufacturing towns they will not even put on Sunday's clothes, but revel in intoxication or sloth in their working-dresses all the Lord's day; except when softened by misfortune, or roused by calamity, they will not listen, even at home, to the voice of religious counsel. Children may learn their catechism, and repeat their responses at school; but when they become men and women, will they resist the temptations by which they are surrounded? Numerous congregations are often suddenly formed by the planting of an eloquent and earnest divine into a densely peopled and neglected locality; but where does the congregation in general

come from? Go into the thinned or deserted churches or chapels in its vicinity, and you will find you have only *transferred* the serious and Christian community from one place of worship to another.

Nor let it be said that these dangers affect only a limited portion of the community, and that, provided only society holds together, and property is upon the whole secure, it is of little consequence to the great bulk of the nation whether its criminals are doubling or tripling every ten years, whether its convicts are hanged, imprisoned, or transported. Doubtless that is the view taken by the majority of men, and which ever makes them resist so strenuously any measures calculated to arrest the general evils by a forced contribution from all classes of the state. But is such a view of so very serious a matter either justified by reason, or warranted by a durable regard to self-interest? Considered in reference only to immediate advantage, and with a view to avert the much-dreaded evil of an assessment, is it expedient to allow crime to go on increasing at the fearful rate which it has done in this country during the last forty years? Can we regard without disquietude the appalling facts demonstrated by the Parliamentary returns of population and commitments—that the people are augmenting three times as fast in the manufacturing as the agricultural districts—that detected and punished crime is multiplying in the former three times as fast as the people—and crime really committed three times as much as that which is brought to light? What can be expected from a state in which crime, in the manufacturing districts, is thus increasing *TWENTY-SEVEN TIMES as fast as mankind in the rural!* From what sources does this overflowing stream of recklessness, profligacy, and misery, which overflows our workhouses and fills our jails, mainly spring, but from this prodigious and unrestrained increase of crime and depravity among the working classes in the manufacturing districts? Must not such a state of things lead to a constant augmentation of poor-rates, county rates, and jail assessments? And how short-sighted is the policy which al-



lows these oppressive burdens to go on constantly increasing, merely from terror of incurring additional expense in striving to arrest them, and hopes to avoid danger, like the partridge, by putting its head in the bush, and ceasing to look it in the face?

But most of all, in a public and political view, is this extraordinary increase of crime in our manufacturing districts, a subject of serious and anxious consideration to all classes in the state. It is in vain to seek to conceal, it is folly to attempt to deny, that in the dense masses of the manufacturers the real danger of Great Britain is to be found. Though not amounting, upon the whole, to more than a tenth part of the nation, they are incomparably the most alarming from their close proximity to each other, the fierce passions which the revolutionary press has long nourished among them, and the perfect organization which, under the direction of the leaders of their trades' unions, they have long attained. The insurrection in the manufacturing districts of England, and violent strikes in Scotland in 1842, may warn us of the danger of such an outbreak, especially when combined, as the next will almost certainly be, with a general rebellion of the Irish Peasants. Infinite local mischief, incredible destruction of life and property, would inevitably follow any serious and general insurrection among them; even though crushed, as in the end it certainly would be, by an united effort of the other classes in the state. But is the shock to credit, the destruction of capital, the breaking of the bread of hundreds of thousands, nothing in a national point of view? And what can augment the dangers of such local insurrections so much as the acknowledged fact, that crime is making unprecedented progress amongst them; that so general have the causes of dissoluteness become, that whole masses are

brought up in depraved and reckless habits, on the verge of, if not actually committing crime; and that "*les classes dangereuses*" are daily receiving additional accessions from the depraved, the dissolute, and abandoned from all the other ranks in the state.

Let us therefore no longer deceive ourselves, or attempt to deceive others. Crime is making extraordinary and unprecedented progress amongst us; it is advancing with a rapidity unparalleled in any other European state: if not arrested, it will come to render the country unbearable; and will terminate in multiplying to such an extent "*les classes dangereuses*," as they have been well denominated by the French, as, on the first serious political convulsion, may come to endanger the state. It has advanced with undeviating and fearful rapidity through all the successive delusions which have been trusted to in the country to check its progress. With equal ease it has cast aside the visions of Sir Samuel Romilly and the advocates of lenient punishment—the dreams of Lord Brougham and the supporters of general education—the theories of the Archbishop of Dublin and the enemies of transportation—the hopes of Lord John Russell and the partizans of improved prison discipline at home. Even the blessed urn of the gospel has hitherto failed in checking its advance amongst us; and it nowhere appears in more appalling colours than in the districts where the greatest and most strenuous efforts have been made for the moral and religious instruction of the people. "*Nous avons donné à penser*," as the French say. Ample subject for serious reflection has been furnished to our readers till a future occasion, when the cause of this general failure, and the means requisite for the diminution of crime, will be considered.

## RHINE AND RHINELANDERS.

"On the Rhine, I am never more than twenty years old!" says the Countess Ida Hahn Hahn, in her *Erinnerungen*. "There only do I feel myself quite at home. Whether arriving from the Baltic or the Guadalquivir, I have always a recurrence of the same nameless home-feeling, which renders me at once happy and tranquil. O, the Rhine! the Rhine! What are other rivers—your Seine, and Garonne, and Tagns—compared with him? But small and secondary streams beside the mighty Rhine. There are certain rivers which represent nations, and ideas, and periods of history—the Scamander for instance, bringing to our thoughts the days of Grecian heroism; when men fought with gods, and in so doing seemed to wrest from them a portion of their supernatural strength and beauty—the Nile, the priestly Nile, mysterious as a dogma, but rich in blessings as the agency of a divine spirit; concealed in its source, but manifest in its operation—then the Jordan, the stream of revelation, on whose banks is heard the rushing of the wings of the dove, while a voice, other than that of man, murmurs over the waters—and the Tiber, a small and muddy stream, but the gigantic and sparkling reflex of Rome's immortal turrets. But the Rhine, that heroic river, which nations never cross without buckling on their armour for the fight; and yet, on whose banks life is so free, so safe, and so delightful. Hark to the clatter of wine-cups, the echoes of music, the whispered legends, and the clash of weapons! while the old river flows on so cheerily, murmuring as he goes words of encouragement to his children.

"I embrace thee, O Rhine! and wherever I go I will not cease to love thee.

\* \* \* \* \*

"When I pass in review all the beautiful scenes I have visited, and then ask myself the question, Where I would fain see the sun set for the last time? the answer is unhesitating and heartfelt, and invariably the same—

'Behind Stobzenfels, on the Rhine.'

It would be difficult better to illustrate German veneration and affection for the Rhine, than by the above passages from one of the most intellectual female writers of the day—a writer whose works will bear comparison with those of George Sand for genius and masculine vigour of style, (exempt, however, from much that is objectionable in the Frenchwoman;) while for elegance, taste, and a fine feeling for art and poetry, they may be placed on the same line with those of our own "Emmylee." What the Countess Hahn Hahn feels and expresses with all the fervour of a poetical imagination—the sort of exhilarating and exalting love for the most classical stream of modern story—is felt in a greater or less degree by all intellectual classes of Germans. Their veneration for the old river that waters one of the sunniest and fairest districts of the Vaterland, is profound; their admiration of the natural beauties, and of the vestiges of days gone by, that abound upon its banks, unceasing. German patriotism is comprehensive: it hails as one country all the wide lands in which the Teuton tongue is spoken; and in nearly all those lands is the Rhine thought and talked of with an admiration amounting to enthusiasm. By a contradiction, however, of not unfrequent occurrence, the people who seem least capable of sharing this feeling, are those who ought to be most under its influence—the inhabitants of the Rhine-country itself. The well known and often quoted passage of Jean Jacques, applied by him to the dwellers on the shores of Lake Lemane, is equally applicable to the denizens of the Rhineland. "Je dirois volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et sont sensibles—allez à Vevey, visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez vous sur le lac; et dites si la nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St Preux; mais—ne les y cherchez pas." In like manner we would say—Visit the Rhine, not as most tourists do, by rushing in a steam-boat from Rotterdam or Cologne to Basle or Baden,

but deliberately, on shore as well as on the water, climbing the mountains and strolling through the valleys, seeking out the innumerable and enchanting points of view, and contemplating them by sunset and sunrise, in the broad glare of noon and by the subdued evening light; and then say whether such a country is not worthy of different inhabitants from the mongrel race, part German, part Flemish, part French, which it now possesses—a population which, when it has consumed its five or six heavy meals, smoked a dozen or two pipes, and slept its long sleep of repletion, considers it has done its duty to God and man, and troubles itself little with such intangible matters as poetical reveries or mental cultivation.

But we are running away from our subject, and losing sight of the intention we had in commencing this paper, which was, to hook ourselves on to the dexter arm of that indefatigable Rambler, M. Alexander Dumas, and accompany him in an excursion up the Rhine. He thinks proper to proceed thither by way of Belgium, and we must conform to his arrangements. In due time we shall return to our Rhemish friends.

M. Dumas's earliest care, on arriving at Brussels, was to deliver to King Leopold a letter of recommendation with which he had provided himself for that monarch; and he hastened to the palace, where he obtained admission, he tells us, more easily than he would have done at Paris at the house of a second-rate banker. We were not aware that the French *bureaucratie* of the day were of such difficult access, and would strongly advise them, since it is so, to take pattern by his Belgian majesty; who in this instance, however, was not at Brussels at all, but at his country palace of Laeken, whither M. Dumas proceeds. Here he is immediately ushered into the king's presence.

"After a quarter of an hour's conversation," says our traveller, "which his majesty was pleased to put at once upon a footing of familiar chat, I became convinced that I was speaking with the most philosophical king who had ever existed, not excepting Frederick the Great."

We congratulate M. Dumas sin-

cerely upon the exquisite keenness of perception which enabled him to make this discovery, and form so decided an opinion in the course of a quarter of an hour's familiar chat. At the same time we cannot repress a fear, that is apt to be a little dazzled by the sparkling halo that surrounds a diadem. This we do not say so much with reference to the King of the Belgians, who may be a very philosophical, as he has proved himself to be a very judicious sovereign; but it has struck us more than once, during the perusal of M. Dumas's wanderings in various lands, that he exhibits a slight, an inconceivably small, tendency to inst-hunting, hardly consistent with his ultra-liberal principles, and difficult to reconcile with the cynical tone that he habitually adopts in speaking of most existing governments and institutions. To say the truth, we have conceived a great affection for our friend Alexander, and feel every disposition to glide lightly over his faults and exalt his virtues; to treat him tenderly, in short, even as one we love. We do not expect perfection from him, although we are anxious to believe that he approaches as near to that angelic state as it is given to a child of clay to do. We would pardon his recording in some detail the gracious words spoken to him by the King of this, and the Prince of that—showing how he was treated on a footing of perfect equality and familiarity by the mighty ones of the earth—how they caressed and complimented him, and wore out the boots of their aides-de-camp and chamberlains by sending after him—and how they told him to "Venez me demander à diner," or in other words, to go and take a chop with them whenever he could make it convenient. At all these interesting and carefully recorded incidents we should indulgently smile, were they narrated by any one but our much-esteemed Alexander—the confirmed democrat, the political Utopian, the declared disciple of the subversive school, the worthy representative, when he gets upon the chapter of politics, of that recently discovered zoological curiosity, the *tigre-singe*. It is the inconsistency of the thing that strikes and afflicts us.

Of M. Dumas's very ultra views on



political subjects, we have abundant proof in the section headed "Waterloo," which is an amusing specimen of the rabid style. The tone is pretty much the same as that of the most violent of the French democratic and anti-English journals. We should like to extract it all, but it is too lengthy, and we must content ourselves with the last ten lines. Here they are, breathing saltpetre and bayonets:—

"A quarter of a century has elapsed since that date, (June 1815,) and France is only now beginning to understand that the defeat of Waterloo was necessary for the liberty of Europe; but she not the less cherishes at the bottom of her heart a poignant grief and rage at having been marked out for a victim. On that plain where so many Spartan-like warriors fell for her sake—where the pyramid of the Prince of Orange, the tomb of Colonel Gordon, and the monument of the Hanoverians, serve as mementoes of the fight—no stone, or cross, or inscription recalls the name of France. But the day shall come when God will bid her (France) recommence the work of universal liberation—the work begun by Bonaparte and interrupted by Napoleon; then, when that work is done, we will turn the lion of Nassau with its head towards Europe, *et tout sera dit.*"

As this rather high-flown passage might not be generally intelligible to our readers, we will put it into plain English. It will then run thus:—

"When France shall again become a republic, or when she shall find a king mad or wicked enough to give in to her worst propensities, she will pour her legions across every frontier, sweep all opposition before her, revolutionize and emancipate Europe, and hoist the triumphant and blood-stained tricolor over the ashes of sovereignties, and the ruins of every old and time-honoured institution."

It is strange to see a man of undoubted talent, and who ought to be amongst the enlightened ones of his country and his age, indulging in such absurd visions and insane prophecies. Rhapsodies of this kind would be merely laughable, were it not for the weight which they unquestionably have with the younger and less re-

flecting classes of Frenchmen, especially when proceeding from a writer of M. Dumas's abilities and reputation. It is by this style of writing, which abounds in French periodical literature, and in the works of some, fortunately a minority, of the clever *littérateurs* of the day, that the attacks of war fever, to which France is subject, are aggravated, if not frequently brought on.

We do not intend following M. Dumas step by step through Belgium, to which country he devotes a volume. We prefer passing at once to the Rhine, which he ascends from Cologne to Strassburg, making continual pauses, and enlivening the description of what he sees by agreeable and spirited versions of what he has read and heard. Much of what he tells us has been already printed in the numerous tours and guide-books, which, in conjunction with steam-boats and railways, have familiarized most Englishmen with the Rhine and its legends. It acquires a fresh charm, however, from the present narrator's agreeable and pointed style, and from his calling in the aid of his imagination to supply any little deficiencies; rounding and filling up stories that would otherwise be angular and incomplete. He also gives some agreeable caricatures, if caricatures they may be called, of certain German eccentricities. Yet we should have thought that so keen an observer of men and manners, might have made more than he has done of the peculiarities of German society and habits; but unfortunately M. Dumas appears to understand little, if any, of the language, and this has doubtless been a great hinderance to him, and has prevented him from making his book as characteristic as his Italian sketches. Nevertheless he is piquant enough in some places. We will give his droll account of his entrance into Rhenish Prussia. After being robbed by the innkeeper at Liege, he gets into the Aix-la-Chapelle diligence; and, on reading the printed ticket that has been given to him at the coach-office, finds that he has the fourth seat, and that he is forbidden to change places with his neighbours, even by mutual consent.

"This military sort of strictness,

still more than the abominable jargon of the postilion, made me aware that I was about to enter the dominions of King Frederick William. As I had a corner of the coach, the tyranny of his Prussian majesty was tolerably endurable, and I soon fell fast asleep. About three in the morning, just as day was breaking, I awoke, and found that the diligence was standing still. I at first thought there was an accident, and put my head out of the window to see what was the matter. No accident had happened; no other coach was near—the road was excellent. We were alone and motionless. I took my ticket out of my pocket, read it from one end to the other, and having satisfied myself that it was not forbidden to *speak* in the diligence, I asked my neighbour if we had been standing there long.

“‘About twenty minutes,’ was the answer.

“‘And pray,’ continued I, ‘can you tell me what we are doing here?’

“‘We are waiting.’

“‘Ah! we are waiting. And for what?’

“‘For the time.’

“‘What time?’

“‘The time at which we are allowed to arrive.’

“‘There is a time fixed for arriving, then?’

“‘Every thing is fixed in Prussia.’

“‘And if we arrived before the time?’

“‘The conductor would be punished.’

“‘And if after?’

“‘He would also be punished.’

“‘Ah! that is very well arranged.’

“‘Every thing is well arranged in Prussia.’

I bowed assentingly. Not for worlds would I have contradicted a gentleman possessed of such an exalted opinion of his country and its institutions, and who answered my questions so courteously and laconically. My acquiescence appeared to gratify him. I felt encouraged, and continued my enquiries.

“‘Pardon me, sir, but at what hour ought the diligence to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle?’

“‘At twenty-five minutes to five.’

“‘But if the conductor’s watch were slow?’

“‘His watch can never be slow.’

“‘Indeed! And why so?’

“‘(Opposite to where he sits, and under lock and key, there is a watch which is regulated before starting by the clock at the coach-office. The conductor knows at what hour he should pass through each town and village on his route, and he makes the postilions hurry or slacken their pace accordingly, so as to arrive at Aix-la-Chapelle exactly at the right time.’

“‘But with those precautions, how is it that we are obliged to wait upon the road?’

“‘The conductor has doubtless followed your example, and slept, and the postilions have taken advantage of that to go quicker.’

“‘Well, since we have still some time to remain here, I will get out and stretch my legs a little.’

“‘It is not allowed to get out of the diligence in Prussia.’

“‘Indeed! That is very agreeable. I wished particularly to look at that castle on the other side of the road.’

“‘That is Emmahurg. It is the scene of the famous legend of *Léginhard and Emma*.’

“‘Really! Be so obliging as to change places with me for a moment, that I may look at it through the window.’

“‘I should be most happy, sir; but in Prussia it is not allowed to change places.’

“‘True, true! How could I forget it? I beg your pardon, sir.’

“‘These tanned Frenchmans, they do noting but shatter and talk!’ said a fat German sitting opposite to me, opening his mouth for the first time since we had left Liege, but still keeping his eyes shut.

“‘You were saying, sir——?’ said I, not particularly gratified by the remark.

“‘I say noting—I shleep.’

“‘*Shleep* as much as you like, but try not to dream aloud, eh? Or, if you dream, dream in your mother tongue.’

“‘The German began to snore.

“‘Postilion, *vorwärts!*’ shouted the conductor.

“‘We were off at a gallop. I put my head out of the window to try to get a view of the ruins, but it was

vain; they had disappeared behind an angle of the road. At twenty-five minutes to five, not a second later or earlier, we drove into the coach-yard at Aix-la-Chapelle."

At Cologne M. Dumas pauses, and fills a hundred pages with the cathedral, and the legend attaching to it. Most of our readers are probably aware that the above-named church was commenced by an architect whose name has been forgotten, and who procured the design for the building from Satan himself, upon the usual condition of giving a promissory note for his soul. A certain Father Clement, however, a very knowing priest, of whom the arch-tempter stood in almost as great awe as he had ever done of St Dunstan of nose-pulling celebrity, came to the assistance of the builder, and put him up to a stratagem, by which he avoided signing away his spiritual part, although he still obtained possession of the plan for the cathedral. Satan confessed himself outwitted, but prophesied that the building should never be finished, and that its builder's name should not go down to posterity. The latter part of the prediction has been accomplished; but as the present King of Prussia has declared his intention of finishing the work that has been so magnificently begun, it seems probable Beelzebub may prove mistaken in one portion of his prophecy.

Cologne being a large city, somewhat Frenchified in its ways, M. Dumas manages pretty well as regards eating and drinking; but, as he ascends the river, matters get worse. He arrives at Bonn at the hour of the one o'clock meal, called the first dinner, and we find him expatiating on the subject of German appetites and feeding.

"The Germans eat from morning till night. On opening their eyes, at seven o'clock in the morning, they take their coffee—at eleven, breakfast—at one, the little dinner, (a sort of luncheon)—at three, dinner—at five, another meal, nondescript, nameless, and abundant—at nine, a tremendous supper, preparatory to going to bed. Tea, cakes, and sandwiches, fill up the intervals."

This is really only a moderate exaggeration on the part of M. Dumas.

Five meals a-day, three of them solid, meat-devouring, wine-bibbing feeds, are the regular allowance of every well-conditioned, well-to-do, comfortable Rhinelander. We do not consider Frenchmen small eaters, whatever they may consider themselves—if they eat little of each dish, they eat of a vast number; but for examples of positive voracity, commend us to a German *table-d'hôte*. A coachful of French *commis voyageurs*, assembled, after a ten hours' fast, round the luxurious profusion and delicacies of a Languedacian dinner, would appear mere babes and sucklings in the eating way, compared to a party of Germans at their one o'clock feed. The difference is nearly as great as between the Lady Anne eating rice with a bodkin, and the same fair one lathering ghoulishly upon the cold meat in the cemetery. Nothing can equal the persevering industry with which a German crams himself at a public table, where, having to pay a fixed sum for his dinner, he always seems desirous to get as much as he can for his money. The *obligato* bowl of soup is followed by sundry huge slices of boiled beef, sufficient of themselves for an ordinary man's dinner, but by no means sufficing for a German's; then come fowl and meat, fish, puddings and creams, and meal again; sweet, sour, and greasy—greasy, sweet, and sour, alternating and following one another in inextricable and interminable confusion. Every body eats of every thing largely and voraciously, and the short pauses between the appearance of the dishes are filled up by nibblings at such salutary and digestible *extremes* as raw hares and herrings, pickled cucumbers, and pickled grapes! German cookery is famous for odd mixtures. M. Dumas is rather amusing on this head.

"At Bonn, the dinner they served me consisted of an unintelligible sort of soup, full of round balls of a pasty substance; beef stewed with prunes, hare dressed with preserves, wild boar with cherries; it was impossible to take more pains to spoil things which separately, would have been very commendable eating. I tasted them each in turn, and each time sent away my plate. When I sent away



the wild boar, the waiter could stand it no longer.

"Does not monsieur like wild boar with cherries?"

"I detest it!"

"That is singular; a great poet like monsieur."

"You are mistaken, my man: I make verses perhaps; but that is no reason for calling me a great poet, nor for ruining the coats of my stomach with your infernal fricassees. Besides, supposing I were a great poet, what has poetry got to do with pig and cherry sauce?"

"Our great Schiller adored that dish."

"Our tastes differ, then. I have no objection to William Tell or Wallenstein, but—take away your pig."

"The waiter carried off the wild boar; meantime I tasted the beef and primes, but, to do more than taste it, was out of the question; and, when the man returned, I bid him change my plate. His astonishment was greater than ever."

"What!" cried he, "does not monsieur like beef and primes?"

"No."

"M. Goethe was passionately addicted to it."

"I am sorry not to have the same addictions as the author of *Faust*. Make me an omelet."

"In a few minutes back came the waiter with the omelet. It looked uncommonly nice, and I was uncommonly hungry. Nevertheless, I could not swallow the first mouthful."

"What the devil have you put into your omelet? An omelet should be made with butter, eggs, salt, and pepper."

"Certainly, sir. It is made with butter, eggs, salt, and pepper."

"And what else?"

"A little flour."

"And besides?"

"A little cheese."

"Go on."

"Some saffron."

"And then?"

"Cloves, nutmeg, and a little thyme."

"Enough, enough! Take away your omelet."

The master of the hotel, who is an intelligent personage, now makes his appearance, and M. Dumas at last

finds that, by ordering a dinner à la Française, he can get something eatable. Encouraged by this success, he ventures, when bedtime comes, to petition for a bed in which a Frenchman can sleep. This requires a little explanation, which will be best given in his own words.

"In France we are pretty much accustomed to sleep in a bed; that is to say, on a couch consisting of a frame some three and a half or four feet wide, and some six or six and a half feet long. On this frame or bedstead we place two or three mattresses and a feather bed, a pair of sheets, a counterpane, a pillow and bolster; we then tuck in the edges of these coverings, the person for whom the bed is intended slips in between the sheets, and if his health is good and his conscience clear, and he has not been drinking too much green tea or strong coffee, he goes to sleep. In a bed of this description any body can sleep, whether German, Spaniard, Italian, Hindoo, or Chinese, unless he makes up his mind not to do so. But in Germany things are very different. A German bed is composed as follows:—

"First, a bedstead two or two and a half feet wide, and five to five and a half feet long. Procrustes must decidedly have been a German. On the bedstead they place a sack of shavings, on the sack of shavings an enormous feather bed, and then a sheet, shorter and narrower than the feather bed, and which we should call a towel. Upon this sheet or towel comes a quilted coverlet of the same size, and a sort of cushion stuffed with feathers. Two or three pillows, piled up at the head of the bed, complete this singular edifice."

"When a Frenchman gets into a bed of this kind, as he does not think of taking any particular precautions, in about five minutes the pillows fall on one side, the coverlet on the other; the sheet rolls itself up and disappears; so that the aforesaid Frenchman finds himself with one side of his body uncovered and frozen, and the other side sunk in the feather bed and perspiring profusely. This arises, say the Germans, from the circumstance of the French being so impetuous and lively. With a calm and

phlegmatic German the case is quite different. The latter raises the counterpane very cautiously, creeps underneath, and places himself with his back against the pillows, and his feet against the bottom of the bed, screwing himself up into the shape of the letter Z: he then draws the covering over his knees, shuts his eyes, goes to sleep, and awakes the next morning in the same position. To do this it is necessary to be a German, and as I am not one, I had not slept a wink since I had been in the country; I was growing as thin as a lath, and I had a cough that seemed to tear my chest open. This is why I asked for a bed *à la Française*. Mine host had fortunately six of them. When I heard that, I could have embraced him with pleasure."

The villages of Winnebourg and Metternich near Coblenz, the former the birthplace, the latter the property, of Prince Metternich, lead M. Dumas into a little digression on the subject of the celebrated diplomatist. The family name, we are informed, was originally Metter, but received the addition of the last syllable in the following manner:—

"In one of the great battles of the fifteenth century, the emperor of Germany saw an entire regiment take to flight with the exception of one man, who stood his ground and defended himself gallantly, till he fell covered with wounds. The emperor enquired his name. It was Metter."

That night at supper the emperor said, talking of the regiment in question—"They all fled, but Metter *nicht*." Every body knows that "*nicht*" is the German for not. The family adopted the additional syllable, and hence the origin of the name of Metternich.

M. de Metternich, it appears, is a great collector of autographs, and of course his position has facilitated the gratification of this taste. His collection is rich in royal, imperial, and princely letters; nor is there any lack of odes from German poets, and sonnets from Italian *improvisatori*. One day, however, it occurred to him that, now the public press had become a power in many countries, he ought to have the autographs of a few journalists, in order to complete his collection;

and as in Italy and Germany, thanks to the censorship, there are plenty of journals but no journalists, he was obliged to send to France. Amongst others, M. Jules Janin (one of the editors of the *Journal des Débats*) received a most polite request for an autograph from the rival of M. de Talleyrand. Janin immediately took up his pen, and wrote as follows:—

"Received from his Excellency Prince Metternich, twenty-four bottles of Johannisberg, first quality.

"Paris, 15th May 1838."

A month afterwards there arrived at Paris the twenty-four bottles of wine, of which Janin, with a confidence that the prince no doubt knew how to appreciate, had acknowledged receipt beforehand. M. de Metternich has preserved Janin's witty autograph with the greatest care. I doubt very much if Janin has preserved M. de Metternich's wine.

M. Dumas finds some compensation for the badness of German beds in the excellence of German roads. His soundest sleep is always obtained in the diligence. He takes a nap from Mayence to Frankfort; but on entering the latter city is shaken out of his slumbers by an Austrian soldier, who demands his passport. In consequence of an incident that had lately occurred, the soldiery were particularly on the alert with regard to passports. M. Dumas relates the anecdote in his usual pointed and effective manner.

"The free city of Frankfort, which, in its capacity of a free city, is garrisoned by an Austrian and a Prussian regiment, had been laid under contribution during the spring fair by a most expert pickpocket, whom the police had in vain endeavoured to detect and capture. The fair was nearly at an end; and, in order that the thief might not escape, the sentries at the gates were directed to allow no man to leave the town without sending him into the guard-house to have his passport examined, and to see if his height, features, and appearance corresponded with the description on the paper. This order given, the authorities did not trouble their heads any more about the matter, feeling quite certain that the offender could not escape.

"On the other hand, the unfortunate thief felt very uncomfortable. Nature had endowed him with rather a remarkable physiognomy, and it was difficult to find a passport to fit him unless it were made on purpose; so that out of five or six which he had in his possession, not one would do. At last he made up his mind to walk out of the town without a passport, as if he were one of the town's-people going for a stroll. He accordingly took a cane in his hand, and lounging along with an affectation of great indifference, approached a gate at which the Austrians were on guard. But the sentry had his orders, and when the stranger drew near—

" 'Who goes there?' he vociferated.

" 'A friend,' answered the thief.

" 'Advance, friend!' said the sentry with a significant rattle of his musket—a sort of intimation that non-compliance might be rewarded by a bullet.

"The thief walked up to the soldier.

" 'Your passport,' demanded the latter.

" 'My passport!' repeated the thief in a tone of infinite astonishment, 'I have none.'

" 'All the better for you,' said the sentry, shouldering his musket. 'If you had *had* one I should have been obliged to send you into the guard-house to have it examined, and that would have detained you a good half hour. But since you have no passport you can't show one, so you may pass.'

"And the intelligent warrior recommenced his monotonous promenade; while the thief, profiting by his obliging permission, walked out of the town."

Mannheim, the scene of Kotzebue's death, and his assassin's execution, could hardly fail to detain M. Dumas. At Frankfort he applies to a friend for an introduction to some person likely to give him details concerning Kotzebue and Sand, and his friend procures him a letter addressed to Mr Widemann, surgeon, Heidelberg. He has no letter for any body at Mannheim, and after visiting Kotzebue's house, leaves that town to proceed to Heidelberg. Just outside Mannheim he causes the postilion to stop, while he contemplates the place

of the mad student's execution, which goes by the name of "*Sand's Himmelfahrtswiese*," or the meadow of Sand's ascension to heaven. It is a green meadow intersected by a rivulet, and situated within a few hundred yards of the town. While gazing at this field, and trying to conjecture the exact spot where the scaffold had stood, a stranger approaches of whom our traveller makes an enquiry. They fall into conversation, and the new-comer proves to be the governor of the prison in which Sand had been confined. Delighted at this rencontre, M. Dumas turns back and stops a day or two longer at Mannheim, copying some letters of Sand's, and collecting materials which fill several chapters of his book. He learns from his new friend that the Mr Widemann at Heidelberg, for whom he has a letter, is not only a surgeon but also the public executioner, although as yet his services have not been called into request in the latter capacity. It was his father who decapitated Sand. The Heidelberg executioner is noble by right of descent. The origin of his family's nobility is given by M. Dumas as follows:—

"The evening of the day on which King Louis of Bavaria was crowned emperor, there was a splendid ball at the town-hall, at which the empress was present. Amongst the guests was a cavalier dressed entirely in black, and having his face covered with a black mask. He invited the empress to dance: she accepted, and, whilst they were dancing together, another mask approached the emperor and asked him if he knew who his wife's partner was. 'No,' replied the emperor, 'but I suppose it is some sovereign prince.'

" 'Lower than that,' said the mask.

" 'Some nobleman then—a count or baron.'

" 'Lower than that.'

" 'Perhaps with a knight.'

" 'Lower still.'

" 'With an esquire?'

" 'Less than that.'

" 'A page?'

" 'You have not guessed it—lower still.'

"The emperor flushed crimson with anger.

" 'A groom?'



" 'If that were all!' answered the unknown with a strange laugh.

" 'But who is it then?' cried the emperor.

" 'Tear off his mask and you will see.'

"The emperor approached the sable cavalier, and tore off his mask. It was the headsman.

" 'Miscreant!' shouted the emperor, as his sword flashed from the scabbard, 'commend thy soul to God before thou diest.'

" 'Sire!' replied the headsman, falling on his knees, 'you may kill me if you will; but the empress has not the less danced with me, and the dishonour, if dishonour there be, is already incurred. Do better than that: knight me; and if any one dares to speak evil of her majesty, the same sword that executes justice shall vindicate her fame.'

"The emperor reflected for a moment.

" 'The advice is good,' said he at last. 'Henceforward you shall no longer be called the headsman, but the last of the judges.' Then, giving him three blows on the shoulder with his sword flat,

" 'Rise!' he continued; 'from this hour you are the lowest among nobles, and the first amongst burghers.'

"And accordingly since that day, in all public processions and ceremonies, the executioner walks by himself, in rear of the nobles and in front of the commoners."

Truly a most fantastical history, and one which leaves us in some doubt whether it be a genuine legend of Heidelberg, or one of M. Dumas's dreams in the diligence after dining upon pig and cherry sauce. At any rate, if not true it is *bon trovato*.

Heidelberg, whether M. Dumas next proceeds, is to our mind one of the pleasantest places near the Rhine, from which river it is now, thanks to the railroad, within half an hour's journey. The country around is delightful, and the town itself, owing to its possessing an university, and to the vast number of strangers who visit and pass through it during the summer months, is far more lively than most small German towns. The kind of liveliness, however, caused by the

presence of seven or eight hundred students, is not always of the most agreeable character. It has been the fashion in England to talk and write a vast deal about German universities; and sundry well filled, or at least bulky tomes have been devoted to accounts of the students' mode of life, their duels and drinkings, and peculiarities of all kinds. Friend Howitt favoured us a year or two ago with a corpulent volume—translated in part from the MSS. of some *studiosus emeritus*—a sort of life in Heidelberg, entering into great detail concerning university doings, and with illustrations of a very sportive description; wherein mustached and bespurred cavaliers are slashing at each other with broad swords, or cantering over the country mounted upon gallant steeds, and looking something between Dick Turpins and field-marshal in mustee. 'Tis a sad thing to have too much imagination—it tempts a man to mislead his neighbours; and no one who has read friend William's picturesque descriptions of *Student Leben*, but would feel grievously disappointed when he came to investigate the subject for himself. Nothing can be more puerile and absurd, and in many instances disgusting, than the habitual pastimes and amusements of the students; or at least of that large majority of them who attend no lectures and study, nothing that they can possibly avoid, but look upon their residence at the university as three or four years to be devoted to smoking, beer-drinking, and scratching one another's faces in duels. These duels, by the by, are pieces of the most intense bullying that can be imagined. They take place now in the large room of the inn at Ziegelhausen, a village on the banks of the Neckar, about two miles from Heidelberg, and are fought with straight swords, square but sharp at the extremity, and having guards as big as a soup-plate.

Before the fight begins, the combatants don their defensive arms, consisting of a strong and broad-brimmed hat protecting the head and eyes, an immense lenthern breastplate defending the chest and stomach, a padded case, also of leather, which shields the arm from wrist to shoulder, and an impenetrable cravat which pro-

tecks the neck up to the ears. The nose, and a bit of each cheek, is all that can be possibly wounded. Thus equipped the heroes set to work, slashing away at each other, (it is forbidden to thrust,) shaving off pieces of their padded armour, and looking exceeding fierce and valiant the while; until, after a greater or less time, according as the combatants are equal in skill or not, one of them gets a scratch across the nose, or a small eyelet hole in the cheek, which terminates this caricature of a duel. Since "young Germany" finds amusement in so harmless a practice, it might very well be allowed them; provided they afterwards, like good boys, took their books and learned their lessons. But such a proceeding would be by no means consistent with the *Burschen-Freiheit*—the academic freedom of which these hopeful youths make their boast. To celebrate the valour of the victor, and show sympathy with the sufferings of the vanquished—whose wound is by this time dressed with an inch of sticking plaster—the party repairs to a tavern to breakfast; and there the morning is killed over beer and Rhine wine till one o'clock, by which time some of them are usually more than half-tipsy. They then repair to the table-d'hôte, dine, drink more, and finally stagger home to sleep off their libations. We have more than once, in German university towns, seen students reeling-drunk at four in the afternoon.

About seven in the evening, the *kneipes* or drinking-houses begin to fill. In all of these there are rooms set apart for the different clubs of students to assemble in; and in those sanctuaries they put on the caps and colours of their communities, which they have of late years been forbidden to wear in public. On the ribands which they wear round their necks, are inscribed the date of their various duels. A barrel of beer is now broached, pipes are loaded and lighted, and they sit the whole evening, sitting, smoking, and singing songs about the Rhine, liberty, and fatherland, with ear-splitting and interminable choruses of *Viva terra leva*. A German student's song generally consists of couplets of two lines, with

a chorus that lasts a quarter of an hour.

The quantity of beer consumed by some of these heroes is almost incredible. They become actually bloated with it. One of the most important and respected persons at a German university is the Beer King, who ought to be able to drink, not any given quantity, but an unlimited one; to be perpetually drinking, in short. M. Dumas tells us, that the reigning monarch of malt at Heidelberg is able to absorb twelve schoppens of beer, or six of wine, while the clock strikes twelve. A Heidelberg schoppen is very nearly an English hottle. This is rather hard to swallow, M. Dumas. Either the drinker is very fast, or the clock very slow. We can vouch, however, for the scarcely less astonishing fact, of there being drinkers at the universities who will imbibed twenty-five bottles of beer at a sitting. The German beer is, of course, not of a very intoxicating nature.

From beer to tobacco the transition is natural enough; and we cannot conclude our gossip about the Rhine without a word or two as to the frightful abuse made by the Germans of the Indian weed. We are not of the number of those who condemn the moderate use of tobacco, but, on the contrary, know right well how to appreciate its soothing and cheering effects; but the difference is wide between a limited enjoyment of the habit, and the stupefying, besetting excess to which it is carried by the Germans. The dirty way, too, in which they smoke, renders the custom as annoying to those who live amongst them, as it must be unwholesome and detrimental to themselves. It is possible to smoke much, and yet cleanly: take the Spaniard for instance— unquestionably a great smoker; yet the difference between smoking on the Rhine or Elbe, and on the Manzanares or Ebro, is immense—the one the gluttony and abuse, the other the refinement of the practice. While Don Espadol, with his fragrant *puro*, or straw or paper covered cigarrito, smoketh cleanly, spitteth not, uses his tobacco, as he uses most things, like a gentleman; the *werther Deutscher* takes his huge pipe, rarely cleaned and with the essence of tobacco oozing from every

joint, and filling it from a bag, or rather sack, of coarse and vile-smelling tobacco, puffs forth volumes of smoke, expectorating *ad nauseam* at intervals of a minute or less. No considerations of place or person hinder him from indulging in his favourite pastime. In steam-boats, in diligences, in the public walks and promenades, into the dining-rooms of hotels, every where does the pipe intrude itself, carried as habitually as a walking-cane; and even when not in actual use, emitting the most evil odour from the bowl and tube, saturated as they are with tobacco juice.

However unpleasant all this may be to foreigners, especially to English ladies accustomed to the more cleanly habits of their own countrymen, the German dames are perfectly reconciled to it. Had we to draw a picture of domestic felicity on the Rhine, we would sketch it thus:—a summer evening—a flower garden—a table

with tea or coffee—a dozen chairs occupied by persons of both sexes—the women big-footed, blue-eyed, placid creatures, knitting stockings—the men heavy and awkward, each with a monstrous signet-ring on the dirty forefinger of his right hand, smoking unceasingly, and puffing the vapour into the faces of their better halves, who heed it not, and occasionally may even be seen replenishing with their own delicate digits the enormous porcelain or meerschaum bowls of the pipes. If you doubt the accuracy of our description, reader, go and judge for yourself. The distance is short, and summer is at hand. Put yourself on board a steamboat, whisk over to Ostend or Antwerp, and thence rail and rattle it down to the Rhine. You shall not be three days on German soil without encountering a score such groups as the one we have just sketched.

#### THE MONSTER-MISERY OF LITERATURE.

By A MOUSE HORN OF THE MOUNTAIN.

BE under no apprehension, gentle public, that you are about to be kept in suspense touching the moral of our argumentation, as too often in the pamphlets addressed in Johnsonian English to Thompsonian understandings, wherein a pennyworth of matter is set forth by a monstrous quantity of phrase. We mean to speak to the point; we mean to enlighten your understanding as by the smiting of a lucifer-match. Refrain, therefore, from running your eye impatiently along the page, as you are doing at this moment, in hopes of discovering, italicized, the secret of the enigma; for we have no intention of keeping you another moment ignorant that the monster-misery of literature is—guess! Which of you hath hit it? The monster-misery of literature is—THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY!

In this devout conviction, devote we to the infernal gods the memory of the Athenian republic—the first keeper of a circulating library. Every tyro is aware that this Sams or Ebers

of antiquity sent out to Ptolemy of Egypt, for a first-rate subscription of fifteen talents, the works of Euripides, Eschylus, and Sophocles; thereby affording a precedent for the abominable practice, fatal to bookmakers and booksellers, which has converted the waters of Castalia into their present disgraceful puddle!

Every scribbler of the day who has a Perryian pen in hand, is pleased to exercise it on the decline of the drama; one of the legitimate targets of penny-a-liners. But how inadequately are the goose quills, and ostrich quills, phoenix quills, and roc quills, of the few standard critics of the age, directed towards the monstrous abuse of public patience which will render the Victorian age the sad antithesis of the Elizabethan, in the literary history of the land! Content so long as they can get a new work, *tailor-made*, as a peg whereon to hang the rusty garments of their erudition, not a straw care they for the miserable decline and fall of the great empire of letters; an empire overrun by what

Goths—what Huns—what Vandals!—by the iniquitous and barbarous hosts of circulating libraries!

It has been agreed for some centuries past, that the only modern Mæcenæus is the publisher. The days of patrons are past; and the author is forced to look for the reward of his labour to the man who, by selling the greatest number of copies to the public, can bestow the greatest number of pounds upon his pains. In order to augment this amount, the bibliopole naturally consults the taste of his customers; and nearly the sole remaining customers of the modern bookseller are—the circulating libraries. For what man in his senses who, for an annual mulct of half-a-dozen sovereigns, commands the whole range of modern literature, would waste his substance in loading his house with books of doubtful interest? Who that, by a message of his servant into Bond Street, procures the last new novel cut and dry, instead of wet from the press, and demanding the labour of the paper-knife, would proceed to the extremity of a purchase? And the result is, that Messrs Folio and Duodecimo, in order to procure satisfactory orders from the circulating libraries of the multitudinous cities of this deluded empire, issue orders to their helots, Mr Scribblescrawl and Mrs Wire-drawn, requiring them to produce per annum so many sets of three volumes, adapted to the atmosphere wherein they are fated to flourish.

It is an avowed fact, that the publishers of the day will purchase the copyrights of only such works as “the libraries will take;” which libraries, besotted by the mystic charm of three volumes, immutable as the sacred triad of the Graces or Destinies, would negative without a division such a work as the “Vicar of Wakefield” were it now to undergo probation. “Robinson Crusoe” or “Paul and Virginia” would be returned unread to their authors, with a civil note of “extremely sorry to decline,” &c. “The Man of Feeling” would be made to feel his insignificance. “Thinks I to Myself” might think in vain; and the “Cottagers of Glenburnie” retain their rural obscurity. So much for the measure of the maw of the circulating library. Of its taste and palate it is

difficult to speak with moderation; for those of Caffraria or Otaheite might be put to the blush.

The result, however, of this fatal ascendancy is, that not a publisher who has the fear of the *Gazette* before his eyes, presumes to hazard a guinea on speculations in the belles-lettres. Poetry is seldom, if ever, published except at the cost of the poet; and the foreman of one of the leading London houses is deputed to apprise aspiring rhymesters, that “his firm considers poetry a mild species of insanity”—*Inglice*, that it does not suit the appetite of the circulating library! For behold! this despot of bookmakers must have length, breadth, and thickness, to fill the book boxes dispatched to its subscribers in the country, as well as satisfy in town the demands of its charming subscriber, Lady Sylvester Daggerwood, and all her daughters.

It happens that the said Lady Sylvester does not like Travels, unless “nice little ladylike books of travels,” such as the Quarterly informed us last year, in a fit of fribbledom, were worthy the neat little crowquills of lady-authors. Nor will she hear of Memoirs, unless light, sparkling, and scandalous, as nearly resembling those of Grammont as decency will allow. Essays she abominates; nor can she exactly understand the use of quartos, unless, as Swift describes the merit of “A Chrysostom to smooth his band in”—to serve for flattening between the leaves her rumpled embroidery or netting!

Now you are simply and respectfully asked, beloved public, what must be the feelings of a man of genius, or of any sensible scholarly individual, when, after devoting years of his life to a work of standard excellence—a work such as in France would obtain him access to the Academy, or in Russia or Prussia a pension and an order of merit—he is told by the publisher, who in Great Britain supplies the place of these fountains of honour and reward, that “the public of the present day has no taste for serious reading;” for Messrs Folio and Duodecimo cannot, of course, afford to regard a few dons of the universities, or a few county bookclubs, parsonically presided, as representa-



tives of the public! What the disappointed man, thus enlightened, must think of "glorious Apollo" when he goes to bed that night, we should be sorry to conjecture!

"The public of the present day"—*Ang.* the subscribers to the circulating libraries—constitute, to his cultivated mind, a world unknown. The public *he* has been wasting his life to address, is such a public as was addressed by Addison, by Swift, by Steele, or by the greater writers of the days of Elizabeth. "Bless his fine wits," we could laugh at his misconception, were we not rather inclined to cry! In instances easy to be cited, (but that there were mitching mulecho in the deed,) insult has been added to injury, and the anguish depicted in the face of the mortified man of letters been assuaged by friendly advice to "try his hand at something more saleable—something in the style of Harrison Ainsworth or Peter Priggin!"

O ye Athenians! to what base uses have we come, by the influence of your malpractices of old!

But all this is far from the blackest side of the picture. You have seen only the fortunes of the rejected of the circulating libraries; wait till you have studied the fate of their favourites—victims whom, like the pet-dogs of children, the publishers force to stand on their hind-legs, and be bedizened in their finery; or pet pussy-cats, whom they fondle into wearing spectacles and feeding on macaroones, instead of pursuing their avocations as honest mousers. The favourite author of the circulating libraries has a great deal to envy in the treadmill!

In the days when there existed a reading, in place of a skimming public—in the days when circulating libraries were not—the writer who followed his own devices in the choice of the subject, plot, title, treatment, and extent of his book, and made his labour a labour of love, had some chance of being cherished as the favourite of the fireside; installed on the shelf, and taken down, like Goldsmith or Defoe or Bunyan, for an hour's gossip; cried over by the young girl of the family, diverting the holiday of the schoolboy, and exercising the eyesight of the good old grand-

mother. But how is this ever to be achieved nowadays? Who will be ever thumbed over and spelled over as these have been?

"Invent another Vicar or another Crusoe," say the critics, "and you will see."

We should not see! No bookseller would publish them, because "no circulating library would take them;" for these bibliopoles know to a page what will be taken. Several of them have got, and several others have had, the conduct of a circulating library on their hands; and so far from venturing to present a single-volumed or double-volumed work to their subscribers, they would insist upon the dilution of the genius of Oliver or Daniel into the adequate number of pages ere they risked paper and print. O public! O dear, ingenuous public! Think how you might have ceased to delight in even the cosmogony-man, if his part had been a hundred times rehearsed in your ears; or what the matchless Lady Blarney and the incomparable Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs (I love, as old Primrose says, to repeat the whole name) might have become, as the "light conversationists" of three octavo volumes! Shakspeare was forced to kill Mercutio early in the play, lest Mercutio should kill *him*. We feel a devout conviction that Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs would have buried Goldsmith!

And then the incomparable Robinson! Conceive the interlarding of a fanny Mrs Friday to eke out the matter, with a comical king of the Cannibal Islands "to lighten the story"—according to circulating library demand! Unhappy Defoe! thy standing in the pillory had been as nothing compared with such a condemnation!

We beseech you, therefore, deluded public, when assured by critical misleadment that such writers no longer exist, do, as you are often requested to do by letters in the newspapers—from parties remanded by the police-offices for some hanging matter—"suspend your judgment," or you will deserve credit for very little. We promise you that there *are* giants on the earth in these days, ay, and famous giants of their cubits! But when a giant is made to drive, his drivings are very little better than

those of a pigmy. And we swear to you, (under correction from the parish vestry, which is entitled to half-a-crown an oath,) that the circulating libraries would make a driveler of Seneca! Under the circulating library tyranny, Johnson himself would have been forced to break up his long words into smaller pieces, to supply due volume for three volumes.

Above all, we have no hesitation in declaring that the circulating libraries are indictable for manslaughter, in the matter of the death of Scott. They killed him, body and soul! In better times, when books were bought, not hired, the sale of the first half dozen of his mighty novels would have sufficed both the public and the author for thrice as many years. They would have been purchased by all people of good condition, as the works of Richardson were purchased, and read, and earned, and got by heart. But behold! the circulating libraries "wanted novelty." It suited them better to invest their capital in half a dozen new and trashy books—such as extend their catalogue from No. 2470 to 2500—instead of half a dozen copies of the one sterling work, which increases their stock in trade and diminishes their stock in consols, but leaves the catalogue, which is the advertisement of their perfections, halting at No. 2470.

Now, as it happened that the same loss of constructiveness which has endowed our language with such a world of creations from the pen of Scott, betrayed him also into inventiveness *per force* of brick and mortar—just as the same bent of genius which created the *Castle of Otranto*, created also that other colossus of lath and plaster, *Strawberry Hill*—the author of the Scotch novels was fain to sacrifice to the evil genius of the times; and behold! as the assiduous slave of the circulating libraries, he extinguished one of the greatest spirits of Great Britain. But for the hateful factory system of the twice three volumes per annum, he would have been still alive among us—happy and happy-making, in a green old age—watching over the maturity of his grandchildren, and waited upon by the worship of the land.

Therefore again we say, as we said

a short time ago,—O ye Athenians! what have ye not to answer for in the consequence of your malpractices of old!

The only great success of the day in works of fiction, (for the laurels of Bulwer have been spindled among the rest by the factitious atmosphere of the circulating libraries), is that of Boz. And we attribute, in a great measure, the enormous circulation of his early works, to their having set at defiance the paralysing influence of the monster-misery. Shilling numbers were as the dragon's teeth. They rose up like armed men, and slew the circulating librarians. People were forced to buy them if they wanted to read them; and they were bought. Those who desired to read "Night and Morning," were not forced to purchase it, and it was not bought; and the circulation of the two works consequently remains as 2000 to 35,000 copies.

The state and prospects of authors, however, concerns you less, dear public, than the state and prospects of literature. You are a contemplative body of men, and can see into a millstone as far as most nations. You make leagues and anti-leagues for the sake of your morsel of bread; and teach the million to sing to your own tune; and, weary of keeping your heads above water, tunnel your way below it; nor will you allow the suffering shirtmakers of your metropolis to be put upon, nor Don Carlos, nor Queen Pomaró, nor any other victim of oppression. You applauded Alice Lowe, and shook hands with Courvoisier at the gallows; and it is clear you stand no nonsense, and hear no malice.

Be so good, therefore, as seriously to consider what sort of figure you will cut in the eyes of posterity, if this kind of thing is suffered to go on.

There is not one publisher in the three kingdoms (we throw down the gauntlet) who would give an adequate sum of money for any new historical work. There is not one publisher in the three kingdoms who would give even a moderate sum for a poem. We state the case liberally; for our conviction is, that they would refuse one poor half-crown. So much for

the *prospects*; for, without a premium production is null.

As regards the state of literature, take out your pencils, (you all carry pencils, to calculate either the long odds or the odds on 'Change,) and make out a list of the works published during the last five years, likely to be known, *even by name*, a hundred years hence! It is some comfort to feel, that *by sight* they cannot be known—that few of them will survive to disgrace us—that the circulating libraries possess the one merit of wear and tear for the destruction of their filthy generation, like Saturn of old; for it would grieve us to think of even the trunks of the two thousandth century being lined with what lines the brains of our contemporaries. So that in the year of grace two thousand and forty-four, we shall have the Lady Blarney of Kilburn Square (the Grosvenor Square of that epoch,) enquiring of the Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs of Croydon Place (the Belgium Square)—“My dear soul, what *could* those poor people do to amuse themselves? They had positively *no* books! After Scott's time till the middle of the nineteenth century not a single novelist; after the death of Byron, not a poet! I believe there was an historian of the name of Hallam, not much heard of; and the other day, at a book-stall, I picked up an odd volume of an odd writer named Carlyle. But it is really curious to consider how utterly the belles-lettres were in abeyance.”

To which, of course, Miss C. W. A. S.—(even Dr Panurge could not get through the whole name again!)—“My dear love! they had Blackwood's Magazine, which, like the Koran after the burning of the Alexandrian library, supplied the place of ten millions of volumes!”

But, alas! some Burchell may be sitting by, to exclaim “FUDGE!” Some groper into archives will bring forth one of those never-to-be-sufficiently-abominated catalogues of Bond and other streets, showing that, on a moderate calculation, twenty books were published per diem, which,

at the end of three months, possessed the value of so many bushels of oyster-shells!

And then, pray, what will you have to say for yourselves, O public! from your tombs in Westminster Abbey, or your catacombs at Kensal Green? Which among you will dare come forward, with blue lights in his hand and accompanied by a trombone, like the ghost of Niinus in Semiramide, and say—“We warned these people to write for immortality. We told them it was their duty to stick in a few oaks for posterity, as well as their Canada poplars and Scotch firs. It was not our fault that they chose to grow nothing but underwood. It was the fault of the circulating libraries, which, instead of allowing the milk of human genius to set for cream, diluted it with *malice prepense*, and drenched us with milk and water even to loathing!”

No, dear public! you will put your hand in your breeches' pocket like a crocodile, as you do now, and say nothing. You are fully aware how much of the fault is your own; but you are stultified and hardened to shame. With the disgrace of your National Gallery, and National Regency Buildings, and Piccolo Palace, and all your other vulgarisms and trivialties on your shoulders, you bully your way out of your disgrace of duncehood, like Mike Lambourne on forgetting his part in the Kenilworth pageant. “For your part, you can do very well without book-learning. You've got Shakspeare, and if with that a nation can't face the literature of Europe, the dence is in it! With Cocker's arithmetic and Shakspeare, any public that knows what it's about, may snap its fingers at the world!”

Such, such are the demoralizing results of the ascendancy of the circulating libraries! Such is the monster-misery of literature!

Again, therefore, we say, confound those fifteen talents! What have ye not to answer for, O ye Athenians! in the consequences of your malpractices of old!

## MARSTON ; OR, THE MEMOIRS OF A STATESMAN.

## PART XI.

"Have I not in my time heard lions roar?  
 Have I not heard the sea, puft up with wind,  
 Rage like an angry boar chafed with sweat?  
 Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
 And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?  
 Have I not in the pitched battle heard  
 Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clang?"

SHAKESPEARE.

Our procession had more than the usual object of those dreadful displays: it was at once an act of revenge and an act of policy. During the period while the gates of the convent shut out the living world from us, a desperate struggle had been going on between the two ruling factions. In this contest for life and death, the more furious, of course, triumphed; such is the history of rabble revolution in all ages. The Girondist with his eloquence naturally fell before the Jacobin with his libel; the Girondist, affecting a deference for law, was trampled by the Jacobin, who valued nothing but force; the tongue and the pen were extinguished by the dagger; and this day was the consummation. A debate in the Convention, of singular talent and unexampled ferocity, had finished by the impeachment of the principal Girondists. Justice here knew nothing of the "law's delay;" and the fallen orators now headed our melancholy line, bound, bareheaded, half naked, and more than half dead with weariness, shame, and the sense of ruin;—there could scarcely be more in the blow which put an end to all their perturbations on this side of the grave.

We had frequent halts, and I had full leisure to gaze around; for, rapidly as the guillotine performed its terrible task, our procession had been extended by some additional victims from every prison which we passed; and we passed so many that I began to think the city one vast dungeon. What strange curiosity is it that could collect such myriads to look upon us? Every street was crowded with a living mass; every casement was filled; every roof presented a line of eyes straining for a glance below.

Instead of the crowd of a populous city, I could have believed that I saw the population of a kingdom poured in and compressed into the narrow streets through which we wound our slow way. From time to time a shout arose, as some conspicuous member of the Convention made his appearance in the vehicle of death: then execrations, scoffs, and insults, of every bitterness, were poured upon the unfortunate being; who seldom attempted to retaliate, or make any other return but a gesture of despair, or a supplication to be suffered to die in peace. Yet all was not cruelty nor insensibility. I saw instances, where friends, bold enough to brave the vengeance of the government, rushed forward to take a last grasp of the hand that must so soon be cold; and my heart was wrung by partings between still dearer objects and the condemned;—wives rushing forward through the multitude; children held up to their father's arms; beautiful and graceful young women, forcing their wild way through the line of troops, to take a last look, and exchange a last word, with those whom they would have rejoicingly followed to the tomb.

Our progress lasted half the day, and the sun was already near its setting, when the waggon in which I sat turned into the Place de Grève. But I must, I dare, describe no more. I shall not say what I saw in that general receptacle of the day of horror—the range of low biers which lay surrounding the scaffold, now the last resting-place of men who had but a few hours before flourished in the full possession of every faculty of our being; and, still more, with all those faculties in the full ardour of public life—with brilliant ambition to stimu-



late, with prospects of boundless power to reward, and with that most exhilarating and tempting spell of human existence, popular acclamation, resounding in their ears. I had known some of them, I had seen them all; and now I saw those highly gifted, vigorously practised, and fiery-souled men, shaken down in an instant like a shock of corn; swept to death as if they were but so many weeds; extinguished in a moment, and in another moment flung aside, a heap of clay, to make room for other dead. And this was Republicanism—this the reign of knowledge, the triumph of freedom, the glory of political regeneration! Even in that most trying moment, when I saw the waggon, in which I remained the last survivor but one, give up my unfortunate companion to the executioner, my parting words to him, as I shook his cold hand, were—"Better the forest and the savage than republicanism! Doubly cursed be murder, when it takes the name of freedom!"

I then resolved to see and hear no more; gave a brief and still a fond recollection to England; and, committing my spirit to a still higher care, I bowed my forehead on my hands, like one laying down his head for the final blow!

But while I was still thus absorbed I heard a sudden shout, the trampling of cavalry, and the sound of trumpets. I again raised my eyes. A strong body of French troopers, covered with the dust of the high-road, and evidently exhausted by a long journey, were passing along the *quai* which bordered the scene of execution. In the midst of these squadrons were seen Austrian standards surmounted by the tricolor, and evidently carried as trophies. The rumour now ran quickly through the spectators, that Flanders had been entered, that the enemy had been routed, and that a column of Austrian prisoners was passing through the streets, of which those squadrons formed the escort.

What could now detain the multitude? The public curiosity would probably have defied grape-shot; with one burst they poured from the square. When the populace went, why should the National Guard stay behind?—were they not as much entitled to satisfy

their curiosity? Three-fourths of the guard instantly piled their muskets, leaving them in care of their less zealous or more lazy fellow warriors, and ran after the multitude. The executioners were like other men; equally touched by their "country's glory," and fond of a spectacle. They dropped by twos and threes quietly from the sides of the scaffold, and made their way to the *quai*. In the mean time I was left disregarded; but I was still fettered, or I should have jumped from the waggon, and taken my chance for escape. All had evidently come to a full stop, and even that horrible machine, above my head, had ceased to clank and crush; for what is a spectacle in France without an audience? The chief headsman, with two or three of his assistants, true to their post, alone remained—waiting for the return of the people; yet even they cast many a lingering glance towards the pageant, whose plumes, flags, and kettledrums, passing across the entrance of the square, made their patriotism more difficult from minute to minute. At length the trumpets died away, and, to my renewed despondency, I saw the crowd again thicken towards me and the few remaining vehicles, which that day, now sinking into twilight, was to empty of their victims.

But I was again respited. While I awaited the summons to mount the fatal steps, a party of dragoons rode into the square, seized every waggon without a moment's delay, and ordered the whole to be driven out for the reception of a column of wounded, both French and Austrians; who, having been brought to the city gates, now waited the means of transport to the great military hospital at Vincennes.

In this country of expedients, the first suggestion is always the best. The colonel of dragoons in charge of the column, had applied to the government for the means of carriage; they referred him to the municipality, who referred him to the staff of the National Guard; who referred him to the subprefect; who referred him to his subordinate functionaries; who knew nothing on the subject; until the colonel, indignant at the impertinences of office, accidentally heard that the requisite conveyances were to be seen in front of the Hotel de Ville. Regarding it as the natural

right of the soldier to be first served in all cases, he sent off a squadron at full speed to make his seizure. Nothing could be more complete. The affair was settled at once. The remonstrances of the civil officers against our being thus withdrawn from their grasp, were answered by bursts of laughter at their impudence, and blows with the flat of the sabre for their presumption ; for, next to the open reprobation of the army for the civic cruelties, was their scorn of the civic functionaries. The National Guard made some feeble display of resistance, but soon showed that they had no wish to try their bayonets against those expert handlers of the sword ; and the event was, that the whole train of fifty or sixty waggons, of which about a tenth remained full, were hurried away at full gallop down to the Boulevard, leaving the scaffold a sinecure. At the barrier a new arrangement took place ; the wounded were piled into the carriages along with us, and the whole were marched under escort to the grand depot of the garrison of Paris.

I had seen Vincennes before, and under trying circumstances ; its frowning physiognomy had not been altered, nor, as a prison, was it more congenial to my feelings than before. Yet, on hearing the hollow tread of our horses' feet over its drawbridge, and seeing myself actually within its massive walls, I experienced a feeling of satisfaction which I had never expected to enjoy within bolts and bars. In this world contrast is every thing. I had been so fevered with alternate peril and escape, so sick of doubt, and so perplexed with the thousand miseries of flight ; that, to find myself secure from casualty for the next twenty-four hours, and relieved from the trouble of thinking for myself, or thinking of any thing, was a relief which amounted almost to a pleasure. I never laid myself down to sleep with greater thankfulness, than when, stretched on the wooden guard-bed of the barrack-room, where the whole crowd of prisoners were packed together, I listened to the beat of the night-drum and the changing of the guard. They told me that, for once at least, I might sleep without a police-officer, to bid me, like *Master Barnardino*, "arise and be hanged."

Time in a garrison is the most lingering of all conceivable things, except time in a prison. I had it, loaded with the double weight. There was no resource to be found in the fractured and bandaged portion of human nature round me. The Austrians were brave boors, who spoke nothing but Styrian or Carinthian, or some border dialect, which nothing but barbarism had ever heard of, and which nothing but Austrian organs could have ever pronounced. The French recruits were from provinces which had their own "beloved patois," and which, to the Parisian, held nearly the same rank of civilized respect as the kingdom of Ashantee. Besides, it was to be remembered, that all round me was a scene of suffering—the dismal epilogue of a field of battle ; or rather the dropping of the curtain on the royal stage, when the glitter and the noise were gone by, and the actors reduced from their pomps and vanities, and sent home to the shivering necessities of poor human existence.

Life to me was now as stagnant as the ditch round the fortress ; all feeling was as languid as the heavy air of our casemates. The mind lost all curiosity relative to the external world ; and, beyond the casual knowledge which dropped, with all official mystery, from the lips of our worthy governor, and which told us that the war still continued, and that the armies of the Republic were "invincible beyond all power of human resistance ;" we could not have been much more separated from sympathy, even with the capital itself, if we had been transported to one of the belts of Jupiter.

But a new alarm now seized me. The extreme indifference with which I had begun to regard all things, at length struck the eye of one of the military surgeons, who had been sent from Paris in consequence of the influx of prisoners. He seemed to take some interest in my consumptive visage and lack-lustre eye ; asked me whether "some of my family had not died early in life," and offered to dictate my pursuits and regimens. The French are by nature a kindly people, with this one proviso, that, though every Frenchman on earth is more or less a

*persifleur*, you must never practise the art upon himself. M. Rossignol Perigord Pantoufle would have been an incomparable subject for the exercise, for he was eccentricity from top to toe. But the state of my spirits prevented my taking any share in the burlesque which too frequently befell this worthy person; and he attached himself to me as a sort of refuge from the sly, but stinging, persecution of his fellow-officers. When the hen-wife plucks the goose's bosom it makes her nestle more closely to her goslings. It was the calumny of my friend Pantoufle to be born with what the novelists call a "too feeling heart;" he was always in love with some one or another, and always jilted. But misfortune was thrown away upon him; he was still a complete sensitive plant, shivering and shrinking at every new touch: a dish of *blancmange* could not have shaken with a slighter impulse, nor a shape of jelly more easily dissolved. He was now past fifty; and, never much indebted to nature in his youth, time, the foe to beauty, had been more than a foe to the doctor. I never recollect to have seen a figure or physiognomy less fitted to disturb the female soul. But he made me the confidant of his woes: and if I did not, like Desdemona, "to him seriously incline," at least I never laughed, amusing as were his agonies, and diverting as was his despair. I had either the presence of mind, or the feebleness of pulse, to look and listen;—the art has succeeded in higher places than prisons.

Yet all was not sentimentality with him. He was an honest and high-spirited man in the main. He questioned me—and no question could then be a bolder one at the time—in what manner he could best serve me. My answer was immediate—"Find out the commercial house of Elmathan, and tell the head of the family that I am here." The service was done, and I received for answer, on my friend's return from his ride to the Rue Vivienne—"That the firm kept no account with any person of my name; and that they had no desire to have any further application on the subject." The doctor, too, had been received with such a gathering of black brows, and

such murmurs between indignation and astonishment; that if Rabbi Elmathan had not been deemed altogether beneath the vengeance of "an officer in the service of the Republic," the consequence would have been a proposal to choose his own time to be run through the body in the Champs Elysées.

It was late when my ambassador had returned, and I had begun to feel some alarm for his peril by other than the shafts of Cupid in the rashness of exposing him to the jealous eye of his government, or perhaps to the denunciation of the Jewish firm, who, to screen themselves, might hasten with the intelligence to the first police-office. And I had an uneasy walk of a couple of hours, gazing from the ramparts, for every movement in the direction of the capital. The night was calm, and the glow of the lamps in the streets strikingly marked their outline; when on a sudden the sky was filled with flame of every colour, shot up in all directions, the cannon round the barriers began to roar, and Montmartre was in a perpetual blaze. It was plain that some extraordinary event had occurred; but whether this were the fall of the triumvirate or of their enemies, a new revolution or a new monarch, was beyond our knowledge; we were all hermetically sealed up in Vincennes; and if Paris had been buried in its own catacombs at the moment, the news would have been doled out to us only in the segments which suited the dignity of the governor.

But Pantoufle for once was popular in the fortress. If he had brought nothing to raise my spirits, his tidings threw the garrison into ecstasy. The Republic "had gained a great victory," whose value was enhanced by the previous disasters of the campaign. The favourite of the French armies, too, had gained that victory. This was another feature of the rejoicing. Dumourier was one of the people; "no noble, no aristocrat, no son of hundred wealth, no lord of forests and feeder on privileges." He had been a simple captain of engineers; he was now conqueror of those Austrian provinces on which France had cast an eager eye for centuries. That prize, which all the monarchs of France, with all their titled marshals, had

never been able to seize, "the Republic, with a republican army and a republican general, had won in the first month of her first invasion."

The garrison, of course, had its fireworks, its salute from the ramparts, and its *feu de joie*. But, in the midst of the festivity, I observed Pantoufle's countenance loaded with some mighty secret. He broke it to me with the air of a man revealing a conspiracy. Taking me on one side, while the ramparts were blazing with blue-lights, and every man, woman, and child of the garrison were chattering, huzzing, and waltzing round us; he communicated to me the solemn fact, that his heart had been pierced again. This action had been done while he was waiting in Elnathan's counting-house: a young Rachel or Rebecca had accidentally glanced across his sight, with such inimitable eyes, that his fate was decided for life. The world was valueless without her; and my particular advice was requested as to the way in which he was to make his approaches. I advised a sonnet. He smiled, and acknowledged that he had anticipated my advice, and had spent an hour of that twilight, dear to love and the muses, during which he had kept me in all the discomforts of suspense, devoting all the energies of his soul to the composition of a song to the beauties of the irresistible *Israélite*. Boileau has told the world, that a poet once insisted on his listening to an ode of his composition, while they were kneeling together at high mass. Our situation might not be quite as solemn, but the doctor was quite as pressing; and seated on the corner of a bastion, while the guns were roaring above our heads, I listened to an effusion in the most established style of sexagenarian poetry.

"Rachel est sans dévies,  
C'est un bouton de rose,  
Que la nature arrose,  
Et dispose à s'ouvrir.

Dans son cœur sans détour,  
Il n'est pas jour encore;  
Il attend pour éclore  
Un rayon de l'amour!"

I listened without a laugh, and won the eternal gratitude of the writer. Nothing could be clearer than that, whatever the effusion might owe to the inspiration of Cupid, Apollo

had no share in its charm. On my part, it would probably have been an act of the truest friendship, to have bid him burn his tablets, forswear poetry for ever, and regard himself as forbidden the temptations of the maids of Parnassus. But I should have broken his heart. I took the simpler but more effectual cure—I made him find out this idol, and marry her. Before I forget him and his sorrows, let me mention, that he took my advice, and that, on my return to the Continent some years after, I found the poet transferred into the benedict, with a pretty wife at his side, and a circle of lively children at his knee—an active, thriving, and rational member of the community. I always quote the doctor, for the superiority of the soothing system. The vinegar of criticism would have festered the wounds of his vanity; the art of (must I call it) flattery healed them. It left a scar, I acknowledge: for the doctor still wrote verses, and still had a lurking propensity for climbing the slippery slope of poetic renown. But the realities of life are fortunate correctives to this passion, and, like Piron, luckily

"Il ne fut rien  
Pas même académicien."

But on this night our "intercourse of souls" was interrupted by one of those painful evidences of the renewal of hostilities which shows war in its truest aspect. A long column of vehicles, which we had seen moving for some time across the plain, and whose movement, by the torches of the escort, looked from the ramparts like the trailing of an immense phosphoric serpent, approached the gates. The announcement was soon made that it was a large detachment of prisoners and wounded, who had arrived from the desperate but decisive battle in Flanders. All the medical officers of the garrison were immediately in requisition; and the sights which I saw, even when standing at the gate, as the carts and cars rolled over the drawbridge, were sufficient to startle feelings more used to such terrible demonstrations of the folly or the frenzy of the world. But this was no time to indulge indolent sensibilities. Of course, I have no desire to enter into



the startling details of that spectacle. But mastering myself so far, as to volunteer my attendance for the time in the hospital, the thought often occurred to me, that there could be no better lesson for the love of conquest than a walk through a military hospital after the first battle.

This anxious service lasted during the greater part of the night; for the wounded amounted to little less than a thousand, both French and foreign. But as I was returning to my mattress, I recollected the countenance of a prisoner standing at the door of one of the chambers set apart for officers of the higher rank. The man put his hand to his shako, and addressed me in German;—he was one of the squadron of Hulans whom I had commanded in the Prussian retreat, and who had rejoined his regiment after the skirmish with the French dragoons. He expressed great delight in finding that I was a survivor. But “on whom was he now in attendance?” “On Major-General Comte Varnhorst.” He told me that the general had volunteered to join the Austrian army in the Netherlands, and taking the Hulan with him, had been wounded in covering the retreat, been found on the field, and was now in the hands of the surgeons in that chamber!

I pass briefly over this scene. I found my brave friend apparently at the point of death; he had been wounded by the sabre, trampled under horses’ hoofs, and crushed in every imaginable way, in the course of the desperate defence which he made against an overwhelming force of the enemy’s cavalry. The officers of the escort were loud in reports of his almost frantic gallantry; but he was now so exhausted by the length of the march as to be almost insensible: he knew no one; and his case, after a day or two, was pronounced beyond all cure. It was then that I obtained permission to watch over him, and at least provide that he should not be disturbed in his closing hours. Care is often more than science, and care succeeded in this instance, against all the ominous looks of the medical staff. I so much delighted Pantouffe, by having thus overthrown the authority of a pragmatical *confère*, who had been peculiarly stern in his prognos-

tics; that he made the proposal to me of joining him in the chances of his profession. “I shall fix myself in Paris,” said he; “fame will be the inevitable consequence, and fortune will follow; here you shall be my successor.” I fought off the prospect as well as I could, and pleaded my want of professional knowledge. His countenance, at the words, would have been an incomparable study of mingled burlesque and scorn. He instanced a whole crowd of leading men, whom he nomenclated as having made fortunes, not by knowledge, but simply by its absence. “Their ignorance,” said he, “gives them effrontery, and effrontery is the grand secret of fame. You are an Englishman and a philosopher,”—the latter expression uttered with a curl of the lip and an elevation of the brow, which evidently translated the word, a fool. “You take things circuitously, while success lies in the straight line; thus you fail, we triumph.”

I admitted the rapidity of his countrymen.

“In France,” said he, or rather exclaimed, “two things conduct to renown; and but two—to stop at nothing, and never to admit ignorance in any thing; in medicine, to cure or kill without delay; in surgery, to operate at all risks. If the patient dies, there are fifty reasons for it; if the surgeon hesitates, the public will allow of but one. Politics are not within my line, and the subject is just now a delicate one; but you see that the secret of renown is, to run on the edge of the scaffold. In soldiership the principle is the same—always to fight, whenever you can find any body to fight with; you will deserve to be famous, or deserve to be guillotined.”

“Perhaps both,” I remarked.

“Nothing more probable. But still something is done; inaction does nothing. Look at Dantonier; he has had no more necessity for fighting this battle, than for jumping from the parapet of Notre-Dame. But he has fought, he has conquered; and, instead of throwing himself from the parapet of Notre-Dame, which he probably would have done in the next fortnight’s *cann* in Paris, all Paris is placarded with his bulletins.”

"But he *might* have been beaten; he might have been ruined, or brought to trial for rashness; or to an Austrian prison, like La Fayette."

"Of course he might. But the question is of the fact—let prophets deal with the future. He *has* beaten the Austrians; he *has* conquered Flanders; he *has* made himself the first man of France by the act, for which, if he had been an Austrian general, he would have been brought to a court-martial, his victory pronounced contrary to rule, his bravery a breach of etiquette, and the rest of his days, if he was not shot on the ramparts of Vienna, spent in a dungeon in Prague. Take my advice; dash at every thing; risk is the grand talent—adventure, the philosopher's stone. So, listen to me; you shall be admitted to the Hotel Dieu as an *élève*: become my assistant, and make your fortune."

I stared at this sudden explosion of the doctor's rhetoric; but I should have remembered, that he was under the double inspiration of new-born love and reluctant rhyme.

Varnhorst at length attempted to walk as far as the ramparts, and I was enjoying the pride of being able to exhibit my patient to the garrison; when, just as we were issuing from the long and chill corridors into the fresh air and sunshine, I observed the commandant coming towards me with a peculiar air of gravity, attended by several of his officers. Bowing to Varnhorst with military etiquette, he took him aside and communicated to him a few words, which made his pale countenance look paler still. "My friend is brave," was the Prussian's reply, turning a glance to where I stood. "I have seen him in the field. I am satisfied that, wherever he is, he will do his duty."

The commandant now walked up to me, and with an air of embarrassment put a sealed letter into my hands. It was from the minister of foreign affairs, and was marked *secret and immediate*. I opened it, and I shall not say with what feelings I saw—an order for my attendance at the office of the minister, signed ROBESPIERRE.

If the grim majesty of death had put his signature in person to this order, it would not have borne a more

mortal aspect. It was a pang! yet the pang did not continue long. Inevitable things are not the hardest to be borne. At all events, there was no time for pondering on the subject. The carriage which had brought the order and the government *huissier*, was at the gate. Varnhorst gave me one grasp of his honest hand as I left him; the commandant wished me "good fortune." I hurried into the carriage, and we flew on the road to Paris.

On reaching the barrier, we turned off to the quarter of the Luxembourg, and stopped at the gate of a moderate-sized house, where my conductor and I entered. I was shown into a small and simple room; where I found a man advanced in years, and of a striking aspect. He said not a word; I had no inclination to speak. The one or two hesitating syllables which I addressed to him were answered only by a bow and a look, as if he did not understand the language; and I awaited the approach of the terror of France, and horror of Europe, during half an hour, which seemed to me interminable. The door at last opened, a valet came in, and the name of "Robespierre" thrilled through every fibre; but, instead of the frowning giant to which my fancy had involuntarily attached the name, I saw a slight figure, highly dressed, and even with the air of a fop on the stage. Holding a perfumed handkerchief in one hand, which he waved towards his face like one indulging in the fragrance, and a diamond snuff-box in the other, he advanced with a sliding step; and after a sallow smile to me, and a solemn bow to the old man, congratulated himself on the "honour of the acquaintance, which he had been indebted to his friend Elgathan for making, in my person." I was all astonishment: I had come in expectation of receiving my death-warrant—I had a reception like an ambassador. I now perplexed myself with the idea, that I had been mistaken for some stranger in the foreign diplomacy; but I was instantly set right by his pronouncing my name, and making some allusions to "the influence of my family in the British Parliament."

Yet, I was still in the tiger's den,

and I expected to feel the talons. I was happily disappointed; the claw was sheathed in velvet. A slight reflection was brought in by an embroidered domestic, and it was evidently the wish of this tremendous demagogue to appear the man of refinement, at least in my instance.

"My friend Elnathan," said he, "has informed me that you wish to return to England?"

This was pronounced in the meekest tone of interrogatory; and, with eyes scarcely raised to either of us, he awaited my confirmation of his idea.

It was given unhesitatingly; and my glance at the countenance of the old man was answered by another, which told me that I saw the correspondent of my friend Mordecai.

"The circumstances are simply these," said the dictator in the same delicate tone; "the government has occasion to arrange some matters of importance with the British cabinet. The successes of the Republic have raised jealousies, which it is for the advantage of human nature that we should reconcile if possible. France and England are the only free countries: their hostility can only be injurious to freedom."

He paused, and his cold grey eye, after traversing the floor, was slowly raised to me.

I admitted my perfect agreement in the opinion, that "wherever national conflict could be avoided, it was the business of all rational men to maintain peace." I saw a grim smile pass over his sallow features, probably at having found another dupe. Elnathan sat in profound silence, without a muscle moved.

Robespierre, rising, took from a portfolio a letter, and put it into the Jew's hand. He now had got over that strange embarrassment with which his habitual nervousness had marked his first address, and spoke largely, and with a considerable expression of authority.

"The English government," said he, "have expressed some unnecessary uneasiness at the progress of opinion in Europe. The late victory, which has decided the fate of the Austrian Netherlands, will probably increase that uneasiness. Communications through the usual channels

are slow, imperfect, and open to espionage on all sides. I have, therefore, applied to my friend Elnathan to point out some individual in whom he has perfect confidence, and through whom the communication can be made. He has named you."

Elnathan, with his huge hands clasped on his breast, and his bushy brows drawn deep over his eyes, bent forward with almost oriental affirmation.

"When will you be ready to set out for Calais?"

"This moment," was my willing answer.

"No, we are not quite prepared." He walked for a while about the room, pondering on the subject; then, turning to Elnathan, he directed the Jew to get ready some papers connected with the financial dealings which his English brethren were then beginning to carry on extensively throughout Europe. Those were to be arranged by next day, and for those I must wait.

"You shall be under the care of Elnathan," said the master of my fate. "He will obtain your passports from the Foreign Office, and you will leave Paris to-morrow evening at furthest. We must avoid all suspicion, Elnathan," said he, turning to the Jew. "Paris is a hot-bed of spies. Apropos, where do you propose to spend the evening?"

My mind glanced at Vincennes, and his eye, cold as it was, caught my startled conception.

"No, your return to-night to the fortress would only set all the tongues of Paris in motion to-morrow. You must be seen in public to-night, at the opera, the theatre, or where you will. You must figure as an Englishman travelling at his pleasure and his leisure—a *Milord*."

"Madame Roland gives a soiree to-night," humbly interposed the Jew.

"Ha!—that is the best of all. You must go there. You will be seen by all the world. Elnathan will introduce you to the 'philosophic lady' of the circle." He then resumed his pacing round the room. I could observe the vulpine expression of his visage, the twitching of his hands, the keen sidelong look of a man living in perpetual alarm.



We prepared to take our leave; but he now suddenly resumed the *petit-maitre*, flourished his perfumed handkerchief again, gave a passing smile at the mirror, and offered me the honours of his snuff-box with the affectation of the stage. But, as we reached the door of the apartment, he made a long, single stride, which brought him up close to me. "Remember, sir," said he, in a stern voice, wholly unlike the past—"You have it in charge from me to inform the government of your country of the actual feeling of France. It is true that there are madmen among us—Brisotins, Girondists, and other enthusiasts—who talk of war. I tell you that they *are* madmen, and that I will have no war.—There may be conspirators, who think to shake the existing *régime* of the republic, and look to war as the means of raising themselves on its ruins.—I tell you, and you may tell your Cabinet, that they will not accomplish their objects here; and that, if they accomplish them, it will be the fault and the folly alone of England. Impress those truths on the minds of your countrymen: the Republic desires no war; her principle is peace, her purpose is peace, her prosperity is peace. There will be, there shall be, there *can* be, no war." He folded his arms, and stood like a pillar till we withdrew.

I happened to ascertain shortly afterwards, that on this very day Robespierre had presided at a council which had sent off orders to Dumonrier to open the Scheldt, the notorious and direct preliminary to war with England. Such is the sincerity of diplomacy!

I remained during the rest of the day with Elnathan. His hotel was splendid, and all that surrounded him gave the impression of great opulence; but it was obvious that he lived like a man in a gunpowder magazine. He had several sons and daughters, whom, in the terrors of the time, he had contrived to send among his connexions in Germany; and he now lived alone, his wife having been dead for some years. All his wealth could not console him for the anxiety of his position; and doubtless he would have perished long before, in the general massacre of the opulent, ex-

cept for the circumstance of being the chief channel of moneyed communication between the government and Germany. In the course of our lonely but most *recherché* dinner, he explained to me slightly the means of my recent preservation. The police-officer had acquainted him with my being the bearer of a letter from Mordecai. The intelligence reached him just in time to save me, by a daring claim of my person as an agent of the English ministry. He had then lost sight of me, and began to think that I had perished; when the application of my friend the doctor told him where I was to be found. The message of the head of the Republic, requiring a confidential bearer of documents, struck him as affording an opportunity of my liberation; and though the palpable absurdity of my worthy friend Pantoufle prevented any communication with *him*, no time was lost in proposing my name to authority.

"And now," said my entertainer, after drinking my safe arrival in a bumper of imperial tokay, "En avance, for Madame Roland."

We drove to a splendid mansion in the Rue de la Revolution. The street in front was crowded with equipages, and it was with some difficulty that we could make our way through the long and stately suite of rooms. The house had belonged to the Austrian ambassador; and on the declaration of war it had been taken possession of by the Republic without ceremony.

I observed to Elnathan, that "to judge from the pomp of the furniture, republicanism was not republican every where."

"Nowhere but in the streets, or the prisons," was his reply in a whisper. "Since the Austrian left it, the whole hotel has been furnished anew at the most profuse expense, which I had the honour of supplying. Roland is a great personage, an honest nobody, a mill-horse at the wheel of office. He is probably drudging over his desk at this moment; but Madame is of another mould. "La voilà!" He turned suddenly, and made a profound bow to a very showy female, who had advanced from a group for the purpose of receiving the Jew and the stranger. I had now, for the



first time, the honour of seeing this remarkable personage. Her figure was certainly striking, and her physiognomy conveyed a great deal of her character for intelligence and decision. She had evidently dressed herself on the model of the *classique*; and though not handsome enough for a Venus, nor light enough for a nymph, she might have made a tolerable Minerva. She had probably some thoughts of the kind; for before we had time to make our bows, she threw herself into an attitude of the *Galerie des Antiques*, and, with her eyes fixed profoundly on the ground, awaited our incense. But when this part was played, the idol condescended to become human, and she spoke with that torrent of language which her clever countrywomen have at unrivalled command. She was "delighted, charmed, enchanted, to make my acquaintance. She had owed many marks of friendship to M. Elmathan; but this surpassed them all—she admired the English—they were always the friends of liberty—France was now beginning a race in the arena of freedom. The rivalry was brilliant, the prize was inestimable." I could only bow. Again, "she was enraptured to see an Englishman; the countryman of Milton and Wilkes, of Charles Fox and William Tell—she had been lately studying English history, and had wept floods of tears over the execution of William III.—*Enfin*, she hoped that Shakspeare, 'ce beau, ce superbe Shakspeare,' was in good health, and meant to give the world many, many more charming tragedies."

She had now discharged her first volley, and she wheeled back upon a group of members of the Convention, grim and sullen-looking sages, with wild hair hanging over their shoulders, and the genuine Carmagnole physiognomy. With those men she was evidently plunged in vehement discussion, and her whole volume of politics was

flung at their heads with as little mercy as her literary stores had been poured upon me.

But the crowd pressed towards another object of curiosity, and I followed it, under the guidance of my Asinodons, to a music room, splendidly fitted up, and filled with the most select orchestra of the capital. But it was an amateur that was there to attract all eyes and ears. "Madame de Fontenai," whispered the Jew, as he glanced towards a woman of a remarkably expressive countenance and statue-like form, half sitting, half reposing, on a sofa—surrounded by a group soliciting her for a "few notes, a suspiration, a *souffçon*"—of, as Elmathan observed, "one of the most delicious voices which had ever crossed the Pyrenees," and the Jew had all the habitual connoisseurship of his nation. At last the siren consented, and a harp was brought and placed before her, with the same homage which might have attended an offering to the Queen of Cyprus, in her own island, three thousand years ago: and rather letting her hand drop among the strings, than striking them, and rather breathing out her feelings, than performing any music of mortal composition, she sang one of the fantastic, but deep, reveries of passion of "the sweet south."

#### SARABANDA

"Tus ojos y los míos  
Se miran y hablan.  
Pero los Corazones  
No se declaran.  
Mas te prevengo  
Que si tu no te explicas,  
Yo no te entiendo.

"Las dudas de un amante  
No han de saberse,  
Que al decir las se sabe.  
Que desmerecen.  
No—en el silencio  
No son pensamientos  
D'el mas aprecio." \*

#### \* MADRIGAL.

"Silence is the true love-token;  
Passion only speaks in sighs;  
Would you keep its charm unbroken,  
Trust the eloquence of eyes.  
Ah no!  
Not so.

The song closed in a burst of plaudits, as general and marked as if they had been given to a *prima donna* in a theatre, and she received them as if she was in a theatre.

"You should be presented to Madame de Fontenai," was my guide's suggestion. "She is our reigning *célébrité* at present, as Madame Roland is our *publicité*. You see we are nice in our distinctions.—I shall probably to-night show you another, a very handsome creature indeed, without half the talents of either, but with more admirers than both; who has obtained the title of our *félicité*."

"I shall be delighted to be made known to her, but give me the *carte du pays*. Who or what is she?"

"The daughter of Cabarus, the Spanish ambassador here some years ago. She is now a widow, rich, giving the most *recherché* suppers, followed by all the world, and, as she declares, persecuted by M. Tallien; who, as perseverance is nine-tenths of success in every thing, will probably succeed in making her Madame Tallien."

I had now the honour of being presented, and was received with very flattering attention. This I probably owed to the Jew, who seemed to have the key to every one's smiles, as he had to most of their *escritoires*. She was certainly a person of most distinguished appearance. Not handsome, so far as beauty depends on feature; for she had the olive tinge of her country, Spain, and she had the *not* Spanish "*petit nez retroussé*." She required distance for fascination. But her figure was fine, and never was any costume more studied to exhibit it in all its graces. Accustomed as I had become to foreign life, I must acknowledge that I was a little surprised at the unhesitatingly *classical* develop-

ment of her form;—arms naked to the shoulder, or clasped only with golden serpents; a robe à la *Diane*, and succinct as ever huntress wore; silver sandals, a jeweled cestus, and a tunic of white satin deeply embroidered with gold, depending simply to the knee! But when she placed me on the sofa beside her, and entered into conversation, every thing was forgotten but her incomparable elegance of manner. She had singular brilliancy of eye; it almost spoke, it perpetually flushed, and it filled up the pauses when she ceased to speak, with a meaning absolutely mental. Her language was animated and intelligent; sometimes in a tone of gentle and touching confidence, which made the hearer almost think that he was looking at her soul through her vivid countenance. Before a few minutes had elapsed, I could fully comprehend her title to the renown of the most captivating conversationist of Paris.

As I at length relinquished this enviable and envied position, to give way to the crowd who brought their tribute to the *fauteuil*, or rather the shrine, of this dazzling woman—"You have still," said my companion, "to see another of our sovereigns; for, as we have a triumvirate in the Tuileries, the world of taste is ruled by three rivals; and they are curiously characteristic of the classes from which they have sprung. The lady of the mansion, you must have perceived to be republican in every sense of the word—clever undoubtedly, but as undoubtedly *bourgeoise*; intelligent in no slight degree, but too much in earnest for elegance; perpetually taking the lead on those desperate subjects, in which women can only be, and ought to be, smatterers; and all this to the infinite amusement of her

From my soul all doubts remove;  
Tell me, tell me—that you love.

"Looks the heart alone discover,  
If the tongue its thoughts can tell,  
'Tis in vain you play the lover,  
You have never *felt* the spell.

Ah no!

Not so.

Speak the word, all words above;  
Tell me, tell me—that you love."

hearers, and the unbounded terror of her meek and very helpless husband."

I remarked, "that she had, at least, the important merit of giving splendid entertainments."

"Yes, and of also possessing as honest a heart as she possesses a rash brain. She is kind, generous, and even rational, where she has not a revolution to make or to ruin. But, suffer her to touch on politics, and you might as well bring a lunatic into the full moon."

"But that singular being, to whom we have just been listening, and whose song I shall hear to-night in my dreams—can she be a politician, a republican? I have never seen a countenance more likely to be contemptuous of the *ca-naille*!"

"You are perfectly in the right. She has a sphere of her own, which has no more to do with our world than if she lived in the evening-star. She exists simply to enjoy homage, and to reward it, as you have seen, by a song or a smile; yet she has been on the verge of the scaffold. Some of our most powerful political characters are contending for her influence, her fortune, or her hand; and whether the contest will end in raising M. Tallien to the head of the Republic, or extinguishing him within the week, is a question which chance alone can decide.—She may yet be a queen."

"She seems fitter to be a Circe, or a Calypso. Or if a queen, she would be a Cleopatra."

"No," said Elnathan, with the only laugh which I had seen on his solemn visage during the night. "She has known too much of courts to endure royalty. She reigns as the widow of M. de Fontenai. If Tallien falls, she will have the power of choosing from all his successors. When old age comes at last, and conquests are hopeless, she will turn *devote*, fly to her native Spain, abjure the face of man, spend her money on wax-dolls and cockle-shells; and after being worshipped by the multitude as a saint, and panegy-rized by the monks as a miracle, will die with her face turned to Paris after all, as good Mussulmen send their last breath in the direction of Mecca."

We now plunged into the centre of a circle of men in military costume, full of the war, and criticising Dumou-

rier's campaign with the utmost severity. As I listened; with some surprise at the multiplicity of errors which the most successful general of France had contrived to squeeze into a single month of operations, I observed a man, of a pale thin visage, like one suffering from ill health or excessive mental toil, but of a singularly intellectual expression; standing at a slight distance from the group of tacticians with a quiet smile.

"Let me have the honour of presenting M. Marston to the minister at war," was my introduction to the celebrated Carnot; with whom Elnathan seemed to be on peculiar terms of intimacy. The minister entered at once, and good-humouredly, into conversation.

"You must not think our favourite general," said he, "altogether the military novice which those gentlemen of the National Guard have decided him to be. I feel an additional interest in the question, because I had a little official battle to fight to place him at the head of the army of Flanders. But I saw that he had military talent, and that, with a republic, cancels all sins."

I made some passing remark on the idleness of disputing the ability of an officer who answered cavils by conquest, observing, that the only rational altar raised by the Romans, a people of warriors, was to "Good Fortune."

"Ah yes, you think, in the Choiseul style, that the first question to be asked in choosing a general was, 'is he lucky?' I must own, notwithstanding, that our city warriors have been of the opinion"—and a slight movement curled his lip—"that General Dumourier has fought his battle against principle. But they do not perceive, that *there* lies the very merit for which the Republic must uphold him. His troops were in an exhausted country; they had but provisions for two days. He must fight at once or retreat. Another general might have retreated; and made his apology by the state of his haversacks. Dumourier took the other alternative: he fought; and the general who fights is the only general who gains victories."

One of the tacticians at whom he had indulged in a sneer, Santerre, the commandant of the city horse, a huge

and heavy hero with enormous jack-boots and a clattering sabre, now strode up to us, and pronounced that the campaign had been hitherto "against all rule."

"You mistake, my good friend," said the now half-angry minister—"you mistake acting above rule for acting against rule. Our war is new, our force is new, our position is new; and we must meet the struggle by new means every where. Follow the routine, and all is lost. Invent, act, hazard, strike, and we shall triumph as Dunoisier has done.—France is surrounded with enemies. To conquer, we must astonish. If we wait to be attacked, we must feel the weakness of defence—the spirit of the French soldier is attack. Within the frontier he is a bird in a cage; beyond it he is a bird in the air. Why has France always triumphed in the beginning of a war? because she has always invaded. The French soldier must march, he must fight, he must feel that he hazards every thing, before he rises to that pitch of daring, that ardour, that *elan*, by which he gains every thing. Let him, like the Greek, burn his ships behind him, and from that moment he is invincible."

I listened with speechless interest to this development of the principles on which the great war of Europe was to be sustained. The speaker uttered his oracular sentences with a glow, which left his hearers almost as breathless as himself. I could imagine that I saw before me the living genius of French victory.

While we were standing, silenced by this burst; an incident occurred, as if to give demonstration to his theory. An aide-de-camp entered the room, bringing despatches from the army of Flanders. He had but just arrived in Paris, and not finding the war-minister at his bureau, had followed him here. Of course, the strongest conceivable curiosity existed; but not a syllable was to be learned from the official mystery of the aide-de-camp. He made his advance to the minister, deposited the despatch in his hands, and then drew up his stately figure, impervious to all questioning. Carnot retired to an alcove to read the missive, and in the mean time the general anxiety was

an absolute fever. The dance ceased, the tables of loto and faro were deserted, the whole business of life was broken up, and five hundred of the handsomest, the most brilliant, and the best dressed of the earth, were standing on tiptoe in an agony of suspense. It would have justified a counter-revolution.

At length Carnot, probably wholly forgetting the scene of suffering which he had left behind, came forward with the important despatch open in his hand. When he read the date, and pronounced the words "Head-quarters, Brussels," all was known, and all was rapture. The French deserve good news beyond all other people of the globe, for none ever enjoy it so much. I thought that they would have embraced the little minister to death; no living man certainly was ever nearer being pressed into Elysium. Absolute shouts of *Vive la Republique!* and plaudits from innumerable pairs of the most delicate hands, echoed through the whole suite of *salons*. Madame, the lady of the mansion, made a set speech to him, at the conclusion of which she rushed on him with open arms, and kissed him on both cheeks, "*Au nom de la Republique.*" Even the ethereal Madame de Fontenai condescended so far to stoop to human feelings, as to move from her couch, advance, drooping her fine eyes, and, with her hand on her bosom, like a sultana bend her magnificent head in silent homage before him. I watched the pantomime of this matchless creature, with a full acknowledgment of its beauty. A single word would have impaired it; but she did not utter a syllable. On retiring, she slowly raised her expressive countenance, fixing her eyes above, as if she thanked some visionary protector of France for this crowning triumph; and then, with hands clasped, and step by step, sank back into the crowd.

Supper was announced, and we were led into a new suite of rooms, filled with all the luxuries and hospitalities of a most sumptuous entertainment. Carnot, now doubly popular, was surrounded by the *élite* of name and beauty. But, whether from the politeness with which even the Republicans of former rank were



desirous of distinguishing themselves from the *roturier*, or for the purpose of making his opinions known in that country which has been always the great tribunal of European opinion, and always will be; he made me sit down at his side.

He now talked largely of continental interests, and continually reverted to the advantages of a closer alliance of England with France. "The two countries," said he, "are made for combination; combined, they could conquer the globe; France for the empire of the land, England for the empire of the sea. Nature has divided between them the sceptre of the world."

I observed that, when the conquest was achieved, the victors, like Augustus and Antony, might quarrel at last.

"Well, then, even if they did, the combat would finish in a day what it would have taken centuries of the tardy wars of old times to decide. Six hours at Pharsalia settled the civil wars of Rome, and pacified the world for five hundred years."

"But which side would be content to be the beaten one?" I asked.

"Neither," replied a restless, but remarkably broad-foreheaded and deep-browed personage at the opposite side of the table. "The combat would be eternal, or must end in mutual ruin. An universal empire would be beyond the government of man by law, or his control by the sword. I prefer enlightening the people until they shall want no control."

"But will they buy your lamp?" said Carnot, with a smile.

"At least they have done so pretty extensively, if I am to believe the public. It was but this day, that I received a notice that there had been sent forth the hundred thousandth copy of my '*Qu'est ce que le Tiers Etat.*'"

"That was not a lamp, but a firebrand," said a hollow voice at a distance down the table; which reminded me of the extraordinary orator whom I had heard in the Jacobin Club. Carnot looked round to discover this strange accuser, and added, in a loud and stern tone—

"Whether lamp or firebrand, I pronounce to all good Frenchmen that it was a great gift to France. It was

the grammar of a new language, the language of liberty! It was the sound of a trumpet, the trumpet of revolution! Still M. de Siéyes," said he, turning to the author of this celebrated performance, "all things have their time, and yours is not yet come. I cannot give up the soldier. I am for no tardy movement, when the country is in peril; the field must be cleared before it can be cultivated. You must sweep war from your gates, and faction from your streets, before you can sit down to teach a people. Even then the task is not easy. To know nothing, or to know something badly, are two kinds of ignorance which will always tempt the majority of mankind."

"Is there not a third kind of ignorance more dangerous still—that of knowing more than one *ought* to know?" interposed another speaker, whose countenance had already struck me as one of the most problematical that I had ever seen. His composed yet keen physiognomy, strongly reminded me of the portraits of the Italian Conclave—some of the cardinals of Giorgione and Titian; at once subtle and dignified.


Carnot smiled, and said to me in a low tone, "That is a touch at Siéyes. Those two men never meet without a fencing-match. One of them has been a bishop, and cannot forgive the loss of his mitre. Siéyes has been nothing, but intends to be more than a bishop yet—if he can. Talleyrand and he hate each other with the hatred of rival beauties."

It was evident that Siéyes was stung, though I could not tell how. I saw his powerful countenance flush to the forehead. But he merely said—"Pray, Monsieur, what is a vizard?"

All eyes were now directed to the combatants, and a faint laugh ran round the table. But there was not the slightest appearance of perturbation in the manner or look of his antagonist, as he answered—

"Monsieur, I shall have the honour to inform you. A vizard is a contrivance for concealment, whether in silk and pasteboard or in an inflexible visage—whether in a woman who wants to disguise her features, or in a man who wants to hide his heart—whether in a masquerader or an assassin."

sin. Foreexample, when I hear a hypocrite talk of his honesty, an intriguer of his conscience, a renegade of his candour, and a pensioner of his patriotism, I do not require to look at him—I say at once, that man wears a vizard.” He paused a moment. “This,” said he, “is the vizard in public life. In private, it is the impartiality of authors to their own performances, the justice of partizans, the originality of plagiaries, and the principle of *pamphleteers*.”

This daring delivery of sentiment hit nny, that it could be resented by none; for no one could have assailed it without making himself responsible to the charge. Silence fell upon the table. However, lapses of this order are not fatal in France, and the topic of the war was too recent not to press still. Various anecdotes of the gallantry of the troops were detailed, and the conversation was once more led by the minister. “These instances of heroism,” said he, “show us the spirit which war, and war alone, can kindle in a people. In peace, the lower qualities take the lead; in war, the higher—intrepidity, perseverance, talent, and contempt of difficulties. The man must then be shown—deception can have no place there. All the stronger qualities of our nature are called into exercise; the mind grows muscular like the frame; the spirit glows with the blood; a nobler career of eminence spreads before the nation, cheered by rewards, at once of a more splendid rank, and distributed on a loftier principle. We shall no more have a Pompadour, or a Du Barry, giving governments and marshals’ batons. The character of the nation will become, like its swords, at once bright, sharp, and solid; the reign of corruption is gone already, the reign of duplicity cannot long survive. France will set an example which the world will be proud to imitate, or must be forced to follow.”

“You remind me, Monsieur le Ministre, of the Spartans, who, when they returned from beating the enemy, found their slaves in possession of their households. You conquer Prussians and Austrians on the frontier, and leave monks at home. But, as long as you spare the spiders, you must

not complain of cobwebs. Crush intriguers, and you will put an end to intrigue,” said the bold ex-bishop.

“The man insults the Republic who charges her citizens with intrigue,” was the whispered, and very formidable, menace of Siéyes. “Monsieur, you have yet to learn what is a constitution.”

The Abbé had incurred some ridicule by his readiness in proposing constitutions. His antagonist, like a hornet, instantly fixed his sting upon the naked spot.

“No, Monsieur, I perfectly know what is a modern constitution—it is the credit of a charlatan—it is the stock of a political pedlar, made only for sale to simpletons—it is an umbrella, to be taken down when it rains—it is a surtout in summer, and nakedness in winter. It is, in short, a contrivance, to make a reputation for a sciolist, and to govern mankind on the principles of a reverie.”

“This is the language of faction,” exclaimed Siéyes, indignantly rising.

“Pardon me,” said his imperturbable antagonist; “the language of faction is the language of quacks to dupes; it is the language learned in the clubs and taught in the streets—the language which takes it for granted, that the hearer is as destitute of brains, as the speaker is of principle.” All eyes were turned on the parties.

But his hearer simply said, yet with a glance of fire—

“Monsieur, you should remember, that you are not in your diocese, haranguing your chaplains. You forget also, that in France the age of quackery is over. There are no more dupes—have *you* your passports ready?”

This produced not even a sneer on the marble countenance of the adversary.

“Monsieur de Siéyes,” was the ready reply, “let me not hear *you* talk of despair. Quackery will never be at an end in France. The true quack is a polypus; cut him into a thousand pieces, he only grows the faster;—he is a fungus, give him only a stone to cling to, and he covers it;—he is the viper, even while he hides in his hole, he is only preparing to bite in the sunshine; and when all the world think him frozen for life,

he is only concocting venom for his summer exploits. Quacks will live, as long as there are dupes—as leeches will live, as long as there are asses' heels to hang on." He then rose, making a profound bow, with "Bon soir, Monsieur l'Abbé—never fear—dupes will be eternal."

This produced some confusion and consternation among the friends of Siéyes. But a new scene of the night was announced, and all flowed towards the private theatre.

I was yet to see more of this daring talker; but I was not surprised to hear next day, that he had left Paris at midnight, and was gone, no one knew whither. The capital might have been hazardous for him. Siéyes was probably above revenge; but there were those who would have readily taken the part upon themselves, and a *ciderant* bishop would have made a showy victim. How he escaped even so far, is among the wonders of a life of wonder. I afterwards saw the fugitive, at the head of European councils, a prince and a prime minister; the restorer of the dynasty under which he fell, the overthrower of the dynasty under which he rose; bearing a charmed life, and passing among the havoc of factions, and even escaping from the wrecks of empire, more like an impalpable spirit than a man.

But the change of his style was scarcely less remarkable than the change of his fortunes. He was then no longer the hot and heady satirist; he had become the sly and subtle scorner. No man said so many cutting things, yet so few of which any one could take advantage: he anatomized human character without the appearance of inflicting a wound; he had all the pungency of wit without its peril, and reigned supreme by a terror which every one pretended *not* to feel. The change, after all, was only one of weapons; in the first period it was the knife, in the second the razor—and perhaps the latter was the more deadly of the two.

The theatre was fitted up with the taste of a people more essentially theatrical than any other in the world. For not merely the eye, but the tongue, is theatrical; and not merely the stage, but every portion of private life. Every sentiment, every sound,

is theatrical; and the stage itself is the only natural thing in the country, from Calais to Bayonne.

As we took our seats in the little gilded box, which was made only for two; though probably for *tête-à-têtes* of a more romantic order than ours, Eluathan observed to me, "You will now see two of the most remarkable *artistes* in France—Talma, beyond all comparison our first actor; and another, an amateur, whom I think altogether one of the finest women in existence. You may pronounce that she ought to be younger for perfection; but there is beauty in the fruit as well as in the flower, and not the less beautiful though it is of a different kind. But you shall see."

The curtain now drew up, and we saw the commencement of the little *drame* of *Paul et Virginie*. St Pierre's charming story has since been worn out on all the boards of Europe; but it was then new to the stage, and the audience gazed and listened, smiled and wept, with all the freshness of delicious novelty. All the earlier portions of the performance were what we have since so repeatedly seen them; we had the scenery of the Mauritius, painted with habitual French skill, the luxuriant vegetation, the rosy sky, and the deep purple of the ocean. The negro-dances were exhibited, by *ballerine* from the opera; and all was in suspense for the appearance of the two stars of the night. Paul's *entré* was received with unbounded plaudits; he was so simply dressed, and looked so completely the young wanderer of the groves, that I could not conceive him to be the grand pillar of tragedy in France. He was incomparably the handsome peasant of the tropics; yet, as his part advanced, I could discover in his deep eye and powerful tone, the actor capable of reaching the heights of dramatic passion. He was scarcely above the middle size, with features whose magic consisted in neither their strength nor beauty, but in their flexibility. I had never seen a countenance so capable of change, and in which the change was so instantaneous and so total. From the most sportive openness, a word threw it into the most indignant storm, or the most incurable despair. From wild joy, it



was suddenly clouded with a weight of sorrow that "refused to be comforted." His accents were singularly sweet, yet clear ; and, like his change of countenance, capable of the most rapid change from cheerfulness to the agonies of a breaking heart. His charm was reality : the power to carry away the audience with him into the scene of the moment. I had not been five minutes looking at him, when I was as completely in the Mauritius, as if I had been basking in its golden sunshine, and inhaling the breeze from fair palms.

But his fascination and ours was complete when Virginie appeared. Nothing could be less artificial than her costume ; the simple dress of Bengalese blue cloth, a few cowrie shells round her neck, and a shell comb fastening up the braids of a profusion of raven hair. She came floating rather than walking down the mountain path ; and her first few words, when Paul rushed forward and knelt to kiss her feet, and the half playful, half fond air with which she repelled him, seemed to me the most exquisite of all performances. I observed, too, that her style had more nature in it than that of Talma. I had till then forgotten that he was an actor ; but, placed beside her, I could have almost instinctively pronounced that Paul was a Frenchman and Virginie a Creole. I whispered the remark to Elnathan, who answered, "that I was right in point of fact ; for the representative of Virginie, though not a native of the Mauritius, was of tropical birth, the widow of a French noble, who had married her in the colonies and who had been one of the victims of the Revolution."

"And yet an amateur actress?"

"Yes ; but we never ask such questions in France. Every body does the same. You should see one of our 'bals à la victime,' in which the express qualification for a ticket is having lost a relative by the guillotine."

"But who is this charming woman?"

"A woman of birth and fortune, of charming talents, and supposed at this moment to exercise the highest influence with the most influential personage of the government ;—even the bewitching Madame de Fontenai has given way to her supremacy."

I observed, "That though neither

could compete with English beauty in point of features, there was a singular fascination in both—their countenances seemed remarkably connected with the play of their minds.

"There is still a distinction," said Elnathan, after a long and calm look through his *lorgnette*—in the style of that inspection which an artist might give to a picture of acknowledged renown ; or perhaps which a Mahometan dealer might fix on an importation from Circassia ; "but one which," said he, dropping his glass, "I find it difficult to define."

"You have already," said I, "given Madame Roland her place at the head of Republicans, let us suppose Madame de Fontenai the fine and fastidious aristocrat. While this lovely being's elegance of manner, and mixture of grace and dignity, would make an admirable figure at the head of a French court, if such a thing were not now beyond all possibility."

"Are you aware," said the Jew, with sudden seriousness, "that a prediction, or at least some extraordinary conjecture on the subject, has gone the round of the circles. The tale is, that while she was still a girl in the West Indies, one of the negro dispensers of fortune, an Obi woman, pronounced that she should ascend a throne. I must, however, add the *finale* to qualify it—that she should die in an hospital."

"The scale," said I, "goes down too suddenly in that case : she had better remain the beautiful and happy creature that she is. Yet a being formed in this expressive mould was not meant either to live or die like the rest of the world."

"True, in other countries," said Elnathan, with a glance round, as if a *huissier* was at his elbow ; "but here the affair is different—or rather, the course of nature is the scaffold. That beautiful woman has lately had the narrowest escape from the Revolutionary committee ; and I can tell you that it is utterly impossible to know what to-morrow may bring even to her. She is too lovely not to be an object of rivalry ; and a word may be death."

Such was my first sight of Josephine de Beauharnais.

This charming performance pro-



ceeded with infinite interest. But it differed from the course which I have since seen it take. The scene next showed Virginie in France. She was in the midst of all the animation of Parisian life—no longer the simple and exquisite child of nature, but the conscious beauty; still in all the bloom of girlhood, but exhibiting the graces of the woman of fashion. Surrounded by the admiration and adulation of the glittering world, she had given herself up to its influence, until her early feelings were beginning to fade away. The scene opened with a ball. Virginie, dressed in the perfection of Parisian taste, was floating down the dance, radiant with jewels and joy, the very image of delight, when her eye dropped upon the figure of a stranger, standing in a recess of the superb apartment, with arms folded, a moody brow, and a burning gaze fixed upon her. A pang shot through her heart. In her exquisite acting, a single gesture, a single glance, showed that all the recollections of her native isle had returned. She was the child of nature and of sensibility once more. She tottered from the dance, tremblingly approached the stranger, and fell at his feet. That stranger was Paul; and Talma, in his finest tragedy, never displayed more profound emotion, nor produced more enthusiastic applause, than when he raised her up, and with one look, and one word, “Virginie,”—forgot all and forgave all.

But we were spared the catastrophe, which would certainly have been an ill return for the profusion of sighs and tears which the fair spectators gave to the performance. The ruling genius of the night, the minister's wife, officially inspired to do honour to the triumphs of the State, had employed the talents of her *decorateurs* actively during our stay at the supper-table; and when the curtain rose for the third act, instead of “a stormy sea and the horrors of shipwreck,” according to the stage directions, we saw a stage Olympus, in which the whole *élite* of the Cele-

tials escorted a formidable Bellona-like figure, the cuirassed and helmeted Republic, in triumphal procession, to an altar covered with laurels and flaming with incense, inscribed “à la Liberté.” Some stanzas, more remarkable for their patriotism than their poetry, were chanted by Minerva; Juno, and the rest of the Olympians, in honour of the “jour magnifique de victoire, Jemappes.” A train of *figurantes*, the monarchies of Europe, came forward, dancing and depositing their crowns and sceptres at the foot of the altar, (a sign, at least, tolerably significant;) the whole concluding with an exhibition of the bust of Dumourier, on which Madame laid a chaplet of laurel, accompanied with a speech in the highest republican style—bust, speech, and Madame, being all alike received with true Gallie rapture.

On that night, to have doubted the “irresistible, universal, and perpetual” triumph of the Republic, would have been high-treason to taste, to hospitality, and the ladies; and for that night our belief was unbounded. All had made up their minds that a new era of human felicity had arrived; that “all the world was a stage,” in the most dancing and delightful sense of the words; and that feasting and fites were to form the staple of life for every future age. We were to live in a rascald world. I heard around me in a thousand whispers, from some of the softest politicians that ever wore a smile, the assurance, that France was to become a political Arcadia, or rather an original paradise, in which toil and sorrow had no permission to be seen. In short, the world, from that time forth, was to be changed; despotism was extinguished; man was regenerated; balls and suppers were to be the only rivalry of nations; Paris was, of course, to lead France; France, of course, to lead the globe;—all was to be beauty, *bonhomme*, and *bonbons*! And, under the shade of the triumphant tricolor, all nations were to waltz, make epigrams, and embrace for ever!

## INDIAN AFFAIRS—GUALIOR.

~~The painful interest with which~~ ~~which, by a formal cession to Ranjodh~~  
 THE painful interest with which the arrival of every Indian mail was looked for in England during the continuance of the Afghan war, with its alternations of delusive triumphs and bloody reverses, has now almost wholly died away: the public mind, long accustomed to sup full of the horrors of the Khoord-Cabul pass, and the atrocities of the "arch-fiend" Akhbar Khan, has subsided into apathy, and hears with indifference of the occasional defeat and dethronement of rajahs and nawabs with unpronounceable names—an employment which seems to be popularly considered in this country the ordinary duty of the servants of the Company. Yet the intelligence received during the last year from our eastern empire, whether viewed in connexion with past events, or with reference to those which are now "casting their shadows before," might furnish abundant matter for speculation, both from the "moving incidents by field" which have marked its course, and the portents which have appeared in the political horizon. In Afghanistan all things seem gradually returning to the same state in which the British invasion found them. The sons of Shah Shoojah have proved unable to retain the royal authority, which they attempted to grasp on the retirement of the invaders; and Dost Mahommed, released from captivity, (as we expressed in Feb. 1843 the hope that he would be,) once more rules in Cabul—there destined, we trust, to end his days in honour after his numerous misfortunes—and has shown every disposition to cultivate a good understanding with the government in India. Akhbar Khan is again established in his former government of Jellalabad; and it is said that he meditates availing himself of the present distracted state of the Sikh kingdom, to make an attempt for the recovery of the Peshawar—the refusal of his father to confirm

Singh, was one of the causes, it will be remembered, of the Afghan war. There are rumours of wars, moreover, in Transoxiana, where the King of Bokhara has subdued the Uzbek kingdom of Kokan or Ferghana, (once the patrimony of the famous Baber,) and is said to meditate extending his conquests across the Hindoo-Koosh into Northern Afghanistan—a measure which might possibly bring him within reach of British vengeance for the wrongs of the two ill-fated envoys, Stoddart and Conolly, who, even if the rumours of their murder should prove unfounded, have been detained for years, in violation of the rights of nations, in hopeless and lingering bondage.\* The Barnkzye sirdars have repossessed themselves of Candahar, whence they are believed to be plotting with the dispossessed Ameer of Meerpoor in Scinde against the British; while at Herat, the very *fons et origo mali*, the sons of Shah Kauran have been expelled after their father's death, by the wily vizier Yar Mohammed, who has strengthened himself in his usurpation by becoming a voluntary vassal of Persia! Thus has the Shah acquired, without a blow, the city which became famous throughout the world by its resistance to his arms; and the preservation of which, as a bulwark against the designs of Russia, was the primary object which led the British standards, in an evil hour, across the Indus. Such has been the result of all the deep-laid schemes of Lord Auckland's policy, and the equivalent obtained for the thousands of lives, and millions of treasure, lavished in support of them;—failure so complete, that but for the ruins of desolated cities, and the deep furrows of slaughter and devastation, left visible through the length and breadth of the land, the whole might be regarded as a dream, from which the country had awakened,

\* It is to be regretted that the British government has never requested the Porte to dispatch a mission to ascertain the fate of these unfortunate officers. The Turkish Sultan is revered at Bokhara as the legitimate Commander of the Faithful, and his rescript would be treated as a sacred mandate.

after the lapse of five years, to take up the thread of events as they were left at the end of 1838. But the connexion of our eastern empire with trans-Indian politics has also fortunately subsided once more to its former level; and, satisfied with this brief summary, we shall turn to the consideration of those points in which our own interests are more nearly implicated.

Our anticipations last year, as to the ultimate fate of Scinde and its rulers, have been verified almost to the letter. The Ameers (to borrow a phrase of Napoleon's germane to the matter) "have ceased to reign," and their territory has formally, as it already was virtually, incorporated with the Anglo-Indian empire. In our Number for February 1843, we gave some account of the curious process of political alchemy by which a dormant claim for tribute, on the part of Shah Shoojah, had been transmuted into an active assertion of British supremacy over the Indus and its navigation, and the appropriation of the port of Kurrachee at the mouth, and the fortified post of Sukkur on the higher part of the stream, of the river. To this arrangement the Ameers, from the first, submitted with a bad grace, which it was easy to foresee would lead, according to established rule in such cases in India, to the forfeiture of their dominions. And such has been the case; but the transfer has not been effected without an unexpected degree of resistance, in which the heroism of Sir Charles Napier, and the handful of troops under his command, against fearful numerical odds, alone prevented the repetition, on a smaller scale, of the Afghan tragedy. The proximate cause of the rupture was the refusal of the Ameers to permit the clearing away of their *shikargahs*, or hunting-grounds, which were guarded with a rigid jealousy, paralleled only by the forest laws of William the Conqueror, and extended for many miles along the banks of the Indus, in a broad belt of impenetrable jungle, at once impeding the navigation by preventing the tracking of boats, and presenting dangerous facilities for ambush. To these cherished game-preserves the Ameers clung with a desperate pertinacity, which might have moved the sympathy of

an English sportsman, "sitting" (says the *Bombay Times*) "they might strip them of their territory at Hyderabad, or seize them without difficulty; but maintaining that they will never consent to become parties to the act of degradation we insist upon, or give their enemies the pretext for charging them with having made over to us by treaty, on any consideration whatever, the most valued portion of their territory." A force under Sir Charles Napier was at length moved from Sukkur towards Hyderabad, with a view of intimidating them into submission; and on February 14, 1843, they affixed their seals to the draught of an agreement for giving up the *shikargahs*. But this apparent concession was only a veil for premeditated treachery. On the 15th, the Residency at Hyderabad was attacked by 8000 men with six guns, headed by one of the Ameers; and the resident, Major Outram, after defending himself with only 100 men for four hours, forced his way through the host of his assailants, and reached Sir Charles Napier's camp. The Ameers now took the field with a force estimated at 22,000 men; but were attacked on the 17th at Meeanee, a town near the Indus above Hyderabad, by 2800 British and Sepoys, and completely routed after a desperate conflict, in which the personal prowess of the British general, and his officers, was called into display in a manner for which few opportunities occur in modern warfare. The effect of the victory was decisive: the Ameers surrendered themselves prisoners of war, and were shortly afterwards sent to Bombay; the British flag was hoisted at Hyderabad; and a proclamation of the Governor-general was published at Agra, March 5, declaring the annexation to our empire of "the country on both sides of the Indus from Sukkur to the sea."

The subjugation of the new province was not yet, however, complete, as another Talpoor chief, Ameer Shere Mohammed of Meerpoor, still remained in arms; and a second sanguinary engagement was fought, March 24, in the neighbourhood of Hyderabad, in which 20,000 Beloochees were again overthrown, with



great slaughter, by 6000 Sepoy and English troops. The town of Meerpoor and the important fortress of Oomerkote, on the borders of the Desert, were shortly after taken; and Shere Mohammed, defeated in several partial encounters, and finding it impossible to keep the field in Scinde after the loss of his strongholds, retired with the remainder of his followers up the Bolan Pass towards Candahar; and is believed, as mentioned above, to be soliciting the aid of the Barukzye chiefs of that city. It is not impossible that he may ere long give us more trouble, as he will be assured of support from all the Affghan and Belooch tribes in his rear, who would gladly embrace the opportunity of striking a covert blow against the Feringhis; while the fidelity of the only Belooch chief who still retains his possessions in Scinde, Ali Moornud of Khyrpoor, is said to be at least doubtful. For the present, however, the British may be considered to be in undisturbed military possession of Scinde; and commerce is beginning to revive on the Indus, under the protection of the armed steamers which navigate it. But the great drawback to the value of this new acquisition is the extreme unhealthiness of the climate from the great heat, combined with the malaria generated by the vast alluvial deposits of the river; the effects of which have been so deleterious, that of 9870 men, the total force of the Bombay troops under Sir Charles Napier's command, not fewer than 2890, at the date of the January letters, were unfit for duty from sickness; and apprehensions were even entertained of a design on the part of the sirdars of Candahar, in conjunction with Shere Mohammud, to take advantage of the weakness of the garrison of Shikarpoor from disease, to plunder the town by a sudden foray. There is, indeed, a Hindostani proverb on this point, expressed in tolerably forcible language—"If Scinde had previously existed, why should Allah have created hell?" and so strong is this feeling among the sepoys, that of the Bengal and Madras regiments lately ordered to relieve those returning from Scinde, one (the Bengal 64th) absolutely refused to march, and has been sent down to Benares to await an inves-

tigation; and formidable symptoms of mutiny have appeared in several others. The Bombay troops, however, who are proud of the conquest effected by their own arms, are so far from sharing in this reluctance, that one regiment has even volunteered for the service; and a report is prevalent, that it is in contemplation to increase the strength of the Bombay army by raising twelve or fourteen new regiments—so as to enable them to hold Scinde without too much weakening the home establishment, or drawing troops from the other presidencies.

The court of Lahore has lately been the scene of a tragedy, or rather succession of tragedies, in which "kings, queens, and knaves," were disposed of in a style less resembling any thing recorded in matter-of-fact history than the last scene in the immortal drama of *Tom Thumb*—a resemblance increased by the revival, in several instances, of personages whose deaths had been reported in the last batch of murders. It appears that the Maharajah, Shere Singh, had at length become jealous of the unbounded influence exercised by his all-powerful minister, Rajah Dhian Singh, who had not only assumed the control of the revenue, but had more than once reproached the sovereign, when all the chiefs were present in full *darbar*, with his habitual drunkenness and debauchery. A quarrel ensued, and Dhian Singh retired from court to the hereditary possessions of his family among the mountains, where he could set Shere Singh at defiance; but an apparent reconciliation was effected, and in July he returned to Lahore, and made his submission. His efforts were, however, now secretly bent to the organization of a conspiracy against the life of the Maharajah, in which the Fakir Azeer-ed-deen, a personage who had enjoyed great influence under Runjeet, and many of the principal sirdars, were implicated; and on Sept. 15th Shere Singh was shot dead on the parade-ground by Ajeet Singh, a young military chief who had been fixed upon for the assassin. The murder of the king was followed by that of the Koonwur, or heir-apparent, Pertab Singh, with all the women and children in their zenanas, even to an infant born the night before; while

Dhuleep Singh, a boy ten years old, and a putative son of Runjeet, was brought out of the palace and placed on the throne. But Dhian Singh was not destined to reap the fruits of his sanguinary treason. In his first interview with Ajeet after the massacre, he was stabbed by the hand of his accomplice; who was cut off in his turn the following day, with many of the sirdars of his party, by Heera Singh, the son of Dhian, who was commander-in-chief of the army, and had immediately entered the city with his troops to avenge the death of his father.\* Heera Singh now assumed the office of vizier, leaving the title of king to the puppet Dhuleep, in whose name he has since administered the government, with the assistance of his father's elder brother Gulab Singh, a powerful hill chief, who came to Lahore in November with 20,000 of his own troops, to keep the mutinous soldiers of the regular regiments in order. Meanwhile disorder and confusion reigns throughout the Punjab, which is traversed in all directions by plundering bands of Akalees, (a sort of Sikh fanatics,) and deserters or disbanded soldiers from the army; while General Ventura and the other European officers have consulted their own safety by quitting the country; and the remainder of the vast treasures amassed by Runjeet, are lavished by Heera Singh in securing the support of the soldiery to sustain him in his perilous elevation. He is said to have sent off to the mountain strongholds of his family the famous *koh-i-noor* diamond, with great part of the royal treasure; and it was so generally supposed that he meditated ridding himself of the pageant king Dhuleep, in order to assume in his own person the ensigns of royalty, that the uncles of the young prince had made an attempt (which was, however, discovered and frustrated) to carry him off from Lahore, and place him under British protection. A strong party also exists in favour of Kashmeer Singh, who is said to be an illegitimate son of Runjeet; and there were prevalent rumours that dissensions had broken out be-

tween Heera Singh and his uncle; and, though every care was said to be taken to prevent intelligence from Lahore reaching the British, there can be little doubt that the country is now on the eve of another revolution. It is obvious that this state of things can end only in British intervention, whether rendered necessary for the security of our own provinces, or called in by one of the contending parties—which, in either case, must lead either to the Punjab being taken wholly into our own hands, or occupied and coerced (like the Nizam's country) by a subsidiary force, under British officers, supporting on the throne a sovereign bound by treaty to our interests. An army has been assembled on the Sutlej to watch the progress of events; but the Sikhs have hitherto cautiously abstained from giving any pretext for our interference; and, as long as their disorders are confined within their own frontier, such an act would bear the aspect of wanton aggression. But though the appropriation of the Punjab, in whatever form effected, cannot be long delayed, "the pear" (to use a Napoleonic phrase) "is not yet ripe;" and as we intend to return to the subject at no distant period, we shall dismiss it for the present; while we turn to the consideration of the recent occurrences at Gwalior—events of which the full import is little understood in England, but which involve no less consequences than the virtual subjugation of the last native state in India which retained the semblance of an independent monarchy, and which, scarce forty years since, encountered the British forces on equal terms at once in Hindostan and the Dekkan.

The fortunes of the mighty house of Scindiah were founded by Runjee, who was a menial servant early in the last century in the household of the Peshwah, Bajee Rao; and is said to have first attracted his master's notice by the care with which he was found clasping to his breast, during his sleep, the slippers which had been left in his charge. He subsequently

\* Portraits of most of the actors in this bloody drama will be found in Osborne's *Court and Camp of Runjeet Singh*.

distinguished himself under the Peshwah in the famous campaigns of 1737-8 against the Mogul emperor, Mohammed Shah : and on the cession of Malwa to the Mahrattas in 1743, he received the government of that province as a *jaghir* or fief, which he transmitted at his death to his son Mahdajee. The life of this daring and politic chief would be almost identical with the history, during the same period, of Central and Upper India, in which he attained such a degree of authority as had not been held by any prince since Aurungzeeb ; but we can here only briefly trace his career through the labyrinth of war and negotiation. In the disastrous defeat of Paniput, (1761,) where the united forces of the Mahratta confederacy were almost annihilated by the Affghans under Ahmed Shah Dooranni, he received a wound which rendered him lame for life ; but he soon resumed his designs on Hindostan, and in 1771 became master for a time of Delhi and the person of the Mogul emperor, Shah Alim. In the war with the English which followed, he conciliated the esteem of the cabinet of Calcutta, by his generosity to the troops who submitted at the disgraceful convention of Worgaum, in January 1779 ; and at the peace of Salbye, in 1782, his independence was expressly recognised by the British government, with which he treated as mediator and plenipotentiary for the Peshwah and the whole Mahratta nation. He had now, by the aid of a Piedmontese soldier of fortune, named De Boigne, succeeded in organizing a disciplined force of infantry and artillery, directed principally by European officers, with which no native power was able to cope : and in 1785, after defeating Ghulam-Khadir the Rohilla, once more possessed himself of Delhi and its titular sovereign, who became his pensioner and prisoner, while Sindiah exercised in his name supreme sway from the Ganges to the Gulf of Cambay, and from Candesh to the Sutlej. In 1790 he entered the Dekkan, and was with difficulty prevented by Nana Funnavees, the able minister of the youthful Peshwah, Madhoo Rao, from usurping the guardianship of that prince, which would have given him

the same ascendancy in the Dekkan as he already held in Hindostan. But though thus at the summit of power and prosperity, he constantly affected the humility befitting the lowly origin of his house ; and when at the court of Poonah in 1791, placed himself below the hereditary nobles of the Mahratta empire, with a bundle of slippers in his hand, saying, " This is my place, and my duty, as it was my father's." In the words of Sir John Malcolm, (*Central India*, i. 122,) " he was the nominal slave, but the rigid master, of the unfortunate Shah Alim ; the pretended friend, but the designing rival, of the house of Holkar ; the professed inferior in matters of form, the real superior and oppressor, of the Rajpoot princes of Central India ; and the proclaimed soldier, but actual plunderer, of the family of the Peshwah."

Mahdajee Sindiah died at Poonah in 1794, in the fifty-second year of his age ; and, leaving no issue, bequeathed his extensive dominions to his nephew and adopted son, Dowlut Rao Sindiah. This prince at his accession found himself master of an army of seventy-five disciplined battalions, mostly commanded by French officers, and forming an effective force of 45,000 men, with 500 well-equipped guns, and a vast host of irregular cavalry, armed and appointed in the native fashion ; and his territories included the so-deemed impregnable fortress of Gwalior, as well as Ahmednuggur, Aurnugabad, Broach, and other strong places of minor note. His influence was paramount at the court of Poonah ; and while by the possession of Cuttack, on the shores of the Bay of Bengal, he interrupted the communication by land between Calcutta and Madras, his frontier on the Nerbudda pressed, on the north, the then narrow limits of the Bombay presidency, which was surrounded on all other sides by the states of his Mahratta confederates. A prince holding this commanding position seemed qualified to become the arbiter of India ; but Dowlut Rao, though deficient neither in military capacity nor talent for government, was only fourteen at the death of his predecessor ; and his inexperience made him a tool in the hands of an unprincipled minister,



Shirzee Rao Ghatka, who directed all his efforts to undermine, by force or intrigue, the ascendancy of the upright and patriotic Nana Furnavees at Poonah. The young Peshwah, Madhoo Rao, had perished in 1795 by a fall from the roof of his palace; and the reign of his successor, Bajee Rao, was a constant scene of confusion and bloodshed; till, after the death of Nana in 1800, he fell completely under the control of Sindiah, who thus became the virtual head of the Mahratta confederacy. But in an attempt to crush the rising power of Jeswunt Rao Holkar, the united forces of Sindiah and the Peshwah received a complete defeat near Poonah, in Oct. 1802;—and Bajee Rao, driven from his capital, sought shelter from the British, with whom he concluded, in December of the same year, the famous treaty of Bassein, by which he bound himself, as the price of his restoration to his dominions, to conform to the English political system, and admit a subsidiary force for the protection of his states.

These stipulations amounted, in fact, to the sacrifice of Mahratta independence; and the war, which from that moment became inevitable, broke out early in the following year. Sindiah, who had not been consulted on the treaty of Bassein, from the first refused to be bound by its conditions; and after some fruitless attempts at negotiation, took the field (July 1803) in conjunction with Rhagojee Bousla, the Rajah of Berar, against the Peshwah and the English. The five months' campaign which followed, rivaled Napoleon's Prussian warfare of 1806, in the rapidity with which a great military power was struck down, by (in the words of Alison) "an uninter-

rupted series of victories, which conducted our eastern empire to the proud pre-eminence which it has ever since retained." Perron, who on the return of De Boigne in 1796 to Europe, had succeeded him in the government of Hindostan, and the command of Sindiah's regular troops in that quarter, was defeated by Lake at Allighur, (Aug. 29,) and soon after quitted India and returned to his native country; and a second decisive victory under the walls of Delhi, (Sept. 11,) opened the gates of the ancient Mogul capital to the British, and released the blind old emperor, Shah Alim, from the long thralldom in which he had been held by the French and Mahrattas. Agra, with all the arsenals and military stores, was taken Oct. 17; and the desperate conflict of Laswarree, (Nov. 1,) consummated the triumph of Lake by the almost total annihilation of Sindiah's regulars—seventeen battalions of whom, with all their artillery, were either destroyed or taken on the field of battle. The whole of Sindiah's possessions in Hindostan thus fell into the power of the British—whose successes in the Dekkan were not less signal and rapid. On the 23d Sept., the combined army of 50,000 men, commanded in person by Sindiah and the Rajah of Berar, including 10,000 regular infantry and 30,000 horse, with upwards of 100 guns, was attacked at Assye by 4500 British and Sepoys under General Wellesley—and the glorious event of that marvellous action at once effectually broke the power of the confederates, and forever established the fame of WELLINGTON.\* A last appeal to arms at Argaom, (Nov. 28,) was attended with no better fortune to the Mahrattas;

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\* A note of Grant Duff. (*History of the Mahrattas*, iii. 239,) relative to this period in the life of the British hero, is worth quoting—"I have had occasion to observe how well the Duke of Wellington must have known the Mahrattas, from having read his private letters to Sir Barry Close (then Resident at Poonah) during the war of 1803. Without being acquainted with their language, and, one would have supposed, with little opportunity of knowing the people or their history, his correct views of the Mahratta character and policy are very remarkable. As the letters in question were shown to me confidentially in 1817, in the course of my official duties, I may be only authorized to state that, in some instances, his opinion of individuals, particularly of Bajee Rao, was correctly prophetic." These letters are now before the public, in the first and third volumes of Gurwood's *Despatches*.

and Sindiah and his ally were compelled to sue for peace, which was concluded with the latter on the 17th, and with the former on the 30th December. By this treaty the imperial cities of Delhi and Agra, with the protectorate of the Nagul emperor, and the whole of the *Doab*, or territory between the Jumna and Ganges, were ceded to the British; who also acquired Cuttack on the eastern coast, and Broach on the western, with Aurungabad, Ahmednuggur, and extensive territories in the Dekkan. Sindiah, moreover, agreed to receive a British resident at his court—an office first filled by Major, afterwards Sir John Malcolm—and engaged to conform in his foreign policy to the views of the British government; ceding, at the same time, certain districts for the maintenance of a subsidiary force, which, however, was not to be encamped on his territories.

During the contest with Holkar and the Bhurtpore rajah in the following year, Sindiah showed strong symptoms of hostility to the British, and had even put his troops in motion with the view of relieving Bhurtpore; but the speedy termination of the war saved him from committing himself by any overt act; and a new treaty was signed, Nov. 1805, in confirmation of the former, with an express stipulation that the perfidious Ghatka should be excluded from his councils. He never afterwards broke with the British government; and though he was known to have maintained a correspondence with Nepal during the war of 1815, he observed a prudent neutrality in the great Mahratta and Pindarree war of 1817-18, which terminated in the total overthrow of all the other Mahratta princes. This catastrophe left him the only sovereign in India possessed of any degree of substantial independence, and with a territory which, after all the cessions, was still of great extent, though much scattered and intersected by the possessions of Holkar and other rulers; so that, as Bishop Heber describes it in 1825, "not even Swabia or the Palatinate can offer a more checkered picture of interlaced sovereignties than Maywar, and indeed all Malwa.

Scarcely any two villages belong to the same sovereign." His

frontier extended on the north to the Chumbul, and on the south reached Boorhanpoor and the Taptee, almost enveloping the remaining dominions of Holkar, and bordering westward on the Guikwar's country near Baroda.

The whole superficies comprehended, in a very irregular shape, about 40,000 square miles, with a revenue supposed to exceed £2,000,000; and the army kept on foot (independent of garrisons and the British contingent) amounted to 20,000 regular infantry, with from 15,000 to 20,000 horse, and a park of 300 guns. The maintenance of this large military establishment was a grievous burden to the country, and frequently involved him in great pecuniary embarrassment; but to the end of his life it continued to be his chief care. Gwalior, where the headquarters had been fixed since 1810, became the royal residence; and the *bushkur*, or camp, as it was called, gradually swelled into a great city. The condition of his states in the latter years of his reign, is thus characterized by the amiable prelate already quoted:—"Sindiah is himself a man by no means deficient in talents or good intentions, but his extensive and scattered territories have never been under any regular system of control; and his Mahratta nobles, though they too are described as a better race than the Rajpoots, are robbers almost by profession, and only suppose themselves to thrive when they are living at the expense of their neighbours. Still, from his well-disciplined army and numerous artillery, his government has a stability which secures peace, at least to the districts under his own eye; and as the Pindarrees feared to provoke him, and even professed to be his subjects, his country has retained its wealth and prosperity to a greater degree than most other parts of Central India."

Dowlut Rao died at Gwalior, March 21, 1827, leaving no male issue; and with him expired the direct line of Ranajee India: but he had previously empowered his widow, the Baiza Bace, (a daughter of the notorious Ghatka,) in conformity with a practice sanctioned by the Hindoo law, to adopt a son and successor for him, after his decease,

from the other branches of the Sindiah family. His choice fell on a youth eleven years of age, named Mookt Rao, then in a humble rank of life, who was eighth in descent from the grandfather of Ranajee; and he was accordingly installed, June 18, by the title of Jankojee Sindiah, in the presence of the British Resident and the chiefs of the army, espousing at the same time a granddaughter of his predecessor. The regency was left, in pursuance of the last injunctions of Dowlut Rao, in the hands of the Baiza Bacc, whose administration was marked by much prudence and ability; but the young Maharajah speedily became so impatient of the state of tutelage in which he found himself retained, that Lord William Bentinck, then governor-general, found it expedient to visit Gwalior as a mediator, in December 1832, in order to reconcile him to the control of his benefactress, in whom the government for ~~the~~ was considered to have been vested by the will of her late husband.\* The remonstrances of the governor-general produced, however, but little effect. On the 10th of July 1833, a revolt, fomented by the young prince, broke out among the soldiery, whose pay had imprudently been suffered to fall into arrear; and the Baiza Bacc, after a fruitless attempt at resistance, was compelled to quit the Gwalior territory. The British authorities, though they had previously shown themselves favourable to her cause, declined any direct interference on her behalf; and after remaining for some time on the frontier with a body of troops which had continued faithful to her, in the hope of recovering her power by a counter-revolution, she eventually fixed her residence at Benares, leaving her ingrateful *protégé* in undisturbed possession of the government. This was administered in the manner which might have been expected from a youth suddenly raised from poverty to a throne, and destitute even of the *modicum* of education usually bestowed on Hindoos of rank. The revenues of the state were wasted by the Maharajah in low debauchery,

while the administration was left almost wholly in the hands of his maternal uncle, who bore the title of Mama-Sahib, but his influence was far from adequate to repress the ferocity of the refractory nobles, and the mutinies of the turbulent and ill-paid troops, who frequently made the capital a scene of violence and bloodshed. The relations with the cabinet of Calcutta continued, however, friendly; and Lord Auckland, when on his return from his famous tour to the Upper Provinces, paid a visit to Gwalior in January 1840, and was received with great pomp by the Maharajah. But the frame of Jankojee Sindiah was prematurely undermined by his excesses; and he died childless, February 7, 1840, not having completed his twenty-seventh year.

The ceremony of adopting a posthumous heir, which had taken place at the death of Dowlut Rao, was now repeated: and, being nine years old, the nearest kinsman of the deceased sovereign, was placed on the musnud, under the name of Jankojee Rao Sindiah, by the *Maha-rani Bacc*, or queen-dowager: who, though herself only twelve years of age, assumed the regency in conjunction with the Mama-Sahib. But little permanence could be expected in a state so constituted from the government of a child, and a man without adherents or influence, though they were recognized as regents by the British authorities:—and the catastrophe was hastened by an imprudent investigation, which the Mama-Sahib instituted, into the peculations of the Daola-Khasjee, the minister of the late Maharajah. The deficit is said to have amounted to not less than three crores of rupees, (£3,000,000.) which had probably been employed in corrupting the troops; and on the night of July 16, a general mutiny broke out. The Resident, finding all interference unavailing, quitted Gwalior with the Mama-Sahib, and repaired to Dholpoor near the frontier:—while the whole sovereign power was usurped by the Khasjee, who had succeeded in bringing over the young Bacc to his interests, and

\* See *Asiatic Journal*, May 1834. P. 7, Part II.



who even sent troops and artillery to the banks of the Chumbul, to dispute, if necessary, the passage of the English. The cabinet of Calcutta now, however, considered, that the attitude of hostility which had been assumed, as well as the expulsion of a minister who was in some measure under British guarantee, justified a departure from the principle of non-intervention which had hitherto been invariably acted upon with regard to the internal affairs of the state of Gwalior. A considerable force, under the title of an army of exercise, was assembled at Agra, where the commander-in-chief, Sir Hugh Gough, arrived Oct. 21, and was joined, Dec. 11, by the governor-general himself, who appears to have regarded the settlement of the once-mighty realm of Sindiah as a "*dignus vinclis diva nodus*" requiring his immediate presence. The Gwalior *darbar*, meanwhile, presented a scene of mingled tumult and panic—some of the officers having formed a party hostile to the usurping Khasjee, while the mutinous soldiery loudly clamoured against submission; and letters were dispatched to the Rajpoot and Boondela chiefs, soliciting their aid to repel the threatened invasion of the British. At a council held Dec. 7, the warlike sentiments prevailed; and some of the military leaders proposed that the British should be suffered to pass the Chumbul and besiege Gwalior, while the Mahrattas, getting round their rear, were to pour down on Agra and Delhi, and raise the Hindoo population! But the news of the governor-general's arrival struck them with consternation, and vakeels were sent to Agra, to learn on what terms a pacification might yet be effected. The envoys had an audience of the governor-general on the 13th; but the march of the troops had commenced the day before, and was not countermanded even on the surrender of the Khasjee, who was brought in chains to Dholpoor on the 17th—the military chiefs opposed to him having persuaded or compelled the Bacc to give him up—and he was immediately sent off as a state-prisoner to Agra.

The army, meanwhile, had entered the Gwalior territory, and a proclamation was issued, declaring that it

appeared "not as an enemy, but as a friend to the Maharajah, bound by treaty to protect his highness's person, and to maintain his sovereign authority against all who are disobedient and disturbers of the peace." The insurgent chiefs, who appear to have confidently expected that the British would withdraw as soon as the Khasjee was given up, now made fresh attempts at negotiation: and matters were apparently so far arranged, that preparations were made for the reception of the Bacc, in camp, on the 28th. But it was soon evident that these overtures had been made only for the sake of gaining time; and after a halt of five days, which had been actively employed by the Mahrattas, the troops resumed their advance upon Gwalior, accompanied by the governor-general in person. On the 29th of December, the two divisions under the commander-in-chief and General Grey, moving on separate lines of march, found the enemy drawn up in well-chosen positions at Maharajpore and Panniar, and prepared to resist their progress. The British and Sepoy effective strength was about 14,000 men, with forty guns, and a small body of cavalry: the Mahratta infantry was nearly equal in number; but they had 3000 horse, and all the advantages of a strong position, on heights protected in front by different ravines, and defended by a hundred pieces of excellently served artillery. The conflict appears to have been the severest which had been seen in India since Laswarree and Assye. The Mahrattas, (as described in the official accounts of Sir Hugh Gough, who admits that he "had not done justice to the gallantry of his opponents,") after their intrenchments and batteries had been carried by the bayonet, with severe loss to the assailants, "received the shock without flinching; and fought, sword in hand, with the most determined courage." But they were at last driven from their ground, with great carnage, by the superior prowess of the Anglo-Indian troops, whose double victory was dearly purchased by the loss of more than 1000 killed and wounded, including an unusual proportion of officers. All resistance was now at an end: Gwalior, the Gibraltar of the

East, was entered without opposition; and a treaty was concluded, Jan. 10, ratified by the governor-general and the restored regent, "for securing the future tranquillity of the common frontier of the two states, establishing the just authority of the Maharajah's government, and providing for the proper exercise of that authority during his highness's minority." The defeated army was to be in great part disbanded, and an additional contingent force levied, of seven regiments of infantry and two of cavalry, with twenty guns—a proportionate extent of territory, we presume, being ceded for its maintenance, as usual in such cases: exchanges were further made of certain frontier districts, for the mutual convenience of the two contracting powers; and last, not least, the expenses of the campaign were to be disbursed forthwith from the Gwalior treasury. Every thing being thus settled satisfactorily, at least to one party, the troops were to retire, without loss of time, within the British frontier, leaving the internal administration in the hands of the Mamasahib and the Bacc; and the governor-general was to set out from Gwalior on the 17th of January, on his return to Calcutta. Thus the expedition, both in a diplomatic and military point of view, was crowned with complete success. We must now proceed to examine it in its political bearings.

The proclamation of British supremacy over India by the Marquis of Hastings, after the conclusion, in 1818, of the war with the Mahrattas and Pindarrees, amounted to an assumption on the part of the Company of the same position relative to the native powers, as had been held by the monarchs of the house of Timoor—who, from the conquest of Delhi by Baber, adopted the title of Padishah or emperor, as lords-paramount of India, and lost no opportunity of enforcing the imperial rights, thus asserted, against the other Hindoo and Moslem princes among whom the country was divided; till after a century and a half of incessant aggres-

sive warfare, Aurungzeeb succeeded in uniting under his rule the whole of Hindostan and the Dekkan, from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin. Less than half that period sufficed for the establishment of the Anglo-Indian empire on a far firmer basis than that of the Moguls had ever attained; and if the same claim of indefeasible *sovereignty*, which was set forward by their Moslem predecessors, had been openly advanced and avowed as a principle, as it has long been acted upon *de facto*, it would have been at once far more candid, and far more intelligible to the natives, than the course which has been pursued, of grounding every aggression on some pretended infraction of a compulsory treaty. The recent case of Gwalior affords a strong illustration of the point which we are endeavouring to establish, as the relations of that state with the supreme government have hitherto been different from those of the Indian sovereignties in general.\* While the other native princes (with the exception only of the Rajpoot chiefs of Bikaner, Jessmer, &c., who lay beyond what might till lately be considered the British boundary) had surrendered their military possession of their territories, almost entirely, to subsidiary corps under the control of the Company, the dynasty of Sindiah alone (though British influence had been more sensibly exercised under the feeble rule of Jankjee than during the life of Dowlat Rao) still preserved its domestic independence almost untouched, and kept on foot a powerful army, besides the contingent† which it was bound by treaty to maintain—the only other mark of dependence being the obligation not to contract alliances hostile to British interests. If we are to regard the late transactions in this point of view, it will be difficult to justify the invasion of an independent and friendly state on no other ground than our disapprobation of a change of ministry, accompanied, though it may have been, with the tumult and violence which are the usual

\* See Montgomery Martin's *British Colonies*, i. p. 49, &c.

† The Gwalior contingent was called into the field on the occasion of the late disturbances in Bundelkund, and did good service.

concomitants of an Asiatic revolution. But if the Company (as we conceive to be the *practical* aspect of the question) are held to be at the present day the recognized, as well as the *de facto*, representatives of the Mogul monarchs, there can be no doubt that, on the death of Jankjee Sindiah, his dominions might fairly have been annexed to the Anglo-Indian empire as a lapsed fief which had reverted to the suzerain by the failure of heirs—a rule which would have been equally applicable to the case of the rival Marhatta house of Holkar, the male line of which also became extinct last year, and was replaced on the musnud of Indore by a boy seven years old, an *adopted* son of Hurry Rao Holkar. From the death of Dowlut Rao Sindiah, indeed, the Gwalior state had presented a scene of anarchy and misgovernment, to which allusion is made in the proclamation of the governor-general;\* and which, from the impunity it afforded to the remnant of the Pindarrees and other marauders, and the consequent insecurity of life and property both in the interior and on the frontier, was intolerable alike to its neighbours and to its own subjects. Under these circumstances, the acquiescence of the cabinet of Calcutta in a second adoption of a child, to fill the throne of a kingdom already brought to the verge of ruin by the vices and incapacity of the former occupant, can be regarded in no other light than as an injudicious stretch of forbearance, injurious to our own interests, and uncalled for by those of the state thus subjected to a continuance of misrule; and it is to be regretted, that our late victories have not been followed up by the formal occupation of the country, and the establishment of the order and strong government to which it has

long been a stranger. No other result can be anticipated from the half measures which have been adopted, than the creation of a state of confusion and resistance to authority, similar to that which prevails in the distracted kingdom of Oude—ending inevitably, though perhaps at the expense of a fresh contest, in its incorporation with the dominions of the Company. Meanwhile, (as observed in the *Times* of March 8th,) “we have roused the passions of the Marhattas against their sovereign and against ourselves; but we have not taken that opportunity which the moment of victory gave us, of effectuating a government essentially strong and beneficial to the governed. The time therefore, we may expect, will come, when a second interference will be demanded, both by the recollection of our present conquest and the incompleteness of its consequences; and we shall be doomed to find, that we have won two hard-fought battles merely to enforce the necessity of a third.”

The late campaign, short as it has fortunately been, becomes important, if viewed with reference to a subject to which we have more than once before alluded,† but which cannot be too often or too prominently brought before the British public, who should never be suffered to lose sight of the great truth, that it is *by our military power alone* that we hold our Indian empire. It is evident from all the circumstances, not less than from the candid confession of Sir Hugh Gough himself, that the determined resistance opposed by the Gwalior troops, (whom of late years it has been the fashion in the Indian army to speak of as “Sindiah’s rabble,”) and the discipline and valour shown in the defence of their positions, were wholly unexpected by their assailants. But the

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\* “The want of cordial co-operation on the part of the officers of the Gwalior state, in the maintenance of order on the frontier, had long been a subject of just remonstrance, and various orders had been issued by the late Maharajah, in accordance with the representations of the British resident. These orders had but too often remained without due execution; but in consideration of the long illness of his highness, and the consequent weakness of his administration, the British government had not pressed for satisfaction with all the rigour which the importance of the subject would have warranted.”

† See *Maga*, Aug. 1841, p. 174; July 1842, p. 110, &c.; and Feb. 1843, p. 75.



proWess and unflinching resolution displayed at Maharajpoor and Punnar, under all the disadvantages of a desperate cause and inefficient commanders, were worthy of the troops of De Boigne and Perron in their best days, and amply prove that the Mahrattas of the present day have not degenerated from their fathers, whose conduct at Assye won the praise of the great Duke himself.\* The defeat of a British force in a pitched battle on the soil of India, would be a calamity of which no man could calculate the consequences; yet such a result would not have been impossible, if the contempt of our commanders for the enemy had brought them to the encounter with inadequate numbers; and the rulers of India have reason to congratulate themselves that this underrated force remained quiescent during our Afghan disasters, when intrigue and difficulties were at their height among both Hindus and Moslems, and every disposable regiment was engaged beyond the Indus. In a warfare, of the speedy termination of which there then appeared little prospect; while the Moslems, both of the north and south, in Rohilkand and the Dekkan, were on the verge of insurrection, the Rajah of Sattarah, the representative of the former head of that great Mahratta confederacy, of which Sindiah was then the only member retaining any degree of independence, was busied in conspiracies, the absurdity of the proposed means for which was not † (as some of his advo-

cates in England attempted to maintain) a proof of their non-existence. Had the old Mahratta spirit been then alive in the breast of the degenerate successor of Dowlut Rao, the appearance in the field of 20,000 troops with a considerable share of discipline, and a numerous and excellent artillery, might at once have given the signal, and formed a nucleus, for a rising which would have comprehended almost every man who could bear arms, and would have shaken to the centre, if not overthrown utterly, the mighty fabric of our Eastern empire. It is true that the indolent and sensual character of Jankojee Sindiah gave no grounds for apprehension at the time; and the period of danger has now passed away; nor is it probable that the Gwalior army, even if left at its present strength, can ever again be in a situation to give trouble to our government. But it is not less true, that when our difficulties were greatest, a disciplined force did exist, in a position the most central in India, which might have turned the quivering beam, if it had been thrown into the scale against us in the moment of extreme peril.‡

It is, therefore, with far different feelings from those expressed by some of the newspaper scribes, both in India and England, that we heard the declaration ascribed to the present governor-general, on his arrival in India, "that the army should be his first care;"§ and have witnessed the spirit in which it has since been acted

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\* "Our action on the 23d Sept. was the most severe battle that I have ever seen, or that I believe has been fought, in India. The enemy's cannonade was terrible, but the result shows what a small number of *British troops* will do."—*The Duke of Wellington to Colonel Murray, Gurwood's Despatches*, i. 444. "It was not possible for any man to lead a body into a hotter fire than he did the picquets that day at Assye."—*Letter to Colonel Munro*, *ib.* 403.

† See our Number for July 1842, p. 108.

‡ The strength of the Mahratta army, at the time of Lord Auckland's visit, was estimated at 35,000 men of all arms, including 15,000 irregular cavalry and 250 guns, besides the *Ekhur*, or body-guard of 500 nobles, privileged to sit in the sovereign's presence, who were subsequently disbanded by Jankojee for disaffection. The infantry was divided into four brigades, and consisted of thirty-four regular regiments of 600 men each, and five regiments of irregular foot, or *nujrabs*. A few of Dowlut Rao's French officers still survived; the remainder were their sons and grandsons, and adventurers from all parts of the earth. Not fewer than 25,000 troops, with nearly all the artillery, were generally at headquarters in the *Dushkur*, or camp, of Gwalior.—See *Asiatic Journal*, May 1840.

§ "We see much more of Toryism than of truth in this opinion," observes the *Eastern Star*, as quoted in the *Asiatic Journal* for December; "and we believe the man

upon. "India," again to quote his own words on a late public occasion, "was won by the sword, and must be kept by the sword;" yet the military spirit of the army, on which the preservation of our empire depends, had been damped, and its efficiency wofully impaired, by the injudicious reductions introduced by Lord William Bentinck, and persevered in by his successor; and the reverses and losses of the Affghan war, following close in the train of these ill-advised measures, had produced a disaffection for the service, and deterioration in the *morale* of the sepoys, from which evil auguries were drawn by those best acquainted with the peculiar temperament of the native soldiery.† The efforts of Lord Ellenborough have been from the first directed to remove this unfavourable impression of neglect from the minds of the troops; and the heroism displayed by the sepoys under his own eye, in the late desperate encounters before Gwalior, must have brought home to his mind the gratifying conviction that his efforts had not been in vain. We noticed with satisfaction last year, the well-deserved honours and rewards distributed to the corps, by whose exploits the transient cloud thrown over our arms in Affghanistao had been cleared away; and the same course has been worthily followed in the decorations cast from the captured Mahratta cannon, and conferred, without distinction of officers or men, British or Sepoys, on the victors of Maharajpoor and Pooniar; as well as in the triumphal monuments to be erected at Bombay for the victories in Scinde, and at Calcutta for those before Gwalior. But while we render full justice to the valour, patience, and fidelity of the sepoy infantry, now deservedly rewarded by participation in those honours from which they have been too long excluded, the truth remains unchanged of that of which Lake, and many others since Lake of those who best knew India, have in vain striven to impress

the conviction on the authorities at home—the paramount importance of a large intermixture of *British* troops. "I am convinced that, *without King's troops*, very little is to be expected . . . there ought always to be at least one European battalion to four native ones: this I think necessary." And again, in his despatch to the Marquis Wellesley, the day after the arduous conflict at Laswarree—"The action of yesterday has convinced me how impossible it is to do any thing, without British troops: and of them there ought to be a very great proportion." It is true that the regulation lately promulgated by the Duke of Wellington, that the heavy cavalry regiments shall in future take their turn of Indian service, will in some measure remedy the evil in that branch where it is most felt; and will at once increase their military strength in India, and diminish the length of absence of the different corps from Europe. The misconduct of the native regular cavalry, indeed, on more than one occasion during the late Affghan war, has shown that they are not much to be depended upon when resolutely encountered. They are ill at ease in the European saddles, and have no confidence in the regulation swords when opposed to the trenchant edge of the native *talwars*; while, on the other hand, the laurels earned by Skinner's, Hearsay's, and other well-known corps of irregular horse, might almost have induced the military authorities in India to follow the example of the Mahrattas, who never attempted to extend to their cavalry the European discipline which they bestowed on their infantry. The sepoy infantry has ever been *sans peur et sans reproche*; yet, though some of the most distinguished regiments of the Bengal army were in the field before Gwalior, the honour of storming the death-dealing batteries of Maharajpoor, was reserved for the same gallant corps which led the way to victory under Clive at Plassey—

\* who entertains it, the last who should ever be entrusted with power in this empire. It is as dangerous a delusion as it would be to imagine we could do without an army at all.—Pro-di-gi-ous!

† See an extract from the *Madras United Service Gazette*, in our Number for Feb. 1843, p. 275, note.

her Majesty's 39th—and which has now once more proved its title to the proud motto emblazoned on its standards, *Primus in Indis!* The words of Lord Lake, (to refer to him once more,) in his account of the battle of Delhi, might have been adopted without variation by Lord Ellenborough in describing the late actions. "The sepoys have behaved excessively well; but from my observations on this day, as well as every other, it is impossible to do great things in a gallant and quick style without Europeans;" and we trust that, whenever the time shall arrive for the return of the present governor-general to Europe, he will not fail to avail himself of the weight which his personal experience will give him in the councils of the nation, to enforce the adoption of a measure which, sooner or later, will inevitably become one of absolute necessity.

No former governor-general of India entered on his office—at all times the most arduous under the British crown—under such unfavourable auspices, and with such a complicated accumulation of difficulties to combat, as Lord Ellenborough; few, if any, of his predecessors have had their actions, their motives, and even their words, exposed to such an unsparing measure of malicious animadversion and wilful misconstruction: yet none have passed so triumphantly through the ordeal of experience. Many of his measures may now be judged of by their fruits; and those of the Calcutta press who were loudest in their cavils, compelled to admit the success which has attended them, are reduced to aim their censures at the alleged magniloquence of the governor-general's proclamations; which, it should always be remembered in England, are addressed to a population accustomed to consider the bombast of a Persian secretary as the *ne plus ultra* of human composition, and which are not, therefore, to be judged by the European standard of taste. Much of the hostility directed against Lord Ellenborough, is, moreover, owing to his resolute

emancipation of himself from the bureaucracy of secretaries and members of council, who had been accustomed to exercise control as "viceroys over" his predecessors, and who were dismayed at encountering a man whose previously acquired knowledge of the country which he came to govern, enabled him to dispense with the assistance and dictation of this red-tape canarilla. Loud were the complaints of these gentry at what they called the despotism of the new governor-general, on finding themselves excluded from that participation in state secrets in which they had long revelled, in a country where so much advantage may be derived from knowing beforehand what is coming at headquarters. But much of the success of Lord Ellenborough's government may be attributed to the secrecy with which his measures were thus conceived, and the promptitude with which his personal activity and decision enabled him to carry them into effect—success of which the merit is thus due to himself alone, and to the liberty of action which he obtained by shaking off at once the etiquettes which had hitherto trammelled the Indian government. In July 1842 we ventured to pronounce, that "on the course of Lord Ellenborough's government will mainly depend the question of the future stability, or gradual decline, of our Anglo-Indian empire; and if, at the conclusion of his viceroyalty, he has only so far succeeded as to restore our foreign and domestic relations to the same state in which they stood ten years since, he will merit to be handed down to posterity by the side of Clive and Hastings." The task has been nobly undertaken and gallantly carried through; and though time alone can show how far the present improved aspect of Indian affairs may be destined to permanency, Lord Ellenborough is at least justly entitled to the merit of having wrought the change, as far as it rests with one man to do so, by the firm and fearless energy with which he addressed himself to the enterprise.



## THE FREETHINKER.

"With us ther was a DOCTOUR OF PHISIK,  
 In all this world no was ther non him like  
 To speke of phisike and of surgerie :  
 He knew the cause of every maladie,  
 Wore it of cold, or hote, or moist, or drie,  
 And wher engendered, and of what humour,  
 He was a veray parfite practioner—  
 His studie was but litel on the Bible."

CHAUCER.

It was in the year 18— that I completed my professional education in England, and decided upon spending in Paris the two years which had still to elapse, before my engagement with my guardians would require me to present myself for examination and approval at the Royal College of Surgeons in London. The medical schools and hospitals of Paris were then, as now, famous for their men of science, and for the useful discoveries which clinical instruction—bedside ingenuity and industry—is morally certain to carry along with it. Whatever may be said of the French practitioners as a body—and my professional brethren, I know, bring against them, as a national reproach, the charge of inefficiency in the *treatment* of disease, (remarkable for acuteness and truth as their *diagnosis* is allowed to be)—still I think it will not be denied, that chiefly to the Parisian physicians, and to the untiring energy of particular individuals amongst them, whom it would not be difficult to name, are we indebted at this moment for some of the most important knowledge that we possess—knowledge, be it understood, derived altogether from investigations diligently pursued at the patient's bedside, and obtained with the greatest judgment, difficulty, and pains. As I write, the honourable and European reputation of *Louis* occurs to my mind—an instance of universal acknowledgment rendered to genius and talents wholly or principally devoted to the alleviation of human suffering, and to the acquisition of wisdom in the form and by the method to which I have adverted.

A mere attempt to refer to the many and various obligations which the continental professors of medicine have laid upon mankind during

the last half century, would fill a book. They were well known and spoken of in my youth, and the names of many learned foreigners were at that period associated in my bosom with sentiments of awe and veneration. It was some time after I had once resolved to go abroad, before I fixed upon Paris as my destination. *Langanbeck*, the greatest operator of his day, the *Liston* of Germany, was performing miracles in Hanover. *Tiedemann*, a less nimble operator, but a far more learned surgeon, had already made the medical schools of Heidelberg famous by his lectures and still valued publications; whilst the lamented and deeply penetrating *Stromeyer*—the tutor and friend of our own amiable and early-lost Edward Turner—had established himself already in *Göttingen*, and drawn around him a band of enthusiastic students who have since done honour to their teacher, and in their turn become eminent amongst the first chemists of the day. With such and similar temptations from many quarters, it was not easy to arrive at a steady determination. I had hardly thought of Paris, when—as it often happens—a thing of a moment relieved me from difficulty and doubt, and helped me at once to a decision. A letter one morning by the post induced me to set out for the giddiest and yet most fascinating of European cities. James M'Linne—who, by the way, died only the other day of dysentery at Hong-Kong, a few hours after landing with the troops upon that luckless island—was an old hospital acquaintance, and, like me, *cutting and hewing* his way to fame and fortune. He had distinguished himself at Guy's, and quitted that school with every reasonable prospect of success in his profession. He had not only passed muster before the

high and mighty court of examiners, but had received on the occasion the personal warm congratulations of Abernethy and Sir Astley Cooper; the former of whom, indeed, before he asked M'Linnie a question, gave him confidence in his peculiar way, by requesting him "not to be a frightened fool, for Mr Abernethy was not the brute the world was pleased to make him out;" and after a stiff and rough examination shook the student heartily by the hand, and pronounced him "not an ass, like all the world, but a sensible shrewd fellow, who, instead of muddling his head with books, had passed his days, very properly, where real life was only to be met with"—*videlicet*, in the dead-house.

James M'Linnie was, at the time of which I speak, himself in Paris, and enthusiastic in his devotion to the indefatigable and highly-gifted teachers amongst whom he lived. He wrote to me, in the letter to which I have above adverted—the first I received from him after his departure from England—in the most glowing terms respecting them; and conjured me by the love I bore our glorious profession—by my ardent aspirations after fame, and by the strong desire which, he believed, I entertained with himself and the majority of men, to serve and benefit my fellow-creatures—not to waste my precious hours in England, but to join him instantly "in the finest field of *operations* that the world presented." "We are pignies in London," he continued in his own ardent fashion—"boys, children, infants—they are *giants* here. Such anatomists! such physicians! Fancy one of our first men, C—— for instance, standing for nearly one hour at the bedside of a labouring man, and tracing the fellow's history step by step, patiently and searchingly, in order to arrive at the small beginnings of disease, its earliest indications, and first causes. I saw it done yesterday by one to whom C—— could not hold a candle—a man whose reputation is continental—whose practice does not leave him a moment in the day for personal recreation—who is loaded with honours and distinctions. The students listen to him as to an oracle; and with cause. He leaps to no conclusions—his sterling mind satisfies itself with nothing but truth, and is content to

labour after mere glimpses and intimations, which it secures for future comparison and study. Remind me when you come out—for come out you must—of the story of the baker. I will tell it you then in full. It is a capital instance of the professor's acuteness and ability. A patient came into the hospital a month ago; his case puzzled every one; nothing could be done for him, and he was about to be discharged. The professor saw him, visited him regularly for a week—watched him—noted every trifling symptom—prescribed for him;—in vain. The man did not rally—and the professor could not say what ailed him. One morning the latter came to the patient's bedside, and said, 'You tell me, *mon enfant*, that you have been a porter. Were you never in any other occupation?' 'Yes,' groaned the poor fellow; 'I drove a cabriolet for a year or two'—— 'Go on,' said the professor encouragingly. 'And then,' continued the man, 'and then I was at a boot-maker's; afterwards at a saddler's—and at last a porter.' 'You have never worked at any other trade?' 'Never, sir.' 'Think again—be quite sure.' 'No—never, sir.' 'Have you never been a baker?' 'Oh yes, sir—that was twenty years ago—and only for a few months; but I was so ill at the oven that I was obliged to give it up.' 'That will do, *mon enfant*—don't tire yourself, try and go to sleep.' In the lecture-room afterwards, the professor addressed the students thus: 'Gentlemen—once in the course of my practice, I have met with the case of the porter, and only once. It is now eighteen years since. The patient was a baker—and I examined the subject after death. This man will die.' The lecturer then proceeded to describe minutely and lucidly the seat of the disease, its nature, and best treatment. He told them what might be done by way of alleviation, and directed them to look for such and such appearances after death. The man lingered for a few days, and then departed. At the *post mortem*, the professor was found to be correct in every particular. What say you to this by way of memory and quick intelligence?' The letter went on to speak of the facility of procuring subjects—as

cheap and plentiful, to use M'Linnie's phrase, "as herrings in England;" of the daily exhibition in the dissecting room of disease of all kinds, in all stages; of the enthusiastic natures of both teachers and pupils; of the earnest and inspiring character of hospital practice; and at last, wound up its flattering history with a peroration, that extinguished in an instant every spark of hesitation that lingered in my mind. In less than a fortnight after M'Linnie's summons, I was one of a mixed party in a diligence and eight, galloping over the high-road to Paris, at the rate of five statute miles an hour.

I had taken care to carry abroad with me an introduction to *one* influential member of the profession. I say *one*, because I refused, with deliberation, to *encumber* myself, as Doctor Johnson has it, with more help than was actually necessary to my well-doing. A travelling student, with a key to the confidence of one man of power and kindred spirit, has all that he can desire for every professional purpose. If his happiness depend upon social enjoyments, and he must needs journey with a messenger's bag, or be utterly miserable, let him by all means save his travelling expenses, and visit his natural acquaintances. My letter of credit was obtained from my friend H——, who at the time filled the anatomical chair at Guy's, and to whom I am grateful for more acts of real kindness than he is willing to allow. To this letter of credit, and to the acquaintance formed by its means, the reader is indebted for the curious history I am about to relate. That the former was likely to lead to something original and unusual, I certainly suspected when H—— placed the document in my hands, with his last words of caution and advice. I could hardly dream of half that was to follow.

"Pray, take care of yourself, Mr Walpole," said my good friend; "you are going to a very dangerous and seductive city, and you will require

all your firmness and good principles to save you from the force of evil example. Don't be led away—don't be led away—that is all I beg of you."

"I shall be careful, sir."

"You will see in the medical students of Paris a different set of men to that which you have been accustomed to mix with here. There are some fine fellows amongst them—hard-working, bold, enterprising young men; but they are a strange body taken as a whole. Don't cotton too quickly with any one of them."

"Very well, sir."

"I am afraid you will find many highly improper notions prevalent amongst them—immoral, shocking, disgraceful. Pray, don't assume the manners of a Frenchman, Mr Walpole—much less his vices. There are very few medical students in Paris who do not lead, I am sorry to say, a very disreputable life; and make it a boast to live in open shame. You must not learn to approve of conduct in Paris which you would have no hesitation in pronouncing criminal in London."\*

"Certainly not, sir."

"And let me, as a friend, entreat you, my dear sir, at no time to forget that you are a Christian and a Protestant gentleman. Be sober and rational, and, if there be any truth in religion at all, do not make a mockery of it, by converting the Lord's day into a monstrous Saturnalia. Here is your letter."

I took the document, bowed, and read the superscription. It was addressed to Baron F——, chief surgeon at the Hotel Dieu, &c. &c. &c.

"I introduce you, Mr Walpole," continued the anatomist, "to one of the most extraordinary men in Europe—and, what is more to the purpose, to one of the best. Warner benevolence, a more eager anxiety to relieve and benefit his fellow-mortals, never burned in the heart of man. He is, unquestionably, incontestably the first surgeon of the day; as a man of science he is appealed to by the

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\* It was not until a few weeks after my arrival in Paris that I became acquainted with the fact, thus delicately pointed at by my modest friend Mr H——. It would appear that no Parisian student of medicine can pursue his studies at home without assistance. A female friend, tutor, or whatever else she may be called, graced the lodgings of every one of my hospital friends.



whole learned world—his practice is enormous, and the fortune he has amassed by his unwearied industry and perseverance immense; especially considered in reference to the career of the most successful surgeons in Paris, who, if I mistake not, have lived and died comparatively poor. Looked up to, however, as he is by the learned and the great, you will, I think, when you know him, agree with me in regarding his kindness to the helpless—his earnest solicitude for the disabled poor who come under his care—his unremitting attention to their complaints and wants—as constituting the worthy baron's chief excellence. We are old friends; and for my sake I am sure he will receive you well, and afford you all the assistance and information in his power. He will put you on your mettle; and you must be no lie-a-bed if you would profit by his instruction. At six in the morning you will find him daily at his post in the hospital; and, whilst sluggards are turning in their beds, he has prescribed for a hundred sick, and put them in spirits for the day by his words of tenderness and support."

"Did you study under the baron?" I enquired.

"I attended his lectures some years ago with the greatest advantage. I never in my life was more struck by the amount of knowledge possessed by one man. I attached myself to the professor, and he was pleased to admit me to his friendship. I have lately been surprised to hear his manners pronounced rough and even brutal, and his temper morose. For my own part—and I watched him closely—I saw nothing but gentleness, and an active disposition to do good at all times. The poor women and children in the hospital loved him as a father, and I have seen their pale cheeks flush, and dull eyes glisten as he approached their beds. This, I thought, bespoke any thing but roughness and brutality in the surgeon. What say you?"

"It would seem so."

"Well—I have written the baron a long letter concerning myself and my own pursuits, believing that it will serve your interests better than a mere formal letter of introduction. He will, I am sure, be pleased to see you. Remember, Mr Walpole, an

opportunity like the present may never occur to you again. Be wise, and make the most of it."

Thus spoke my friend, and thus I received from him my credentials. My only object in Paris was the ostensible one for which I came; and accordingly, therefore, having secured a comfortable home with Madame Bichat, a worthy motherly person residing in the "*Rue Richelieu, vis-à-vis le Palais Royal*"—and having spent one long and gossiping evening with my ancient chum M'Linnie—I buckled at once to my work. Postponing all recreation and amusement until the time should arrive which would make them lawful and give them zest, I left my lodgings the second morning after my appearance in Paris, and made my way straight to the dwelling-house of my future patron. It was eleven o'clock, the hour at which the baron usually returned from the Hotel Dieu; five hours, viz. from six till eleven A.M., being, as M'Linnie assured me, the time allotted daily to the poor by the conscientious and distinguished practitioner.

The baron was a bachelor, and he lived in first-rate style; that is to say, he had magnificent apartments, in which it was his delight to collect occasionally the united wit and learning of the capital, and a handsome table for his friends at all times; for his hospitality was unbounded. And yet his own daily habits were as simple and primitive as might be. When at home, he passed his hours in the library, and slept in the small bedroom adjoining it. The latter, like all dormitories in France, was without a carpet, and altogether no better furnished than a private ward in an English hospital. There was a small iron bedstead just large enough for a middle-sized bachelor in one corner—a washing apparatus in another—and a table and two chairs at some distance from both. The naked and even uncomfortable aspect of this apartment had an absolutely chilling effect upon me, as I passed through it on my way to the great man himself; for, strange to say, the only road to the library was through this melancholy chamber. Great men as well as small have their "whims and oddities." The baron was reported to have taken pains to make, what ap-

peared to me, a very incommodious arrangement. A door which had conducted to the library upon the other side of it had been removed, and the aperture in which it had stood blocked up, whilst the wall on this side had been cut away in order to effect an entrance. And what was the reason assigned for so much unnecessary labour? The baron had risen from nothing—had spent his early days in poverty and even misery; and he wished to perpetuate the remembrance of his early struggles, lest he should grow proud in prosperity, and forgetful of his duties. The frequent sight of the few articles of furniture which had been his whole stock twenty years before, was likely more than any thing else to keep the past vividly before his eyes, and he placed them therefore, to use his own words as attributed to him by my informant, “between the flattery of the dazzling world without, and the silence of his chamber of study and meditation.” They no doubt answered their object, in rendering the possessor at times low-spirited, since they were certainly likely to have that effect even upon a stranger. On the day of my introduction, however, I had little time for observation. My name had been announced, and I passed rapidly on to the *sanctum sanctorum*.

There is an aristocracy of MIND as well as an aristocracy of wealth and social station; and, unless you be a soulless Radical, you cannot approach a distinguished member of the order without a glow of loyal homage, as honourable to its object as it is grateful to your own self-respect. I entered the library of the far-famed professor with a reverend step; he was seated at a large table, which was literally covered with books, *brochures*, and letters opened and sealed. He was dressed very plainly, wearing over a suit of mourning a dark coloured dressing-gown, which hung loosely about him. He was, without exception, the finest man I had ever seen, and I stopped involuntarily to look at and admire him. As he sat, I judged him to be upwards of six feet in height—(I afterwards learned that he stood six feet two,)—he was stout and well-proportioned—his chest broad and

magnificent—his frame altogether muscular and sinewy. The face was full of authority and command—every feature handsome, including even the well drawn lip, in which there seemed to lurk scorn enough to wither you, if roused. The brow was full, prominent, and overhanging—the eye small, blue, and beaming with benevolence. Nature was mischievous when she brought that eye and lip in company for life. A noble forehead, made venerable by the grey hairs above it—grey, although the baron was hardly in the vale of years—completed the picture which presented itself to my eye, and which I noted in detail in less time than I have drawn it here—imperfectly enough. The baron, who had received my letter of introduction on the preceding day, rose to welcome me. His first enquiries were concerning my friend H—, the next were in reference to my own plans—and he had much to say of the different professors of London, with whose works and merits he appeared thoroughly acquainted. I remained an hour with him; and, some time before we parted, I felt myself quite at home with my new acquaintance. During the conversation that took place upon this memorable morning, the name of Z— occurred. The baron praised him highly: “his attainments as a surgeon,” he said, “were very great;” and, in other respects, he looked upon him as one of the most original and wisest men of the age. It will be remembered by my professional readers that Z—, although esteemed in England one of her first surgeons, acquired an unenviable notoriety through the publication of certain physiological lectures, in which the doctrines of materialism and infidelity were supported, it must be allowed, with all the eloquence and power of a first-rate mind. With my own settled views of Christianity, early inculcated by a beloved mother—now, alas! no more—I could not but regard the highly gifted Z— as an enemy to his species, who had unhappily abused the talents which Providence had given him for a better purpose. Such being the case, it was with some pain and great surprise that I listened to the encomiums from the lips

of the baron; and I ventured to hint that the speaker had, in all probability, not heard of the infamous publication which had given so much sorrow and alarm to all well-governed minds in England.

"*Lo voila!*" said the baron in reply, taking up a book from the table—"The noblest work of the age! Free from prejudice and bigotry of every kind—I found my opinion of the man upon this book. Had he done nothing else, he would have immortalized his name. Philosophy and science have hitherto borne him out in all his theories—will continue to bear him out, and eventually compel posterity to regard him as nothing short of the prophet and seer of nature. You may rely upon it, Z—— has, by the very force of intellect, arrived at conclusions which the discoveries of centuries will duly make good and establish."

I speak the simple truth when I aver, that these words of the baron gave me infinite distress, and for a moment deprived me of speech. I hardly knew what to say or do. At first I suspected that I had made some unaccountable mistake, and brought my letter to the wrong individual. H——, who was almost a Puritan in religious matters, could never have spoken of his friend in such favourable terms, if he had been aware of the views which he so unscrupulously supported. A little reflection, however, convinced me that a mistake was impossible. There is nothing in this world more embarrassing than to sit in the presence of a superior, and be compelled to listen to statements which you feel to be false, and yet know not how with propriety to repel. My own youth, and the baron's profound learning and attainments, were barriers to the free expression of my thoughts; and yet I was ashamed to remain silent, and, as it were, a consenting party to the utterance of sentiments which I abhorred.

"I cannot hope," I managed to say at last, "that science will ultimately uphold his arguments, and prevent our relying as strongly as ever upon our old foundations."

"And why?" replied the baron quickly. "Why should we always be timid and blind followers of the

blind? Is it a test of wisdom to believe what is opposed to reason upon the partial evidence of doubtful witnesses? Is it weakness to engage all the faculties of the mind in the investigation of the laws by which this universe is governed? And if the perception of such immutable and eternal laws crushes and brings to nothing the fables of men whom you are pleased to call *writers by inspiration*, are we to reject them because our mothers and fathers, who were babes and sucklings at the breast of knowledge, were ignorant of their existence?"

"Newton, sir," I ventured to answer, "made great discoveries, and he revered these fables."

"Bah! Newton directed his gaze upwards into a mighty and stupendous region, and he was awe-stricken—as who shall not be?—by what he there beheld. He worshipped the unseen power, so does this man; he believed in Revelation, so does he; but with him—it is the revelation which is made in that wondrous firmament above, and in the earth beneath, and in the glories that surround us. What knowledge had Newton of geology? what of chemistry? what of the facts which they have brought to light?"

"Little perhaps—yet!"

"My good friend," continued the surgeon, interrupting me. "In the days of your grand *philosophe*—would that he were alive now!—there were no physical phenomena to reduce an ancient system of cosmogony to a mere absurdity—no palpable evidences of the existence of this earth thousands of years prior to its formation—you perceive?"

"I hear you, sir," I answered, gaining courage; "but I should, indeed, be sorry to adopt your views."

"Of course you would!" said the baron, curling his inauspicious lip, and giving expression to a feeling that looked very like one of contempt or ridicule. "You come from the land of melancholy and bile—where your holidays are fasts, and your day of rest is one of unmitigated toil. You would be sorry to forego, no doubt, the prospect of everlasting torture and eternal condemnation. Mr Z—— is too far advanced for you, I am afraid."



At this moment there was a knock at the door leading into the bed-chamber. The servant-man of the baron presented himself, and announced a patient.

"Admit him," said the surgeon, and at the same time I rose to depart.

"Adieu!" said the baron with another unpleasant smile; "we shall be very good friends notwithstanding your piety. I shall look after you. Remember six o'clock to-morrow morning at the Hotel Dieu. Be punctual, and do you hear, Mr Walpole, think of me in your prayers."

This last expression, accompanied as it was by a very significant look, amounted to a positive insult, and I quitted the library and house of the baron, fully resolved never to set foot in either of them again. What an extraordinary delusion did poor H—— labour under, in respect of the character of his friend? Here was a Mentor to form the opinions and regulate the conduct of a young gentleman stepping into life! Great as were his talents and acquirements, and much as I might lose by neglecting to cultivate his friendship, I resigned gladly every advantage rather than purchase the greatest, with the sacrifice of the principles which had been so anxiously implanted in my bosom, even from my cradle. I was hurt and vexed at the result of my interview. Every thing had promised so well at first. I had been won by the appearance of the baron, I had been charmed with his discourse, and gratified by the terms in which he spoke of my future studies, and the help he hoped to afford me in the prosecution of them. Why had this unfortunate Mr Z——, and his still more unfortunate book, turned up to discompose the pleasant vision? But for the mention of his name, and the introduction of his book, I might have remained for ever in ignorance of the atheistical opinions which, in my estimation, derogated materially from the grace which otherwise adorned the teacher's cultivated mind. It is impossible for communion and hearty fellowship to subsist between individuals, whose notions on life's most important point lie "far as the poles asunder." I did not expect, desire, or propose to seek that they should.

In the evening I joined M'Linnie

at his lodgings, and gave him an account of the meeting.—He laughed at me for my scruples.

"I knew all about it," said Mac, "but hardly thought it worth while to let you know it. H—— was quite right, too: the baron is not the man to-day that he was a dozen years ago. He is a rank infidel now; he makes no secret of the thing, but boasts of it right and left: it is his great fault. He is an inconsistent fellow. If any one talks about religion, no matter how proper and fitting the time, he is down upon him at once with a sneer and a joke; and yet he drags in his own opinions by the neck, at all seasons, on all occasions, and expects you to say *amen* to every syllable he utters."

"He must be very weak," said I.

"Must he?—very well. Then wait till you see him cut for *calculus*, or perform for *hernia*. Sit with him at the bedside, and hear him at his lectures. If you think him weak then, you shall be good enough to tell me what you call *strong*."

"But his principles"——

"Are certainly not in accordance with the Thirty-nine Articles; but the baron does not profess to teach theology—nor did I come here to take his creed. So long as he is orthodox in surgery, I make no complaint against him. I have my own views; and if they are relaxed and out of order now and then, why, the parson is the man to apply to, and not the baron. I must say one requires a dose of steel now and then, to keep right and tight in this bewitching capital."

There was worldly wisdom in the remarks of M'Linnie; and before I quitted him I was satisfied of the propriety of paying every attention to the professional instruction of the surgeon, without committing myself, by visiting him as a friend, to an approval of his detestable principles; and accordingly, at two minutes to six o'clock, I presented myself at the hospital on the following morning. Many students were already in attendance, and precisely at six o'clock the baron himself appeared. He bowed to the students as a body and honoured me with a particular notice."

"Eh bien, jeune Chrétien!" he said, shaking me by the hand, "have you prayed for my reformation? It is



very [remiss of you if you have not done so. You know I made you yesterday my father confessor."

There was immediately a general laugh from the students—medical students being, it should be known, the most unblushing parasites on record.

These words were spoken under the low portico of the building which forms, with its long ascent of steps, one side of the square in which the Cathedral of Notre Dame has its principal entrance, and is certainly not one of the least interesting adjuncts of that magnificent edifice. We passed without further speech through the range of buildings within, the professor in our van, and in a minute or two found ourselves in a spacious, clean, and well-filled ward.

The surgeon took his seat at the foot of the first bed in the sick chamber, and the students crowded eagerly around him, evidently anxious not to lose a syllable that should fall from his lips. I shall never forget the lesson of that morning. The judgment, the penetration, the unflinching collectedness, and consummate skill of the surgeon, compelled my warmest admiration. I forgot our ground of disagreement in the transcendent ability that I beheld. His heart, and mind, and soul, were given up to his profession, and his success was adequate to the price paid for its purchase. The baron was, however, a mass of contradiction. I discovered this before we had been an hour in the ward. It was clear that he had risen by the sheer strength of great natural genius, and that he was lamentably wanting in all the agreeable qualities which spring from early cultivation and sound training. He was violent, sudden, and irregular in his temper and mode of speaking—when his temper and speech were directed against any but his patients. He had no regard to the feelings of men of his own rank; and his language towards them was rather emphatic, than delicate or well chosen. In his progress round the ward, he came to the bed of a man suffering from a diseased leg. He removed the bandage from the part, and asked, "what fool had tied it up so clumsily;" *the fool*, as he well knew, being the house surgeon at his side. Again, another practitioner at the hospital had recommended

a particular treatment in a particular case. This gentleman, the baron's colleague, was referred to as—"a child who had yet to learn the alphabet of surgery—who would have been laughed at, twenty years ago, had he prescribed such antiquated nostrums—a weak child—a mere baby, gentlemen."

—"How much," I exclaimed mentally, time after time, "must this man have altered since I—— parted with him as his respected friend!" And yet in some regards he was not altered at all. There was the same consideration for the poor sufferers—the same attention to their many complaints and wants—the same tenderness and kind disposition to humour and pacify them, which I—— had dwelt upon with so much commendation. There was no hurrying from case to case—no sign of impatience at the reiterated unmeaning queries of the patients—no coarse jest at *their* expense—not a syllable that could wound the susceptibility of the most sensitive. Did one poor fellow betray an anxiety to take up as little of the baron's time as possible, and, speaking hurriedly, almost exhaust his little stock of feeble breath, it was absolutely touching to mark the happy mode in which the surgeon put the flurried one at ease. Had these creatures, paupers as they were, been rich and noble—had they, strangers as they were, been brothers every one, he could not have evinced a tenderer interest on their behalf—a stronger disposition to do them service. In spite of myself, I loved the baron for his condescending to these men of low estate.

It will not be necessary to dwell upon the proceedings of the place: I could extract from my note-book pages that would delight the medical reader, necessarily dry and tedious to the uninitiated. Suffice it to say, that many hours were spent in the surgical wards by this indefatigable surgeon: every individual case received his best attention, and was prescribed for as carefully as though a noble fee waited upon each. The ceremony being at an end, I was about to retire, agreeably surprised and gratified with all that I had seen.

"Arrêtez done," said the baron, noticing my movement, and touching me upon the arm. "You are not fatigued?"

"Not in the least," I answered.

"Come with me, then."

The baron, full of life and spirits, and with the air of a man whose day's work was only about to commence, bowed to the students, and tripped quickly down stairs. I followed as commanded, and the next moment I was in the baron's cabriolet, driving with that gentleman rapidly through the streets of Paris.

"Have you courage?" enquired the baron suddenly.

"For what, sir?" I replied.

"To see an operation."

"I have been present at many, sir," said I—"some bad enough, too; and, I confess, I have been less womanish and weak beholding them than I felt this morning, witnessing your kindness to those poor creatures."

"Ah, poor creatures, indeed!" repeated the baron in a softer tone than any I had heard him use. "The poor need kindness, Mr Walpole. It is all we can do for them. God help them! it is little of that they get. Poverty is a frightful thing, sir."

There were two circumstances that especially struck me in the delivery of this short speech. One was, that the eyes of an intrepid operator filled with tears whilst he adverted to a very commonplace subject; the other, that a confirmed atheist was inconsistent enough to invoke the Deity whose very existence he denied.

We drove on, and arrived at the hotel of one of the richest and most influential noblemen of France. The cabriolet stopped, and the gates of the hotel were thrown open at the same instant. A lackey, in the hall of the mansion, was already waiting for the baron, and we were bowed with much ceremony up the gilded staircase; we reached at last a sumptuously furnished chamber, where we found three gentlemen in earnest conversation. They were silent upon our entrance, and advanced, one and all, with great cordiality to greet the baron. The latter returned their salute with a distant and haughty politeness, which I thought very unbecoming.

"We were thinking"—began one of the party.

"How is the patient?" asked the baron, suddenly interrupting him.

The other shook his head despond-

ingly, and the baron, as it were instinctively, unlocked a case of instruments, which he had brought into the room with him from his cabriolet.

"The inflammation has not subsided, then?"

"No."

"All the symptoms as before?"

"All."

"Let us see him."

The gentleman and the baron opened a door and passed into another room. As the door closed after them, I heard a loud and dismal groan. One of the two remaining gentlemen then asked me if I had been long in Paris.

I told him.

"Ah, you haven't seen the new opera, then?" said he—just as we should say, when put to it for conversation—What frightful, or what beautiful weather this is! Before I could reply, there was another fearful groan from the adjoining room, but my new acquaintance proceeded without noticing it.

"You have nothing like our *Académie* in London, I believe?"

I was about to vindicate the Italian Opera, when the two surgeons again appeared. The baron in a few words said, that there was nothing to be done but to operate, and at once, if the life of the patient were to be spared at all. The three practitioners—for such they were—knelt in acquiescence, and the baron prepared his instruments.

It is the fashion to speak of medical men slightly, if not reproachfully; to accense them of practising solemn impositions, and of being, at the best, but so many legalized charlatans. It is especially the mode of speaking amongst those who will give "the doctor" no rest, and are not satisfied until they make that functionary the most constant visitor at their abodes. No one would have dared to breathe one syllable of disrespect against the surgeon's sacred office, who could have seen, as I did, the operation which the baron performed this day. It has been done successfully three times within the memory of man; twice by himself, who first attempted it. It was grand to mark his calm and intellectual face—to see the hand—armed with the knife that cut for life or death—firm and unshaken as the mind that urged,

the eye that followed, its unerring course. I could understand the worship that was paid to this incomparable master, by all that knew his power. Within five minutes by the clock, and in the sight of men whose breathless admiration made them oblivious of the throes of the poor sufferer, the process was completed, and the endangered life restored. The baron left the fainting invalid, retired for a few seconds, and prescribed. He returned and felt his pulse—and then, turning to the man with whom he had first spoken, said—

“Should any thing arise, sir, you will acquaint me with it.”

“Unquestionably. He will do well?”

“No doubt of it. Good-morning.”

“Good-morning, baron,” said the gentleman obsequiously. “His excellency bore it wonderfully.”

“Pretty well for an excellency. We don’t notice these things in paupers—Now, Mr Walpole.”

And thereupon the baron turned upon his heels with such manifest disdain, that he lost half the credit which he had gained by his previous performance.

We sat for some time silent in the cabriolet. I was hursting to praise the baron, and yet fearful to speak, lest I should be insulted for my pains. At last, I became so excited that I could hold out no longer.

“Baron,” said I, “I beg your pardon—it was the grandest thing I ever saw.”

“I have seen a grander,” said the surgeon frowning, and pursing those unhappy lips of his again, “much grander, Mr Walpole. I have seen a nobleman rolling in riches, flattered by his dogs, renowned for his Christian piety, refusing the supplications of a poor boy, who asked only for a few coins to carry him through a cold and killing winter. The refusal might have been the lad’s death—but he was refused. It was, as you say, a grand thing, but the lad has had his revenge to-day.”

The baron drove to his own home. At his request I entered his library with him. He placed some books in my hand, which he believed would be of service to me; and, as we parted, he said kindly—

“Don’t mind my rough ways, Mr

Walpole; I was educated in a rough school. I shall be glad to see you often. I have been disturbed. The father of that man, whose life, I verily believe, I have saved this day, hunted me many years ago from his door when I begged from him—condescended to beg from him—alms which his meanest servant would not have missed, and which I wanted, to save me from absolute starvation. I have never forgotten or forgiven him for the act—but I have had my revenge. The great man’s son owes his life to the beggar after all. A good revenge, *n’est ce pas?*”

I was very much disposed to consider the baron subject to fits of temporary derangement; but I was wise enough to do nothing more than nod my head in answer to this appeal, leaving my questioner to interpret the action as he in his madness might think proper.

There was a hearty shake of the hand, another general invitation to his house, and a particular invitation to the hospital, where, as the baron very reasonably observed, “All the knowledge that could serve a man in after life was hoarded up”—and then I made my bow, and took my departure.

Three months passed like so many days, in the midst of occupation at once the most inspiring and satisfactory; and during the whole of that period, I am bound to acknowledge the treatment of the baron towards me to have been most generous and kind. In spite of my own resolutions, I had attached myself to the professor by a feeling of gratitude, which it was not easy to extinguish or control. His wish to advance me in the knowledge and understanding of my profession was so earnest, the pains he took to communicate the most important results of his own hard-earned experience so untiring, that, had I not felt a heavy debt of obligation, I must have been a senseless undeserving wretch indeed. The baron was manifestly well-disposed towards me, and in spite (it might have been with so strange a character, by very reason) of our religious differences, he lost no opportunity of bringing me to his side, and of loading me whilst there with precious gifts. I attended the professor at the hospital, at the houses of his patients, in his own private



study. He was flattering enough to say that he liked to have me about him—that he was pleased with my straightforward character—and with the earnestness with which I worked. I trust it was not his good opinion alone that induced me, in opposition to my first resolution, by degrees to associate with the baron, until at length we became intimate and almost inseparable friends. I would not acknowledge this to my own conscience, which happily never suffered me to violate a principle, or yield an inch of righteous ground. The baron persevered in his attacks upon our sacred religion. I, grown bolder by long familiar acquaintance, acted as firmly upon the defensive: and I must do myself the justice to assert, that the soundness of fair argument suffered no injury from the light weapons of wit and ridicule which my friend had ever at command.

It was a fine morning in the early spring, and I sat with the baron as usual in his library. On this occasion I was helping him in the completion of a series of plates, which he was about to publish, in connexion with a work on cancer—a book that has since made a great sensation upon the Continent. The engraver had worked from the professor's preparations under the eye of the latter; but a few slight inaccuracies had crept into the drawings, and the baron employed me in the detection of them. We were both fully occupied; I with the engravings; he with his lecture of the day—and we were both very silent, when we heard a loud ringing of the porter's bell. The baron at the same time looked at his watch, and resumed his pen. A note was then brought to him by his servant. It was read, and an answer given.

"Say I will be there at four o'clock."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the servant, "but the prince's *chasseur* who gave me the note, desired me to add that the prince wished to see you immediately."

"Very well, sir," answered the baron haughtily. "He has delivered his master's message—do you deliver mine. I am busy, very busy—and cannot see the prince till four o'clock. That is the answer."

The servant knew his master, and left the room immediately.

"These insufferable nobles!" exclaimed the baron; "they imagine that mankind was invented for their pleasure and amusement—to be their footballs. Does this man think we have nothing better to do than to humour his fancies, and attend to every ailment that waits upon his gross appetite. He makes a god of his belly, is punished for his idolatry, and then whines by the hour to his doctor."

"Is he not ill, then?" I enquired.

"He may be—but that is no reason why my students are to be neglected for a prince. He must come in his turn, with all the rest. I allow no distinctions in my practice. Suffering is suffering—the pain of the peasant is as acute as the smart of the king. Proceed with the drawings, Mr Walpole."

In less than a quarter of an hour, there was a fresh disturbance. The servant knocked softly at the door, and entered timidly.

"Here is a dirty woman at the gate, sir," began the man. "I have told her that you were engaged and couldn't speak to her, but she would not move until I had brought you this letter. She is a dirty creature, sir."

"Well, you have said that once before," answered the baron taking the note—if a soiled strip of paper, with blots, erasures, and illegible characters may deserve that title. The baron endeavoured to read it; but failing, requested François to show the poor woman up.

She appeared, and justified the repetition of François. She was indeed very far from being clean; she had scarcely a rag upon her back—and seemed, in every way, much distressed.

"Now, my good woman," said the professor very tenderly, "tell me what it is you want, as quickly as you are able to do it, and I will help you if it be in my power."

The woman, bursting into tears, proceeded to say that "she resided in the Quartier St Jacques—that her husband was a water-carrier."

"A what?" asked the professor

quickly, as if he had missed the word.

"A water-carrier, sir."

"Go on."

That he had come from Auvergne—had fallen into a dreadful state of disease through want of nourishment and fuel during the winter—that he was now lying without a crust of bread or a particle of fire—and that she was sure he must die, leaving her and her children to be thrown into the world. She filled up her short narrative with many harrowing details, and finished by imploring the surgeon to come and save her husband if he could. "We will pay you, sir, all that we are able—if he gets to work again; and if he shouldn't, God, I am sure, will not listen to your prayers the less because you have helped the unfortunate and the poor."

Before the woman had told her story, the cheeks of the baron were as pale as her own—his eyes scarcely less moist. He had put his hand to his pocket, and when the woman ceased—he drew it out again, and presented her with a crown-piece.

"Go home," said he "with that. Buy bread and fuel. I will be at your lodging this afternoon."

The woman was about to exclaim.

"Not a syllable!" said her benefactor, preventing her. "If you thank me, I will do nothing for you. Go your ways now. I cannot accompany you—for you see I am very busy; but before the day is out, I will prescribe for your goodman.—Good-by to you—good-by."

The woman went away without another word.

Before she reached the bottom of the stairs, the baron spoke.

"Mr Walpole—pray be kind enough to call her back!"

She came.

"You must not think me harsh now," proceeded the baron, by way of apology, "I did not wish to be so. I shall do all I can for you, and your husband will no doubt be soon quite well again. There, keep your spirits up, and go home and cheer the good fellow. I shall see you by-and-by—*Adieu, ma chère.*"

The professor continued his lecture;

but not for five minutes before he appeared to be very uneasy at his work. He put his pen down, and sat for a time full of thought; then he rose and paced the room, and then took up his pen again; at last, he started from his chair and pulled the bell.

"François," said he to the servant, "let the cabriolet be here immediately. Yes," he continued, as if speaking to himself, "it will be better to go at once; the man may be seriously ill. His life may be in danger. It can be done in an hour—there is plenty of time still for the lecture. We must go and see this poor fellow, Mr Walpole," added the professor, addressing me. "Come, you shall give me your opinion of the case."

And the lecture and the engravings were neglected, and we dashed through the streets towards the Quartier St Jacques, with every chance of breaking our own necks as well as that of the spirited animal that flew before the whip of the excited practitioner.

"Well," said I to myself as we alighted, "it may be, Monsieur le Baron, as you state it, '*the pain of the peasant is as acute as the smart of a king.*' It is, however, very certain that you do not hold to the converse of the proposition."

The water-carrier was in truth alarmingly ill, and he was not likely to remain so much longer, if left to himself; for it was already the eleventh hour with him. He was living in a filthy hole—lying on a bed of straw, without the commonest necessities of life. The man had become diseased through want and confinement—that cause and origin of half the complaints to which the human frame is subject; lack of wholesome food and pure air. The baron perceived instantly that nothing could be done for the unhappy fellow in his present abode, and he therefore insisted upon his being removed at once to a *maison de santé*.

"I can't walk," said the man gruffly.

"No, but you can be carried in a coach, I suppose," replied the baron in a similar tone, "if I wish it." "Let him be dressed," he continued, turning to the wife. "I will send a coach for him in half an hour—and

take charge of him until he is better. That will buy you some bread for the present," and he gave another crown and hastened away. In the afternoon the baron attended the patient again at the *maison de santé*. He ordered him a bath, and prescribed medicines. For a month he visited him daily; and he did not quit him until he was convalescent. Nor then—for upon the day of the poor fellow's discharge, he presented him with a horse and water-cart, and a purse containing five *louis-d'or*.

"Take care of the money," said the charitable donor, "do not be extravagant. If you are ill—come to me always."

The water-carrier—a bluff, sturdy fellow in his way—would have thanked the baron could he have kept quiet; but he stood roaring like a child, perfectly overcome with the kindness he had received. It was some months afterwards that François announced two visitors. When they appeared, I recognised my old acquaintance the water-carrier, grown hale and hearty, accompanied by a stranger, of the same condition in life as himself, and looking very ill.

"*Ah, mon ami!*" exclaimed the baron, shaking him by the hand, "how does the world use you?"

"Look at me," answered the carrier—"just look at me."

"Ay, ay," said the baron. "Flesh enough upon you now! Who is your friend?"

"Ah, it's about him I came! He is very ill, isn't he? He is a water-carrier, too. He was going to another doctor, but I wouldn't allow it. No, no—that wouldn't have been the thing after all you have done for me. I hope I know better. He is very bad, and hasn't got a sixpence in the world."

I could not help smiling at this original display of gratitude—and the baron laughed outright; his heart grew glad within him as he answered, pressing the honest carrier's hardy hand—

"Right—right—quite right! *Mon enfant*, bring them all to me!"

M'Linnic, who was not honoured by the baron's confidence, seemed to be well acquainted with his peculiarities. I mentioned to him his extra-

ordinary treatment of the water-carriers, and attributed it all, without hesitation, to downright insanity.

"Not that exactly," said Mac. "It is caprice, and the inconsistency of human nature. He is strongly attached to all *Auvergnats*, and to water-carriers in particular. His predilection that way is well known in Paris. Perhaps his father was a water-carrier—or his first love a girl from Auvergne. Who can tell what gave rise to the partiality in a mind that is full of bias and contradiction!"

Contradiction indeed! I had remarked enough, and yet nothing at all in comparison with that which was to follow. Up to the present time I had been only puzzled and amused by the frolics and irregularities of the baron. I had yet to be staggered and confounded by the most palpable and barefaced act of inconsistency that ever lunatic conceived and executed. The winter and spring had passed, and summer came, placing our time more at our disposal. Summer is the dissector's long vacation. I permitted myself to take recreation, and to seek amusement in the many public resorts of this interesting capital. One morning I attended the baron at the hospital, and returned with him to his abode. We sat together for an hour, and I distinctly remember that on this occasion the unbeliever was even more witty than usual on the subject which he was ever ready to introduce, with, I am sorry to say, no better object than that of turning it into ridicule and contempt. I left him, irritated and annoyed at his behaviour, and tried to forget it in the crowds of people who were thronging the gay streets on one of the gayest mornings of the year. I hardly know why I directed my steps towards the *Place St Sulpice*, or why, having reached it, I lingered, gazing at the church which has its site there. I had a better reason for quitting it with precipitation; for whilst I stood musing, I became suddenly aware of the presence of my friend the baron. He did not see me, and I was not anxious to begin *de novo* the disagreeable discussion of the morning. As I turned away from the church, however, I looked instinctively back, and



was much surprised to behold the baron glancing very suspiciously about him, and appearing most anxious to avoid public observation. I was mentally debating whether such was really the fact, or whether the idea was suggested by my own clandestine movement, when to my unaffected astonishment the baron put an end to all doubt by making one rapid march towards the church, and then rushing in—looking neither to the right nor left—behind nor before him. This was truly too extraordinary a circumstance to witness without further enquiry. I immediately retraced my steps, and followed the atheist into the house, where surely he could have no lawful business to transact. If my surprise had been great without the sacred edifice, what was it within, and at that particular portion of it known by the designation of the *Chapel of the Virgin Mary*, at which I beheld, questioning my own senses, my unaccountable friend, this exceedingly erratic baron—upon his knees—in solemn prayer! Yes, kneeling in low humility, and praying audibly, with a devotion and an awful earnestness that could not be surpassed. He remained upon his knees, and he persevered in his prayers until the conclusion of the service, and then he bestowed his alms—performing all things with an expression of countenance and gravity of demeanour, such as I knew him to wear only at the table upon which he had achieved the most celebrated of his surgical victories.

"Mad, mad!" I exclaimed aloud, "nothing short of it." Why, such glaring wholesale hypocrisy had not been committed since Satan first introduced the vice into Paradise. What atrocity, what barefaced blasphemy! It was the part of a Christian and a friend to attribute the extravagant proceedings of the baron to absolute insanity, and to nothing else; and I did so accordingly, alarmed for the safety of the unfortunate professor, and marvelling what unheard-of act would next be perpetrated, rendering it incumbent upon society to lock the lunatic up for life. Why, his lips were hardly relieved of the pollution which had fallen from them in my presence; and could he in his senses,

with his reason not unhinged, dare to offend his Maker doubly by the mockery of such prayers as *he* could offer up! What was his motive—what his end? That he was anxious for concealment was evident. Had he courted observation, I might have supposed him actuated by some far-sighted scheme of policy; and yet his rash and straightforward temperament rendered him incapable of any stratagem whatever. No, no—look at the thing as I would, there was no accounting for this most perplexing anomaly except on the ground of mental infirmity. Alas, poor baron!

When the service was at an end, I took up a position in the street near the church, in order to observe the next movement of the devotee, quite prepared for any thing that might happen. I was disappointed. The baron, looking very cheerful and very happy, made his appearance from the temple which he had so recently profaned, and walked steadily and quietly away. I followed him, and in the excitement of the moment was about to approach and accost him, when he suddenly turned into a narrow lane, and I lost sight of him.

Before I saw the baron again, I had made up my mind to keep my own counsel, and to give him no hint of my having discovered and watched him. The reasons for silence were twofold. First, I hoped, by keeping my eye upon the professor, to learn more of his character than I yet knew; and, in the second place, I did not wish to be regarded as a spy by an individual of violent passions, whom I could not conscientiously consider responsible for his actions.

It so happened that, on the evening of this very day, the baron held a *conversazione* in his rooms, to which the first people of Paris, both in rank and talent, were invited. I, who had the *entrée*, was present of course, and I was likewise amongst the first of the arrivals. With me, the chief physician of the Hotel Dieu entered the *salon*.

The surgeon and the physician shook hands; and, after a word or two, the latter asked abruptly—

"By the way, baron, what were you doing at St Sulpice this morning? I saw you quitting the church."

"Oh!" said the baron, without changing colour or moving a muscle, although I blushed at his side to my very forehead; "Oh! a sick priest, placed under my care by the Duchess d'Angoulême—nothing more."

"Well, I could hardly believe that you had turned saint—that is the truth."

"Not yet—not yet!" added the baron, laughing out. "This is to be the saint," he continued, tapping me on the shoulders. "St Walpole! That will look very fine in the calendar! However, my friend, if they attempt to canonize you whilst I live, I'll act the part of devil's advocate, and contest your right of admission, if it is only to punish you for your opposition to me in this world. So take care of yourself, and read up your divinity."

And with these words the unmitigated hypocrite, chuckling at my apparent confusion, advanced to the door, and welcomed his crowding visitors.

Upon the following day I repaired to St Sulpice—but I did not see the baron. I went again and again, with no better success. For a week I attended the service daily—still no baron. Afterwards I went twice a-week. At the end of two months I contented myself with one visit weekly—still no baron. I did not like to give up the watch. I could not tell *why* I felt sure of meeting with him again; yet so I felt, and I was curious to know how far he carried his madness, and what object he proposed to himself in the prosecution and indulgence of his monomania. Three months elapsed, and I was at length paid for my perseverance. For a second time I saw the baron enter the church—assist devoutly at the celebration of mass at the chapel of the Virgin Mary—repeat his prayers, and offer up his alms. There was the same solemnity of bearing during the ceremony, the same cheerful self-possession at its completion. A more methodical madness there could not be! I was determined this time not to lose sight of my gentleman, without obtaining at least a clue to his extraordinary behaviour. As soon as the service was over, he prepared for his departure. Before he could quit the

church, however, I crossed it unperceived by him, and walked straight up to the sacristan.

"Who is that gentleman?" I asked, pointing to the surgeon.

"Monsieur F——," he answered readily enough—so readily, that I hardly knew what to ask next. "A regular attendant, sir," the sacristan continued, in an impressive tone of approbation.

"Indeed!" said I.

"Ay. I have been here twelve years next Easter, and four times regularly every year has monsieur come to hear this mass."

"It is very strange!" I said, speaking to myself.

"Not at all," said the sacristan. "It is very natural, seeing that he is himself the *founder of it!*"

Worse and worse! The inconsistency of the reviler of things sacred, was becoming more barefaced and unpardonable. "Let him taunt me again!" I exclaimed, walking homeward; "let him mock me for my weak and childish notions, as he calls them, and attempt to be facetious at the expense of all that is holy, and good, and consolatory in life. Let him attempt it, and I will annihilate him with a word!" When, however, I grew more collected, I began to understand how, by such proceeding, I might shoot very wide of my mark, and give my friend an advantage after all. He had explained his presence at the church to his colleague by attributing it to a visit paid to a sick priest there. He should have no opportunity to prevaricate if I once challenged him. Now, he might have the effrontery to deny what I had seen with my own eyes, and could swear to. By lying in wait for him again, and accosting him whilst he was in the very act of perpetrating his solemn farce, I should deprive him of all power of evasion and escape. And so I determined it should be.

In the meanwhile I kept my own counsel, and we went on as usual. I learned from the sacristan when the baron was next expected at the mass, and, until that day, did not present myself again at the Place St Sulpice. Before that time arrived, there arose a touching incident, which, as

leading to important consequences, deserves especial notice.

It was growing late one evening of this same summer—the surgeon was fatigued with the labours of the day—I was on the point of leaving him—he of retiring to rest, when François announced a stranger. An old man appeared. He was short, and very thin; his cheeks were pale—his hair hoary. Bonignity beamed in his countenance, on which traces of suffering lingered, not wholly effaced by piety and resignation. There was an air of sweetness and repose about the venerable stranger, that at the first sight gained your respect, if not regard. When he entered the apartment he bowed with ceremony—and then waited timidly for countenance from the baron.

“What is the matter with you?” asked the surgeon roughly.

“Allow me to be seated,” said the stranger, drawing his breath with difficulty, and speaking with a weak and tremulous voice. “I am very tired.”

The baron, as if rebuked, rose instantly, and gave his visitor a chair.

“I am very old,” continued the latter, “and my poor legs are weary.”

“What ails you?”

“Permit me,” said the stranger. “I am the priest of a small village very far from Paris.”

“Humph!” ejaculated the surgeon.

“Two years ago I had a swelling in my neck, which the doctor of our village thought of no importance; but it burst at last, and for a long time I was kept to my bed, a useless idle man. With four parishes and no assistant; there lay a heavy weight upon my conscience—but God is good, sir”——

“Show me your throat!” exclaimed the baron, interrupting him.

“And my people, too,” proceeded the old man, preparing to obey the surgeon’s command—“my people were very considerate and kind. When I got a little better, they offered, in order to lighten my labours, to come to one church every Sunday. But it was not fair, sir. They are working men, and have much to do, and Sunday is their only day of rest. It was not right that so many should resign their comfort for the sake of one; and I could not bear to think of it.”

All this was uttered with such perfect natural simplicity, that it was impossible not to feel at once great interest in the statement of the speaker. My attention was riveted. Not so the baron’s, who answered with more impatience than he had ever used towards the water-carriers—

“Come to the point, sir.”

“I was coming, sir,” replied the old priest mildly; “I trust I don’t fatigue you. Whilst I was in doubt as to what it was best to do, a friend strongly recommended me to come to Paris, and to consult you. It was a thing to consider, sir. A long journey, and a great expense! We have many poor in our district, and it is not lawful to cast away money that rightfully belongs to them. But, when I became reduced as you see me, I could not regard the money as thrown away on such an errand; and so I came. I arrived only an hour ago, and have not delayed an instant.”

The surgeon, affecting not to listen to the plaintive recital of the priest, proceeded very carefully to examine his disease. It was an alarming one; indeed, of so aggravated a character, that it was astonishing to see the sufferer alive after all that he must have undergone in its progress.

“This disease must kill you,” said the baron—brutally, I thought, considering the present condition of the man, his distance from home, friends, and all the natural ties that render calamity less frightful and insupportable. I would gladly have said a word to soften the pain which the baron had inflicted; but it would have been officious, and might have given offence.

The old priest, however, expressed no anxiety or regret upon hearing the verdict pronounced against him. With a firm and quiet hand he replaced the bandages, and he then drew a coarse bag from his pocket, from which he extracted a five franc piece.

“This is,” he said calmly, “a very trifling fee, indeed, for the opinion of so celebrated a surgeon; but, as I have told you, sir, the necessities of my poor are great. I cannot afford to spend more upon this worthless carcass. I am very grateful to you for your candour, sir. It will be



my own fault now, if I die unprepared."

"It is the profession of a priest," said the baron, "to affect stoicism. You do not feel it."

"I do not, sir," replied the man respectfully. "I did not hear the awful truth you just now told me as a stoic would. Pardon me for saying, that it might have been communicated less harshly and abruptly to a weak old man; I do not wish to speak offensively."

The baron blushed for shame.

"I am a human being, sir," continued the priest, "and must feel as other men. Death is a terrible abyss between earth and heaven; but the land is not the less lovely beyond it."

"You speak as you were taught?" said the baron.

"Yes."

"And as you teach?"

"Yes."

"And you profess to feel all this?"

"I profess to be an humble minister of Christ—imperfect enough, Heaven knows, sir! I ask your pardon for complaining at your words. They did not shock me very much. How should they, when I came expecting them? Farewell, sir; I will return to Auvergne, and die in the midst of my people."

"Stay!" exclaimed the baron, touched and softened by the one magical word. "Come back! I admire your calmness—I respect your powers of endurance. Can you trust them to the end?"

"I am frail, and very weak, sir," replied the priest. "I would bear much to save my life. I do not wish to die. I have many things unfinished yet."

"Listen to me. There is but one means of saving you; and mark—that perhaps may fail—a long, painful, and, it may be, unsuccessful operation. Are you prepared to run the risk?"

"Is there a chance, sir?"

"Yes—but a remote one. Were I the priest of Auvergne I would take that chance."

"It is enough, sir," said the old man. "Let it be done. I will undergo it, with the help of God, as their pastor should, for the sake of my dear children in Auvergne."

The baron sat at his desk, and wrote a few lines—

"Present this note," said he, "at the *Salle St Agnes* in the *Hotel Dieu*. Go at once. The sisters there will take care that you want for nothing. Take rest for a day or two, and I will see what afterwards may be done for you."

The priest thanked the baron many times for his kindness—bowed respectfully, and retired. The freethinking surgeon sat for a few minutes after his departure, silent and thoughtful.

"Happy man!" he exclaimed at last, sighing as the words escaped him.

"Happy, sir?" said I enquiringly.

"Yes! happy, Mr Walpole. False and fabulous as the system is on which he builds, is he not to be envied for the faith that buoys him up so well through the great sea of trouble, as your poet justly calls this pitiable world! Could one purchase this all-powerful faith, what price would be too dear for such an acquisition? Who would not give all that he possesses here to grasp that hope and anchor?"

"And yet, sir, you might have it. The gift is freely offered, and you spurn it."

"No such thing!" replied the surgeon hastily. "I may not have it. This weak yet amiable priest is content to take for granted what every rational mind rejects without fair proofs. He receives as a postulate that which I must have demonstrated. I try to solve the problem, and the first links of the argument lead to an absurdity."

"The weak man, then, has reason to be thankful?" said I.

"Ay, ay! I grant you that. He cannot tell how much!"

"How differently, sir, do things appear to different men! The very endurance of this old man, founded as it is upon his faith, is to me proof sufficient of the truth and heavenly origin of that faith."

"You talk, Mr Walpole, like a schoolboy, who knows nothing of religion out of his catechism—and nothing of the world beyond his school walls. If the ability to bear calamity with fortitude shall decide the genuineness of the creed, there is your

North American Indian or Hindoo nearer to truth and heaven than the Christian. So much for your '*proof sufficient*' as you term it."

This discussion, like all the rest, for all useful purposes ended as it began, leaving us both just where it had found us—our tempers rather than our views suffering in the conflict. Two or three times I was tempted to rattle out a volley of indignation at his amazing and unparalleled effrontery, and of calling him to account for his turpitude; but my better judgment withheld me, bidding me reserve my blows until they should fall unerringly and fatally upon his defenceless head.

In the meanwhile the good old priest carried his mild and resigned spirit with him into the hospital. He was received with kindness, and treated with especial care, chiefly on account of the recommendation of the baron, who was interested in the unfortunate pastor to a greater extent than he cared to acknowledge. The day for the operation—postponed from time to time—at length arrived. It was performed. The process was long and painful, but the patient never uttered a complaint: his cries were wrung from him in the extremity of torture and physical helplessness. The result was successful. One knew not which to admire most—the Christian magnanimity of the patient, or the triumphant skill of the operator: both were perfect. When the anxious scene was over, the surgeon shook the priest by the hand tenderly and encouragingly, and with his handkerchief wiped the sweat-drops from his aged brow. He saw him afterwards carefully removed to his bed, and for half an hour watched at his side, until, exhausted, the sufferer fell to sleep. During the slow recovery of the invalid, his bed was the first visited by the surgeon in his daily rounds. He lingered there long after his services were needed, and listened with the deepest attention to the accounts which the priest gave of his mode of life, and of the condition of his dear flock, far away in Auvergne. When at length the convalescent man was able to quit his bed, the baron, to the surprise of all who knew him, would take him by the arm, and give him

his support, as the enfeebled creature walked slowly up and down the ward. It was the feeling act of an affectionate son. Then the surgeon made eager enquiries, which the priest as eagerly answered; and they grew as friendly as though they had been well acquainted from their infancy. Weeks passed away; the priest was at last discharged, cured; and, with prayers mingling with tears of gratitude, he took leave of his benefactor, and returned in joy to his native village.

It was exactly a week after his departure, that the day arrived upon which the sacristan led me to expect a meeting with the baron at the church of Saint Sulpice. Resolved to confront this incarnation of contradiction at the very scene of his unseemly vagaries, I did not fail to be punctual. As I entered the street, I espied the baron a few yards before me, walking briskly towards the entrance of the sacred building. I followed him. He hurried into the church, and took his accustomed place. I kept close upon him; and, with a fluttering heart, seated myself at his side. My cheek burned with nervous agitation, but I did not look towards my adversary. His eye, however, was upon me. I felt it, and was sensible of his steady, long, and, as it seemed, passionless gaze. He did not move, or betray any symptom of surprise. As on the previous occasions, he proceeded solemnly to prayer; and when the ceremony was completed, he, as usual, offered up his alms. As the service drew to its close, my own anxiety became intense, and my situation almost insupportable. He rose—I did the same;—he walked leisurely away—I, giddy with excitement, reeled after him. I was not to be shaken from my purpose, and I accosted him on the church's threshold.

"Baron!" I exclaimed.

"Mr Walpole!" he replied, perfectly unmoved.

"I am surprised to see you here, sir."

"You are not," answered the baron, still most placidly; "you came expressly to meet me; you have been here twice before. Why do you desire to hide that fact? Can a Christian, Mr Walpole, play the hypocrite as well as other men?"

"I cannot understand you," I said, bewildered by his imperturbable coolness; "you laugh at religion—you mock me for respecting it, and yet you come here for prayer. You do not believe in God, and you assist devoutly at mass!"

"It is a lovely morning, Mr Walpole—we have half an hour to spare—give me your arm!"

Perfectly puzzled and confounded by the collected manner of the baron, I placed my arm mechanically in his, and suffered him to conduct me whithersoever he would. We walked in silence for some distance, passed into the meanest quarter of the city, and reached a miserable and squalid street. The baron pointed to the most wretched house in the lane, and bade me direct my eye especially to its sixth story.

"Mark it well," said he, "you see a window there to which a line is fixed with recently washed linen?"

"I do," I answered.

"In the room—the small close hole to which that window hardly brings air and light, I passed months of my life. The mass at which you have three times watched me, is connected with it, and with occurrences that had their rise there. I was the occupant of that garret—it seems but yesterday since I wanted bread there."

The surgeon was unmanned. He kept his eye upon the melancholy window until emotion blinded it, and permitted him to see no longer. He stood transfixed for a second or two, and then spoke quickly.

"Mr Walpole, poverty is horrible! I have courage for any extremity but that. Pain I have borne—shrieks and groans I have listened to unmoved, whilst I stood by labouring to remove them; but when I recall the moments in which I have languished for a crust of bread, and known mankind to be my enemy—as though, being poor, I was a felon—all hearts steeled against me—All hearts, did I say?" added the speaker suddenly checking himself—"I lie; had it been so, I should not have been here to tell the tale."

The baron paused, and then resumed.

"High as the rank is, Mr Walpole,

to which I have attained; brilliant as my career has been, and I acknowledge my success with gratitude—believe me, there is not a famished wretch who crawls through the sinks of this overgrown metropolis, that suffers more than I have suffered, has bitterer hours than I have undergone. In this city of splendour and corruption, at whose extremes are experienced the most exquisite enjoyment and the most crushing and bitter endurance, I have passed through trials which have before now overborne and killed the stoutest hearts, and would have annihilated mine, but for the unselfish love of him whose business took me to the church this day. Misery, in all its aggravated forms, has been mine. Want of money—of necessary clothing—hunger—thirst; such things have been familiar to me. In that room, and in the depth of the hard winter, I have for hours given warmth to my benumbed fingers with the breath which absolute want enabled me to draw only with difficulty and pain."

"Is it possible!" I involuntarily exclaimed.

"You believe that human strength is unequal to such demands. It is natural to think so; and yet I speak the truth. My parents, Mr Walpole, humble and poor, but good and loving, sent me to Paris with all the money they could afford for my education. I was ambitious, and deemed it more than enough for my purpose. When half my time was spent here, unhappily for me both father and mother were carried off by a malignant fever. It was a heavy blow, and threatened my destruction; threatened it, however, but for a moment. I had determined to arrive at eminence; and when does the determination give way in the breast of him who feels and knows his power equal to his aim? I had a brother, to whom I wrote, telling him of my situation, and asking him for the loan of a few louis-d'or until my studies were completed, when I promised to repay the debt with interest. He sent me the quarter of the sum for which I had begged, with a long cold letter of remonstrance, bidding me give up my profession, and apply myself to the humbler pursuits of my family. I returned to my brother both money and letter, and the day on



which I did so saw me without a meal. I had not a farthing in the world. Had not a woman who lodged in a room below given me a crust of bread, I must have committed crime to assuage the cries of nature. How I existed for days, I no longer remember. But I remember well hearing of a rich nobleman, renowned for his wealth and piety, and for all the virtues which the world confers upon the possessor of vast estates. In a moment of enthusiasm and mistaken reliance, I sat down and penned a petition to this great personage. I spoke as an intellectual man to an intellectual man; as one working his difficult way through obscurity and trouble to usefulness and honour—and requiring only a few crumbs from the rich man's table to be at ease, and happy at his toil. I begged in abject humility for those crumbs, and received a lying and cold-blooded excuse instead of them. I crouched at his gate with a spirit worn by anxiety and apprehension, and his slaves hunted me away from it. You have passed through that same gate with me; you were witness of my triumph at the bedside of his child!"

"You mean his excellency—the operation?"

"I do."

"How little the rich," said I, "know of the misery, the privations, endured by those who in poverty acquire the knowledge that is to benefit mankind so largely. How ignorant are they of their trials!"

"If you would know of the ignorance, the folly, and the vice of the rich," proceeded the baron, always at home upon this his favourite subject, "you must listen to an endless tale. Ever willing and eager to detract from the merits of the man of science, and to attribute to him the assumption of powers beyond human grasp—and ever striving to drag down the results of his long and patient study to the level of their own brutish ignorance—they are made the sport, the tools, and playthings of every charlatan and trickster, as they should be. You shall be satisfied, Mr Walpole, when you see the men who treat you with scorn and contumely, pulled like puppets by a wire, and made to dance to any tune the piper listeth. Hope nothing from the rich."

"And from the poor, sir?"

"Every thing," said the baron, almost solemnly. "From their hearts shall spring the gratitude that will cheer you in your course, and solace you in your gloom. Fame, and the grateful attachment of my humble friends, have furnished me with a victory which the gold of the king could not purchase. But we forget Saint Sulpice. I am not a hypocrite, as you judge me, Mr Walpole. Be witness yourself if my presence there this day has proved me one. Refused and cast away by this nobleman, I had nothing to do but to dispose for a trifle of a few articles of linen which were still in my possession. I sold them for a song, and believing failure to be impossible, still struggled on. In that room I dwelt, living for days upon nothing richer than bread and water, and regarding my little money with the agony of a miser, as every demand diminished the small store. From morn till night I laboured. I almost passed my life amongst the dead. Well was it for me, as it proved, that my necessities drove me to the dead-house to forget hunger, and obtain eleemosynary warmth. Dismissed at dusk from this temporary home, I returned to the garret for my crust, and carried the book which I had borrowed to the common passage of the house, from whose dim lamp I received the glimmer that served me to read, and to sustain the incensed ambitious spirit that would not quell within me. The days glanced by quicker than the lightning. I could not read enough; I could not acquire knowledge sufficient, in that brief interval of days, between the acquisition of my little wealth and the spending of my last farthing. The miserable moment came. I was literally penniless, and without the means of realizing any thing. For a week I retained possession of my room through the charity of my landlord, and I was furnished with two loaves by a good fellow who lived in the same house, and who proffered his assistance so kindly, so generously, and well, that I received his benefaction only that I might not give him pain by a refusal. The second week of charity had already begun, when, entering my cold and hapless room in my return from the hospital, I was detained at the door by

hearing my name pronounced in a loud and angry tone. I listened with a sickening earnestness, and recognized the voice of my landlord and that of the good neighbour in high discussion. Something had been said which much offended the latter; for the words which I caught from him were those of remonstrance and reproach.

" 'For shame, for shame!' said he, 'you have children of your own, and they may need a friend one day. Think of them before you do so hard a thing.'

" 'I do think of them,' replied the landlord sharply; 'and, that they mayn't starve, I must keep my matters straight.'

" 'Give him another week or two. You will not feel it. I'll undertake to keep him. It isn't much, Heaven knows! that I can do for him; but at a pinch, man should make shift for man. Say you'll do it!'

" 'I have told you he must go. I do not say one thing and mean another.'

" 'Yes, you do, Lagarde,' continued the persevering lodger. 'You say your prayers daily, and tell Heaven how thankful you are for all it does for you. Now, *that* you cannot mean, if you turn a helpless brother from your doors, who must die of want if you and I desert him. Come, think again of it. Recollect how the poor lad works—how he is striving and striving day after day. He will do well at last, and pay us back for all.'

" 'There was no doubt as to the individual—the subject of this argument. He stood listening to his doom, and far, far more grateful to the good creature who pleaded his cause, than distressed by the obstinacy which pronounced his banishment. I was not kept long in suspense. I retreated to my den, and sat down in gloomy despair. A loud knock at the door roused me, and the indignant pride which possessed me melted at once into humility and love when I beheld the faithful Sebastian—my sympathizing neighbour.

" 'You are to go,' he said bluntly; 'you are to leave this house to-morrow.'

" 'I know it,' I answered; 'I am prepared to go this instant.'

" 'And whither?'

" 'Into the street,' said I; 'any where—it matters not.'

" 'Oh yes! it matters much,' replied my visitor; 'it would not matter to me, or to your landlord. We are but day-labourers, whom nobody would miss. You have great things before you: you will do, if you are not crushed on the way. I am sure of it, and you shall not be deserted.'

" 'What do you mean?' I asked.

" 'Listen to me. Don't be offended. I am a poor man, and an ignorant one; but I respect learning, and feel for the distressed. You leave this house to-morrow; so do I. You seem to have no friends; I am friendless too. I am a foundling. I never knew either father or mother. I am a winter-carrier, and I come from Auvergne. That is my history. Why should we not seek a lodging together? You don't regret leaving this place; no more do I. I won't disturb you. You shall study as long as you like, and have me to talk to when you are tired: that is—if it is quite agreeable, and you won't be ashamed of me.'

" 'You know,' said I, 'that I am in a state of beggary.'

" 'I know,' he answered, 'that you are not flush of capital just now; but I have a little in my pocket, and can work for more. If you are not too proud to borrow a trifle from me now, I shan't be too proud to have it back again when you get rich. Don't let me prate, for I am rough and unhandy at it; but give me your hand like an honest man, and say, "Sebastian, I will do as you wish me."'

" 'My heart glowed with a streaming fire, and I grasped the extended palm of my preserver. "Sebastian," I exclaimed, 'I will do as you wish me. I will do more. I will make you independent. I will slave to make you happy. It can be done—I feel it can—and you may trust me.'

" 'You'll do your best, I know,' he answered; 'and you'll do wonders, or I am much mistaken.'

" 'Upon the following morning we wandered through the city, and before nightfall obtained shelter. To this unselfish creature, and to the sacrifices which he made for me, I owe every thing. We had been together but a few days when he drew from me a statement of my position

and future prospects—drew it with a delicacy and tenderness that looked lovely indeed from beneath his ragged robes. Now this poor fellow, like me—like all of us—had his ambition, and a darling object in the far distance, to attain. He had for months stinted himself of many comforts, that he might add weekly to a sum which he had saved for the purchase of a horse and water-cart. He was already master of a few hundred francs; and his earnings, small as they were, permitted him to keep up the hope which had supported him through many hardships. No sooner, however, did he gather from my words the extent of my necessities, than he determined to forego the dearest wish of his life in order to secure my advancement and success. I remonstrated with him; but I might as well have spoken to stone. He would not suffer me to speak; but threatened, if I refused him, to throw his bag of savings without delay into the *Seine*. I ceased to oppose him, accepted his noble offer, and vowed to devote myself from that time forward to the raising up of my deliverer. The money of Sebastian supplied me with books, enabled me to pass my examinations. Be sure I did not slacken in my exertions. Idleness was brand while the sweat from the brow of the water-carrier poured so freely for my sake. I revered him as a father, not before I had myself become the object of his affections—the recipient of the love which he had never been conscious of before, fondling that he was, and without another human tie! He grew proud of me, prouder and prouder every day—I must be well dressed—I must want for nothing; no, though he himself wanted all things. He was assured of my future eminence, and this was enough for him; and my spirit well responded to his own. I knew my capacity; I felt my strength. I was aware of the ability that floated in the world, and did not fear to bring my own amongst it. What could a mind undertake from which mine would shrink? What application could be demanded to which I was not equal—prepared—eager to submit? Where lay my difficulty? I saw none; or if I did for an instant, it was exterminated before the imperious resolu-

tion I had formed to exalt and enrich my beloved and loving benefactor. Tender as a parent to me, this incomparable man was at the same time diligent and attentive as a domestic. He would permit me to do nothing to impede the easy and natural course of study. He shamed me by his affectionate assiduity, but silenced me ever by referring to the *future*, when he looked, he confessed, for a repayment for all his care and love. What could I say or do in answer to this appeal? What but reiterate the vow which I had taken, never to desert him, and to fight my way upwards that he might share the glory he had earned. A day arrived when I was compelled for a time to leave him; for I had been received as *interne* at the Hotel Dieu. It was a hard parting, especially for the poor water-carrier, who dreaded losing sight of me for ever. I gave him an assurance of my constancy; and consoled him by the information that another and last examination yet awaited me, for which a certain sum of money would be required. He promised to have it ready by the hour, and conjured me to take all care of myself—and to learn to love religion; for I must tell you, Sebastian was a pious man—a conscientious Christian.

“Once at the hospital, I sought profitable employment, and obtained it. In the course of a few months I had earned a sum—dearer, more valuable to me than all I have since acquired. It was insignificant in itself, but it purchased for my Sebastian his long wished-for treasure—the horse and water-cart. I took it to him; and when I approached him, I had not a word to say, for my grateful heart was in my throat strangling my utterance. He threw his arms about my neck, cried, laughed, thanked, scolded, blessed, and reproached me, all in the wildness and delirium of his delight. ‘Why did you do it?’ said he, ‘oh, it was kind and loving in you!—very kind and foolish—and wrong, and generous, and extravagant—dear, good, naughty boy! I am very angry with you; but I love you for it dearly. How you are getting on! I knew you would. I said so from the first. You will do wonders—you will be rich at last. You want no man’s help—you have done it all yourself.’



" 'No, Sebastian !' I exclaimed, 'you have done it for me.'

" 'Don't deceive me—don't flatter me,' he answered. 'I have been able to do very little for you—not half what I wished. You would have been great without me. I have looked upon you, and loved you as my own boy, and all that was selfishness.'

" We dined and spent the evening of the day together. Life has had no hours like those before or since. They were real, fresh, substantial—such as youth remembers vividly when death and suffering have shaken the foundations of the world, and covered the past with mistiness and cloud. The excitement of the time, or the privations of former years—or I know not what—threw the good Sebastian shortly after this day upon a bed of sickness. He never rose from it again. He was not rewarded as he should have been for all his sacrifices—for all the love he had expended upon his grateful foster-child. He did not live to witness my success—he did not see the completion of the work he had begun. In spite of all my efforts to save his precious life, he sank, and drew his latest breath in these devoted arms. I lost more than a father."

The baron paused, his lips were borne down by a tremulous motion: he took my arm, and urged me gently from the spot. We walked for some distance in silence. Collecting himself again, he proceeded:—

" Sebastian, as I have told you, was a pious man. In truth, his faith was boundless. He worshipped and adored the Virgin Mary as he would have loved his own natural mother, had he known her. He was aware of my unbelief, and had often spoken to me on the subject as a father might, in accents of entreaty and regret. Whilst he was ill he gave me all the money he had, and earnestly requested me to spare nothing to secure for him the consolations of the Church. I obeyed him. I caused masses to be said for him. I procured for him the visits of his priest. I left nothing undone to give him peace and joy. Would it not have been monstrous had I acted otherwise? He was morbidly anxious for the future: he, righteous man, who was as pure in spirit, as guiltless, as an infant! I alone followed

him to the grave; and after I had seen his sacred dust consigned to earth, I crawled home with a heart almost broken with its grief. I hid myself in my room for the day; and before I quitted it again, devised a mode of testifying my gratitude to the departed—one most acceptable to his wishes, had he lived to express them. I remembered that he had neither friend nor relation—that I lived his representative. He had spoken during his illness of the masses which are said for the repose of the souls of the dead—spoken of them with a solemn belief as to their efficacy and power. His gentle humanity forbade his imposing upon me as a duty that which I might not easily perform. My course was clear. I saved money sufficient for the purpose, and then I founded the masses which are celebrated four times yearly in the church of Saint Sulpice. The fulfilment of his pious desire, is the only offering I can make to the memory of my dear foster-father. Upon the days on which the masses are said I attend, and in his name repeat the prayers that are required. This is all that a man with my opinions can undertake; and this is no hypocrisy, nor can the Omniscient—if that great spirit of nature be indeed capable of human passions—feel anger at the act, when I solemnly declare that all I have on earth—and more than I could wish of earthly happiness—I would this instant barter for the meek inviolable faith of Jean Sebastian."

The words were spoken at the door of the baron's residence, which we had already reached. My hand was in that of the speaker. He had taken it in the act of wishing me farewell. I grasped his palm affectionately, and answered—

" Why then, my friend, should you not possess this enviable blessing?"

" Because I cannot struggle against conviction: because *faith* is not subject to the *will*: because I know too little and too much: because I cannot grasp a shadow, or palpably discern by day an evanescent, albeit a lovely, dream of night. These are my reasons. Let us dismiss the subject."

And the subject *was* dismissed never to be taken up again. From this time forward, our theological

disputations ceased. The baron forbore his wit, and the good Cause was spared my feeble advocacy. Whether the baron suspected that, after all, there might be inconsistency in continuing to laugh at all religion whilst he persevered in visiting the church, or whether the seeds of a new and better growth of things began already to take root within him, I cannot take upon me to decide. To my relief and comfort, the solemn argument was never again profaned by ribaldry and unbecoming mirth; and, to my unfeigned delight, the teacher and the pupil were without one let or hindrance to their perfect sympathy and friendship.

A year had elapsed since, in the manner shown, I received the key to so many of the baron's seeming inconsistencies—when, as we were passing one morning into the *Salle St. Agnes* at the *Hotel Dieu*, we were surprised to find, standing at the door of the ward—the venerable and humble minister of Anvergne. His face brightened at the approach of the baron, and he bowed respectfully in greeting him.

"What brings you here again, old friend?" enquired the surgeon; "no relapse, I trust?"

"Gratitude," replied the priest. A large basket was on his arm—his shoes were covered with dust—he had journeyed far on foot. "It is a year since I left this roof with my life restored to me, under God's blessing, by you. I could not let the anniversary slip away without paying you a visit, and bringing you a trifling present. It is scarcely worth your acceptance—but it is the best my grateful heart can offer, and I thought you would receive it kindly. A few chickens from the poultry-yard, and a little fruit from the orchard."

The baron received the gift with a better grace than I had seen him accept a much handsomer fee. He invited the priest to his house, detained him there for some hours, and dismissed him with many presents for the poor amongst his flock in Anvergne.

And thus stood matters when the last stroke of my two years was sounded, and I was summoned home. I left

the baron, need I say, with real regret; he was not pleased at my departure. I engaged to write to him, and to pay another visit to Paris as soon as my affairs permitted me. I have never trod French soil since; I never saw the baron afterwards. My curiosity, however, did not suffer me to be in ignorance of my friend's proceedings; and what I have now to add is gathered from a communication, received shortly after the baron's death, from his faithful and attached *François*.

For seven years the priest came annually with his gifts to the *Hotel Dieu*, and on each occasion was the baron's visitor; at first for a day or two, but afterwards for a week—and then longer still. During the second visitation, it was discovered that the minister was related distantly to the baron's former friend *Sebastian*. As soon as this was known, the surgeon offered the good man a home and an annuity. The former he modestly declined: the latter he accepted, distributing it in alms amongst the needy who abounded in his parish. The surgeon and the priest became great friends and frequent correspondents. The temper of the baron altered. He grew less morose—less violent—less self-indulgent—less bigoted. He reconciled a proper respect for the rich with a feeling regard for the poor. He became the pupil of the simple priest, and profited by his instruction and example. Seven years after my departure from Paris, the baron fell ill—and the priest of Anvergne, summoned to his bedside, ministered there, and gave his blessing to a meek, obedient child. He died, and the priest, shedding tears of sorrow and of joy commingled, closed his glassy eyes. What passed between them in his latest moments may not be repeated. *François* heard but a sentence as he knelt at his master's pillow. It was amongst the last he uttered.

"*François*, love the Anvergnats: they have saved your poor master—body and soul!"

That body was borne to the grave by the students of the *Hotel Dieu*—the greyheaded priest following in the train; and the *soul*—Heaven in its infinite mercy hath surely not forgotten.

## THE SNOW.

BY DELTA.

## I.

THE snow ! the snow ! 'tis a pleasant thing  
To watch it falling, falling  
Down upon earth with noiseless wing,  
As at some spirit's calling :  
Each flake seems a fairy parachute,  
From mystic cloudland blown,  
And earth is still, and air is mute,  
As frost's enchanted zone.

## II.

The shrubs bend down—behold the trees  
Their fingery boughs stretch out  
The blossoms of the sky to seize,  
As they duck and drive about ;  
The bare hills plead for a covering,  
And ere the grey twilight  
Around their shoulders broad shall cling  
An arctic cloak of white.

## III.

With clapping hands, from drifted door  
Of lonely shieling, peeps  
The imp, to see thy mantle hoar  
O'erspread the craggy steeps.  
The eagle round its eyrie screams ;  
The hill-fox seeks the glade ;  
And foaming downwards rush the streams,  
As mad to be delay'd.

## IV.

Falling white on the land it lies,  
And falling dark in the sea ;  
The solan to its island flies,  
The crow to the thick larch-tree ;  
Within the penthouse struts the cock,  
His draggled mates among ;  
While black-eyed robin seems to mock  
The sadness with his song.

## V.

Released from school, 'twas ours to wage,  
How keenly ! bloodless war—  
Tossing the balls in mimic rage,  
That left a gorgeous scar ;  
While doublets dark were powder'd o'er,  
Till darkness none could find ;  
And valorous chiefs had wounds before,  
And caitiff churls behind.

## VI.

Comrades, to work !—I see him yet,  
That piled-up giant grin,



To startle horse and horseman set,  
 With Titan girth of limb.  
 Snell Sir John Frost, with crystal spear,  
 We hoped thou wouldst have screen'd him;  
 But Thaw, the traitor, lurking near,  
 Soon cruelly guillotined him!

## VII.

The powdery snow! Alas! to me  
 It speaks of far-off days,  
 When a boyish skuter mingling free  
 Amid the merry maze.  
 Methinks I see the broad ice still;  
 And my nerves all jangling feel,  
 Blent with the tones of voices shrill,  
 The ring of the slider's heel.

## VIII.

A scene of revelry! Soon night  
 Drew his murky curtains round  
 The world, while a star of lustre bright  
 Peep'd from the blue profound.  
 Yet what cared we for darkening lea,  
 Or warning bell remote?  
 With rush and cry we scudded by,  
 And seized the bliss we sought.

## IX.

Drift on, ye wild winds! leave no traces  
 Of dim and danky earth:  
 While eager faces fill their places  
 Around the blazing hearth.  
 Then let the stories of the glories  
 Of our sires be told;  
 Or tale of knight, who lady bright  
 From thralldom saved of old.

## X.

Or let the song the charms prolong,  
 In music's haunting tone,  
 Of shores where spring's eye blossoming,  
 And winter is unknown;  
 Where zephyrs, sick with scent of flowers,  
 Along the lakelets play;  
 And lovers, wand'ring through the bowers,  
 Make life a holiday.

## XI.

Sunset and snow! Lo, eve reveals  
 Her star'd map to the moon,  
 And o'er hush'd earth a radiance steals  
 More bland than that of noon:  
 The fur-robed genii of the Pole  
 Dance o'er our mountains white,  
 Chain up the billows as they roll,  
 And pearl the caves with light.

## XII.

The moon above the eastern fells  
 Holds on a silent way;

The mill-wheel, sparr'd with icicles,  
Reflects her silver ray ;  
The ivy-tod, beneath its load,  
Bends down with frosty curl ;  
And all around seems sown the ground  
With diamond and with pearl.

## XIII.

The groves are black, the hills are white,  
And, glittering in the sheen,  
The lake expands—a sheet of light—  
Its willowy banks between :  
From the dark sedge that skirts its edge,  
The startled wild-duck springs,  
While, echoing far up copse and scaur,  
The fowler's musket rings.

## XIV.

From cove to cove how sweet to rove  
Around that fairy scene,  
Companion'd, as along we move,  
By things and thoughts serene ;—  
Voiceless—except where, cranking, rings  
The skater's curve along,  
The demon of the ice, who sings  
His deep hoarse undersong.

## XV.

In days of old, when spirits held  
The air, and the earth below,  
When o'er the green were, tripping, seen  
The fays—what wert thou, Snow ?  
Leave eastern Greece its fabled fleece,  
For Northland has its own—  
The witches of Norway pluck their geese,  
And thou art their plumes of down.

## XVI.

The snow ! the snow ! It brings to mind  
A thousand happy things,  
And but one sad one—'tis to find  
Too sure that Time hath wings !  
Oh, ever sweet is sight or sound  
That tells of long ago ;  
And I gaze around, with thoughts profound,  
Upon the falling snow !

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## LOVE IN THE WILDERNESS.

My father intended me for the church; but as it did not seem likely that any body intended a church for me, I considered, from my earliest youth, that all the education he gave me was thrown away. My tutors were probably of the same opinion, and did not bestow much care on a person who had no chance of being a bishop; and finally, the head of St John's, in the most open and independent manner imaginable, wrote a letter to my anxious parent, putting an end to any hopes he might have entertained of my being senior wrangler, or even the wooden spoon, by informing him that he considered I was qualified—if I devoted my energies entirely to the subject—to plant cabbages; but with regard to Euclid, it was quite out of the question. Whether I might have arrived at any eminence in the praiseworthy pursuit alluded to by the learned Head, I do not know, as horticulture never was my taste; but his observations on the subject of Euclid were undeniably correct. I never got up to the asses' bridge, and certainly could not have passed it if I had; so, in a very disconsolate frame of mind, I took leave of the university after two terms' residence, and returned to Rayleigh Court—an old dilapidated manor-house, which had been in possession of our family even since it began to fall into disrepair; which, judging from the crooked walls and tottering chimneys, must have been some time in the reign of the Plantagenets. I was an only son, and my father spoiled me—not, as only sons are usually spoiled, by too much indulgence, but by the most persevering and incessant system of bullying that ever made a poor mortal miserable. He first cowed and terrified me into nervousness, and called me a coward; then he thrashed and threatened me into stupidity, and called me a fool: so that at eighteen there are few young persons of these degenerate days who have so humble and true an opinion of themselves, as I had had drilled into me from my earliest years.

I slunk about the old court-yard of

the house, or lay behind stacks in the farm-yard, or sat whole days in a deserted attic, and never went willingly near my father—the only other inhabitant of the mansion—and was never enquired after by him. If I saw him, I trembled—if I heard his voice, I felt inclined to fly to the other end of the house; and at last, if I heard any one else speak a little louder than ordinary, I was fain to betake me to some distant room, or even hide in a tangled plantation called the Wilderness, at the other end of the park. The house was immensely large, or rather the property was immensely small; farm after farm had been sold by great-grandfathers and grandfathers; but as they had not the sense to pull down a side of the mansion for every estate they parted with, it had at last grown an encumbrance. There was a residence fit for a man of ten thousand a-year, and a rental of about eight hundred—the helmet of Otranto on the head of Sir Geoffrey Hudson.

If I could have been a bishop, or even a dean, and laid by four or five thousand a-year—such were my father's views of me, and of ecclesiastical preferment—I might buy back some of the ancient land and repair the house, and that was the reason he determined I should go into the church; for it is to be observed, that fathers have extraordinary eyes when directed to the future fortunes of their sons. They seem to have no power of seeing small curacy-houses filled with twelve children, and butchers and bakers walking down the avenue in a melancholy and despairing manner at Christmas time; but have pertinaciously before their sight a superb mansion in James's Square, with a steady old coach and two fat horses at the door; or a fine old turreted palace at Lambeth, with five or six chaplains contesting the honour of the last lick of the plate. Not a glimpse can they discover of the cold rides—miserable scenes among the dying, the idle, the dissolute—hope deferred—strength decaying—the proud man's contumely, the rich vulgarian's scorn—struggle,



struggle! toil and trouble! Blessings, say I, on the outspoken head of St John's, and the impenetrability of Euclid, that kept a blue coat on my back, and disappointed my father's expectation of seeing me Lord Bishop of Durham. I should have been chaplain to a poor-house to a certainty, and have envied my parishioners; but I doubt very much, in the mean time, if the chaplain of a poor-house would have envied me, imprisoned and pauperized in Rayleigh Court.

Luckily there were books—whole shelves of them—loaded with rich morocco bindings, and pecks enough of dust (if distributed through the month of March) to have ransomed all the Pharaohs. I passed over the Dugdales, and even the Gwyllius, in despair; and lay whole days on the floor, surrounded by *Faery Queens* and other anti-utilitarian publications, sometimes fancying myself a Red-Cross knight—though considerably at a loss to devise a substitute for the heavenly Una. But by some strange caprice of fortune, a board was opened to me in one of the lower shelves, beside the oriel window, which was more valuable than Potosi and Golconda—a complete set of the *Waverley Novels*: there they were—all included—from the great original to *Castle Dangerous*. As my father's retiring habits prevented me from knowing a human being in the neighbourhood, I made up to my heart's content for the want of living friends, by forming the most enthusiastic attachments to David Dinmont, and Henry Morton, and Jonathan Oldbuck; not forgetting the excessive love I entertained for Rose Bradwardine, Di Vernon, and a few others; so that altogether, I think I may say, that no young man of my age was ever blessed with such a large and enchanting circle of "friends and sweethearts." In the mean time the external world was moving on, troubling itself, in all likelihood, as little about me as I did about it. We had a newspaper once a-week; but I never saw it. I knew that our gracious sovereign lady, Queen Victoria, had just succeeded to our gracious sovereign lord, King William—but to that great and important fact in constitutional history my knowledge of temporary politics was limited. What

did I care about Peels or Melbournes, when I could enter the council-chamber of Louis the Eleventh, or pass a pleasant morning with Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle? My father lay—like a snake surrounded by fire—in the centre of what had once been his family estate; with purchasers gathering closer and closer round, till, like the snake of the above similitude, he was inclined to sting himself to death to avoid the increasing horror of his situation. From strange muttered growls and deep imprecations when we met, I gathered that the last fagot had been lighted, in the shape of a proposition by some Eastern nabob, that he should sell the remaining portion of the land. He, Rayleigh of Rayleigh Court—to sell to a stranger the park, the fields, the house! He would have died first. And the reason for wishing to buy, which was assigned by the intending purchaser, was worst of all; that he had already made himself owner of every other farm which had once belonged to the Rayleigh manors, and desired the family mansion to make the estate complete—and his name was Jecks—Jecks of Rayleigh Court! My father would have shot him if he had come within his reach; but as Mr Jecks kept at a respectable distance, the overcharge of indignation was poured forth upon me; and the opinion, so obligingly given of my abilities and probable success in life by the Master of St John's, was never for an hour forgotten. It was very evident that there was no hope of family restoration to be founded on so profound a blockhead—an ass that could not get into the church—that moped and wandered about the woods—that trembled when he was spoken to: and so far from pushing his way in the world, and acquiring a fortune by running off with an heiress, had not courage enough to look a milkmaid in the face. I kept out of his sight more than ever, and read *Ivanhoe* for the fifteenth time. Oh, Friar Tuck! Oh, Brian de Bois Gilbert! What did I care for Mr Jecks and his offers for Rayleigh Court?

I was now twenty years of age, with the figure of a grenadier and the courage of a boarding-school girl; and every day my father's indignation seemed to increase, when he saw such a fund of marketable qualities lying

useless—my quietness and decorum would have done for the church; my height and broad shoulders would have qualified me for Gretna Green. But such a chicken-hearted fellow, he well knew, would sooner die than mention a postchaise; and so the old gentleman, having ceased for some years to express his contempt for me with the aid of his walking stick, and a profusion of epithets unheard of in Johnson's *Dictionary*, took now to the easier method of a dignified and unbroken silence. It was a charming change, and I was as happy as Robinson Crusoe in the desert island before Friday made his appearance. One day in June—"it was the poet's leafy month of June"—I took my way, as was my wont, through the park to the Wilderness. The shadows of the broad thick-foliaged oaks lay in gigantic masses on the smooth turf, (of which the gardeners were a few relics of the former herds of deer, in the shape of wide-antlered stags and dappled roes :) all the sights and sounds of summer beauty were united in that solitary greensward; and for the first time in my life I felt a regret pass over me that the grandeur of my family had decayed, and a faint fluttering became perceptible to me, round my heart, of a wish to restore our fortunes. But the intense appreciation of my own deficiencies in which I had been educated, soon dispelled any pleasing illusions that the self-love of twenty years of age might have excited; and I fell into the opposite extreme, and rejoiced to think that in me the family tree would lose its last branch, and that the old house would crumble into actual ruins, instead of holding forth the false appearances of solidity and strength which led to the expectation that it was still capable of repair. I felt like Wilfred of Ivanhoe, when he resolved to leave his home for ever; and if there had been any crusade going on in 1838, and an Isaac of York willing to furnish me with horse and harness, I should have been very glad to try my chance against the Saracens, and prove myself a true Red Cross knight; for even at that time, I felt assured that against any body but my father I could hold up my head like a man; or on any subject but my stupidity—(which I was

willing to concede, as it came guaranteed under the hand and seal of the master of a college)—I could have maintained my ground with the courage of a Front-de-Bœuf. I took a bolder step and manlier bearing as I passed along in the sunshine, and saw defined on the grass before me the shadow of a gigantic being, elongated in the slanting rays to about twelve feet high, with limbs and shoulders certainly a little attenuated by the same solar deception, but still not quite such thread-papers as I have since seen do duty in ball-rooms, to the evident satisfaction of their possessors. The Wilderness was reached at last: and here I must premise that the aristocratic appearances of bucks and roes entirely ceased; for the said Wilderness was appropriated to the feeding of certain animals of unpoetic figures, and even prosaic names, but which, when well cooked and duly supplied with a condiment of beans, furnish by no means a contemptible dinner to a hungry sportsman. The man who despises beans and bacon is uniformly a puppy. I will, therefore, now venture on the vulgar word, and say the Wilderness was used for feeding swine, and all the long days the frisky quadrupeds went wriggling their curly tails, and snorting among the oak-trees, with enormous satisfaction. On reaching the centre of this umbrageous feeding-ground, I was surprised to see my usual place of meditation occupied by a stranger. It was a young girl, exhausted apparently by the heat of the day, resting on the mossy turf and leaning against the trunk of a fine old tree. Her bonnet was on the ground beside her; her hair was gently moved to and fro by the wandering breeze; and on her lap lay a work-basket, which she had evidently laid down to give herself more entirely to repose. She was sound asleep, and I need scarcely say, as my experience of the fair sex was extremely limited, that she was the most captivating specimen I had ever seen; but shyness and awkwardness overcame my desire to make her acquaintance. I looked at her for a moment, saw the finely cut features, the beautifully complexioned cheeks, the smiling lips and graceful figure, and turned away angry at

myself, at the same time that I could not summon courage to address her. Before I had gone far I heard a dreadful scream a little to my right, and in an agony of terror a fair-haired young child, of six or seven years old, rushed towards the sleeper, pursued apparently by one of the largest of the grunting flock. It was evidently only in the excessive buoyancy of its porcine spirits that it caracolled, and snuffed, and galloped in such an imposing manner; but the terror of the little flyer was as sincere as if it had been a royal Bengal tiger. In a moment I sprang forward, gave the huge animal a kick with all my might, in a spot which must have materially improved the tenderness of the ham—and took the almost fainting child in my arms. The sleeper started up, and was no little astonished to behold the feat I performed. I muttered a few confused words, and tried in vain to still the terrors of my young charge; but in a few minutes our united efforts had the desired effect, and the elder sister thanked me for my chivalrous interference, and said she would never forget my kindness.

"It's nothing at all," I said—"I almost wish it had been a bonassus, and I had had a rifle."

"Oh! a pig. I assure you, is quite enough for us: isn't it, Amy?" Amy seemed to consider a pig a great deal too much, and looked round in alarm every time she heard a rustle among the branches.

"It would have enabled me," I said, "to be really useful—like the master of Ravenswood, I added, when he shot the wild bull."

"But you wouldn't surely wish to see Amy and me in real danger, merely to have the glory of delivering us from it. That would be too selfish."

"Not selfish if I was certain of saving you; and, besides, it would be such an excellent introduction."

"But we have already told you, that we are as much indebted for your interference as if you had put a whole herd of furious cattle to death. For my part, I am perfectly satisfied with the introduction as it is."

"Then we may consider ourselves friends?" I enquired, gradually be-

coming less embarrassed by the manner of the unknown.

"Certainly—I tell you we shall never forget your gallant interference. It is strange we never met with such an adventure before; for Amy and I come very often here."

"Indeed?—It is certainly very strange that I have never seen you before; for I am here almost every day."

"Why, if you keep your eyes constantly on the ground, you have no great chance of seeing any thing but the grass. We have seen you often."

"And you know my name, of course?"

"Henry Rayleigh, of Rayleigh Court. Oh! we know all about you."

"And I—I am ashamed to say, I have not the same advantage with regard to your style and title—I feel sure it must be a beautiful name."

"You had better guess."

"Flora? Edith? Rebecca?"

"We must go home now," said the little one.

"Isabella? Brenda? Mimma?"

"No—you will never find it out."

"Then you will surely tell me."

"Oh no!—that would spoil the romance of our acquaintance."

"And am I never to find out who you are?"

"Probably not, if you bury yourself in the woods all your life. I have been your neighbour for half a year, and you have never seen me."

"My eyes must have been blinded; but I will bury myself no more. Do tell me your name, and where you live, for I am very ill qualified to be a discoverer."

"I shall certainly not destroy the charm of mystery. Let it be enough that you know me by sight. The name is of no consequence—but if you really wish to know it"—

"I do indeed."

"Call me Lucy Ashton, and that will remind you of the service you did me to-day. In the mean time do not follow us. I should wish this meeting kept a secret—come, Amy."

And so saying, and taking her sister by the hand, she walked rapidly away, leaving me with the pleasing expression which is commonly attri-



buted to a stuck pig, gazing at her graceful motion, and half inclined to consider the whole interview a delusion of the fancy, or at least a dream.

Lucy Ashton!—a charming idea!—and I the master of Ravenswood! My neighbour for half a year—and often in the Wilderness! Then of course she will come often here again. I will find out who she is. I will sit no longer in the deep recess of an old pew at church, which is hidden from all the rest of the congregation. I will even go down and call on the clergyman. He must surely have observed the most beautiful girl in the world. He can't have been such a mole as I have been. I will find out all about her; and astonish her next time we meet, by

telling her the result of my enquiries.

On these exploratory thoughts intent, I took my homeward way. The old turrets of the house rose before me, more distressingly symptomatic of poverty and decay than ever. I crossed the noble quadrangle, which was overgrown with grass, and betook myself to the great dark-wainscoted old library, utterly disgusted at the folly or extravagance of my ancestors, in having reduced me to such a condition. I began to think that my father was not so much to blame in lamenting our fallen state as before;—and that night I fell asleep, wondering if Lucy Ashton's father was a governor of the Bank of England, or if she was as poor and portionless a being as myself.

## CHAPTER II.

Next day I walked down to the parsonage. It was in Rayleigh village, and the living had once belonged to our family, but among the diminishing possessions was the first to be disposed of. It was held by Mr Dobble, to whom I was hardly known except by sight—and the reverend gentleman was no little astonished when my name was announced. He was a little short man, about fifty years of age, very polite and very talkative; but who seemed always to recollect something or other in the middle of a speech, and end on quite a different subject from what he had begun.

"My dear sir," he began, "I am truly glad to see you. By the by, I don't think I have ever seen you in the parsonage before."

"I have lived very retired—we never move from home—my father sees no company."

"Ah, very true—the more's the pity! I shall always be delighted if you will come in at any time. By the by, are you fond of fishing?"

"Yes, I sometimes fish."

"Your father keeps you a great deal too much boxed up for a young man of your time of life. You should be forming a stock of friends just now, to last you your lifetime. By the by, are you a judge of wine?"

"No, I never taste it."

"No?—for I was going to observe that a young man should act like a young housekeeper—lay in his friends as the other does his cellar; and always keep up the stock—particularly pleasant men and port-wine. They improve"—

"My stock is certainly very limited," I said.

"You should enlarge it at once. By the by, there are a great many new residents in this parish since I was inducted."

"So I believe."

"Ah, just so!—never called on them, of course.—By the by, will you have any lunch?"

"No, I thank you. I have never called on any of the new-comers. I don't even know their names."

"That's odd! But it isn't of so much consequence now, for they are all getting bought out. By the by, would you like to see the repairs in the chancel?"

"No, I thank you. Are they getting bought out?"

"Not a doubt of it. All the old farms and manor-houses, which had been converted into comfortable modern dwelling-houses by the different proprietors, are nearly all in one owner's hands again—as they used to be, in ancient times, in your ancestors'



hands. The whole estate nearly is remitted, and the purchaser is restoring things as much as he can to their ancient condition. He gave Mr Juffles thirty thousand pounds for the Grange about six months ago; and all the Juffles family is to be off in six weeks. By the by, you are not acquainted with the Juffleses?—they haven't been here more than five years."

"No, I don't know them—are they a numerous family?"

"Sons and daughters by the dozen. By the by, weren't you at college for some time?"

"Yes, for a few terms. How many sons has Mr Juffles?"

"Seven or eight—John, Thomas, Abraham, Alexander, George, Hookey, and another; but whether his name is Richard or Robert I don't recollect. By the by, was it Oxford or Cambridge?"

"And the daughters?" I said, not attending to his question—"he has many daughters, you said, as well as sons."

"Oh, seven or eight of them too—Susan, Martha, Elizabeth, a younger one, I don't recollect her name, Anne, Sophia, and some little ones. By the by, the Indian mail is very interesting—have you seen the news?"

"No, I never see a newspaper. Is there a young lady among Mr Juffles's family of the pretty name of Amy?"

"Amy?—Amy?—'pon my word I don't recollect. And yet I think I do. I think I have heard the governess call one of the children Amy. By the by, we have had charming weather of late."

"Charming. How old is the governess?"

"A young person—too young, I should say, for such a charge; seventeen, perhaps."

"And you are sure you have heard her call one of them Amy?"

"Yes, I think I may say I am sure. By the by, the French seem very unsteady. I admire Louis Philippe."

"Is the governess pretty?"

"I should say so—yes, I should say decidedly pretty. By the by, he seems inclined to dismiss M. Thiers."

"Blue eyes, beautiful mouth, sweet smile, and musical voice?"

"Who, my good sir?—Louis Philippe and M. Thiers? By the by, weren't you asking me about Mr Juffles's—? Ah! now I recollect. The governess—yes, she has blue eyes, and sings beautifully."

"And walks out with Amy?"

"Of course. By the by, do you hunt?"

"No, I have no horse. And how old are Mr Juffles's other daughters?"

"All ages, from twenty-three downwards. By the by"—

"Is there one about seventeen?"

"Yes, I should say the pretty one—I forget her name, Elizabeth, I think—was just about that age. You should be introduced. But, by the by, it would be of little use. They leave the Grange in a few weeks, if indeed they are not gone already; for they were to be ready at a day's notice, and I haven't seen them since Sunday week. By the by, Russia seems very discontented. Do you think they meditate an invasion?"

"I never read politics. Are any of the other neighbours about to remove also?"

"Oh yes! Mr Poggs, the rich West Indian who bought Hartley Mead, that used to be a part of your park a hundred years ago, and fitted up the Gothic cottage at such an immense expense. He's bought out—fifteen thousand pounds for two hundred acres, and he is to remove next Michaelmas. By the by, which style of architecture do you prefer?"

"I know nothing of the subject. Has Mr Poggs a family?"

"Two daughters, but I scarcely know them. Old Poggs is half a dissenter. By the by"—

"How old are the daughters?"

"'Pon my word, my young friend, you would do for an inquisitor."

"I have a very particular reason for asking these questions."

"Ah I see!" said Mr Dobbie, "young men will be curious about their neighbours' children. By the by, have you seen the Bishop of London's charge?"

"No, I see nothing new. How old are Mr Poggs's daughters?"

"One, the eldest, a tall handsome girl, I should say about seventeen; the other six or seven."

"Do you know the younger one's name?"

"No, I don't think I ever heard it. Do you know the young ladies?"

"I have told you already, that I have not the happiness of knowing any of the neighbours;—and I regret very much to hear that they are going away before I have had the opportunity of making their acquaintance."

"Oh no, not all! They are not all going. Mr Jeeks himself will be constantly resident. By the by, are you fond of shooting?"

"Has he any family?"

"A son—yes, I know he has a son, but I am not sure of any daughters. In fact, between ourselves, I don't think he has any daughters,—and it is no great loss if they were any thing like the son. No, I know he has no daughters. By the by, he talks of coming home from college this month."

"How old is the son?"

"About one or two and twenty. Very stupid or very idle, I am afraid. He can't take his degree."

I got up to go away. I felt that the object of my mission was unattained.

"Don't go, my dear sir; don't go. 'Pon my word I did not mean any thing in what I said. He may be very clever, and very admirable in every respect, though he does not take his degree. By the by, did you see Brougham's speech on the poor-law? He should be called the poor-lawyer *par excellence*, as the French say. You'll call on me soon again, I hope. By the by, are you fond of tulips? I have a beautiful bed just in bloom."

O Poggs!—O Juffles!—O nameless governess! which of you all was Lucy Ashton?—I waited all that day in the Wilderness, but nobody came. The long shadows began to point eastward; the pigs were all driven in;—the world was left to silence and to me; and I walked slowly and desolately home.

On getting inside the great door of the court-yard, I heard voices—loud, angry voices. I recognized my father's tones, and was about to go round by the inner wall, when, hurrying rapidly towards me, I saw three persons—my

father was one of them. "The elder of the others was a man about sixty years of age—brown, almost black in the complexion, with nankin trousers a world too large for his long legs; an immense broad-brimmed straw-hat on his head, and a large gold-headed cane in his hand. The other was a little sharp-eyed, thin-featured man, about my own age, but with the appearance of twenty times the shrewdness I could ever muster—one of the prematurely sagacious youths who seem as if they had been born attorneys, and are on the look-out for sharp practice."

"I have already told you, sir, that your intrusion is insulting," said my father: "relieve me of your presence."

"Just as you like, that's matter of course," said the old man; "but the time will come when you'll repent this here impoliteness. I never see sich a thing from a real gentleman to another in all my born days."

"It's because he ain't master of the philosophy of good manners," squeaked the younger.

"Why, what in hearth," continued the senior, "is there to be angry about? I want to buy your land—it ain't any sich enormous property ater all—and offer you about three times the valuation of a respectable surveyor; what's that to set up your back about? Come now, there's a good gentleman, think better over it. The money is all ready at the bank."

"Do you wish to drive me to violent measures—to throw you into the river?" asked my father in a voice of concentrated passion that made me feel very uncomfortable.

"By no manner of means—by no means whatsoever."

"As to that," interposed the shrill voice of the youth, "two can play at that game; but it ain't philosophient to talk of sich matters—father makes you a fair offer."

"And I make you another," I said; "namely, one minute's time to leave this house. If you are found one instant beyond the minute, by Heaven, you and your father make but one step from this spot into the centre of the brook!"

"Oh! ha! who are you, sir?" the youth began, but paused when he saw some convulsive twitchings tak-

ing possession of my hands; and an expression far removed from either philosophy or politeness spreading around my eyes.

"This here is young Rayleigh," said the old man, "and p'r'aps he'll be more open to reason and twenty-seven thousand five hundred pounds."

"Thirty seconds are elapsed," I said, going forward to the young man; "you have but thirty more." My hand advanced, but, luckily before the thirty seconds were exhausted, the door had closed on their hateful presence, and my father held out his hand.

"Thank you, Henry—I am obliged to you, Henry," he said; and I had never heard him call me by my name since the memorable character bestowed on me by the head of St John's. He looked me all over, as he spoke, from head to foot: he seemed surprised and pleased at the result of his survey.

"They are vulgar people," he said, "and have irritated me past endurance by their insulting offers. They have never ventured to present themselves here till now; and, from the reception we have given them, I hardly think they will repeat their visit."

"I am sorry, sir, you allowed them to chafe you."

"I will not do so in future. You will be beside me, Henry; the father and son together can offer a bold face to the world in spite of these crumbling walls. We can despise the dross of that vile Croesus, and keep the Rayleigh mansion-house in the Rayleigh name."

"Who is he?"

"The possessor of every other portion of the estate but this; his name is Jecks, and the young fellow is his son—his only child, I believe—very rich, and very disgusting. Let us think of them no more."

That evening we had a long and confidential talk; and I perceived that, though he had finally given up all intention of getting me into the church, in the hopes of patching up the holes in the old roof with a mitre, he had fully made up his mind on the subject of a widow. I rejoiced that Mrs Coutts was already disposed of. He talked a long time of jointures, three per cents, India stock; and I—O youth! O hope!—I unused all the time on the beautiful eyes and sweet smiles of my unknown enchantress, and made pious resolutions to betake myself, like some ancient anchorite, to the Wilderness, for the purpose of worship and meditation.

### CHAPTER III.

Lucy Ashton was under the tree—Amy, like a sensible child, busily employed at a little distance gathering flowers; the sun shining, the bees humming, the birds chirruping.

"You made me wretched all yesterday," I said.

"Indeed! had the worthy Caleb no device to cheer the young master's solitude?"

"Impossible, even for Caleb's ingenuity, to supply the want of society as he contrives to hide the absence of silver plate. Ah, why did you not come?"

"I don't recollect having promised to expose poor Amy again to the assaults of a wild boar."

"Or yourself to the conversation of a person like me."

"Oh! I have told you, over and over again, I am delighted to have seen you; and I like your conversation

amazingly: you are very different indeed from what I expected."

"In Heaven's name, what did you expect?" I said. "Who ever spoke of me to you, that knew me?"

"Nobody that knew you; but you are a good deal spoken of, notwithstanding. I was curious to see if they were correct."

"And what did they say? I will endeavour to correct them if they are mistaken."

"They said you and your father moped so continually in the old house, that you had grown (like Quasimodo) to have a resemblance to brick and mortar yourselves. I expected to see you like a gable-end, with a couple of mullioned windows for eyes, and a dilapidated doorway instead of a mouth. I was astonished to see you so nearly human."

"Ah! you will humanize me still more if you laugh at me as you do: do take pity on me, and don't let me settle down into a wall."

"With all my heart, for I have no turn for architecture; and, by all the descriptions I hear of the old court, you don't seem to be Palladios."

"There may be other reasons besides a want of skill and inclination," I said, with a sad feeling of the anti-architectural condition of our exchequer.

"Oh! you mean poverty. Then, why don't you sell the old place?"

"It would kill my father to think of it."

"But it would not have so dreadful an effect on you? I know you could get it sold if you like."

"An old impudent fellow of the name of Jecks wishes to force us into a sale. I will see him and all his race at the bottom of the Red Sea first."

"Would you sell it then?" she said.

"No—but, fair Lucy Ashton, why do you ask?"

"Because if you parted with one brick of the old house, one blade of grass of the old park, one leaf of one old tree in the old wood, our acquaintance would end as rapidly as it began."

"Then it shall suffer no decay," I said, and took her hand, which she held out to me with honest warmth; "and now let me find out, if I can, who it is that gives me such admirable advice. I called on Mr Dobbie yesterday."

"He told you a great many things, by the by, did he?" she said.

"You know him, I see, and he knows you." As I said this, I looked with the air of a man who has discovered a portentous secret; but she bore my look with the same celestial open smile as ever.

"What a happy man he must be in knowing so first-rate a parishioner. Did he boast much of our acquaintance?"

"He seemed to know more of your brothers and sisters," I said.

"Oh, which of them did he like best? How many did he say I had?"

This was a puzzler; for I was quite undecided whether to consider

her a daughter of the house of Juffles with fourteen children, or Poggs with only two.

"Amy seemed a great favourite," I replied.

"But, my brothers—what did he say of my brothers?"

"He said—but perhaps it was in confidence,—so I will not mention all he told me. He spoke highly of the whole family of Mr Poggs."

"And very properly too. We are all pleasant people in this neighbourhood; and, indeed, I wonder he can make any distinction in the degrees of amiability between the Poggses, Juffleses, Higginsons, Jeckses, Wilcoxes, and all the late and present occupiers of the Rayleigh estates."

"Higginsons? Wilcoxes? he never mentioned them; but as to the Jeckses, pray don't speak of those detestable wretches. I hope you despise young Jecks as heartily as I do."

"Not quite, perhaps."

"No?" I looked at her. Gracious powers! is it possible this beautiful creature can be so blinded by the fortune of the wretched animal, as to look upon him without disgust. "Are you intimate with him?" I enquired.

"Oh yes! we are all very social down here; no ceremony between neighbours. He is a great sportsman."

"Oh, then; it must be your brothers that are his friends, not you!"

"I certainly don't go out shooting with him—in fact, I have no time. I am engaged educating Amy so many hours, that I could not practise enough to be able to hit a bonassus, like a celebrated marksman of my acquaintance; far less a partridge."

"And you educate Amy? and yet you have brothers? and don't despise young Jecks? and know every body?"

"And like them all," she added.

"All equally?" I enquired.

"With a difference, as a body may say."

"And Amy is your sister?"

"We call ourselves so."

"Then, by heavens, you are Miss Poggs!"

"Well, is that any thing to swear about? There have been Misses Poggs in the world before, I suppose."

"But you talked of educating her; devoting your time to her."



"So I do."

"Then you are the governess in Mr Juffles' family."

"Why not? You don't think worse of a person for being able to give a little information to a little girl of seven years old, do you?"

"Think worse of her? Ah, Lucy Ashton! I could not think worse of you, if you were able to teach the Head of a college."

"You could not think *worse* of me? Do you mean worse of me than you think already? In that case I must retire."

"No, no; don't go! I have not found out yet who you are."

"I thought you had found out I was two. You can't surely be wrong in both."

"I suspect I am. You spoke of your brothers. Now, I make a guess you have seven. I could tell you their names."

"You mistake your rôle, or rather confuse it. You are the master of Ravenswood, not Frank Osbaldistone. I am not Di Vernon."

"You are a puzzle; an Urganda the unknown."

"That means that you are the Bel Teuebroso. You will perhaps be disenchanted soon."

"Only if you leave the country."

"Why, won't you have the Poggies, Jeekses, Juffleses, though I find another situation? you can make their acquaintance whenever you please. You will be re-encharmed again, I assure you."

"By Heavens, I believe you are making a fool of me all this time! You are the third Miss Juffles yourself."

"Swearing again? What would Mr Dobbie say, by the by? I never denied that I was either the third or fourth Miss Juffles. Are you happy now?" she said with a smile.

"I can't be any thing else so near to Lucy Ashton."

"Oh, cry you mercy; you are back again at Wolf's Crag! And I assure you, I like you better in the character of its inhabitant than as the Inquisitor-general and particular too—which you have acted all to-day. Let there be a truce between us in question and answer, and all will be delightful. We have hitherto been like Mrs Marcet's chemistry, all *whys* and *be-causes*."

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The truce was signed, and an hour passed away, composed of sixty minutes of enjoyment, as if it had all been one second; and I felt that there was only one woman in the whole world that could ever keep me from being wretched; and that was a beautiful young girl in a straw bonnet—name, parentage, and every thing about her, totally unknown.

At the end of the time she took Amy's hand and left me. I did not follow her—I had promised I would not; but I had exacted a promise in return, that she would meet me again. And so she did again and again. I never asked who she was; I did not even care to know. Five weeks passed on, and I was as irrecoverably in love as if I had known she was a duchess, with fortune enough to buy back the whole estate.

All this time my father was very kind in his manner; and was constantly dwelling on the advantages of a wealthy match. My heart bled for him when I reflected how bitter would be his disappointment when he found out the dreadful truth, that every woman in existence was hateful to me except one poor penniless girl; at the best, one of fourteen children, and perhaps a governess without a *sou*. But I would not destroy his dreams before there was occasion—and sat silent and unresisting, as he poured forth his matrimonial schemes for my aggrandizement.

But Lucy at last was unpunctual in her visits to the Wilderness. One day I had waited from an early hour, and had strained my eyes to catch the first glimpse of her glorious figure as she tripped among the trees. I had at last sat down beneath the accustomed oak, and was fancying all manner of reasons for her not making her appearance, when all of a sudden I heard a rustle at my side, and, starting up, saw before me the pragmatical visage of young Mr Jeeks.

"Servant, sir," he squeaked in his shrill unmusical tones, "Oho! this is the philosophy of it—is it?"

"What do you mean, sir, and what do you want here? Are you aware that this forms as yet no part of your father's land?"

"It will soon, p'r'aps—but I want just to say a few words. I hope not to lose my temper, as I unfortunately

did last time I dropped in to see you and your governor; for why should gentlemen quarrel? It ain't philosophic."

"I should think what *gentlemen* do, whether they quarrel or not, is a matter in which you can have no personal experience. Say on, sir."

"I am just agoing to begin; and I only hope I shall not get exasperated, and misbehave myself, as I certainly feel I did the last time we had a talk."

"Go on; I don't think you'll get exasperated, whatever else may happen to you."

"You think, p'r'aps, that your goings on, young Mr Rayleigh, ar'n't known; but they are though."

"In what respect, sir? What do you allude to?"

"Petticoats—that's what I allude to; and I come just to give you a friendly warning, that the seven young Juffleses are all six feet high."

"Your information is totally undesired."

"I know it is—it's uncommon unpleasant information; and, if I was you, I would give up the chase. She's certainly a very pretty girl is Betsy Juffles—but not fit for you or me, you know. She has no blood."

"As I don't know whom you allude to, of course I can give you no answer; but, as you seem to be giving me advice, I will favour you with a very decided piece of it in return; which is, to hold your tongue on my subject connected with me, or the consequences to yourself will be such as you will hardly like."

"Thank ye for your friendliness—I am rather fond of advice than otherwise, though it's certainly one of the things that it's more blessed to give than to receive; and I will just give you a hint that may do you good—Betsy's a very good-natured girl, but fickle—very."

"Indeed!"

"Oh yes!—she is indeed—she made great advances to me once; but I rather checked her. A very clever girl too—and speaks French; but she has no philosophy. She went to the last assizes, and fell in with some dragoon officers at a ball. She's all for the red-coats now, or at least was till lately—but since then she"——

Here the little animal winked.

"Oh!" I said, willing to hear what the creature would say.

"I have scarcely spoke to her for a long time; but I hear some of her proceedings," he continued.

"You do?—from whom, pray?"

"Why, it can't be supposed I never hear Amy talking about how often she goes out with Betsy. I'm very much against Amy seeing her at all. Her steady stupid sister would be a far safer companion than such a wild sort of girl as Betsy Juffles."

"You say she once made advances to you," I said, with a horrid suspicion at my heart that I had been an egregious fool.

"Didn't she? You should have seen her looks. She always sat a little behind her mother's chair, so as to be out of the old lady's eye, and did cast such preternatural glances across the room to me, and smiled, and smirked, and sidled, and shook her curls—it was wonderful to behold, but she had no philosophy, and I looked cold"——

"And chilled her?"

"Exactly. I could have tumbled her into the railway, and been off to Gretna, by only holding up my finger—but I wouldn't. She bore it pretty well, considering the disappointment; and first consoled herself by flirting at a ball with a set of ensigns and cornets, and then took to you."

"To me? I don't understand you, Mr Jecks."

"You do!"

"You are an insolent jackanapes"——

"I'm not—come, I am trying to keep my temper; but p'r'aps you think Betsy a good speck? Bah! she'll not have five hundred pounds; and your bumptious old governor won't buy back many of the old acres with a dribble like that."

This time I did not give him a minute's grace: my hand was on his collar in a moment; I shook him till his teeth rattled audibly, like dice in a box; I kicked him, pushed him, and, as the gratification grew with what it fed on, at one dread reckoning I paid off the horror I experienced from his account of the girl I had worshipped, and his insolent mention of my father. I took a fiendish delight in

prolonging his agonies. Another minute's indulgence in the punishment would have raised the tiger that lies sleeping, but always awakable, in every man's heart, and I might have killed him outright; but luckily we got near the boundary hedge. It was of strong old thorns, very thick and high, and very wide at top. I seized my victim with both hands, and swung him on to the summit of the hedge, where, after wriggling a short time in every variety of ridiculous contortions, and

squeaking as he sank deeper and deeper among the thorns, he threw himself by a great effort to the other side, and rolled into the ditch.

Some people seem to take naturally to a thrashing, as others do the small-pox. In a few minutes I perceived him emerge from the ditch and walk—though rather stiffly—across the field. “Thank Heaven,” I said, “if I have been a dupe I am not a murderer!”

#### CHAPTER IV.

Next day I waited again—and the next, and the next; and no Lucy Ashton, or rather no Betsy Juffles, came. The next day was Friday—my birthday. I had much to do: my father was resolved to celebrate the great event by a solemn dinner *tête-à-tête*, during which he was to communicate his final decision with respect to my future pursuits. I hurried to the Wilderness in the morning—no success—and in despair betook myself once more to Mr Dobbie. That gentleman's dovetailed observations were by no means elucidatory on the point I came to clear up. He did not know the names of all the members of any of the families—he had never heard of any persons of the name of Higginson or Wilcox—he knew nothing of the colour of people's eyes—and did not recollect whether any one member of his flock had red hair or black. How difficult to take the commonest observations in the cold northern latitude of forty-five! But one thing at last I discovered; the Juffleses were to leave on the following day—the Poggesses had been gone since Tuesday.

“By the by,” he said, after this information; “you are much indebted to your cousin, young Jecks—I never knew till lately he had the honour to be a relation.”

“I never knew it, sir; and certainly make no claim.”

“But you ought, my good sir, after the service he did you on Monday”——

“What service, sir? I am not aware of any.”

“Indeed? That's most extraordi-

nary! I understood he interfered, and saved you from a personal assault.”

“He?”

“Yes! And he certainly bears marks of his efforts on your behalf. By the by, the Ministry seems tottering.”

“I thought you said, Mr Dobbie, this Mr Jecks pretends to be my relation. Did he ever tell you by what means, or in what degree?”

“Yes; but I am no herald. Some old lady long ago married a person who had a daughter, who had another daughter, who had a son who is the father of old Mr Jecks, who made an immense fortune at Canton. Opium, I am afraid—more opium than tea.”

“It does not seem alarmingly near, at all events; and I beg to assure you that the interference he talks of on my behalf, was of such a nature, that it is of my gratitude he bears the emblems which he attributes to his friendly zeal.”

I hurried from the parsonage. I had not an hour to spare; but an irresistible attraction drew me to the wood—and there, in the rural seat, was Lucy Ashton once more! She saw some change in my countenance, and spoke in a different tone from what I had ever heard her before.

“I am afraid I have been very imprudent, Mr Rayleigh, in carrying on our acquaintance so long; but I am come to bid you farewell—probably for ever!”

I looked at the moistening eyes of the fair speaker—but steeled my heart against her arts.

“You have tried to break me in to

the loss of your society by degrees ; you have not come here for three days."

"I was busy—disagreeable things occurred at home—I had no opportunity. But it is better as it is—we must now part, and I hope you will forget me"—

"Forget you ! That is impossible. But I shall try to find methods of enduring the separation."

"I trust you will—I did not mean to part from you in unkindness : your voice is altered—your eyes are changed"—

"Because I am Edgar Ravenswood no longer ; nor you Lucy Ashton. You made me know, for the first time in my life, what it was to have a true and absorbing attachment. I worshipped you with the fervour of a boy—I loved you with the sincerity of a man. You played me off for the gratification of your paltry triumph over affections that were too valuable to be wasted on a flirt. I have heard of the assize ball—I have heard of young Jeeks—I have unmasked you, and you are Betsy Juffles."

A glance—bright and sparkling, but instantly subdued—appeared for a moment in her eyes, which now swam in tears.

"Be it so, then. If I were to stay longer in this part of the world, I might perhaps try to set myself right in your eyes ; but as it is"—she paused, and sighed.

"You go then soon ?"

"I go to-morrow."

There could no longer be a doubt. Mr Dobble had told me the Juffles removed on Saturday. I saw what a consummate actress I was opposed to, and hardened my heart more and more. We had come by this time to the gate into the field ; I held it open for her as she passed, but said not a word : I then rushed back to the place we had so often met, threw myself on the ground, and cursed Poggses, Jeekses, and Juffleses, with as much earnest devotion as my father himself could have required.

But in the midst of all these maledictions rose up every now and then a doubt—was she Betsy Juffles ?—was she a flirt ?—had she ogled young Jeeks ?—had she made a fool of me ?—or was she indeed the bright pure capti-

vating Lucy Ashton I had known, the clever, the warm-hearted, the good ? Oh, if she was, and I had cast her off, and made myself a cold iron-hearted brute, at the whisper of a wretch like Jeeks ! I made a vow that, if I found he had deceived me, I would finish the sacrifice commenced on Monday, and tear him limb from limb. That night and many nights—a month, a quarter of a year—passed in earnest consultations with my father. I read, but no longer the Waverley Novels : I attended to the farm—I was busy—useful ; I felt I could get over Euclid if I chose, but I hated him and all his propositions. The winter came : I worked hard ; I had found my deficiencies in conversation with my fascinating deceiver—and the more my mind enlarged, the more it dwelt on the thousand charms of thought and expression that had passed unheeded at the time. I could recall every look, every smile, every tone ; and when the early leaves began to bud, when the grass was green again, and the snow had disappeared from the highest hills, I had made up my mind that without Betsy Juffles, flirt or no flirt, life was not worth having ; and I resolved to find her out, wherever she was, and tell her so. Mr Dobble informed me that Mr Juffles resided in a bow-windowed villa near Bushy Park, called Verbena Lodge ; and thither I determined to go. My father wished me to go to London to make arrangements for beginning the study of the law, and in the early weeks of March I found myself in the great city ; but though I saw St Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the Temple and the Tower, with my bodily eyes, my thoughts dwelt for ever on the bow-windowed villa near Bushy Park. I left the smoke, the noise, and all chances of the wealth of modern Rome, behind me, and installed myself in a comfortable lodging at Hampton Wick. I became one of the rangers of Bushy Park, without the queen's signature to my appointment. I passed and repassed Verbena Lodge, but saw nobody at the windows ; I meditated even on the expediency of making my way into the house, on pretence of a message from Mr Dobble ; when—once upon a time in the merry month of May, beneath a



stately tree, musing and alone, I saw, in the heart of Bushy Park, the unmistakable figure—the unmistakable face of Lucy Ashton, radiant, smiling, beautiful as of old.

"I thought you wouldn't forget me quite," she said, and held out her hand.

"I was an ass—a fool!" I began.

"But you have grown wiser now?" she enquired.

"Yes, wise enough to despise balls, Jeckses, officers—and throw myself at once and for ever at the feet of Lucy Ashton."

"What will Retsy Juffles say?"

"I hope she'll say *yes*."

"Well, perhaps I may answer for her—I don't see what right *she* has to object to any thing that *pleases me*."

"She's a charming girl, and I hope you will be guided by her in every thing."

"Such as?"—she asked with a smile that made us feel we had never quarreled, never parted, but were at home in the Wilderness. I need not tell the answer. I had got quit of my bashfulness on the subject of Gretna Green and postchaises with a vengeance; and then and there I suggested a trip to that delectable region, and scorned all the objections she attempted to make about our respective fathers, and family quarrels, and all the chimeras that disappear before the breath of true love like mists before the sun. We met every day for a week, and I so surprisingly improved in eloquence, that I should certainly have forced my way to the woolsack if I had employed one half of it at the bar. At all events, I succeeded in my object with Lucy Ashton so far, that she agreed to accept me for better or worse; and then, for the first time, it occurred to me, I ought to make my father acquainted with the great step I intended to take in prosecution of my legal studies.

"Ah, Edgar, don't write letters! half an hour's conversation will explain every thing better than twenty reams of paper. Go down to Rayleigh, and tell him all."

"All what? you forget I have nothing to tell."

"Tell him you are resolved to marry a girl who will make you happy."

"And your family?" I said; "he can't endure the very name of Juffles."

"Say nothing about them. Ask—leave for me to go down and see him: I feel sure he will like me, and forgive you all."

I resolved to obey; and with infinite regret tore myself away, and seated myself in the railway carriage. I was only to be absent two days; but two days in such circumstances are a century. The bell rang, the train began imperceptibly to move, when two tardy passengers jumped into the coach; and in the first I recognised my friend, young Mr Jeeks. If I had had it in my power, I would have left the carriage; for I was in no frame of mind to be pestered by a popinjay.

"Goodness me! how odd!" he said; "quite a family party this is. My cousin Mr Rayleigh, Mr Shookers—Mr Shookers, my cousin Mr Rayleigh. It's quite pleasant to be among one's relations."

The other man, answering to the name of Mr Shookers, bowed at this introduction, and showed his teeth and a large portion of the gums in the amplitude of his smile. He was a short stout man, with a very broad face, which was still further distended by a forest of red whiskers on each cheek. I took no notice of his salutation, but looked as indignantly as I could at the insufferable Jeeks.

"You don't seem very friendly, which is highly against the rules of philosophy," he continued; "but p'raps you don't know much of your own genealogical tree. My friend Shookers has studied heraldry, and knows very well how nearly related we are."

"Did you address any of your observations to me, sir?"

"Didn't I? to be sure I did. There was a certain Arabella Rayleigh in *Temp. Geo. Prim.*, that means in the time of George I. or II., I forget which—but it is ages ago—that married Martin Hicks, and had a daughter; who married in *Temp.* of another of the *Geos* John Smith, and had a daughter; which married James Brown, and had a daughter; which married grandfather, Thomas Jeeks, in *Temp. Geo. Tert.*—which makes us cousins; and that's the reason why father thinks it so hard your old go-

vernor won't part with the rest of the lands. Isn't it too bad, Mr Shookers?"

"It seems very unfriendly in old Rayleigh to keep such a hold on the property, when Mr Jecks is willing to buy him off."

"Are you aware, sir, in whose presence you allow yourself such vulgar and insulting language? I am Mr Rayleigh's son."

"Well, and I'm his cousin," interposed young Jecks: "and it's rather hard if a man can't stand a word or two about his relations. I don't care what Shookers may say about my cousin. I have too much philosophy to care."

Mr Shookers, however, took the hint, and made no further observation on the subject. I looked out of the window, and endeavoured to abstract my thoughts from the conversation of my companions; but it was impossible. I kept my looks turned to the window; but I soon began to listen with all my ears.

"You'll find it uncommon hot at Singapore," said Mr Jecks. "It's always the dog-days there; but all the Juffleses can stand fire like regular bricks, as they are."

"I like it," replied Mr Shookers: "and I am very much obligated to your father."

"He's a trump, is the old fellow—he's out of business himself—would all up at Canton; but his interest will do great things for you at Singapore."

"Oh! I consider my fortune made; and I am sure we shall both be grateful to him till the end of time."

"Ah, you're a lucky chap to get such a girl persuaded to go with you so far! But I always said Betsy had all the pluck of the family."

I half looked round—and Mr Jecks favoured me with a wink, which implied that he would keep the secret of my acquaintance with the Juffles's family a secret from his friend.

"She's full of spirit," replied Mr Shookers.

"And so clever, too," added Mr Jecks; "so sentimental and all that. No end of walks in woods. I wonder she hasn't tired poor Amy to death. She's taken to it as bad as ever lately again, and takes no end of rambles in High Park. You're a lucky fellow,

Shookers; for I'm sure she's thinking of you all the time she's pacing up and down among the trees."

"She had better take as much as she can of the trees," answered the lover; "there's no great temptation to ramble in Singapore. She won't have much more of it, for we must sail in the next ship."

"I always said Betsy Juffles would make a good marriage after all—though she's such a comical girl, I shouldn't be surprised if she carried on her jokes to the very last, and pretended to care about some of her old admirers even now."

"She's very welcome," said Mr Shookers; "it's regular good fun seeing her trot out a spouty. How she makes us laugh, to be sure!"

The two gentlemen seemed so overcome with the facetiousness of their recollections, that they broke into a laugh that lasted nearly a mile.

I felt somewhat in the situation of Scrub. "Could they be laughing at me? Was I again the victim of a consummate actress?"

"Old Juffles comes it handsome, I hope," said Mr Jecks.

"I'm perfectly satisfied at all events," replied his friend. "He gives me a trifle on the wedding-day, and makes a good settlement besides."

"When is the wedding?"

"It is fixed for this day month, the fourteenth of May. We embark on the next day, and drop down to Gravesend. Aren't you asked to attend?"

"Oh, we're all coming—governor and all! I don't see why my cousin opposite should not get an invite too. But he has been looking out of the window so hard, he hasn't heard a word of what we've said. Oh, of course not!"

"If you would like to come to it, sir," said Mr Shookers, who sat on the same side with me, *vis-à-vis* with his friend, "I shall be very glad; and I feel sure I can answer for Betsy too, sir."

"Don't be too sure of that," interrupted Mr Jecks. "It takes a deal of philosophy to do things of the kind."

"You seem to be asking me to some meeting, sir. May I beg you

to understand, once for all, that I have nothing whatever to say to this most contemptible poltroon, Mr Jeeks, nor to any of his friends."

"I was going to ask you to my marriage, sir; and if you had been a gentleman, or behaved as such"—

I felt my hands clutching with an irrepressible desire to seize Mr Shookers by the throat; but I had no time. Before he had an opportunity to complete his speech, a sound, as of an

avalanche and earthquake, all in one, was heard—a shock, as of contending thunderbolts, shook the train; and the last thing I saw was the head and body of Mr Jeeks propelled, with the force and velocity of a rocket, against the expansive countenance of Mr Shookers. My own forehead was dashed against the opposite side, and I was insensible. There had been a collision between two trains. I recollect no more.

## CHAPTER V.

When I recovered my consciousness, I was in my own room at Rayleigh Court. I looked round, and gradually a recollection of all that had happened dawned upon me. I thought of my journey down—the conversation between Mr Jeeks and Shookers—the new light that had been thrown on the behaviour of the once cherished, but now, for the second time, detested Lucy Ashton; and I turned round on the bed, and wished to relapse into insensibility for ever. A light step at the side of the couch attracted my notice. "Thank God," I heard a voice say, "my boy will live!" It was my father. I turned round, and opened my eyes. He took my hand, and looked at me a long, long time, with an expression of interest and affection that I had not seen for many years.

"You are better, Henry, but don't exert yourself to speak. The slightest effort may be fatal; therefore, for my sake, for all our sakes, be quiet."

He sat down, and put his finger on his lips.

"In a day or two, now that your health has taken a favourable turn, you will be able to ask as many questions as you choose. In the mean time be perfectly composed, and all will be well."

My father was in mourning.

"You are dressed in black," I whispered.

"We have lost a relation," he answered, "a distant relation; and we must pay him the compliment of a black coat—but hush! my dear boy; if you utter another word I must leave the room."

Under the care and uninterrupted attentions of my father, I rapidly got well. In a week I could sit up; in a fortnight I moved into the library. The sun was clear and warm. I sat at the open window, and looked out upon the park, and beyond it to the tops of the trees in the Wilderness. It gave me a blow that I could scarcely bear. I rose up and tottered to the sofa. The weekly newspaper was lying on the table. I took it up, and the first paragraph that met my eyes was this—"Married at Verbena Lodge, on Wednesday last, Alfred Shookers, Esq. of Singapore, to Elizabeth, third daughter of Jeremiah Justles, Esq., late of Rayleigh Grange."

I thought I had banished her from my heart for ever; but the suddenness of the announcement was too much for me. The paper fell from my hand, and I fainted.

"Poor boy, the change is too much for him!" I heard my father say. "He must not leave his room again till he is stronger."

I soon returned to my senses, and by a great effort recovered my spirits at the same time. I laughed and talked, and listened well pleased to my father's glowing picture of the possibility of our retrieving our fortunes by a marriage. I promised him I would sacrifice myself on the hymeneal altar for the good of my family; that I would marry the ugliest, oldest widow he could fix on; that I was anxious to be a benedict on favourable terms; and at all my protestations my father laughed aloud, and patted me on the shoulder. I could not believe it was the same man who had snubbed and bullied me all

my life. All of a sudden he looked at his watch.

"Excuse me, my dear boy," he said, "I have engaged to dine with poor Jeeks at five o'clock."

"With whom?" I asked, shuddering at the sound of the name.

"With our neighbour, poor Jeeks," he said. "He has had a terrible dispensation, and is very much softened and improved."

"What dispensation?"

"Ah! I forgot: I was not to let you know. His poor son! he never recovered the accident. Two or three of Mr Shookers's teeth fastened in his head. He has been dead these five weeks: a most promising young man."

I was amazingly shocked at the intelligence.

"Is it for him we are in mourning?" I enquired.

My father nodded.

"Then he was our cousin, after all?"

"There certainly seems to have been a relationship in the *Temp.* of some of the *Geos.*, as he called it. At all events the acknowledgment of it does not cost much, and poor old Jeeks is delighted. Good-by. Take care of yourself."

And so saying, he left me to my cogitations.

When once a favourable crisis, as it is called, takes place, the amendment in the health of a man of twenty-two is very speedy. I was aided also by seeing my father in such spirits. From day to day I picked up strength, and at the end of a week I felt I could venture out.

It was June again—the poet's leafy month of June—the anniversary of the very day on which I had so heroically enacted the part of the Master of Ravenswood against the pigs. I sauntered through the park; a fate was upon me; and I directed my steps, by some secret impulse against which I struggled in vain, to the Wilderness. "I may as well see the spot where I was so deluded," I thought, and recognized every object—alas! with what different feelings—as I drew near the trysting-tree.

"It was there," I thought, "I saw Amy for the first time, as she was flying for protection; it was there I

rushed forward to save her; it was there, under the oak"—As I directed my eyes to the spot, my heart leaped as if I had seen a spirit; for there, on the identical turf, with a work-basket on her lap, sat Lucy Ashton, or rather Mrs Shookers.

"So you've come at last!" she said. "Well, better late than never. Here's your seat all ready. I have expected you a long time."

"Are you a woman, or a fiend in human shape?" I began.

"Oh! a fiend by all means, if you like; but what has kept you all this time from Bushy Park? I am afraid your father won't give his consent; you would have come to me sooner if he had. But come, sit down and tell me all."

So saying, she went on with her knitting. She was lovelier than ever. She was dressed in a black silk gown, and wore a long black mantilla over her head. I had never heard anything so musical as her voice, nor seen any thing so beautiful as her smile.

"I shall certainly not be your dupe any longer," I said; "and, believe me, the coquetry that might be captivating in Miss Elizabeth Juffles, is simply disgusting in Mrs Shookers of Singapore."

"Had not you better send out your opinion by the next India mail? Betsy has sailed by this time, and will just get out in time to receive your letter."

"Then, if you are not Betsy Juffles, tell me, in Heaven's name, who and what you are?"

"I'm a young girl of nineteen, who promised once to accept the hand of a young gentleman of the name of Raleigh, who told me a hundred times he did not care about my family—that it was myself only he cared for: and he even went down to tell his father of the resolution he had taken, without making enquiry as to either my birth, parentage, or education. A wild young man he was, and rather changeable; for sometimes he would have made sonnets to my eyebrows, if he had had the gift of verse; sometimes he would have stabbed me to the heart, if he had had a dagger; sometimes I was his adorable Lucy Ashton; then his tantalizing Miss



Poggs; then his hated Betsy; whereas, all the time, I was nothing but the selfsame anonymous but fascinating creature, who under all these names, and in spite of all these variations in his humour, loved him very truly, and has no doubt whatever of being his wife."

"You!—it would be safer to marry an incarnate demon!"

"Ah, safer perhaps; but not so respectable! Come, do sit down; what's the use of ceremony among friends and neighbours? Has your father consented to the match?"

"Do you think I asked him?"

"Why not? you don't like Gretna Green better, do you?"

"By no means—my intentions are changed."

"But you forget that I am neither Betsy Juffles nor Miss Poggs; I am nothing but Lucy Ashton."

"I wish you had never been any thing else," I said, beginning to soften; for who could resist such a voice and such eyes?

"Well, I tell you I am *not* changed—will that not satisfy you? Imagine that all that has passed since we parted here is a dream; that Verbeem Lodge has no existence; and that Mr Dobble is an ass! Won't you sit down beside me, Edgar?"

I threw myself upon the turf, and she went on.

"I grant I have been a little capricious, Edgar; but there were reasons for it, believe me."

"What reason could there be for all these mysteries?"

"Why, in the first place, it was very amusing; in the next place, you did not know your own mind; in the next place, it was romantic; in the next place, I wanted to try you if your love was really sincere."

"And you found it wanting," I said in a tone of self-reproach.

"Not a bit," she replied, with a look that showed she knew my heart a great deal better than I did myself.

"At this moment I believe your affection for me rises triumphant above the horrors of Betsy Juffles or Miss Poggs; and so I think I shall

reward you at last with an open explanation of who I am."

"No, dearest Lucy Ashton!" I said, taking her hand, "not before I swear that it is yourself only I care for—that I love you more than words can tell."

"Then you'll marry the gal of course," said a voice; and at the same moment the head of old Mr Jeeks was popped round from the other side of the tree. I sprang to my feet in a moment; and beside Mr Jeeks, scarcely able to restrain his laughter, stood my father.

"Matters have certainly gone too far," he said in his usual grave and sombre tones, "for either party to recede."

"Nobody wants it, I'm sure," replied old Jeeks.

"And I have no wish of the kind," returned my father.

"Then, if the young ones are agreed, I don't see what there is to forbid the bans," remarked Mr Jeeks.

"The sooner the better," returned the other; while, in a state of intense wonder, I looked at the speakers.

"What is the meaning of all this?" I asked Lucy Ashton, who had returned very sedulously to her knitting.

"The truth is this, Henry," said my father; "my friend and relative, Mr Jeeks, having lost his only son, has determined on making his eldest daughter Harriet, the young lady before you, the heiress of his house. By marrying her to you, the object of his ambition—the reunion, namely, of the divided portions of our ancestral estate—is gained; and as it appears you have no personal objection to the fair Harriet herself, I don't see why the addition of the Rayleigh manors should make her disagreeable."

A month settled every thing to the satisfaction of all parties. Mr Jeeks has settled himself in London; my father resides in Hartley Mead; and every day my wife and I go over to see the progress of the alterations and improvements we are making in the old house, which we are restoring to its original grandeur under the superintendence of Mr Barry.

## IRELAND.—THE LANDLORD AND TENANT QUESTION.

UNFORTUNATELY for the cause of truth, and the welfare of that country, Ireland has lately become the stock in trade of every political writer: "monster pamphlets" and "monster paragraphs" succeed each other with astonishing rapidity—all alike remarkable for the "monstrous" assertions they contain, and for the "monstrous" ignorance they display of the subject on which they profess to enlighten us.

English tourists, Scotch agents, and German adventurers, flock like birds of prey, and swarm over the devoted country. They go there, not for the purpose of enquiring into the real state of things, or the real causes of the admitted misery of the people; but in order to write what will be most productive to themselves—not with the philanthropic or patriotic motive of endeavouring to elucidate a subject of so much importance; but with the determination to compile as many pages as they can, in as short a given period as possible. They draw the most absurd caricatures; and, pandering to the prevailing public opinion, they relate only what tends to strengthen it in its errors, and to misdirect and mislead those who consult them for information, or rely on them as authorities. Their numerous errors are detected and pointed out by the newspapers, according as they tell against the political interests of their respective parties. There is but one topic on which they are all agreed—that is, in their unanymous and unsparing abuse of the Irish landlords; and, however much they may be condemned as discredited to belief on other subjects, on this their assertions are taken, by all parties, as authorities "true as holy writ."

It requires no witch to tell us that Ireland is in a condition in which she ought not to be; but it does require some industry, and an intimate knowledge of the habits and character of the people, to assign this state of things to the proper causes. In their love for the marvellous, most writers on Ireland

have overlooked facts; they have not condescended to enquire into particulars, or to use that unquestionable information which is actually in existence. We therefore propose to supply this omission, and to state the case of the landlord and tenant question as it really is; and, although many acts of oppression and harshness may have been perpetrated by individuals, we trust we shall be able to show, from authentic documents, that nothing can be more unjust than the exaggerated charges brought against the present Irish landlords as regards the exorbitance of their rents, and nothing more fallacious than to attribute the misery of the people to the want of tenure, or due security in the occupation of their lands. The last census, taken by the police under the direction of government, gives us the actual rental of Ireland as returned by the occupiers themselves. This information is therefore derived from a source on which little doubt can be thrown; and although we may justly suspect (from the desire of the Irish peasant to make the most of his miseries) that the rent may have been in many instances exaggerated, we may rest perfectly assured that in no instance was it underrated. Founded on the results of this enquiry, a very useful and instructive sheet (entitled *Ireland at a Glance*) has been compiled and published, in which, amongst other statistical information, the average rent of land in each county is given, and on the correctness of which we may safely rely. Had the conduct of the Irish aristocracy, some forty or fifty years ago, attracted but a small portion of the public attention that has latterly been bestowed upon it, no doubt great good would have been effected. Then, unquestionably, the landlord could do almost any thing; then, no doubt, he could with impunity set the law at defiance. The Catholic, degraded as he was, durst not complain; but the establishment of the petty sessions courts, and the agitation which preceded emancipation, altered the mat-

ter altogether. The Catholic Association employed active and intelligent attorneys. Those men were everywhere: the petty sessions courts were regularly attended by them; for the slightest transgression of the law the magistrate was hauled up; and the poor man was shown that he had only to bring his case fairly before the tribunals to obtain justice. While the Association existed, he was fully protected at its expense; by the time it was dissolved, he had acquired a thorough knowledge of his own rights; and he had ready agents in the country attorneys, who were always at hand, and always but too happy, for their own interest, to undertake any cause in which they anticipated success. This, so far as the administration of justice was concerned, the publicity of their proceedings, and the unwillingness of men to expose themselves to actions for the misconduct of some members of their body, effectually checked magisterial delinquency: where any violation of the law did occur, there could be no doubt as to the punishment.

Had the conduct of the Irish proprietors (in their character of landlords) been taken to task at the same period, no question they were deeply to be condemned. *Then*, and always before, the practice of the landlord was—to lease large tracts at an easy rent to the most solvent person he could find, or to set in copartnership. (that is, by creating a joint tenancy in all the inhabitants of any particular town-land, making the rich accountable for the debt of the poor.) His only object was to secure his income; so that was accomplished, he cared little for the welfare of the inhabitants, or the cultivation of the estate. The peace came—prices fell,—the middlemen not occupying, were in most cases unable to pay their rents when they could not enforce them from those in possession, whom they had ruined by their extortion; the consequence was, they were too happy to abandon their interests, and leave the landlord to deal with the paupers they had created. In a few years after the peace, the middleman system had ceased to exist; the owner of the soil, coming into immediate contact with the tenantry, saw the

monstrous injustice and the destructive tendencies of the copartnership plan—and it was discontinued. Yet such is the passion for legislation, that both systems are now about to be disinterred, to be taken from the oblivion to which their own iniquities long since consigned them, and to be set up in the preamble of an act of Parliament, in order that Mr Sharman Crawford may have an opportunity of again prostrating them by legislative enactments. We are certain that, for the last ten years, no instance can be shown in which any landlord set, or any tenant took, land on determinable leases, for the purpose of subletting; or any single instance in which the landlords practised, or permitted, the copartnership system on their estates; and yet the public time is to be wasted, and the public attention to be occupied, by the introduction of laws to restrain practices which are no longer in operation. It is true, some of those leases where the middleman held on very easy terms, and was able to pay the rent himself during the great depression, are still in existence; but they are daily dropping out: and it is the treatment of those properties, when they come upon the owners' hands, that has latterly attracted so much attention. From 1818, a total revolution in the management of land took place in Ireland: the proprietors became in most instances the managers of their own estates; and, as each year advanced, the necessity of attending strictly to their duties became more manifest to them. From 1830 to 1843, more was done, and is still continuing to be done, in improving, or in endeavouring to improve, the condition of the people, than was ever done before. The large owners of land employed Scotch stewards to instruct their tenantry in the most improved system of husbandry; and their neighbours profited by the example. Green-cropping increased in a most astonishing degree; agricultural societies were formed in almost every county; and the country was advancing steadily and rapidly in the march of prosperity, when the baneful agitation again started into existence. To disconnect the peasantry from the landlords, who could not



be induced to join in the senseless and mischievous cry for Repeal, now became the object of the agitators: the most unjust charges were made against the gentry; and even their exertions to promote the growth of turnips, or to teach the people the proper mode of cultivation, were turned into ridicule and treated with contempt, in the public speeches of some of the Roman Catholic bishops. The floodgates of abuse were thrown open; the most incredible acts of violence and atrocity were imputed to them; generalities were dealt in—except in a few instances, in which it was fondly believed the facts would have borne out the assertions. But when investigation fully exonerated the accused from the charges brought against them, still the agitators persevered: the accusations being general, it was not the duty of any individual to contradict them. From their frequent reassertion, the English press accorded them credit; the English newspapers became the advocates of those they believed to be oppressed; no story was too ridiculous to obtain insertion; anonymous correspondents heaped obloquy on the best and most pains-taking landlords; while any attempt at their vindication was sure to be discountenanced—a tyrannical act of one man was seized on, and blazoned forth as proof positive of the guilt of all.

The conduct of the Irish landlords was assailed just at the time when it was commencing to become meritorious; and they were almost literally deprived (by public opinion) of all control, just at the period when (for the first time) they were exercising the influence which their position ought to give them, for the benefit and the advantage of the people.

From the manner in which the laws regulating the connexion between landlord and tenant in Ireland are spoken of, and from the frequent demands made for their alteration and improvement, one would naturally suppose that they differed essentially from those which regulate the connexion between the same parties in this country. Yet such is not the fact: so far as the law goes, it is the same on both sides the Channel. By law,

the Irish landlord can only eject a tenant holding by lease after he owes a year's rent; and then the tenant has six months for redemption. He can only put out a tenant-at-will by giving him six months' notice, (the six months to expire on or before the day on which the tenancy commenced;) and afterwards by ejecting him, if he refuse to give up possession. He can only distrain after the rent becomes due. Those powers the law also gives to the English landlord: so far as legislative enactments go, the landlords of both countries stand precisely in the same position. But the English proprietor can do much which the Irish one durst not attempt: he may prevent the fences on his estate from being torn down, or the trees and hedges he has planted from being cut: he may prevent his land from being damaged by bad husbandry, or a succession of the same crops being taken from it until it is rendered useless;—all this he may do by enforcing his covenants, and no one blames him. An Irish landlord may put the most stringent clauses in his leases; but he cannot use the power which their enforcement would give him: public opinion, (always in favour of the delinquent,) and the dread of the assassin, restrain him. The late Mr Hall let a farm in fine condition: the tenant, contrary to his engagements, tore up the land, burned it, and set it in con-acre. The unfortunate gentleman endeavoured to prevent this violation of an agreement. He went to the ground and threatened to put his covenant in force; and, for doing so, he was murdered in the open day in the presence of numbers of people: the assassins were allowed quietly to walk off; and it was only when one of the hired murderers, tempted by a large reward, peached on his accomplices in crime, that any of them were brought to justice.

There is an act of Parliament in force in Ireland for the prevention of burning land, which imposes heavy penalties; yet it cannot stop this mischievous practice—and why? Because, by having recourse to it, the tenant (until he quite exhausts the soil) can raise better crops with more ease to himself; it is a much less troublesome process than that of col-



lecting manure from the scourgings of his ditches or his moor land, or burning lime; and it enables him to spend the winter months in idleness and amusement, when he ought to be providing for his next year's crops. If an English tenant cannot meet his engagements, he surrenders his land as a matter of course: if an Irish tenant be turned out, even after owing many years' rent, he considers himself an ill-used man, (and so do his neighbours too;) and no man complains so loudly of the extortion of his landlord as he who pays no rent at all. The Irish landlord has the advantage of being able to bring his ejection at the courts of quarter-sessions, and at less expense than it can be done in this country, provided the rent be under L.50 a-year. But this may be considered, and with justice, of equal benefit to the tenant: if he redeem within the six months allowed by law, the costs the landlord can put upon him will only amount to L.2. 10s; whereas, with the superior courts, it would be at least L.14. Yet some of the patriotic Irish journals have required, as an improvement in the law, that ejection at quarter-sessions should be abolished, and that the landlord should, in every case, be sent to the superior courts for redress. To make such an alteration in the law would be unjust towards the landlord—as it would compel him to expend a large sum in regaining possession of his land, in addition to the loss of his rent. (if he had a pauper to deal with;) and it would be injurious to the interests of the tenant, as it would give a tyrannical and oppressive landlord the power of overwhelming the poor but honest man, who only wanted time to redeem, by the load of law-costs he would be enabled to put upon him.

Having shown that the law gives the Irish landlord no power incompatible with justice, or unnecessary for the due maintenance of his rights—in fact that, in respect of it, he is much more restricted than the mercantile man—we are at a loss to see how the law can be altered, and at the same time the rights of property be pre-

served. It may be said, the Irish tenant has no claim at the termination of his lease for any improvements he may have effected; neither has the English tenant, if he possess a lease. Although, in point of fact, so far as the small Irish farmer is concerned, this is quite an ideal grievance; for he never makes any improvement, or if he does, and pays his rent, he is never disturbed—still an amendment in the law in this respect, may stimulate to industry, and may be effected with advantage to all parties. Against the gentlemen farmers, injustice of this kind may sometimes be perpetrated, and therefore legislation on the subject would be of use; but the poor man who meets his engagements, is never, unless under extraordinary circumstances, removed; and where such is the case, he is almost invariably amply remunerated. Solitary instances of contrary conduct pursued towards him, may no doubt be adduced; but they are too few in any way to account for the present state of dissatisfaction so universally prevalent.

The Irish landlord, then, has no power which he can legally employ for the oppression of his tenant, which is not possessed by all other British landlords. If he violate the law, of course the legal tribunals will afford redress. And are we to be told that that redress would not be sought for; that the wardens and priests, the leading agitators, or the people themselves, would not report their sufferings; and that the power, and influence, and money of the Association, would not be used in their defence?

The outcry raised by Mr O'Connell and his supporters against the landlords, on account of the number of persons "turned out, and left to die by the road-side,"\* will, we have no doubt, turn out (if possible) to be more unfounded than even his other assertions. The present Commission has ample powers to ascertain this fact at least: and we will venture to assert, that not one instance of starvation will have been proven before it; and that out of the hundreds of thousands who were reported to have been mercilessly turned adrift to perish at the

backs of ditches, forty-nine fiftieths will be found well and hearty, and in the occupation of those lands from which they were said to have been expelled. That ejectment-processes were served, and decrees obtained, which, if followed up and enforced, would have put many persons out of possession, we do not deny; but nine-tenths of those are compromised by the payment of part of the rent before the day of trial comes on, and of the decrees obtained, the great majority are never put in execution. Accurate information on this point can easily be obtained from the sheriffs and clerks of the peace for the different counties; those officers have been amongst the first witnesses examined before Lord Devon. We would only ask the public to suspend its judgment, and those well-meaning but mistaken individuals, who, though they reject Mr O'Connell and the priests as authorities on most other subjects, take their assertions on this as proven facts, to reserve their indignation and wrath until the result of this testimony can be known. Ejectment-processes are the most effective and the cheapest means by which the landlord can enforce the payment of the rent due, and as such they are generally had recourse to: before they can be acted on, *at least three months* must have elapsed after the year's rent

(which is the least sum they can be issued for) has become due.

Perhaps nothing has contributed more to foment, certainly nothing has assisted more to continue, the agrarian disturbances in Ireland, than the statements, made so flippantly by journalists and pamphleteers, of the great excess of rent exacted in Ireland over that paid by the English tenantry. Those writers have invariably assumed the truth of the assertions made in this particular; yet nothing can be further from the fact.

There is no statistical account of England recently published, that we can discover, which would give us any correct idea of the present average rent of land in this country;\* but we think, from all the information we have been able to acquire, by enquiries directed to competent and well-informed persons, that it cannot be set down at less than 25s. an acre. From the last Irish census we learn, that Ireland contains 20,399,608 statute acres, and that the estimated rental is £12,715,478—yielding a trifle over 12s. as the average rent.† When it is taken into consideration that the English tenant pays tithes—which, in many localities, amount to more than the entire average rent produced by Irish ground; that he pays the poor-rates, and that he is heavily taxed with turnpikes

\* Scotland has been more favoured in this respect. Ample details on the point mentioned, and on every other relating to its physical, moral, and economical state, may be found in the New Statistical Account—a work which places the country under great obligations to the clergy of the Established Church, who have furnished the accounts of their parishes, and which display, in general, a range of intelligence in the highest degree creditable to their order.

† Taken from the last census. Average rent of land per acre † in each county of Ireland.

<i>Ulster.</i>			<i>Dublin</i>			<i>Munster.</i>		
Antrim	£0	16 0	Kildare	0	13 0	Clare	£0	11 0
Armagh	0	11 8	Kilkenny	0	17 0	Cork	0	13 7
Cavan	0	13 7½	King's County	0	12 0	Kerry	0	6 1
Donegal	0	6 0	Longford	0	12 3	Limerick	0	18 8
Down	0	16 0	Louth	0	16 0	Tipperary	0	17 8½
Fermanagh	0	13 7	Meath	0	18 0	Waterford	0	12 0
Londonderry	0	12 2½	Queen's County	0	14 0	<i>Connaught.</i>		
Monaghan	0	13 3½	Westmeath	0	13 7	Galway	£0	12 1
Tyrone	0	14 6	Wexford	0	14 0	Leitrim	0	10 7½
			Wicklow	0	12 0	Mayo	0	8 6
<i>Leinster.</i>						Roscommon	0	13 0
Carlow	£0	15 0				Sligo	0	10 8

† The plantation acre, containing more than 1 : 3 : 0 statute.

and other local assessments : and that the Irish tenant pays no tithe, and only half the poor-rates; that no turn-pikes exist, except solitary ones in the neighbourhood of cities or very large towns; that, in fact, the only tax he pays is the county cess, varying in different counties from tenpence to one and sixpence the acre half-yearly; and that this assessment is being considerably reduced by the new grand-jury enactments, under which the towns and gentlemen's houses are valued and taxed;—when, we say, all those things are taken into consideration, and besides, that the land in Ireland is naturally better and more productive than the English soil, we think we have satisfactorily disposed of one grave charge against the Irish landlords; and that we have shown that it cannot be the exorbitance of the pecuniary burdens under which he groans, that causes the vast difference between the social condition of the Irish and the English occupier.

It will no doubt be said—"Ah, but the English tenant is housed, and his farm kept in repair, by the landlord, while the Irishman is obliged to do all this himself!" This is true; but certainly the outlay of the Irish tenant on his farm, makes but a small addition to his other engagements. Gates

Maritime.	£	s.	d.
Ulster—Down, average rent,	0	16	0
Munster—Clare, do. do.	0	11	0
Leinster—Wexford, do.	0	14	0
Connaught—Mayo, do.	0	8	6

It is well known that the quality of the land in the north of Ireland is far inferior to that in either of the other provinces: yet we see, in the maritime counties, that the rich and fertile lands of Clare and Wexford are let much cheaper than the northern counties; and that Mayo, inhabited by unquestionably the poorest and most miserable population in Ireland, is rented at nearly half the amount paid by the independent yeomanry of Down; while, amongst the inland counties, the splendid plains of Roscommon, and the

and fences he has, comparatively speaking, none; and, if they be erected for him, they are soon suffered to go to ruin. He requires few outhouses; for in the poor and disturbed districts (and it is those which we are now attending to) he uses his domicile as a receptacle for his pig and his cow, as a matter of choice; we say as a matter of choice—for, if he had the inclination, *all* writers admit he has abundance of unoccupied time to construct habitations for them. Now, though it is a just cause of regret that we do not see better homesteads and better fences in Ireland, still we cannot admit that the tenant's being obliged to keep such as exist in repair, can be any great hardship in a pecuniary point of view, as he lays out scarcely any thing on them: he does not even expend his own labour on their improvement; and his time, which might be profitably occupied in this way, is wasted in useless idleness, in swelling the train, or cheering the ferocious sentiments, of some mercenary agitator.

Having shown, as correctly as it is possible to do, the relative amount of rents paid in England and in Ireland, let us compare the amount of rents paid in each of the Irish provinces. For this purpose we shall take a maritime and an inland county from each.

Inland.	£	s.	d.
Tyrone, average rent,.....	0	14	6
Tipperary, do. do.....	0	17	8½
Longford, do. do.....	0	12	3
Roscommon, do.....	0	13	0

productive lands of Longford, yield less income than the cold and, comparatively speaking, sterile soil of Tyrone. Now, it is not too much (indeed it is under the mark) to say, that *two acres* in any of those counties we have quoted, in Leinster, Munster, or Connaught, will feed more cattle, and grow more corn, than *three acres* in either of the northern ones; and yet the tenantry in the north, who pay those comparatively high rents, are contented, and the landlords are considered good.\* Those statements

\* In a letter, signed "an Irishman," published by the *Times*, the writer adduces as a proof of the extortion of Irish landlords, that he has known a tenant in the north, whose lease was about to expire, receive £270 for his interest in fourteen acres of land.

are founded not on our own opinions, but on incontrovertible facts; and, after having read them, we would ask any dispassionate man if the disturbed condition of the west and south of Ireland can be, with any justice, attributed to the rents imposed by the landlords. In the north, where the highest rents are charged, the people are well housed and well clothed, the ground well tilled, and the rents as well paid as in any part of England. Here, if a tenant wishes to dispose of his right in even a tenancy-at-will, he gets some ten or twelve years' purchase for it; and the answers to Lord Devon's enquiries were, in many instances, that the interference of the commission was not required. While in the south and west, from whence the loudest complaints against the landowners proceed; where the peasant exists in rags, and the gentlemen in a state of semi-starvation; where the people are idle, and their ground untilled; where squalid misery offends the eye, and merciless murders shock the feelings; where the terror of the assassin supersedes the power of the landlord, and protects the tenant against all law; there, in the counties so overwhelmed with poverty and debased by crime, the lands are held on terms (the relative value being taken into consideration) by *the half easier* than in the prosperous and peaceable province of Ulster.

Dublin, Limerick, Meath, and Tipperary, do average a trifle more than the northern counties; but the one is the metropolitan county, and the quality of the land in the others is so superior to any in England or Ireland, that even at the small advance of two shillings an acre, they may justly be considered as more cheaply rented than any other counties.

To understand a people properly, their national character must be attentively studied; and this can only be done by a long residence and a close connexion with them. We cannot therefore be much surprised, that those who undertake to write on a country which they have never seen, or to prescribe remedies for the defects in the social condition of a people amongst whom they have never resided, should be led into grievous mistakes, and that they should be unsafe

guides to direct the enquiries of others. Employment, hard work, large wages, and good living, form the objects of the Englishman and the Scotchman's ardent desire; while coarse food, bad lodging, and half clothing, are quite agreeable to the Irishman, if they be combined with independence—in other words, if by using them he may avoid labour, and enjoy those amusements to which he is passionately addicted, and in which he indulges unrestrainedly. We firmly believe, that if a choice of roast beef and loaf bread, accompanied by the labour necessary to earn them, were offered to "Pat" at home, or potatoes and milk, with liberty to frequent the horse-races, cock-fights, and dances, in his neighbourhood, he would unhesitatingly accept the latter. This may seem strange to an Englishman; but there is no accounting for taste. That the potato is coarse food, cannot be doubted; that it is wholesome, is abundantly proved by the stalwart men who subsist on it, and by the ruddy health of the chubby, merry urchins who have, perhaps, never tasted any thing else. Pity it is that the former should be so negligent of, or so indifferent to, their own advantage; or that the latter should have been (until lately) suffered to grow up in that ignorance which almost secures a continuance in the same courses which proved the bane and misfortune of their fathers. No peasant in Europe devotes so much of his time to amusement as does the Irishman. Go to the places of public amusement, or to the fairs and markets, in the busiest and most hurried seasons, and how many thousands will you see, who have no earthly business there but to meet their friends, to laugh and to chat, and (before Father Mathew reformed them) to drink and to fight!

To suppose, as some influential writers here do, that there is no alternative between the possession of land and absolute starvation, is one of those imaginary fictions often conjured up by those who wish to indulge in what they believe to be powerful, and wish to be pathetic, appeals to the feelings; but it betrays great ignorance of the subject on which they propound their opinions. The condition of the rural labourer,



constantly employed by the gentleman or wealthy farmer, is generally *much* superior to that of the small landholder. Those men are bound by agreements which they must fulfill—they work continually; and although their wages are in some instances nominally very low, and in all much lower than we could wish, still their allowances—in house-rent, grazing, and con-acre—enable them not only to live comfortably, but sometimes to amass considerable sums of money. You always see good pigs, and very often more than two good cows, at their doors. It may not be amiss to say, that, in *all* instances, they get the feeding of those cows for a rent varying from one guinea per year, when the nominal wages are low, to three shillings a-year, when tenpence a-day is given; thus, at the very highest price, getting for three shillings that accommodation for which Mr Cobden charges his workman twelve pounds! Yet the great object of those men is to get land and become farmers, although they almost invariably suffer by the change. They were before compelled to work to meet their engagements; having become their own masters, they in very many instances neglect their business, and devote the time which ought to be employed in the cultivation of their farms, to the discussion of politics and to the attendance on popular assemblies.

To say that the Irish are unemployed, not from inclination, but

from necessity, is absurd;\* this may sometimes be the case in the towns where the worst class of agricultural labourers reside—men who will not be employed while others can be had. A stranger meets able-bodied men walking about; he is told, and he sees, that there are no resident gentry in the neighbourhood to afford them work; he compassionates their condition; concocts a paragraph, and imputes the misery he witnesses to absenteeism. Let them accompany the idler to his home, and inspect his farm: he will find, out of a holding of from three to four Irish acres, perhaps an acre on which there was no attempt made at all to raise a crop, independent of untilled headlands, amounting to at least a fifth of the ground under cultivation in each field. Why does he not employ himself on this land? If he has a lease, there can be no excuse; but even supposing him but tenant-at-will, it can in this instance be no justification. The land unused is not waste land, requiring an expenditure of labour and money, for which he might afterwards reap no advantage from the cupidity of his landlord. This is no such land: it is good, sound, arable land—perhaps the very best he has; and waste, purely and solely for the want of expending on it the labour necessary to prepare it for a crop. He pays for it—yet he won't work it: he complains of want of employment, and he walks about with plenty to engage him beneficially for his own interests at home: he

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\* We read in the *Times* a few days since, that the men employed in opening the navigation of the Shannon at Rooskey had struck for an advance in wages—they had 1s. a-day, and demanded 2s. Those who were willing to continue were forced by armed men to abandon their work, and threatening notices were served on the contractors; yet in this very neighbourhood it is stated in the poor-law report that able-bodied men were willing to work for 6d. a-day, but could not procure employment. It is always thus:—when there is no employment, it is an excuse for their idleness; when there is, they won't work but at the most extravagant wages. To show that 1s. a-day was fair wages, we shall give an account of the quantity of provisions which can be purchased at Rooskey for one shilling.

14 lbs. of potatoes,	.	.	0	1½
2 do. oatmeal,	.	.	0	2
2 do. bacon,	.	.	0	7½
3 quarts of milk,	.	.	0	1
Total,				1 0

takes con-acre, for which he pays high, while he could raise his food on his own farm, if he only took the trouble of collecting manure, or devoting his time to its improvement.

Adjoining mountains and bogs, where the poorest class of the population generally reside, and where there is abundance of ground attached rent-free to each farm, and capable of being rendered profitable at a very little expense—in fact, without any other outlay than the labour required to open drains, and level it—we see scarcely any efforts made at improvement. A Scotchman, or an Englishman, would consider the possession of the land rent-free for three or five years, according to the difficulty of the undertaking, as a sufficient recompense for his trouble; although his time is much more valuable, on account of the higher rate of wages paid him. But an Irishman will consider a twenty-one years' lease as too short a tenure, to justify him in expending the time which he wastes gossiping with his neighbours, or sunning himself at the backs of the ditches, in the profitable employment of adding to what ought to be, if he had industry, his already too small holding. Here is a case in which we conceive legislation might operate much good. If every man who reclaimed ground which did not before pay rent, was guaranteed its possession by law for ten years after the first crop, at a nominal rent of one shilling the acre, it might be an inducement to the tenant to labour: it could be no loss to the landlord, as, if still left in a state of nature it would be useless to him, and after the expiration of the time guaranteed the tenant as remuneration for his trouble, the benefit would be his exclusively. In the case of a tenant-at-will, an arrangement could easily be effected, by which the tenant, if removed from the farm before the expiration of the stipulated term, might receive a just and reasonable compensation for the improvements which he had effected, or an allowance for the loss of the crops which, had he remained, he would still have been entitled to: and thus, without any government outlay, encouragement would be given for the reclamation of that part of the Irish waste lands which would be

worth the trouble or expense of cultivation.

We are gravely told, in well-ronuded and high-sounding sentences, that "in Ireland famine urges men to take land at any price—they must have it or die;" and that, "when a piece of ground falls out of lease, it becomes a bone of contention amongst some twenty or thirty miserable competitors, who outbid each other, to the great delight and profit of the ruthless and exulting landlord, and to their own utter ruin." If any one takes time to reflect on what he reads in every day's newspaper, he must at once perceive that this statement can have no foundation in fact; if a landlord remove a tenant for non-payment of rent, he finds it difficult to get another to succeed him, (in the disturbed districts it is almost impossible to get any man to do so.) Such is the dread of taking land, from the occupation of which others have been expelled, even on account of owing the most unreasonable arrears, that farms frequently remain waste for years, without any person daring to bid for them. Now if public opinion, and the dread of the punishment which is sure to follow, operate so powerfully in favour of the really blamable person, as to keep his land untenanted, how much more influence will they possess in restraining any man from seeking to obtain the land of another, if that other be unobjectionable in character, solvent in circumstances, and still in possession? Such a thing is never heard of. The landlord, if he were bad enough, might try to induce men to act so; but he could not effect it. If death pursue the man who undertakes to rent unoccupied ground, as in most instances it does, how much more certain would it be to overtake him whose conduct was the means of driving from his home a solvent and industrious person? If a landlord distrain for rent, he can find no bidders for the crops or cattle; how much more difficult will it be for him to obtain bidders for land? We have frequently heard the bad cultivation of the land in Ireland attributed to the constant shifting of the tenantry: we are quite convinced the result of the enquiry now instituted will show how unfounded this supposition is,

and that the shifting or removal of the tenants, will be found to be a matter of much more rare occurrence in Ireland than in England. That scarcity and want are periodically experienced in Ireland, is but too true. Those visitations (which, thank God, are not frequent) arise from the failure of the potato crops, and generally occur in those districts most densely populated, and consequently worst tilled; in fact, they are greatly to be attributed to the neglect of the people themselves, who will not take the trouble of using those precautions against rot, which ought always to be adopted on a moist soil or in a mountainous country: but to talk of persons dying in Ireland of starvation is absurd, and bespeaks an utter ignorance of the national character. There are poor-houses; and besides, in Ireland, the hungry man may enter without hesitation, and share without apology in the meal of his more wealthy neighbour; and lodging, humble though it be, is never denied to the houseless or the destitute. Those who accuse Irishmen, of any class or party, of hard-heartedness or inhumanity, had better look at home. In *their* country we never hear of verdicts of "death from starvation" being returned by coroners' juries; or of the weak and the unfortunate being compelled to seek for shelter in the hollows of decayed trees, or to sleep like brute beasts in the open parks, exposed to the cold and the inclemency of winter. The gentry may neglect their duties in other respects: as regards the performance of charitable acts, they are faultless; the middleman may be exacting—but he is hospitable; and the men who make those groundless charges, would be not a little astonished did they see the multitudes that are still fed (poor-laws notwithstanding) at the Big House of the Irish gentleman. We have said that failures of the crops, and scarcity, occur much more frequently in the densely populated parts of the country than in any others, and that those failures arise in a great measure from the neglect of the people themselves. Parts of Mayo, Galway, and Donegal, are the localities most subject to those visitations. In

these counties the most miserable class of the peasantry exist; and nothing, we think, can prove more conclusively, that their misfortunes and their wretchedness cannot with justice be attributed to the misconduct of their landlords, but rather to their own, *than the undisputed fact, that in those districts in which the people are worst off, the land is set at the lowest rent; and that where the greatest quantity of waste land is unreclaimed, and where that which is under cultivation is worst managed and least attended to, there, invariably, is to be found the greatest amount of unemployed labourers.* It may be said they know no better mode of cultivation than what they practise. They do; those are the very men who go, and have from their youth been in the habit of going, to England and Scotland, where they see the benefits arising from a good system of agriculture. They fully appreciate, but won't practise it. The truth is—and this is one of the great sources of Irish misery—that by the constant agitation of which (under one shape or another) he is almost always the victim, the Irish peasant is induced to consider himself as the worst treated of God's creatures; by it he is kept in a continual state of dependence on anticipated events, which leads him to expect the amelioration of his condition by means of political convulsions, rather than by patient and persevering industry.

We need scarcely say how much the sympathy expressed for his situation, and the abuse heaped on his landlord, tend to confirm the Irish peasant in his bad habits. Articles from the English press, and not extracts from the gospel, form the texts of the sermons which are delivered for his instruction: the object of the preacher is not to remove his prejudices, or to eradicate his faults; but to excite his animosities, and to extract his shillings: when peace and mercy are inculcated, it is not because they are commanded, but because they may be expedient.

In those parts in which there are no resident gentry to employ them, to set them an example, and to enforce a respect for the laws, the peasantry indulge in idleness, and engage in



politics. They work at home only when it suits their convenience or inclination, and from others they can only procure work (at prices for which they will work) in the harvest and spring. In summer, after they have planted their crops, and made their turf, and set the milk of their cow, (if they have one,) they shut up their houses, send their wives and their families to beg, and betake themselves to England or Scotland to reap the harvest. There, until of late years, they earned the almost incredible sums of £16, sometimes of £20—latterly, competition and other causes have reduced the amount to, on the average, between £4 and £5. Out of this, on their return, they pay the rent of the con-acre which they have taken, while a third of their own holding is waste. With the balance and their oats they pay the landlord, in those cases in which he is so fortunate as to get any rent: and having secured an abundance of potatoes, they sit down to enjoy themselves for the winter. During the nights they play cards for geese, turkeys, and herrings; attend dances, where they are enrolled and sworn into secret societies; and devote some hours to the wrecking of the houses, or the castigation of the persons, of those who are obnoxious to them. In the daytime, you find them at the places of public resort or amusement, or lazily and listlessly strolling about those miserable abodes—in whose floors you frequently find stepping-stones to carry you from the entrance to the space occupied by the fire, and before whose doors are those stagnant pools and heaps of filth, so disgusting to every traveller. Could they not remove those? Is it the landlord's fault that they don't? Does he wish their houses to be in such a condition, or encourage them to keep their own persons and those of their children in such a state of dirt and nastiness? Not at all. He does his best to prevail on them to adopt a different system; but his interference in their domestic matters is always looked on as an unjustifiable intrusion; in short, as a sort of minor grievance, and a petty act of oppression. Perhaps it is to be attributed

to their poverty? Water, at least, is cheap and abundant in Ireland.

Such is a true and accurate account of the "tenor of those men's lives" and habits; and it is a continuance of this state of things that those who attack the Irish landlords so indiscriminately are, in reality, advocating.

Now, let us suppose that a tract of two thousand acres, set perhaps by the grandfather of the present owner, and inhabited by a class of tenantry such as we have described, comes on a landlord's hands. It has been let and relet—tied up in settlements—and, until the termination of the lease, there may have been three or four intermediate landlords between the occupant and the proprietor. The present possessor comes to deal with an estate, ruined and almost worthless from mismanagement, over which he could exercise no control, and peopled by a pauper and surplus tenantry, for whose creation he is in no ways accountable. This is exactly the condition of those estates, and the position of those landlords, whose treatment and whose acts have been latterly so much commented on. And we will now ask those who blame others so much, candidly to tell us what they would advise to be done—what, if placed in such a situation, they would do themselves. They will, no doubt, at once say, "Remove some, give them the means of going to the colonies, and make the rest comfortable." Why, that is exactly what the landlords have been endeavouring to do, and for which they have been denounced. This is just what Lord Lorton, Colonel Windham, and others, did; and for doing which they were designated "miscreants." If the tenantry were removed, even to better their own condition, the dues of the priest, and the physical force at the command of the agitator, would be lessened—and this would never answer. "Well, then, if this mode of management be not popular, leave all on the land, build them comfortable houses, and insist on a proper mode of cultivation. In Belgium and France men live on smaller portions of land in comfort, why should they not in Ireland? Lay out money in affording them employment, pay them



for draining and sewerage—the benefit will be ultimately yours.” The answer is obvious. It would require more money than the property is worth to build good houses for all; and, if built, they would soon go to ruin from the habits of the people. If they possessed the land in fee, the occupants, from their numbers, could not exist upon it. The landlord cannot make them emulate the Belgian or the Frenchman in industry. The produce of the orchards he may plant will be stolen, and the trees broken and destroyed, to obtain the fruit. They will not exert themselves to raise many things which are sources of profit to the poor man in this and other countries; or if they did, they would have no market—they would obtain no price for them. And why? Because their own misconduct prevents the establishment of any manufactures, or the outlay of any money amongst them. Who will carry his machinery to a country where—though he may be a good master and a kind friend, though he may give occupation to hundreds and diffuse wealth among thousands—his spindles may be stopped at the beck of a priest, and his machinery left to rust at the dictate of Mr O’Connell. Independent men do not wish to lose all self-control—to sacrifice all right of private judgment; and he who dares to assert his own opinions, or to defy the behests of the “Liberator,” has no business to betake himself to Ireland. As to giving employment in sewerage and draining—which would benefit the estate—it is not every man who can afford to set his land at a cheap rate, and afterwards to expend his income for the immediate benefit of the occupier. But even this has been attempted. Lord Lansdowne tried to accomplish it on his Irish estate; but the steward he sent to superintend the work was noticed to quit, and driven out of the country, by the very persons for whose benefit those improvements were planned—by the very men who were to be paid for their execution. Under such circumstances as we have stated, in many instances the fear of death compels the landlord to abandon all idea of improvement. He must submit to

sacrifice his rent, because those in possession can’t or won’t pay him; and, if he removes them, he can find no one to succeed them: and, in addition to his other consolations, he has the pleasure of seeing himself described as a monster more ruthless than any Russian despot; while some hut, the erection of which he *dared not have prevented*, is described, perhaps sketched and stuck in a book, as an incontrovertible proof of the miserable condition to which his rapacity and neglect have reduced his unhappy dependents.

No direct legislation can affect the social condition of Ireland; before you can hope to benefit the country, *you must establish tranquillity, and inspire the peasantry with a due respect for the law, and a just estimate of the rights of private property.* The question is—by what means are those things to be accomplished? You may give land at a lower price than it now brings, but you will not thereby cause any perceptible change in the habits of the people. They may be wealthier, but they will not be cleaner. Their rents may be better paid, but the peasant will still live on the potato. The filthy cabin will exist, and the cow and the pig will feed at the same board, and occupy the same apartment as the owner, until you elevate the moral and social feelings of the man, and teach him to require as a necessary what he now looks on as a superfluous luxury.

Much of the poverty of the Irish peasantry has been attributed to the con-acre system. But if this system were not found, by the persons who practise it, to be more beneficial, and less laborious, than raising crops from their own land, it would not be persevered in. In those counties in which con-acres are scarce, the cry is, that the people are starved, because they can’t have them. Where they are abundant, they are impoverished by the prices they pay for them. The Terrynt system, in the south, originated in the gentlemen farmers refusing to break up their land, and in the people assembling in mobs, digging the ground, thereby rendering it unfit for pasture, and compelling the owners to let it for potatoes. It may

be said, how could they avoid doing this? They had no land to raise potatoes on, and they must have them or die. This is not the case. The only persons who could be so circumstanced are the day-labourers; and to them it must, personally, be a matter of indifference what land was, or was not broken: for, by their agreements, those gentlemen and farmers who employ them, are bound to provide them with potato land; consequently they would not risk their lives to procure what was already guaranteed them. Those agrarian disturbances originated with small farmers, whose own farms were not half cultivated; or tradesmen, who would not have been so anxious to procure con-acres, if they did not find them in general a much cheaper mode of procuring their staple commodity than by having recourse to the markets. The first use a servant boy or girl makes of their earnings, is to plant con-acres, not for subsistence, but for sale. Half an acre of potatoes is generally the foundation of the fortune. The rent paid for potato ground has been enormously magnified. Mr Wiggins sets it down at £12 per acre. It may let for this price (the *plantation acre*) in the immediate vicinity of Dublin, Belfast, or some other large cities; where, from the contiguity of the market, the produce of a good acre will be worth from £40 to £60, according to the rate of prices. But, in the rural districts, such a price is never heard of; and it is only by the prices in those districts that the condition of the people can be affected. From £5 to £7 and £8 will be found the usual prices; and we should be glad to know what English farmer would give upwards of *one acre three roods* of his best land, well tilled and highly manured, at such a price, the renter only holding it for one crop, and paying no taxes whatever. The average produce per acre of good con-acre will be, at least, twenty tons of eating or marketable potatoes, independent of a large quantity fit for seed, and for the feeding of pigs; the value of those latter will greatly over-

pay the expense of seed, planting, and digging. And taking the price at 1s. per 112 lbs., the renter will have £20 worth of potatoes for £8; a clear profit of £12 on the acre. It, of course, occasionally does occur, that from failure of the seed, rot, or other casualties, the crop may not be worth the rent; in this case an abatement, sufficient to satisfy him, is made to the holder, or it is left on the landlord's hands. Potatoes being a perishable crop, and a species of food which cannot be preserved beyond a season, their price fluctuates more than that of any other kind of provisions. Last year the price in this "country of famine" was 4d. for 112 lbs.; in general the prices vary from 1s. (seldom less) to 2s., and sometimes 3s., the 112 lbs.

In Ireland, good con-acres are looked on by the peasantry as a certain source of wealth; here they are considered as a main cause of their poverty. Who are the best judges—the people who use, or those who read about them? But whatever may be the merit or demerit of the con-acre system, (and we are none of its advocates,) it is unjust to charge its practice on the landlords. They have nothing whatever to do with it; it is a mode of dealing between one class of tenantry and another. The assertion in the "*Cry from Ireland*," that the peasant *gives his manure, and pays 18s. an acre besides*, is too ridiculous to require confutation.

But suppose the rents in Ireland were exorbitant, who would be to blame?—the landlords who accepted them, or the people who *swore* to their extraordinary moderation? Let us look to the registry courts:—\*

"There the landlords were found opposing the admission of their tenantry to the register, and stating on oath that they considered the rents received by them as the full value of the land—while the tenants, and their neighbours, and the liberal 'valuators,' were proving 'that it was let by those rack-renting and heartless men' grossly under its value. And indeed, when the small extent of

\* *Irish Landlords, Rents, and Tenures, &c.* Published by Murray, Albemarle Street.

the farms whose occupiers claimed the right to vote is taken into consideration, this must appear true; for it sometimes required to prove the land worth thirty shillings the acre more than the rent paid, to bring the annual profit up to the requisite ten pounds.

"That the rents were not considered as too high, we have not only the testimony of the freeholders themselves, but of other 'competent persons,' employed by the registry association, who, before the claimant was placed on the register, were obliged solemnly to swear, in public court, 'that the land was in most instances worth, and that a solvent tenant could afford to pay for it, DOUBLE THE RENT imposed on the occupier by the landlord.' We say, in almost every instance, double the rent; for when it is considered that many have registered from seven to eight acres, it would be necessary to do so in order to bring the value up to the required £10; and yet those men who have so sworn, and those leaders who have encouraged and induced them so to swear, and who have procured and paid others to corroborate their testimony on oath, are the persons who so lustily proclaim the extortion of the landlords! *If what they have sworn, and what their priests have encouraged them to swear, be true, their landlords must be indulgent and merciful indeed.* If the contrary, not only have they been guilty of perjury for their own injury; but those who assisted and abetted them must have been aware that they were encouraging them to commit a grievous sin."

At that time it was Mr O'Connell's object to attain political power, by proving the lands were set at a cheap rate; now it is his object to obtain popularity, by declaring that they are set at a rate far too dear. Which of his assertions are we to believe?

It may be said that only a few, comparatively speaking, of the landlords registered their votes; and that, from the value of the holdings of a few, it would be unfair to draw a conclusion as to the terms on which the land was held by the bulk of the people. This objection could only be urged by a person unacquainted with Ireland; for any man who attended the quarter-sessions there, must know that, if all the persons for whom the priests and liberal clubs served notice, and whose qualifications they were

prepared to support, had come forward to claim and establish their rights to the franchise, the number on the register would have been quite as great as (if it did not exceed) that of the old forty-shilling freeholders. If the claims of those who did apply, and who, although rejected, were most vigorously sustained by the agitators, had been substantiated, the constituency would have been quite as numerous as the most ardent patriot could desire.

From whatever causes the wretched condition of Ireland may arise, want of tenure cannot be included amongst them; for if length of tenure secured prosperity, Ireland should have been prosperous indeed. In no country were such long leases heretofore given: from three lives and thirty-one years to three lives and sixty-one years, were the terms usually granted; and at this moment there are many leases still in existence, in all parts of the country, made towards the close of the last century, and held directly from the owners. And although the lands held under these are at a rent very much below even the present depressed value, and of course greatly under what they would have fetched in the time of the war, still we do not find their possessors generally comfortable or independent; but, on the contrary, they are in most instances in a worse condition than those tenants whose rent has varied with the times, and been influenced by the rise or fall in the value of agricultural produce. Seeing, then, that men placed in the most favourable circumstances, both as regards the moderation of their rents and the length of their tenures, are generally more wretched in the appearance of their dwellings, and more neglectful of the cultivation of their farms, than those at the mercy of landlords, represented to be the most tyrannical on earth—we must seek the cause of the degraded state of the people elsewhere than at the door of the owners of the soil. Until within the last few years, (and those are the years in which the landlords have most exerted themselves, and in which the tenantry, who would be influenced by them, have most improved,) leases of at least twenty-one years,



and one life, were always given, which not unfrequently prolonged the tenure to sixty or seventy years. And nothing can be more erroneous than to suppose that the refusal to grant leases, latterly practised by some Irish landlords, has been the cause of any hardship or suffering to the people. The contrary is the fact; and no men know this better than those who so loudly exclaim against the practice. It is a great mistake to imagine that leases are in no instance granted: the truth is, that they are still very generally given; and that in a great majority of those instances where they are withheld, they are so withheld, not with the intention of taking advantage of the tenant's improvements, or depriving him of his political rights, (as the English people are led to believe,) but for the purpose of compelling him to improve and to live comfortably, in spite of his own predilections. On the best managed estates in Ireland, and those where green-cropping has been most generally brought into operation, there are no leases; yet on those properties the tenantry are invariably the most independent and contented. On the estates of the Earl of Gosford, and other proprietors in the north, under the able superintendence of Mr Blacker, (whose conduct is the theme of universal approbation,) no leases are given until the tenant shows, by his industry and his exertions, that he deserves one; and then, after he has for some years cultivated his farm in a proper manner, and is taught to estimate the value of an improved system, he gets his lease as the reward of his industry, without the slightest advance in his rent. From the bad feelings implanted in the minds of the peasantry, they generally prefer living in comparative misery, and allowing their land to remain in a state of nature, whether they have leases or not, rather than make any improvements which might tend to the landlords' ultimate advantage, even though these improvements would produce immediate benefit to themselves; and this bad feeling is actually supported by the undisguised enmity, which unfortunately, of late years, subsists between the gentry and the priests. We are far from saying that acts of oppression

and injustice may not sometimes be perpetrated by landlords and agents. Amongst so numerous a body, there must be bad men: and if an instance, lately mentioned by Mr O'Connell, be true—namely, that of an agent who set a farm occupied by an industrious and well-behaved tenantry, who owed no rent, to an extensive grazier, at a rent of four pounds a year less than the resident tenants offered to secure—we must at once admit that nothing could be more heartless or cruel. But then we are bound in justice to state, that the agent so accused was the bosom friend of the great agitator himself, and a leading member of the Repeal Association, which has constituted itself the protector, *par excellence*, of the Irish people. May we not fairly suppose that, when Mr O'Connell denounces his friends, he would not hesitate to drag his political opponents to the bar of public opinion; and that the paucity of *facts* which he is able to adduce against the landed gentry, is a proof that they have not neglected the duties of their station, in so flagrant a manner as his wholesale denunciations would lead us to expect?

How can we be surprised at Irish absenteeism? Can we expect that any man who can avoid it, will willingly expose the lives of himself and his family, by taking up his residence amongst the "Thugs" of Tipperary? If an absentee comes to reside personally to superintend the improvement of his property, and takes part of his own estate to make a demesne and build a mansion, he must dispossess someone—and, like Lord Norbury, he is shot. Should he escape his fate, his motives are misrepresented, and his anxious endeavours to give occupation and employment to the people, are converted into the worst crimes; because they can only be carried into effect by changing the condition of men from pauper and idle tenants to that of regularly worked and well paid labourers. And what object can he have, in risking death in the cause of those who suffer themselves to be so misdirected and misled? Local influence he can have none—that will be monopolized by the priest; political importance he cannot expect, in a



country where the representation is placed exclusively in the hands of the Roman Catholic bishops.\*

Mr Waller resided, and employed the labourers in his neighbourhood; but he took a part of his own land into his own hands—he ejected tenants who were unable or unwilling to pay their rents, and he gave them compensation, and to such as remained employment. What of that? He dared to occupy his own property, and for this he suffered years of persecution. His own expenditure, and his wife's charities, were no protection; and at length, while enjoying the comforts of his home, he and the amiable and unoffending females of his family, were cruelly butchered on his own hearth: and though, in the conflict, their assailants must have been wounded and marked, they have not as yet been discovered. May we not ask why is this? How comes it that, in a Christian country, murder is tolerated, nay openly approved? that the assassin is protected and concealed, instead of being delivered up, and made amenable to the offended laws of his country? † Can the ministers of that religion professed by the vast majority of the people, have faithfully discharged their sacred obligations, if men be found, professing the religion of Christ and understanding its precepts, willing to enrol themselves as the hired bravoës of a "Black Sheep Society," and to butcher their neighbours for a petty reward? The Roman Catholic religion condemns murder as strongly as the Protestant religion; yet how happens it, that a whole community professing that faith winks at the crimes of the guilty? This total demoralization we look on as the worst feature of the case. There are, and always must be, bad men in every society; but how the great mass of the people could be brought to tolerate the commission of crimes amongst them, which cry aloud to Heaven for

vengeance, is more than we can comprehend. Had the priests devoted that time which they spent in exciting the passions and misleading the judgment of their flocks, in the inculcation of the divine precept of brotherly love—had they exercised that influence which they undoubtedly possess in calming the passions and enlightening the minds of their people—the condition of their country would now be widely different from what it is; and surely their bishops might have been better employed in remedying the neglect of their subordinates, than in attending political meetings, and delivering postprandial orations, savouring more of the braggart boastings of a drunken drumboy, than of the deliberate opinions of a dignified ecclesiastic. In their zeal as politicians, the Roman Catholic clergy have forgotten their duties as priests; and they are now beginning to get a foretaste of the consequences: they became mob leaders at elections and popular meetings—they rode the whirlwind, "can they direct the storm?" The ruffian tasting blood in beating the electors, soon undertook business on his own account. The step from savage assault to actual murder, is but ideal. The man who encouraged, or connived at, the lesser crime, could scarcely expect to prevent the perpetration of the greater; and the "boy" who commenced by applying "gentle force" to a reluctant voter, became in the fulness of his crimes the avowed assassin. The priest used him as "the bully"—he may repudiate, but he dare not denounce, him as "the murderer."

In the late debate, two publications on the state of Ireland were recommended to special attention; the one, "A Cry from Ireland," by Lord John Russell—the other, Mr Wiggins's book, by the Marquis of Normanby. The first we should scarcely have noticed, (the noble lord mentioned it with so much diffidence,) but for the impres-

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\* Doctor M'Hale declared publicly, that, if it so pleased him, he would place two *cow-boys* in the representation of Mayo.

† At the trial of the men for the murder of Mr Brian the other day, at the Wexford assizes, the people cheered so loudly when the witnesses hesitated or doubted, that a woman, the principal evidence, declared "she would tell nothing more." The judge was obliged to order the court-house to be cleared, and the accused were acquitted.

sion it seems subsequently to have made on the mind of Sir R. Peel; but when we found a noble ex-lord-lieutenant recommending, as trustworthy and instructive, a book written on a subject which engrosses much of the public attention, we felt it our duty at once to apply to his "fountain of knowledge."

We cannot say that we have "read with attention" the whole of this whimsical production: few there are, we believe, who could command patience enough to wade through such a mass of contradictory absurdity; but we have selected such parts as we could find at all bearing on the subject Mr Wiggins professes to write upon; and we shall transcribe some few passages, if not for the benefit, at least for the amusement, of our readers: merely premising, that this gentleman gives us no data on which to found our opinions, and no guarantee for the truth of his statements but his own assertion. First, as regards the amount of rent charged in the north and south, Mr Wiggins says—

"In accordance with this view of the case, we find, in practice, that the rents are far higher in proportion to the produce of the land in those parts of Ireland where Romanism prevails, than in other parts, where Protestantism is professed by a considerable portion of the population."

We refer to our previous statements, founded on unquestionable authority, to show how perfectly erroneous this "view of the case" is. The direct contrary is the fact; land is set for at least one third more in the Protestant and peaceable north, than in the Roman Catholic and turbulent south. As a specimen of our author's style when he becomes jocose, and of his veracity when he describes the conduct of Irish landlords, we give a graphic sketch, representing the mode of letting land in the sister country—

"Fancy a 'lord of the soil' (a petty one 'tis true) walking with a bevy of bidders *humbly* following him, after obtaining a bid of money far beyond the value from one, exciting the others to outbid in duty rent, thus:—'Well, Mich, you hear what Pat bids; now, what will you advance?'—'Why, yer honer, God knows it's more than the

value, but I'll give yer honer three days turf-drawing.'—'Three days is it, my lad, when you know well enough that my turf-stack takes a month's fine weather to get in?'—'Och! then,' says Denis, 'but I'll not grudge your honer a week.'—'By the powers now,' says Larry, 'I'd give yer honer two weeks, if the place and the rint would kape a horse, or a mule, or a donkey, in the way of drawing; but I'll bring yer honer a fat pig any how, and pay the rint of four pounds an acre as punctually as *any other man*.'—'Larry, the land is yours, my boy, and a mighty chape hargain too! Ted Sullivan promised me five pounds an acre plantation; but I was rather doubtful of his manes—I'll only ask ye to eat and save me a few shano, according to times, as you cannot draw it.'"

£4 the acre!!! this certainly beats any thing we ever heard of before; and until now we thought it a service of danger for any man to bid for another's holding, or even to take an incumbered one; but Mr Wiggins has made many discoveries which are new to us, and not the least extraordinary is, that "*Lycurgus gave laws to the Athenians*."!!!

One of the great panaceas of Lord Normanby's *protégé* is, that the land should be "set at full rents, on *sensible leases*"—which he proceeds to describe as leases for not less than twenty-one years. We have heard of many *longer* leases than those of twenty-one years, we never heard of any *shorter* being granted; and as the usual course is also to add a life—which may, and not unfrequently does, prolong the tenure to sixty or seventy years—we think that, if "*sensible*" leases had any effect, Ireland would have been long since contented.

Lord Normanby is reported to have stated as facts, on the authority of Mr Wiggins, "that in Ireland, where the saleable produce of a farm was £150, the share of the landlord in rent was £100; while on the other hand, in England, if the produce was £300, the share of the landlord was still £100." Mr Wiggins, in his "*able work*," also shows, that in the shape of county cess the charge was nearly double in Ireland what it was in England. It is difficult to form any accurate idea of the relative amount of the county cess paid in Ireland, and of the local taxes

in England, as in both countries they vary in each different locality. In Ireland, the exact amount of county cess levied in each barony, can be easily ascertained by reference to the respective county books; but in England, as the local taxation is in a great measure put on by vestry, it would be an arduous task to strike an average.

In Ireland, the county cess varies in every barony, according to the amount of public works executed in each, or according to the state of crime in each district. In *peaceable* counties, and those which do not border on the Shannon, the county cess will vary from tenpence to one shilling an acre, half-yearly; while in disturbed districts, and in those counties adjoining the Shannon, it will amount to much more. In the first, because of the large sums obliged to be levied off them, as compensation to those whose cattle were maliciously houghed, or whose houses were burned; and in the latter, because of the great boon (the grant to improve the river) bestowed on Ireland by that government of which Lord Normanby was a prominent member. In the former case, those who pay highly have only themselves to blame; if they were well conducted, and discouraged the commission of crime, as all well-disposed men ought to do, they would not have to bear those additional burdens. In the latter, the grand-juries have no control; they must assess to repay the principal of the money advanced to them, and discharge the interest. Here we may be permitted to remark, that we believe, since publicity was given to their adjudications on fiscal

matters, there is quite as little jobbing in Ireland as in this country. As a proof of the disposition of the gentry to reduce the expenditure to the lowest possible amount, we will state, what every gentleman serving on grand-juries in Ireland must be cognisant of—namely, *that not more than one-third of the presentments approved of by the rate-payers, are ever passed by the grand-juries*; and yet road sessions, at which the principal rate-payers have power to vote, were instituted to check the extravagance of the proprietors.

The difficulty in ascertaining the proportion of the produce of the soil taken as rent by the landlords in either country, exists principally as regards the large holdings; because in England a great proportion of the farms are under tillage, while in Ireland, if not the whole, by far the greater part of all the extensive farms are under grass; and the profits of the grazier vary so much, that it is hard to form any correct estimate of the proportion of the produce taken by the landlord as rent, and that left to the tenant as interest for the money employed in the purchase of stock. But in the smaller class of holdings, we can have no difficulty in coming pretty near the truth; and as it is the grievances of the class of men by whom those small farms are held which require examination, the amount taken from them as rent, and left to them as remuneration for their labours, is what is most requisite to be ascertained. Let us, then, take a farm of twelve Irish acres, at 30s. an acre.

According to the Irish mode of cultivating, it will be cropped and stocked as follows:—

		Acres.	R.	P.		Saleable pro- duce.				
Landlord's rent,.....	£18	0	0	1	2	0	Potatoes, at £18 per acre,...	£27	0	0
County cess,.....	1	4	0	3	0	0	Oats, at £7 per do.....	21	0	0
Poor-rates,.....	0	7	0	1	2	0	Meadow, at £4 per do.....	6	0	0
				6	0	0	Under pasture, feeds four cows, which produce 8 firkins of butter, at £2, 10s. each,....	20	0	0
Rent and taxes,.....	£19	11	0				Profit on calves,.....	6	0	0
							Probable profit on pigs,.....	10	0	0
								£9	0	0
							Amount of rent and taxes paid by tenant,..	19	11	0
							Surplus left to tenant as remuneration for labour,.....	£70	9	0

This is but a rough calculation, and an underrated one as regards the profits of the tenant; but it serves our purpose sufficiently, and shows that, instead of taking two-thirds of the

produce, the landlord takes not one-fourth—much less than the amount assumed to be taken in England. But when we consider the additional imposts which the English farmer has to



pay in tithes, poor-rates, turnpikes, &c., we must at once perceive how very much less the Irish tenant is charged in comparison to what he is subject to. But if the farm, stocked and cropped as we have above described it, (and it is the usual mode,) were cultivated as it ought to be—if, instead of having one-half under natural pasture, it were tilled after the Scotch or English system, and one-half or two-thirds of what is now comparatively unproductive pasture, were under green crops—we need not say how much the saleable produce would be increased; and consequently, how much the tenant's profits would be augmented. Yet surely that it is not so cultivated, is not the landlord's fault. If he has given a lease, he has no control further than to exact his rent; if he supply instruction, it may not be received; if he set a good example, it may not be followed. If the tenant will not consult his own interests, the landlord is not to be held as responsible for the consequences of his neglect. The fair way to calculate in this particular would be, not to take the saleable produce *at what it is*, raised under a deficient system and negligent cultivation; but *at what it might be*, if the tenant had but industry, and would but do his duty.

In an article on the Irish fisheries, in the *Quarterly Review* for September last, (page 475,) we find it stated, that "the agricultural produce of Ireland was, in 1832, estimated at L.36,000,000 per annum, issuing out of 14,603,473 acres of land—a return nearly one-half less than that rendered by an equal number of English acres; and this with five labourers employed in Ireland, where two only are required in England." The rental of Ireland is ascertained to be above L.12,000,000; and thus we see that in fact the Irish landlord only receives the one-third of the saleable produce, raised by his slothful and negligent tenant, as rent. Let the produce be made equal to that of England, (and with common industry this might be made to exceed it,) and the share of the produce extracted as rent would only be about one-sixth. Yet Lord Normanby "burkes" this correct information, and clutches on the vague and unfounded assertions of Mr Wiggins, merely for the purpose of damaging the character of a body

of men, who had already been sufficiently injured by the consequences of his misgovernment.

We shall briefly advert to a few more of the items in the catalogue of Irish tenants' grievances.

"In England, the markets are near, and the cost of conveyance thereto seldom exceeds five per cent on value. In Ireland, the cost of preparing for and marketing, is ten and fifteen to twenty per cent on the value of the produce, and often more."

In Ireland the saleable produce consists almost generally of oats, butter, potatoes, and pigs; for which there is a ready market in every village and town. As those markets are very seldom more than four or five miles apart; and as, moreover, horse-hire and human labour are at least fifty per cent cheaper in Ireland than in England—we are at a loss to discover how "the cost of preparing, and taking to market," can be fifteen per cent more in the cheaper than in the dearer country.

Mr Wiggins makes *one* statement founded on truth, and we willingly give Lord Normanby the benefit of it. "In England, labour is effectual, and men skillful: in Ireland, three men are required for one in England." And we would respectfully ask his lordship who is to be blamed for this. Is it the landowner?—who, though he nominally pay *less*, in reality pays *more wages* than the Englishman for the cultivation of a given quantity of ground, and who would, if he could, for his own sake remedy the evil. Or does the blame lie at the door of Lord Normanby's own *protégés*, the priests and agitators?—those men who held the reins of power, and the keys of prisons, during his administration; and who, by their pestilent conduct, have raised the minds of the peasantry from their natural occupation, and taught them to hope for affluence and independence from other sources than industry and employment. Those labourers, when working on task in England or Scotland, are found to be quite equal to English or Scotch labourers: why are they not so when at home? Lord Normanby's "unquestionable authority" is so very contradictory in his assertions, that, had he not received the sanction of his lord-



ship's approbation, his own conflicting statements must have effectually destroyed his credibility, but for the encomiums passed on it. In one passage he condemns the landlords for the exorbitance of their rents; while in the next he makes it a matter of pride and gratification that he has *himself*, during his management, *raised* the rental of the property under his control *at least one-third*—while the adjoining estate is much more favourably circumstanced, and much more cheaply let, though by no means so prosperous.

When a nobleman, so long and so intimately connected with the country whose interests are under discussion, as Lord Normanby was with Ireland, and who, from the position which he occupied and the opportunities which he possessed, ought to be particularly well informed on the question at issue, solemnly assures us, from his place in Parliament, and in a debate which he himself has originated, that the landlord and tenant question is one on which the most profound ignorance exists in this country, and that there never was a government which had so little local knowledge as the present, and which, consequently, was so ill fitted to legislate on the subject—when he laments other men's ignorance, and glorifies himself on his own particular knowledge—when, we say, a nobleman so circumstanced as the Marquis of Normanby, does all this, and at the same time recommends a guide, by whom the ignorant may be enlightened and the blind led, we are bound to believe that he has accurately ascertained the trustworthiness of the person under whose guidance he now would place us; and that he has maturely considered, and carefully proved, the correctness of those statements on which he would found legislation, by the test of his own experience. We are bound to believe (and we do) that the noble lord is firmly convinced of the accuracy of Mr Wiggins's views and principles, because they are exactly similar to those on which, during his government, he always acted. During his rule, the cause of the mob was every thing, and the cause of the gentry was nothing. Can we, then, be surprised at the state in which we find Ireland, and the difficulty experienced in hitting off the measures requisite for the emergency—when we see

“the most beloved and popular viceroy that ever administered the government,” and the one “who was said, beyond all others, to be best acquainted with the wants and wishes of that country,” so profoundly ignorant of its most simple statistics—simple, it is true, but still bearing most importantly on a great and momentous question?

We fear that, in his viceregal “progresses,” the noble marquis was too much excited by the hearty cheers which greeted him, and too much engaged by the brilliant eyes that beamed upon him, to attend to the more ostensible and more serious duties of his office; and that he devoted the time which, if properly employed, might have enabled him to arrive at the truth, in chucking the chins and patting the heads of the pretty frail ones, to whom he addressed valedictory admonitions as he released them from those dungeons to which the over-strict laws of their country had (no doubt unjustly) consigned them.

In the observations which we shall make on the pamphlet entitled “A Cry from Ireland,” we wish to be distinctly understood—we do not undertake the task of showing up its glaring and wilful falsehoods for the purpose of exculpating Mr Shee, the principal person whose conduct is arraigned in it. He is openly, and boldly assailed; and if he be either unable or unwilling to defend his character, he is unworthy of sympathy or support. We undertake this duty, from higher and more important motives than the exculpation of any individual. The conduct of the Irish gentry is assailed through Mr Shee; and we wish to show that no landlord, however ill inclined he may be, *could* practise such legal tyranny as is imputed to this man. The administration of justice has been impugned—we wish to show how unjustly; and this we shall be able to do, even from the statements made by this wholesale libeller himself. The conduct of the government has been vilified, because they are accused of supplying Mr Shee with a police force, under whose protection, and *by whose assistance*, he is said to perpetrate the most glaring felonies in the open day—we leave the defence of their participation in Mr Shee's enormities to

her Majesty's ministers, when they are called to account, as no doubt they will be, for allowing a force, paid for the protection of her Majesty's subjects, to be employed as the author of this pamphlet states them to be, in the following instance:—

“ In one case, that of a tenant named Bushe, of whom with many other sufferers I have not yet spoken, the landlord resolved on an ejectment; but Bushe owing no rent, he could only proceed as he had done against Pat Ring, or by some other process of a like kind. He took a shorter one. It so happened that, though Bushe had paid his rent in order to keep the house above his head—a very good house it was, to judge from the size and worth of the substantial walls which, in most parts, were still standing when I was there—he had not paid every man in the county to whom he was indebted. He owed one person, residing at a distance, a sum of money more, as it soon appeared, than he could pay at once. This man the landlord found out, through some of his agents appointed for such purposes, and purchased from him the debt which Bushe owed him. This account being legally conveyed to the landlord, he at once proceeded against his tenant the debtor, threw him into prison, and as soon as he got him there, went and took the roof off his house, turning out his wife and six young children upon the open highway. There they remained without shelter and without food, until some of the people of the adjoining village assisted them. The father was in prison, and could neither resist the spoliation of the house which he himself had built, nor could he do any thing, by work or otherwise, for his family's subsistence. In every respect, the proceeding was illegal on the part of the landlord; but, though the lawyers urged Bushe to prosecute, and assured him of ultimate success, he was too far gone to listen to them. He was heartbroken. He had no confidence in any redress the law might give: he had seen a rich man set the law at defiance; and the ruin of his roofless house—*every piece of timber from which, and every handful of thatch, as also the doors and windows, had been carried away by orders of the landlord, and by the assistance of the constabulary, who are located on the estate at the express request of the landlord, and by sanction of the government.*”

Here we have it asserted that an

undoubted and most audacious felony has been committed, and that the police force not only protected the aggressors, *but actually assisted* in the perpetration of the crime. Surely this is a case in which immediate punishment must have followed, if an appeal had been made to the law. It admitted of no excuse. A man, without a shadow of right, destroys and carries off the materials of another man's house. The police force not only do not prevent, *but they assist him.* There is a stipendiary magistrate, but he does not interfere; a petty sessions court, but no recourse is had to it; and, strange to say, there is Daniel O'Connell, to whom every thing is known, and he is silent; the two Messrs Butler, the members for the county, and they are mute; Lord J. Russell assails the conduct of the ministry towards Ireland—here was a case more flagrant than any he brought forward; he knows it, for he recommends the book in which it is stated—he dares not bring it forward, for no doubt he enquired, and found it was untrue. To have it refuted, would not answer his purposes or those of O'Connell, his ally. He recommends the book as an authority to those who wish to see how the Irish are treated by their landlords; and, receiving his sanction, it gets into circulation, and obtains belief for, others in addition to the many calumnies already propagated against the Irish gentry. The author tells us—

“ The writer of the following pages has personally visited many of the towns and rural districts of Ireland; and, *in obedience to those who instructed him to perform the task*, has drawn up a plain statement of facts, for the benefit of persons interested in the welfare of Ireland, and who cannot visit that country personally to judge for themselves.”

And right clumsily has he performed the duty assigned to him. Had his cunning been equal to his malignity, he would have acted with more prudence. He would not have recklessly asserted in one place what his own admissions refute in another. He would not have charged the most talented, distinguished, and impartial law-officers of the crown with having strained the law to protect a delinquent because he was a Protestant—

and afterwards shown that the conduct of this man was condemned by those very persons accused of partiality towards him; and that his illegal acts were punished by those very tribunals to which (he asserts) no poor man need think of applying for redress. He, however, does his best to cover those glaring inconsistencies. He breaks the thread of his narrative, and intersperses his stories in such a manner, that a casual reader, who has not time or inclination to examine or compare them, may easily be deceived and misled. For the purpose of showing the reliance to be placed on Lord John Russell's authority, we shall take up one case, (that of Patrick Ring,) and follow it out to its conclusion.

"The first proceeding was against Patrick Ring, a tenant, who held on a lease of thirty-one years and a life, and who owed no arrears up to 1842; the proceedings against him began in March 1841, and have given rise to a complicated variety of actions at law, ending with his ejection and utter beggary.

"As he owed no rent, and as no possible reason for getting rid of him as a tenant could be assigned, nor was ever offered until long after proceedings had begun, a bold stroke to make a beginning was absolutely requisite, and it was struck. The lease specified a certain day in May and in November, as that on which the half-yearly rent would fall due. Those days had been strictly adhered to, and no one knew this better than the landlord. But in 1841 he obtained a warrant of distress,\* and seized on Ring on the 26th of March, for rent alleged to be due on the 25th. It might have been a hard enough misfortune to be distrained on the day following that of the rent being due in any case, especially in spring, when the cattle and implements of labour, as also the seed-corn, and potatoes, the articles distrained, are required for the peculiar duties of that most important season, seed-time. But when such a distress was made on such articles, so indispensable in their uses even for a day, to say nothing of weeks, and no rent nor debt of any kind owing, the case is peculiarly a hard one on the tenant.

"Patrick Ring caused a replevin to be entered with the sheriff—that is, he gave security that he would pay the rent, if rent was due, as soon as a trial at quarter-sessions or assizes could be had—that he might in the mean time get the use of the property upon which the distress lay. He accordingly proved by his lease that he owed nothing—that no rent was due until May. But before that was done, May had come, and the rent was due. He paid it punctually, and proceeded against the landlord for damages, or rather for the costs to which he had been exposed. This being opposed, occupied much time; and before it was settled, the landlord once more distrained for rent alleged to be due on the 29th of September. Again Patrick Ring replevined, and proved his rent-days to be in November and May, and not in September and March. The case of costs and trespass came to trial in respect of both seizures, and was decided in Ring's favour. Thus a jury and a judge certified by their decision that the tenant was right, and the landlord wrong. The damages awarded were very moderate, only £12 and costs; but the tenant looked on the verdict as most important, in respect of its setting, as he thought, the validity of his lease and the period of his rent-days at rest. But that the damages were too moderate as regarded the landlord was manifest from the fact, that he again distrained in March for rent not due until May.

"He now, it being again seed-time, took a more effectual way of crippling the tenant than before. He seized on the farm implements and stock, of which the dunghill was in his eyes the most important. He had it, without a legal sale, carried away to his own farm-yard, even to the very rakings and sweepings of the road and the yard near which it lay. This he did that Ring might have no manure for his potato ground, knowing that crops so planted would not easily afford the rent; and that, when no rent was forthcoming, an ejection would soon follow. Other things—a plough, and a horse, and some furniture—were sold, and Ring was once more involved in litigation. These things were bought in with his own money, save the dung-heap, which the landlord would not give him a chance

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\* A landlord requires no such warrant—he can distress without any authority.



of buying in; and thus Ring was obliged to pay his rent before it was due, with all the expenses of a distraint and sale—the most expensively conducted of any distraints and sales under the British crown. He thought to recover damages for all this loss; but he was not able to pay his rent in addition to all this, when it became due; and thus, by some hocus-pocus of the law, the two cases became so mingled together as to be inextricable.”

From this statement it would appear that this Mr Shee distrained illegally, that the tenant sought the protection of the law, and that he obtained damages to the amount of £12. This may appear an inconsiderable sum; but when it is considered that an officer entitled a “replevin-ger,” resides in almost every town, that the stock or implements were not removed from the premises, and that Ring, if he exerted himself, could not be deprived of their use for a *second day*—we must admit it was a fair remuneration for his trouble. Well—but this Mr Shee, with the knowledge of his former misconduct, and its punishment before him, again seizes: and this time he commits a *felony*, as well as an illegal act; for he carries off the tenant's manure, and appropriates it to his own use, without going through any legal form whatever. The tenant obtained justice before; but now (with a still stronger case) he refuses to bring his action, which, in the quarter-sessions court, would have cost him 2s. 6d. He is quite aware of his rights, for he defended them successfully before; yet for some reason or another, *studiously concealed*, he now remains inactive.\*

Is every person so silly as to believe that this Mr Shee, who was more than once successfully prosecuted for assaults and illegal acts, would not again be brought to justice for such a serious breach of the law as that of forcibly carrying off another man's property. The criminal prosecution would only have cost one

shilling; and can we believe he would a *third* time subject himself to an action for illegal distress, with the rent-days specified in the lease well known to him?

But all the assertions of this paid maligner sink into insignificance compared with what follows. We know not which to be most amazed at—the recklessness, or the stupid ignorance of the man.

“It would be too tedious to give a detailed account of every lawsuit that now followed; but from that time, *the summer of 1842, up to the summer assizes of 1843*, the landlord proceeded in the courts for a warrant of ejectment against Ring *nine times*. On the first eight cases he was defeated; but he succeeded on the ninth. He had thirteen other lawsuits of various kinds with the same defendant, during which he sold his furniture five times and his horse twice. In all, *he had twenty auctions of sale previous to midsummer of this year*. Part of the furniture was in several of these instances only bought back by the agent, Mr James Coyne, handing money privately to Ring to pay for it. This is the agent formerly spoken of, who at last gave up his situation out of sheer disgust at the odious work he was called on to perform.

“The crop of 1842 was seized on and sold at seven different times. It was much more than sufficient to pay the rent, even though the manure was carried away in the spring by the landlord; but those seven different seizures, with seven different sales, with a number of men receiving at each of the seven seizures 2s. 4d. a-day, as keepers to watch the crop from the day of distraint to the day of sale—those seven seizures on a crop which might have been all seized and sold at one time, with only one set of expenses—resulted, as they were intended to do, in nearly doubling the rent. Moreover, the crop being distrained on while growing, was cut down by people whom the landlord employed, although the tenant and his family were standing unemployed; and to such work-people the landlord can give any wages he chooses, to be de-

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\* In case of replevin, the valuation of the stock or crop seized is left to the tenant himself, so that sometimes he may value stock worth 50s. at only 20s., and they must be restored to him, on giving security for what he sets them down as worth. The landlord cannot interfere.



ducted from the tenant, up to 2s. 6d. a-day! even though the harvest wages of the district be 8d. or 10d. a-day! \*— even though the tenant, who is thus not allowed to give his own labour to his own farm, may, to avoid starvation, be compelled to work to another employer for the fourth part, to wit, 7½d. a-day, of what the law obliges him to pay for workmen on his own farm.

● "It will give some proof of the exertions made by the tenant to pay his way when I state, that, notwithstanding all the extraordinary expenses of the seizures, and of the protracted and complicated litigation, *the rent was paid by the autumn of 1842.* There was nothing owing by Ring save a sum of £1 and odds, connected with the expenses of a summons which had been decided against him on some technical point of law."

Here it is stated, in the first place, *that from the summer assizes 1842, to the same period in 1843, Ring was nine times proceeded against by ejectment.* Now the landlord could only proceed by ejectment in the quarter-sessions' court, or in the superior courts. The quarter-sessions' courts are held but *four times* in the year, namely, in January, April, July, and October. The sessions were only held *three times* within the period during which Ring is said to have been *nine times* sued by ejectment; and consequently, if Mr Shee were even inclined, it would be impossible for him to have proceeded more than *three times* against him in the sessions court. But if he instituted his suit in the superior courts, (if defence were taken, as clearly was the case,) he could only have proceeded twice, "for the ejectment served at November should be tried at the spring assizes, and the one served subsequently at the summer assizes;" and the production of any process from the superior courts, or the proof that such was had recourse to, would effectually bar the landlord from proceeding in the inferior courts. He could not proceed in both at the same time; and thus we see that it would be impossible for any landlord, however oppressive, *to have proceeded*

*by ejectment more than three times within the period in which this veracious compiler of grievances positively asserts Shee proceeded nine times.* Next, he says, "the crop of 1842 was sold seven different times," and "altogether he had *twenty auctions of sale* before midsummer of 1843." Now, any proceeding by distress, pending the progress of the ejectment, would have vitiated it and upset it; for the law does not allow two different modes of proceeding for the same debt at the same time; and in no courts is such scrupulous regard paid to the rights of the tenant as in the quarter-sessions courts. But no decree can be granted in ejectment cases until *a clear year's rent* shall have been proved to be due; and yet we find this man, Patrick Ring, who, it is asserted, *owed no arrears of rent up to 1842, and the sale of whose crops and stock paid his rent up to autumn 1842,* evicted in summer 1843, when only *half a year's rent* could have accrued due; and this, too, by a Roman Catholic assistant barrister, (Mr O'Gorman,) a judge above any suspicion, and who, if we are to believe the statement contained in Ring's own letter, was not at all partial to his persecutor.

To show how tyrannically men may act with impunity, (if they be landlords,) he quotes the case of O'Driscoll, who struck a boy with his horsewhip; yet he is obliged to admit, that for doing so he was fined L.3 by his brother magistrates, and dismissed from the commission of the peace by the lord-chancellor. To create the desired degree of prejudice against the Irish landlords, it is necessary to impugn the administration of justice; for people here would naturally enough say, when they read of such atrocities, "why don't those men so injured have recourse to the law?" Therefore it must be shown (at any risk) that the law is no impediment in the way of a tyrannical landlord. The falsehoods may not be immediately detected; and in the mean time the object may be achieved. Accordingly we find that a landlord can thus summarily dispose of an

\* The law never allows the landlord more than the wages paid in the neighbourhood, in case he is obliged to employ men to save the crop.

obnoxious tenant. This Mr Shee was fired at: our author has his doubts—although it appears, by his own account of the trial, that slugs were lodged in his hand, and that his hat was perforated—and he adds—

“But, if really fired at, and therefore much frightened, as he doubtless would be, it was not a loss to him. With the facility which the law in Ireland gives him as a landlord, he at once threw those tenants into jail with whom he had been involved in litigation. Consequently, before they could prosecute him for damages, or before they could be witnesses in another case, they had themselves to be tried for attempted murder!

“Patrick Ring was one of those arrested; and though several hundreds of people, some of them gentlemen of rank and property, knew that he had been in the Catholic chapel for an hour before and an hour after the time the shot was alleged to have been fired, and that at the distance of two miles, yet he was kept in prison, in solitary confinement, not allowed to see any friend, nor even a lawyer, for several weeks. He was not even examined before a magistrate. This last fact in the administration of the law is, I believe, peculiar to Ireland only. Whether it is consistent with, or contrary to law, I cannot say. In England we consider it but justice to the accused and the accuser, to bring them face to face before a magistrate at the earliest opportunity. But in this case, the landlord (*and I am told such a thing is quite common in all such cases*) put Pat Ring in prison, kept him there three weeks in close confinement, apart even from a legal adviser, and then allowed him to go out without even taking him before a magistrate, or offering any evidence against him.

“We may easily conceive circumstances which would warrant the landlord to suspect this man, so as to have him taken up, and which might ultimately turn out to be so weak as to prevent the production of any evidence whatever. Had the landlord merely put Pat Ring in prison, and let him out again after finding, through a period of three weeks, that he could get no evidence against him, there would be little to complain of, save that the law should not compel the magistrates to bring the accused up for examination, or that the prison authorities should not let the prisoner have an interview with a legal

adviser; but the landlord did much more. *While Pat Ring was in jail, the landlord sent and made a wreck of his house and farm; took the roof, thatch, and wood off the barn, stable, and dwelling-house, save in one small portion of the latter; and every handful of the thatch and wood so pulled down was carried away to the landlord's own premises. The doors and windows he also carried away; pulled down the gates of the farm-yard and the garden, and the garden-wall. These gates were iron, and had been erected by the tenant a few years before at considerable expense. The houses were also all of his own erection; the thatch and timber of the roof, carried away by the landlord, was Pat Ring's own property; and all was taken away, and the whole place wrecked, without any warrant whatever for so doing; without any right whatever, save the right which, by the luxury of the law and the dominancy of a faction, a landlord, belonging to that dominant faction, may create for himself; without any authority whatever, save the power of his own high hand, against which the law is powerless.*

“Pat Ring, after being kept in prison for three weeks, apart from every friend and adviser, and apart from every human creature, save the spies with which every prison in Ireland abounds—(persons who are kept there at the public expense, and who are put to sleep with such men as Pat Ring; and who, pretending to make a confidant of the fresh prisoner, tell tales of the assaults and murders which, as a trap, they profess to have been concerned in—they urging the new prisoner to confess all, to split on his accomplices, and take the reward of £100 at once,—except such companions as these, some of whom I saw produced as witnesses for the Crown at the Kilkenny assizes, thus learning from their own mouths the nature of their diabolical employment)—excepting these, to whom, as Pat Ring declares, he indignantly answered again and again that he had nothing to confess, he saw no human being during his incarceration—was liberated, and went joyfully home; but when he went there, alas! his home was a ruin.”

We suppose we need scarcely point out the absurdity of such a statement as this. Some magistrate *must* have committed this man; the jailer could not receive him without a com-

inital, nor set him at large\* without a discharge; although, from the account given, the inference may be easily drawn that, on his own will, Shee had thrown Ring into prison. If falsely imprisoned, he had his action against the magistrate who committed him. The committal, which the jailer holds for his own security, would discover the person who had acted so illegally. If any man acted as Shee is said to have done in this instance, the law is not to be blamed—for it forbids such conduct: the government officers who permitted it to be violated, are the really guilty parties. And here again we may ask—why were not the government called on to explain the conduct of their officials, by Lord John Russell, who read and recommended the book to the attention of Sir Robert Peel? But in addition to the necessity of having Ring thrown into jail, to exhibit the power of the landlords, it was necessary, for our author's purposes, that he should be put out of the way, in order to account for an apology given by the editor of a local newspaper to this Mr Shee.

"An action was brought against the proprietor of the journal for a malicious libel, in calling this gentleman a 'notorious landlord.' A man who had, in two years and a half, had above two hundred disputes with his peasantry, not half of which I have yet even alluded to, but all of which, alluded to and related, had occurred previous to that time—such a man, to prosecute for being called 'notorious,' had good confidence.

"But he had also a good case. It would be scouted out of Westminster Hall, but it was a good case in *Ireland*. An English judge, after hearing evidence for the defence in such a case—evidence in justification—would not sum up to the jury, or, if he began his summary, the jury would stop him with an intimation that their minds were made up! But to the *Irish jury*—the *special jury of landlords before whom this case was about to be brought*—the proprietor of the Irish newspaper looked forward with a certainty of being

convicted on a criminal charge, the punishment of which would have probably been one or two years' imprisonment and a heavy fine.

"He might have hoped for a verdict in his favour had the case stood for a common jury, or for a special jury in any of the counties where he was known, or where his paper circulated. When it was intimated to him that the trial would not take place in Kilkenny, he urged that the venue might be laid in Waterford, or Tipperary, or Wexford, or Carlow, or in the Queen's County, where something was known of each of the parties; but no, the venue was laid in the county of Dublin, where the gentlemen who would form the special jury were all of the landlord class, and nearly all belonging to the dominant church-and-state party. *In that county nothing was known of either plaintiff or defendant*, save that the first was a distinguished Protestant partisan and that the other was a Catholic, and proprietor of a liberal newspaper. Of their private characters nothing was known.

"Still the defendant resolved to go to trial, and justify the epithet 'notorious' as applied to the landlord. He intended taking several of the worst-used tenants up as witnesses; and he also obtained the official records of the petty sessions, quarter sessions, and assize courts, to put in as evidence to show the overwhelming amount of litigation carried on by the landlord with his tenantry. He resolved on doing all this, *though sure of being condemned to imprisonment and a fine by the special jury*; he judged, from the well-known reputation of that class of men, and from what he had seen other newspaper proprietors receive at their hands for publishing the oppressive conduct of landlords; but he resolved on justifying by evidence, in the hope that a public trial, at which such witnesses as the persecuted tenants of plaintiff would appear, would draw public attention to their unfortunate condition. *He had chosen Patrick Ring and John Ryan, the worst-used of the tenants, and one or two others, as witnesses*; but what was his dismay when he found Patrick Ring once more thrown into jail, as also the

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\* A man committed can only be discharged on bail, or by the bills being ignored by the grand jury.



others, at the instance of the landlord, on the charge of attempting to shoot him!

"Thus, without his witnesses, the defendant, after incurring the expense of about £100 in preparing his defence, was glad to get out of the case in any shape. He made a public and most humble apology, paid all expenses, and the prosecution was dropped. As soon as this was effected, Patrick Ring, but for whose imprisonment on an accusation of murder the trial would have gone on, 'was again allowed to walk out of jail, without having undergone any examination—without having had any evidence produced against him.'"

The juries of the county Dublin are certainly the most independent, and least likely to be prejudiced in favour of a landlord, that can be found. They are in a great measure composed of wealthy merchants, who reside in the neighbourhood of the city; and every one knows that a judge's summons would have procured the attendance of Ring at the trial; but it was necessary to find an excuse for this abject apology.

We cannot, in the present instance, impute the conduct of this truth-telling authority to ignorance; we must attribute it to his wish to make the British public believe that all those civil bill processes were at the suit of landlords against tenants—to the desire or the necessity he felt himself under of sacrificing all principle to the objects for the accomplishment of which he was employed. He *must know* that nineteen-twentieths of those civil bills are actions for debts brought by shopkeepers against their customers, or by one peasant against another—for money lent, or for the price of provisions sold them: he *must know* (if he knows any thing) that perhaps not fifty, out of the whole 4318, are for rent; and that, where rent is at all

sued for by process, it is only in cases where the landlord takes the tenant's I O U, in order to give him more time for what was long since due. The landlord *can at any time distrain* for his rent; what object, then, would he have in incurring expense, and encountering delay, to procure a decree, which, when obtained, would *only restrict his former power*? All this does he know; and yet he quotes the number of processes issued by the most litigious people on earth against each other, as a proof of the tyranny of the landlords, and as the fruitful source of poverty and crime.

We have to apologise for the length of our remarks on those two productions. The one contains, we doubt not, the sincere opinions of a well-meaning, but very silly gentleman; while the other bears upon its unprincipled statements the stamp of premeditated dishonesty. Yet it is upon authorities such as these that the Irish gentry are to be condemned, and their estates confiscated; upon authorities such as these that the interests of men, whose greatest crime is attachment to British connexion, are to be sacrificed to greedy agitators, and a ferocious and idle people. Sir Robert Peel may, *perhaps*, without danger, give an extension of the franchise—the corporations are all, with one solitary exception, (Belfast,) as revolutionary as they can be made; and the Roman Catholic bishops may not be able to obtain political ascendancy over any more counties than those already subject to their sway; but we would call on him to pause and consider well before he disgusts the best friends of England, by lending attention to the unfounded statements of revolutionary priests, promulgated by mercenary writers; or the legislative quackeries of a disappointed, dishonest, and despicable faction.



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TRADITIONS AND TALES OF UPPER LUSATIA.

No I.

THE FAIRIES' SABBATH.

WHAT is a fairy?  
BLAD!

[*' A Wood near Athens — Enter a Fairy on one side, and Puck on the other \**]

*" Puck* How now, Spirit! whither wander you?  
*Fairy* Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough briar,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander ever where,  
Swifter than the moones sphere;  
And I serve the Fairy Queen,  
To do her errands upon the green,  
To fetch her daisies and the cowslips tall  
In their gold coats spots you see,  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours,  
I must gather some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslips ear;  
I am well, though full of sorrows, I'll be gone,  
Our queen and all our elves come here anon.  
*Puck* The King doth keep his revels here to night,  
Take heed, the queen come not within his sight,  
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,  
Because that she, as his attendant, hath  
A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king,  
She never had so sweet a changeling,  
And jealous Oberon would have the child  
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild,  
But she, perforce, withholds the loved boy,  
Crowns him with flowers and makes him all her joy,  
And now they never meet in grove, or green,  
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,  
But they do square, that all their elves, for fear,  
Creep into acorn cups, and hide them there."

And there, then, they are!—The ever-enchanted fancy! There they  
blithe and blythe, bright and fine dar- are! The King and the Queen, and  
lings of your early-bewitched and for the Two royal Courts of shadowy,

\* *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

gorgeous, remote, and cloud-walled  
land: The fairies of the vision  
once wafted, "by moon or star light,"  
upon the "creeping murmur" of the  
Avon!—THE FAIRIES IN ENGLAND!  
Your fairies!

Nevertheless you, from of old, are  
discreet. And you mistrust informa-  
tion which discountenances itself, by  
borrowing the magical robe of verse!  
Or you misdoubt this medley of our  
English blood, which in the lapse of  
ages must, as you deem, have con-  
founded, upon the soil, the confluent  
streams of primitively distinct super-  
stitions! Or your suspicious inquisi-  
tion rebels against this insular banish-  
ment of ours, which, sequestering us  
from the common mind of the world,  
may, as you augur, have perverted,  
into an excessive individuality of  
growth, our mythological beliefs: Or  
—Southwards then!

One good stride over salt water  
lands you amongst a people, who,  
from of old, have kept THEMSELVES  
TO THEMSELVES; whose warm, bold,  
thorough-loyal hearts hereditarily be-  
lieve, after the love and reverence  
owed from the children's children to  
the fathers' fathers. Here are—for  
good and for ill—and from a sure  
hand:—"THE FAIRIES IN LOWER  
BRITANNY; *alio nomine*—THE KOR-  
RIGANS."

"Like these holy virgins, (the Gal-  
licene or Barrigenæ of Mela,) our  
Korrigans predict the future. They  
know the skill of healing incurable  
maladies with particular charms;  
which they impart, it is affirmed, to  
magicians that are their friends. In-  
genious Proteuses, they take the  
shape of any animal at their pleasure.  
In the twinkling of an eye they whisk  
from one end of the world to the  
other. Annually, with returning  
spring, they celebrate a high noctur-  
nal festivity. A tablecloth, white as  
the driven snow, is spread upon the  
greensward, by the margin of a four-

tain. It is covered with the most de-  
licious viands; in the midst sparkles  
a crystal goblet, which sheds such a  
splendour as serves in the stead of  
torches. At the close of the repast,  
this goblet goes round from hand to  
hand; it holds a miraculous beverage,  
one drop of which, it is averred,  
would make omniscient, like the Al-  
mighty. At any least breath or stir  
of human kind, all vanishes.

"In truth, it is near fountains that  
the Korrigans are oftenest met with;  
especially near such as rise in the  
neighbourhood of *dolmens*.\* For  
in the sequestered spots whence  
the Virgin Mary, who is held for their  
chief foe, has not yet driven them,  
they still preside over the fountains.  
Our traditions bestow upon them a  
strong passion for music, with sweet  
voices; but do not, like those of the  
Germanic nations, make dancers of  
them. The popular songs of all coun-  
tries frequently depict them combing  
their fine fair hair, which they seem  
daintily to cherish. Their stature is  
that of the other European fairies:  
they are not above two feet in height.  
Their shape, exquisitely proportioned,  
is as airy, slight, and pellucid as  
that of the wasp. They have no other  
dress than a white veil, which they  
wrap around their body. Seen by  
night, they are very beautiful: in the  
daytime, you perceive that their hair  
is grey—that their eyes are red—that  
their face is wrinkled. Accordingly,  
they begin to show themselves only at  
the shut of eve; and they loathe the  
light. *Every thing about them denotes  
fallen intelligences.* The Breton pea-  
sants maintain that *they are high  
princesses, who, because they would not  
embrace Christianity when the apostles  
came to preach in Armorica, were  
stricken by the curse of God.* The  
Welsh recognise in them, souls of  
Druids doomed to penance. This co-  
incidence is remarkable.

"They are universally believed to

\* *Dolmen*; literally, *stone table*. Remarkable structures, learnedly ascribed  
to the Druids; unlearnedly, to the dwarfs and fairies; and numerous throughout  
Western Brittany. One or more large and massive flat stones, overlaying great  
slabs planted edgewise in the ground, form a rude and sometimes very capacious  
chamber, or grotto. The superstition which cleaves to these relics of a forgotten  
antiquity, stamps itself in the names given to many of them by the peasantry:—  
*Grotte aux fées, Roche aux fées, &c.*

feel a vehement hatred for the clergy, and for our holy religion, which has confounded them with the spirits of darkness—a grand motive, as it appears, of displeasure and offence to them. The sight of a surplice, *the sound of bells*, scares them away. The popular tales of all Europe would, meanwhile, tend to support the church, in viewing them as maleficent genii. As in Brittany, the blast of their breath is mortal in Wales, in Ireland, in Scotland, and in Prussia. They cast weards.\* Whosoever has muddied the waters of their spring, or caught them combing their hair, or counting their treasures beside their *dolmen*, (for they there keep, it is believed, concealed mines of gold and of diamonds,) almost inevitably dies; especially should the misadventure fall upon a Saturday, which day, holy to the Virgin Mother, is inauspicious for their kind,† &c. &c. &c.

Here, in the stead of the joyously-sociable monarchal hive, you behold a republic of solitarily-dwelling, and not unconditionally beautiful, naiads! No dancing! And a stature, prodigiously disqualifying for the asylum of an acorn cup! You are unsatisfied. Shakspeare has indeed vividly portrayed one curiously-featured species, and M. De la Villemarqué another, of the air-made inscrutable beings evoked by your question; but your question, from the beginning, struck at the GENERIC notion in its purified logical shape—at the definition, then—of the thing, a fairy.

Sir Walter Scott,† writing—the first in time of all men who have written—at large and scientifically upon the fairies of Western Europe, steps into disquisition by a description, duly loose for leaving his own foot unentangled. “The general idea of SPIRITS, of A LIMITED POWER and SUBORDINATE NATURE, DWELLING AMONG THE WOODS AND MOUNTAINS, is perhaps common to all nations.”

A little *too* loose, peradventure!

Dr James Grimm, heroically bent upon rescuing from the throat of oblivion and from the tooth of scepticism, to his own TEUTONS—yet heathen—a faith outreaching and outsoaring the gross definite cognisances of this fleshly eye and hand, sets apart one—profoundly read and thought—chapter, to WIGHTS AND ELVES.§

These terms, WIGHT and ELF, are presented by Dr Grimm as being, after a rough way, synonymous; and you have above seen another Germanic writer—a native of Warwickshire—take ELF for equivalent, or nearly so, with FAIRY.

Of his many-natured Teutonic *wights and elves*, then, but with glances darted around, northwards and westwards, and southwards and eastwards, Dr Grimm begins with speaking thus:—

“From the *deified* and *half-divine* natures [investigated by this author in several of his antecedent chapters] a *whole order of other beings* is especially herein distinguished, that whilst the former either proceed of mankind,

\* WEIRDS. The French has—LOTS. “*Elles jettent des sorts.*” For justifying the translation, see the fine old Scottish ballad of KEMPION, or KEMP OWATNE, at the beginning:—

“Come here, come here, ye *freely feds*, (i. e. nobly born,)  
And lay your head low on my knee,  
A heavier WEIRD I shall ye read  
Than ever was read to gay ladye.

“I WEIRD ye to a fiery beast:  
And released shall ye never be,  
Till Kempion the kinges son  
Come to the crag and thrice kiss thee!”

† From the preface to the exceedingly interesting collection by M. Th. de la Villemarqué, of the transmitted songs that are current amongst his Bas Breton countrymen.

‡ Essay on *The Fairies of Popular Superstition*, in “*The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*”

§ *Deutsche Mythologie*, von Jacob Grimm. Chap. xiii. Ed. 1. 1835, and xvii. Ed. 2. 1843



or seek human intercourse, these form a segregated society—one might say, a peculiar kingdom of their own—and are only, by accident or the pressure of circumstances, moved to converse with men. Something superhuman, approximating them to the gods, is mingled up in them: they possess power to help and to hurt man. They are however, at the same time, afraid of him, because they are not his bodily match. They appear either far below the human stature, or misshapen. Almost all of them enjoy the faculty of rendering themselves invisible."

You turn away your head, exclaiming that the weighty words of our puissant teacher are, for your proficiency, somewhat bewildering, and for your exigency by much too—TEUTONIO.

Have a care!

However, "Westward Ho!" Put the old Rhine between the master of living mythologists and yourself, and listen to Baron Walckenaer unlocking the fountains of the fairy belief, and showing how it streams, primarily through France, and secondarily through all remaining Western Europe. "If there is a specifically characterized superstition, it is that which regards the *fées*—those *female gnomes*,\* most frequently *without name*, without descent, without kin, who are incessantly busied subverting the order of nature, for the weal or the woe of mortals whom they love and favour *without a motive*, or, as causelessly, hate and persecute."†

What, *female* only? Where are Oberon and Puck? *Without a name*? Where Titania?—Mab? *Without a motive*? Where the godmother of the sweet-faced and sweet-hearted Cinderella? Partial, and without a distinct type in your own recollections, you guessingly pronounce the characterization of the perpetual secretary too—*French*.

Driven back, disappointed on all sides, you turn round upon your difficulties, and manfully project beating

out a *definition of your own*; to which end, glancing your eye back affectionately, and now, needle-like, northwards across the Channel, you "at one alight bound" once more find yourself at your own fireside, and on your table *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, open at the second scene of the first act.

Inquirer whosoever! A problem lies large before us—complicated, abstruse even, yet—suitably to the subject—a delicate one! To hunt down an elusive word, and a more elusive notion! It is to find a set of determinings which, laid together, shall form a circle fitted to confine that inconfusable spirit—a fairy; or, if you better like plain English, to find the terms needed for signifying, describing, expounding the Thought which, lurking as at the bottom of your mind, under a crowd of thoughts, rises up, in all circumstances, to meet and answer the name—a fairy; the Thought, which, when all accidental and unessential attributes liable to be attracted to the fairy essence have been stripped away, remains; the *substrate*, absolute, essential, *generic* notion, therefore—a fairy; that Thought, which, whencesoever acquired, and held howsoever, enables you to deal to your satisfaction with proposed fairies, acknowledging *this* one frankly,—*this*, but for a half-sister; shutting the door upon *ANOTHER*. You may distinguish these terms at your pleasure, by sundry denominations: for example, you may call them Elements of the notion—a fairy—or circumscriptive Lines of such a notion, or indispensable Fairy-marks, or elfin Criteria, or by any other name which you may happen to like as well or better; but when found, call them as you will, they must reveal in essence, the thing which we look for—the answer to the question with which we first started, and to which we have as yet found no satisfactory solution.

As for the 'process of the finding.

\* "*Ces génies femelles*."

† From Walckenaer's Dissertation on the Origin of the Fairy Belief; last printed, in an abridged form, by Jacob, in his edition of the *Contes des Fées, par Perrault*, (Paris, 1842)

This notion is to be tracked after wild chance expectation. The chase widely, and in intimate recesses; ranges over a material and an intellectual ground. Of either—a word. to a planned campaign than a merely

I. The *material*—is a *geographical*—region, and may be called, summarily—*The western half of Europe*. Let us regard it as laid out by languages at this day spoken. Here is a map, roughly sketched:—

#### A.—ABORIGINAL.

1. NORTH-WESTERN CELTS.—Ireland, Highlands of Scotland, and the interjacent Isle of Man.
2. SOUTH-WESTERN CELTS.—Wales, Brittany, and the, till lately, Celtic-speaking Cornwall.
3. NORTHERN GERMANS, or GERMANS BEYOND THE EIDER, or SCANDINAVIANS.—Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Iceland.
4. SOUTHERN GERMANS, or GERMANS BELOW THE EIDER, or TEUTONS.—Netherlands, the German empire, Switzerland.

#### B.—LATIN SPEAKING.

1. ITALY.—Sicily.
2. SPAIN.
3. PORTUGAL.
4. Latin-speaking FRANCE, distinguishing Normandy.

#### C.—GERMAN AND LATIN MIXED.

1. ENGLAND.
2. SCOTTISH LOWLANDS.

II. From all this tangible territory, we are to sweep up—what? An overlying *intellectual* kingdom, *vide* *licet*—THE KINDS OF THE FAIRIES, rudely marked out, perhaps, as follows:—

1. The *community* of the Fairies, monarchal or republican:—The Fairy folk; Fairies proper.
2. The *solitary* domestic serviceable Fairy.
3. In the mines, under the water; a Fairy folk.
4. The solitary water Fairy.
5. The Fairy-ancestress.
6. The Fairy, tutelary or persecuting, of the chivalrous metrical romance.
7. The Fairy, tutelary or persecuting, now giving and now turning destinies, of the fairy tale proper.

We have then to ask what are the terms, marks, common traits, or by whatsoever name they are to be called, which are yielded by a comparison of such seven kinds. Something like the following eight will possibly arise:—

First, A FAIRY IS A SUBORDINATE SPIRIT.

Secondly, IS ATTRACTED TO THE SURFACE OF OUR PLANET.

Thirdly, AT ONCE SEEKS AND SHUNS MANKIND.

Fourthly, HAS A BODY.

Fifthly, IS ATTENUATE.

Sixthly, IS WITHOUT PROPER STATION AND FUNCTION IN THE GENERAL ECONOMY OF THE UNIVERSE; OR IS MYTHOLOGICALLY DISPLACED.

Seventhly, IS ENDOWED WITH POWERS OF INTELLIGENCE AND OF AGENCY EXCELLING HUMAN.

Eighthly, STANDS UNDER A DOOM.

To these eight criteria, taken in the nature of the thing enquired, the reflective inquirer will perchance find himself led on to add two furnished from within himself, as that—

First, Acknowledging, as in these latter days our more delicate psycho-

logists have called upon us to do, the names FANCY and IMAGINATION as designating two faculties, the fairies belong rather to the FANCY.

Secondly, Accepting for a legitimate thought, legitimately and cogently signified, the High Marriage

which one of these finer Metaphysicians\*—instructed no doubt by his personal experience—prophesies to his kind, between the "intellect of man" and "this goodly universe," we may say that, regularly, this marriage must have its antecedent possessing and agitating Love; that this love must, like all possessing agitated love, have its attendant Reverie. Now, might one venture to surmise that *this* REVERIE breathes into the creating of a fairy?

Does the jealous reader perchance miss in the above proposed eight several elements the UNITY or NOTION, which he has all along seemed to feel in his own spirit and understanding? Let him at once conceive, as intensely joined, the two permanent characters of *trinity* and *mythological displacement*, and take this compound for the nucleus of the unity he seeks. About these two every other element will easily place itself. For a *soul*, he shall infuse into the whole, after in like manner inseparably blending them—FANCY, and that love-inspired REVERIE which won its way to us from Grassmere.

And so take, reader, our answer to your question, "*What is a fairy?*" THIS IS A FAIRY. Are you still unsatisfied? Good. The field of investigation lies open before you, free and inviting. On, in your own strength, and Heaven speed you!

The eight or nine tales of sundry length, and exceedingly diversified matter, contained in the two little volumes of Herr Ernst Willkomm,† which have put us a-journeying to Fairy-land, have begun to produce be-

fore the literary world the living popular superstitions of a small and hidden mountainous district, by which *Cis Eideran* Germany leans upon Slavonia: hidden, it would seem, for any thing like interesting knowledge, until this author began to write, from the visiting eye of even learned curiosity. Nor this without a sufficient reason; since the mountains do, of themselves, shut in their inhabitants, and, for a stranger, the temper of the rugged mountaineer, at once shy and malling himself in defiance, is, like the soil, inaccessible. To Ernst Willkomm this hindrance was none. He discloses to us the heart of the country, and that of the people which have born him, which have bred him up; and he will, if he is encouraged, write on. Three of these tales, or of these traditions—for the titles, with this writer, appear to us exchangeable—regard the fairies properly so called. They are, "*The Priest's Well*," "*The Fairies' Sabbath*," here given, and "*The Fairy Tutor*," being the first, the third, and the seventh, of the entire present series. Upon these three tales the foregoing attempt at fixing the generic notion of a fairy was intended to bear. Should pretty Maud, the stone-mason's daughter, our heroine for to-day, find the favour in English eyes which her personal merits may well claim, the remaining two are not likely to be long withheld.

The illustrations which shall now follow, drawn from distinguished authorities, aim at showing the consonancy of Herr Willkomm's pictures with authentic representations of Elfin superstition already known to the

\* "Paradise and groves  
Elysian, fortunate fields—like those of old  
Sought in the Atlantic main, why should they be  
A history only of departed things,  
Or a mere fiction of what never was?  
For the discerning *Intellect of man*,  
When wedded to this goodly *Universe*  
In love and holy passion, shall find these  
A simple produce of the common day.  
I long before the blissful hour arrives  
Would chant, in lonely peace, the spousal verse  
Of this great consummation."

WORDSWORTH. *Preface to the Excursion.*

† *SAGEN UND MÄRCHEN aus der Oberlausitz, Nachschalt von Ernst Willkomm.* Hannover, 1842.

world. If, however, the criteria which have been proposed, have been rightfully deduced, the illustrations should as materially serve us in justifying these by proof.

Amongst the numerous points of analogy which strikingly connect our tale with popular tales and traditions innumerable, *three* are main to the structure of the tale itself. They may be very briefly described as—

- I. The Heathenism of the Fairies.
- II. Their need, thence arising.
- III. Maud's ability to help them.

I. The opinion, which sets the fairies in opposition to the established faith of all Christendom, is widely diffused. To the *Breton* peasant, as M. de la Villemarqué has above informed us, his *Korrigan* is a heathen princess, doomed to long sorrow for obstinately refusing the message of salvation.

The brothers Grimm, speaking of the fairies in *Ireland*, say, that "they are angels cast out from heaven, who have not fallen as low as hell; but in great fear and uncertainty about their future state, doubt, themselves, whether they shall obtain mercy at the last day."\*

Of the fairies in *Scotland*, it is averred by the same learned and exact writers, that "they were originally angels dwelling in bliss, but

who, because they suffered themselves to be seduced by the archfiend, were hurled down from heaven in innumerable multitudes. They shall wander till the last day over mountains and lakes. They know not how their sentence will run—whether they shall be saved or damned; but dread the worst."

Tales, in many parts of Europe, which represent the fairies as exceedingly solicitous about their salvation; and as *inquiring of priests* and others concerning their own spiritual prospects, for the most part with an unfavourable answer, tend to fix upon them a reproachful affinity with the spirits of darkness.

II. That the powerful fairies, who have appeared to us, from childhood upwards, as irresistible dispensers of good and evil to our kind, should *need aid* of any sort from us, is an unexpected feature of the fairy lore, which breaks by degrees upon the zealous and advancing inquirer.

The two excellent brothers Grimm, in the most elaborate and comprehensive collection,† probably, of national traditions that Europe possesses, have furnished us with various instances. We select a very few. In the following graceful Alpine pastoral, the need of human help attaches to an exigency of life or death:—

#### GERMAN TRADITIONS.

No. CCXX. *The Queen of the Snakes.*

"A herd maiden found upon the fell a sick snake lying and almost famished. Compassionately she held down to it her pitcher of milk. The snake licked greedily; and was visibly revived. The girl went on her way; and it presently happened that her lover sued for her, but was too poor for the proud wealthy father, who tauntingly dismissed him till the day when he too should be master of as

large herds as the old herdsman. From this time forwards had the old herdsman no luck more, but sheer misfortune. Report ran that a fiery dragon was seen passing o' nights over his grounds; and his substance decayed. The poor swain was now as rich, and again sued for his beloved, whom he obtained. Upon the wedding-day a snake came gliding into the room, upon whose coiled tail there sat a beautiful damsel, who said that it was she to whom formerly the kind

\* *IRISCHE ELFENMARCHEN*: Uebersetzt von den Brüdern Grimm. Leipzig, 1826. *Introduction.*

† *DEUTSCHE SAGEN*: Herausgegeben von den Brüdern Grimm, Berlin, 1816 and 1818.



herd maid had, in strait of hunger, given her milk, and, out of gratitude, she took her brilliant crown from her head, and cast it into the bride's lap. Thereupon she vanished; but the young couple throve in their house-keeping greatly, and were soon well at ease in the world."

Since fairies, like ourselves, are mortal, two LIVES may be understood as at stake in the following:—

#### NO. LXVIII. *The Lady of Alvensleben.*

"Some hundred years ago, there lived at Calb, in the Werder, an aged lady of the house of Alvensleben, who feared God, was gracious to the people, and willingly disposed to render any one a service: especially she did assist the burgesses' wives in difficult travail of childbirth, and was, in such cases, of all desired and highly esteemed. Now, therefore, there did happen in wise following:—

"In the night season there came a damsel to the castle gate, who knocked and distressfully called, beseeching that it should not dislike her, if possible, forthwith to arise, and to accompany her from the town, where there lay a good woman in travail of child, because the last hour and uttermost peril was already upon her, and her mistress wist no help for her life. The noblewoman said, 'It is very midnight; all the town gates be shut and well barred: how shall we make us forth?' The damsel rejoined that the gate was ready open, she should come forth only, (but beware, as do some add, in the place whither she should be conducted, to eat or to drink any thing, or to touch that should be proffered her.) Thereupon did the lady arise from her bed, dressed her, came down, and went along with the damsel which had knocked. The town gate she found open, and as they came further into a field was there a fair way which led right into a hillside. The hill stood open, and although she did well perceive that the thing was darksome, she resolved to go still on, unalarmed, until she arrived at last where was a *little wistkin* that lay on the bed, in great pains of travail. But the noble lady gave her succour, (by the report

of some, she needed no more than lay her hand upon her body,) and a little baby was born to the light of day.

"When she had yielded her aid, desire took her to return from out the hill, home; she took leave of the sick woman, (without having any thing touched of the meats and liquors that were offered her,) and the former damsel anew joined her, and brought her back unharmed to the castle. At the gateway the damsel stood still, thanked her highly in her mistress's name, and drew off from her finger a golden ring, which she presented to the noblewoman with these words, 'Have this dear pledge in right heedful keeping, and let it not part from you and from your house. They of Alvensleben will flourish so long as they possess this ring. Should it ever leave them, the whole race must become extinct.' Herewith vanished the damsel.

"It is said that the ring, at this day, is rightly and properly kept in the lineage, and for good assurance deposited at Lubeck. But others, that it was, at the dividing of the house into two branches, diligently parted in two. Others yet, that the one half has been melted, since when it goes ill with that branch: the other half stays with the other branch at Zichtow. The story moreover goes, that the benevolent lady was a married woman. When she upon the morrow told her husband the tale of that had betid her in the night, he would not believe her, until she said, 'Forsooth, then, an' ye will not trow me, take only the key of yon room from the table: there lieth, I dare warrant, the ring.' Which was exactly so. It is marvellous the gifts that men have received of the fairies."

The most touching by far of the traditions at our disposal for illustrating at once the dependence of the fairies upon man, and their anxiety concerning their souls' welfare, is one in which the all-important hope which we have said that they sometimes solicit from the grave and authorized lips of priests, appears as floating on the lightest breath of children. Our immediate author is James Grimm, speaking in his German *Mythology* of the water spirit. The tradition itself is from Sweden, where this mythole-

gical being, the solitary water fairy, bears the name of "The Neck."

"Two lads were at play by the river side. The Neck sate and touched his harp. The children called to him—

"'Why sittest thou here, Neck, and playest? Thou wilt not go to heaven.' Then the Neck began bitterly weeping, flung his harp away, and sank in the deep water. When the boys came home they told their father, who was a priest, what had happened. The father said—

"'Ye have sinned towards the Neck. Go ye back, and give him promise of salvation.'

"When they returned to the river, the Neck sate upon the shore, mourning and weeping. The children said—

"'Weep not so, thou Neck. Our father hath said, that thy Redeemer too liveth.'

"Then the Neck took joyfully his harp, and played sweetly until long after sundown."

"I do not know," tenderly and profoundly suggests Dr Grimm, "that any where else in our traditions is as significantly expressed how NEEDY of the Christian belief the HEATHEN are, and how MILDLY it should approach them."

III. A few words shall here satisfy the claims of a widely-stretching subject. Is there *one* order of spirits which, as the Baron Walckenaer has

assured us, lavishes on chosen human heads love unattracted, and hate unprovoked? We must look well about us ere fixing the imputation. Spirits, upon the other hand, undoubtedly there are, and those of not a few orders, fairies of one or another description being amongst them, who exert, in the choice of their human favourites, a discrimination challenging no light regard.

A host of traditions, liberally scattered over a field, of which, perhaps, Ireland is one extremity and China the other, now plainly and emphatically declare, and now, after a venturesome interpretation, may be understood to point out, *simplicity of will* and *kindness of heart* as titles in the human being to the favour of the spirits. At times a brighter beam irradiates such titles, to which holiness, purity, and innocence, are seen to set their seal. We cull a few instances, warning the reader, that, although of our best, he will possibly find them a mere working upwards to the most perfect which we have it in our power to bring before him in the beautiful tale of Maud.

Amongst the searchers who seem to have been roused into activity by the German traditions of the brothers Grimm, Ludwig Bechstein takes distinguished place for the diligence with which he has collected different districts of Germany. Our inquiry shall owe him the two following

#### TRADITIONS OF THE GRABFELD.

##### No. LVII. *The little Cherry-Tree upon Castle Raueneck.*

"There prevails concerning the ruins of the old hill-castle Raueneck, a quite similar tradition to that which holds of the likenamed ruined strength near Baden, in Austria. There lies yet buried here a vast treasure, over which a spirit, debarred from repose, keeps watch, anxiously awaiting deliverance. But who is he that can and shall actually lift this treasure and free the spirit? Upon the wall there grows a cherry seedling that shall one day become a tree; and the tree shall be cut down, and out of it a cradle made. He that, being a *Sunday's child*, is rocked in this cradle, will

grow up, but only provided that he have kept himself virginally pure and chaste, at *some noontide hour* set free the spirit, lift the treasure, and become immeasurably rich; so as he shall be able to rebuild Castle Raueneck and all the demolished castles in the neighbourhood round. If the plant wither, or if a storm break it, then must the spirit again wait until once more a cherry stone, brought by a bird to the top of the lofty wall, shoot and put forth leaves, and haply grow to a tree."

##### No. LXII. *The Hollow Stone.*

"In the wood near Altenstein there stands a high rock. The inhabitants

of the neighbourhood say that this rock is hollow within, and filled with treasure in great store from the olden time. At certain seasons and hours, it is given to *Sunday children* to find the rock doors open, or to open them with *the lucky flower*."

The singular superstition of spiritual favour fixing itself upon the hu-

man child, consecrated, as it were, by the hallowed light upon which the eyes first open, will shortly return upon us in *The Fairies' Sabbath*.

Lo! where, from the bountiful hand of the Brothers Grimm, fall two bright dewdrops of tradition upon the pure opening flower of childhood.

#### GERMAN TRADITIONS.

##### NO. CLIX. *The Treasure at Soest.*

"In the time of the Thirty Years' War, there was to be seen standing not far from the town of Soest, in Westphalia, an old ruin, of which the tradition ran that there was an iron trunk there, full of money, kept by a black dog and a bewitched maiden. The grandfathers and grandmothers who are gone, used to tell that a strange nobleman shall one day arrive in the country, deliver the maiden, and open the chest with a fiery key. They said that divers itinerant scholars and exorcists had, within the memory of man, betaken themselves thither to dig, but been in so strange sort received and dismissed, that no one since further had list to the adventure, especially after their publishing that the treasure might be lifted of none who had once taken woman's milk. It was not long since a little girl from their village had led her few goats to feed about the very spot; one of which straying amongst the ruins, she had followed it. Within, in the castle court, was a damsel who questioned her what she did there: and when she was informed, pointing to a little basket of cherries, further said, 'It is good; therefore take of that thou see'st before thee, with thy goat and all, and go; and come not again, neither look behind, that a harm befall thee not.' Upon this the frightened child caught up seven cherries, and made her way in alarm out of the ruins. The cherries turned, in her hand, to money."

##### NO. CLX. *The Welling Silver.*

"In February of the year 1605, in the reign of Henry Julius, Duke of Brunswick, at a mile's distance from Quedlinburg, where it is called *at the*

*Dale*, it happened that a poor peasant sent his daughter into the next shaw to pick up sticks for fuel. The girl took for this use a larger basket upon her head, and a smaller in her hand; and when she had filled them both and was going home, a mannikin clad all in white came towards her, and asked:—

"'What art carrying there?'

"'Gathered sticks,' the girl made answer, 'for heating and cooking.'

"'Empty the wood out,' said further the little manling, 'take thy basket and follow me. I shall show thee something that is better and more profitable than thy sticks.'

"He then took her by the hand, and led her back again to a knoll, and showed her a place which might be of two ordinary tables' breadth of a fair pure silver, being smaller and larger coins of a moderate thickness, with an image stamped like a Virgin Mary, and all round an impress of exceedingly old writing. As the silver *welled up*, as it were, abundantly out of the ground, the little girl was terrified and drew back, neither would she empty out the sticks from her small hand-basket. Accordingly, the little man in white himself did so, filled the basket with the money, and gave it back to the little damsel with saying, 'That shall be better for thee than thy sticks.' She was confounded and took it; but upon the mannikin's requiring that she should likewise empty out her larger basket and take silver therein, she refused, and said—'That she must carry fuel home too; for there were little children at home who must have a warm room, and there must be wood ready likewise for cooking.' This contented the manling, who said, 'Well, then, go; take it all home,' and thereupon disappeared.



"The girl carried the basket of silver home, and told what had happened to her. The boors now ran flocking with pickaxes and other tools, and would have their share of the treasure, but none of them was able to find the spot where the silver had welled out.

"The Prince of Brunswick had a pound of the coined silver brought him, as did moreover a burgess of Halberstadt, N. Everkan, purchase the like."

The quick-sighted reader will not easily have missed detecting the sudden effect produced upon the two spirits by THE TRUTHFUL RIGHT-MINDEDNESS OF THE TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

Correspondingly, James Grimm, from surveying collectively the Teutonic traditions of bewitched or mysteriously hidden treasures, says—

"To the lifting of the treasure is required *silence* and *innocence*. \* \* \* Innocent children's hands are able to lay hold upon it, as to draw the lot. \* \* \* Who has viciously stained himself cannot approach it."\*

Two short instances more from the copious fraternal collection, and we have done. With a temper of pure childlike antiquity, they express in the persons of the dwarfs—*Teutonic approximative, fairies*—the sympathy of the spirits with unstained and innocent human manners; and may, if the traditions which exhibit the fairies under a cloud of sin and sorrow should have been felt by the reader as at all grating upon his old love of them, help to soothe and reconcile him by a soft gleam of illumination; here lingering as in a newly revealed Golden Age of his own.

#### GERMAN TRADITIONS.

##### No. CXLVII. *The Dwarfs upon the Tree.*

"In the summer, the dwarfs often came trooping from the cliffs down into the valley, and joined either with help, or as lookers-on at least, the human inhabitants at their work, especially the mowers, in hay-harvest. They, then and there, seated themselves at their ease and pleasantly, upon the long and thick arm of a maple in the embowering shade. But once there came certain evil-disposed persons, who, in the night, sawed the bough through, so that it held but weakly on to the trunk; and when the unsuspecting creatures, upon the morrow, settled themselves down upon it, the bough cracked in two, the dwarfs tumbled to the ground, were heartily laughed at, fell into violent anger, and cried aloud—

'O, how is the heaven high and long!  
And falsehood waxen on earth so strong!  
Here to-day, and for ever away!'

They kept their word, and never again made their appearance in the country."

##### No. CXLVIII. *The Dwarfs upon the Crag Stone.*

"It was the wont of the dwarf-ings to seat themselves upon a great crag stone, and from thence to watch the haymakers; but a few mischievous fellows kindled a fire upon the stone, made it red-hot, and swept away embers and ashes. Morning came, and with it the tiny folk, who burned themselves pitifully. They exclaimed in high anger—

'O wicked world! O wicked world!' cried vengeance, and vanished for evermore!"

We have shown,—1. The Anti-christian character imputed by tradition to the fairies. 2. The occasional dependence of the more powerful spirits upon the less powerful human beings; and, 3. The strong affectionate leaning in the will of the spirits towards moral human excellence. Of the *ability* which, in virtue of this excellence, the human creature possesses to help, Maud must, for the present, be permitted to stand for the



sole, as she is beyond all comparison our best, example.

The book of Ernst Willkomm takes a position in strong contrast to the corresponding works due to the Brothers Grimm, and other great gatherers of legendary lore. He has a personal poetic interest in the tales which they have not. He presents himself as the expositor, not only of his native superstitions, but also, zealously, of the Upper Lusatian manners. Himself cradled amongst the mountains, he has drawn with infinite pains, and by slow degrees, as he best could, from the deep interior life of the people, their jealousy withheld credences, and the traditions which are sacredly associated with every nook of their craggy district.

"The tract of country," says Willkomm in his Preface, "the true Highlands of Upper Lusatia, called by the inhabitants themselves the Upper Country, to which the tales are native, is one very narrowly circumscribed. It amounts to scarcely ten square (German) miles. I have, however, selected it for my undertaking," he continues, "because it is intimately familiar to me; because the innermost character of the small population who inhabit it is confidentially known to me; because there is hardly a road or a path in the country which, on the darkest night, I could not find. Interesting, romantic, magnificent is the piece of earth which, at the confines of Bohemia, runs over hilly heights and lofty hill-tops on to the high mountain-chain. But still more interesting, I maintain with confidence, is the race of people."

It may seem strange at first, that the wise and profound explorers whom we have so often had occasion to cite, the brothers Grimm, should have failed to present us with any traditions from a corner of ground around which they have so successfully laboured. "We have hinted already at the sufficient reason of the blank. Willkomm tells us, that the rest of the world, which "the cabin'd cribb'd" Lusatian has himself learned to call "*o' th' outside*," has taken no cognisance of his beautiful hill country. Lusatia has a literature of her own, and no one is acquainted with

it. "She had, and partly still has, her own, similar to the *Land of the* exceeding free and energetic national constitution." But no one cares about it. Celebrated and learned historians, questioned by Willkomm on the subject, have acknowledged their ignorance in regard to the character and laws of its small people. A more cogent reason, however, lies nearer home, in the impenetrable reserve and self-insulation of the mountaineers themselves. Willkomm confesses that their coldness towards strangers is unparalleled; they have no confidence whatever in foreigners; "and let a Lusatian but suspect," he says, "that you come a-fishing to him, and to listen out his privacies; then may you," as we may render the Lusatian proverb, "*Lose yourself before you find his mushroom.*" He will communicate to strangers little of his manners and customs; of his superstitious practices, his sacredly guarded traditions, absolutely nothing. "He is unpliant, self-sequestered, coarse-grained; beyond all conception easy and phlegmatic."

Every genuine people, however, is rough-handed; and Willkomm proceeds, after an ingenuous description of their defects, to vindicate the natural heart of his brother highlanders. "Let him amongst the gentle," he proudly exclaims, "who desire to hear for once something novel, something right vigorous, sit down beside me. He need not fear that morals and decency will be cast out of doors. No; no! The people are thoroughly moral and chaste at heart, if they are somewhat coarse in expression;—ay, and tender within. Their imagination glides as delighted along fragrant threads of gold, as it eagerly descends amongst the powers of darkness, amidst the dance of will-o'-the-wisps and horrible ghost-reels. They are, at once, a blunt, good-hearted, aboriginal stamp of men, with all the advantages and deficiencies appurtenant."

The Lusatian traditions, brought to light in Germany by Ernst Willkomm, and now first made known to Englishmen in these pages, were collected by our author, as we have already observed, with difficulty and labour. A native only of the mountain district

could obtain from the lips of the people their sacred and well-preserved lore, and even he not easily. The tales were narrated from time to time in the spinning-room, or in the so-called "*Hell*" of the boor or weaver, without any determinate connexion. The listener gathered mere fragments, and these not fully, when, thrown off his guard, he ventured to interrupt the speaker. Each narrator connects his tale differently, and one individual is apt to garnish the experience of many, or what he has heard from others, with a little spice of his own invention. Further, the details of ten or twelve occurrences are associated with one single spot; all of which appear externally different, and yet internally are connected closely, "so that when comprehended in one whole picture, and not till then, they form what, in a strict and literary sense, we are accustomed to call a TRADITION or TALE. I, at least," adds Ernst Willkomm, "in such an upgathering of these disjointed tones of tradition, could only accomplish something that satisfied me by searching out the profound hidden meaning of the people's poetry: and I have at last gone no further than attempting to compose these detached fragments of tradition, Lusatianwise and popu-

lar-wise, from the people's own telling, into a whole. Upon this scheme only could alike the poetical worth of the tales, and the portraiture of the race, be rescued and rightly secured."

That the traditions have been rescued and maintained in their purity and truth; coloured, no doubt, in the telling, and that unavoidably, under the pencil of their educated renderer—we have every reason to believe from internal evidences. Maintaining their own originality, they correspond in the main to the traditions which come to us from almost every known country on the globe, concurring to attest the intimate and necessary relation of the human soul with what would seem to be the remnants of an ancient and universal mythology. They bear upon their front the minute impress of reality, not to be mistaken, and beyond the mere invention of the poet. They are a valuable addition to the common stock. The style of Willkomm is clear, and to the point; almost always, as he says, in characterizing the speech of his own Upper Lusatians, "hitting the nail upon the head." It breathes of his own mountain air, and possesses a charm, a vigour, and freshness, which we fear that we shall endeavour in vain to transfer to the following version:—

#### THE FAIRIES' SABBATH.

"Children born of a Sunday, and bastards, inherit the gift, denied to other human beings, of beholding spirits, of talking with them, and, if opportunity befriend, of right intimately communing with them. This was a truth experienced by pretty Maud, the stone-mason's only daughter, who, a hundred years ago or so, led, at the foot of the mountain-ridge yonder, a quiet home-loving life. Maud was born, of all the days in the year, upon Easter Sunday, which is said to be a truly lucky day for a mortal not otherwise heavily burdened with earthly blessings. In this last respect, Maud had no reasonable cause of complaint; for her father, by the labour of his hands, painfully earned just as much as went to a frugal housekeeping, and the mother kept the little family in order; so that things looked always bright and

dead enough in the abode of the stone-mason.

"All Sunday's children are very wise, and, if they are maidens, always uncommonly beautiful. Maud was, as a child, admired by every body; nay, it once went so far, as that a rich and beautiful, but very sickly-looking, lady of quality, who was travelling over the mountain in a fine carriage, tried hard to coax the poor mother out of her pretty Maud with a large sum of gold. When the maiden had fairly stepped out of child's shoes, and was obliged to seek employment away from home, there was a mighty ado. It was for all the world as if a fairy was going through the place, when Maud, early in the morning, strolled along the banks of the murmuring stream on her road to a wealthy weaver's. The young fellows saluted the fair one as they greeted, no other,

No one ventured, however, to accost her with unseemly speeches—a kind of thing, by the way, that young men at all times are very prone to. Maud was treated by every one like a saint. Maidens even, her equals in years, prized her highly, and in no way envied her the general admiration. This might be founded in the behaviour itself of Maud. More forward to oblige, to do good offices, more sweetly behaved, was no one. And then she had such a grace with it all, so innocent an eye, that when you looked into it, heaven itself seemed to shine out upon you. In short, whoever spoke with Maud, or might walk a few steps with her, that man was for the whole day another and a happier creature, and whatever he undertook prospered with him.

“It would have been strange indeed had such a maiden lacked suitors, or not very early found a sympathizing heart. Now, as for the suitors, there was no dearth of them, Heaven knows! for there were youngsters of the queerest fashion. Many without manners, though right well to look at; others wealthy, but without heart or soul; and others again ready to burst with rage, if any one but touched his hat to the beautiful Matilda. To all such, the innocent child had not a word to say; for she knew well enough, that scant blessing waits on marriages of such a make. There was but one young fellow who could be said to please her thoroughly, and he was neither rich nor singularly handsome. She had become acquainted with him at the weaver’s, where he, like herself, went daily to work. Albert was industrious, well-behaved, and spoke so sensibly and right-heartedly, that Maud ever listened to him with delight. Truth to tell, he simply put her own feelings into words. A very little time passed, before she engaged herself secretly to Albert; and all would have gone on happily and well with them, had the two lovers but possessed just money enough to scrape a few matters together, and to set up housekeeping. But both were poor—poor as church mice; and, just for that reason, the father of Maud did not look very favourably upon the settled love-affair of his daughter. He would have been better satisfied

if the silly thing, as he called her, had given her hand to one of the rich suitors, who would have given their ears to please her. Since, however, once for all, the mischief was done, he, like a good man, determined to cause his only child no heartach, and let matters get on as they might. One condition only he insisted upon—which was, that Maud should for the future work under her father’s roof; Albert, meanwhile, having leave every evening to pay his visits there. In this arrangement the two lovers cordially acquiesced; for, young as they were, they could well afford a little waiting. Meantime, it must be their endeavour, by incessant labour and careful economy, to save up as much as they needed for setting themselves up in their humble dwelling. So they lived on from day to day in quiet content. And so, no doubt, many days, and many, would have glided by, had not a singular occurrence disturbed the profound tranquillity. This was the way of it:—

“Maud’s father, the stone-mason, found it too much for him, with his heavy work and all, when, at noon, he had the long journey to make between the stone quarry and his own home. Besides, the fine stone-dust had brought on an inflammation of the eyes, so that he was obliged to avoid the glare ~~of the sun~~ as a very thing for him to do, since his road homeward lay over a green high hill, upon which the sun beat scorchingly: wherefore, also, the people have given it the name of the Sun’s hill. It was made, in consequence, Maud’s duty to take daily her father’s homely dinner to the stone quarry—a road which, although toilsome, was by no means disagreeable to her; inasmuch as Albert often found means to get leave of absence, and then always escorted her a part of the way.

“Over the Sun’s hill nobody went willingly alone, either by day or by night; for the tale ran, that to many persons wondrous things had happened. Some had even caught, they said, their death-sickness there. True it is, any more definite report was not easily obtained. Only so much had Maud heard from her mother, that the Good People were said, a very, very long time ago, to have vanished.



into the green hill; just when, in all the places around, so many churches had sprung up, and the sound of bells rang over mountain and wood. These reports notwithstanding, Maud, unconscious of evil, took her daily walk over the Sun's hill, where indeed no one ever encountered her; so that the splendid landscape looked often desolate and awful in the hot midday's glow.\* For this reason it was always a great relief to her, when, from the top of the steep hill, she saw Albert ascending towards her. She then felt herself more secure, and went with better spirits forward. It was near Whitsuntide—the father sickly and more peevish than ever, and work bringing in no supply; for provisions had risen fearfully in price in consequence of the previous unusually hard winter. Now, as often as Maud brought the dinner to her father, he complained bitterly, and reproached her harshly for her folly; so that the poor child was almost heartbroken, pined, and led a melancholy life.

“She most deeply felt her trouble, when at noon she took her lonely journey along the desolate path that led to the quarry. Then she often shed the bitterest tears, and prayed to God to show her an outlet, and to have pity on their poverty.

“One day—it was just a week to Whitsun-eve—it happened that as she went upon her way, silently and in sorrow, and in vain looked for the beloved figure of Albert, she suddenly heard such a marvellously clear sound of a bell that she stood still to hearken. It was upon the mid summit of the Sun's hill; the air perfectly calm, and around, far and near, not a creature to be seen. From the distant hamlet in the valley clinked only the sharp tones of the whetting scythe. Maud believed that she had had a ringing in her ears, and walked on. The singular sound was repeated, resembling the tone exactly of a small silver bell.

“‘How strange it is!’ said the maiden to herself, casting her eyes upon the ground; and in the soft

moss, right under her foot, she perceived something glittering like a fragment of blue glass. She stooped and picked up what in colour and shape resembled a blue harebell, or, as it is called, *Fairy's hat*; only, where the stalk should have been, there was a so small and elegantly-wrought little silver bell, that Maud could not help laughing outright.

“‘Bless me!’ she exclaimed, ‘who can have made that comical thing?’ and thereupon she shook the flower, and the wee little bell began to sound so prodigiously clear, that the poor damsel let it fall, affrighted.

“‘What are thy commands?’ asked immediately a slender bright voice. Before her stood a delicate creature, not higher than her hand; but of a symmetry of person that was perfectly astonishing. His small expressive head, round which a grove of curls, like crisped sunbeams, played, was just of a size, that the flower with the wondrous bell served it for a covering. For Maud saw how he put on the sparkling hat with much gravity, and at the same time, very knowingly, giving himself a right bold and dandy appearance.

“‘What are you then?’ asked Maud trembling.

“The little fellow made a smart bow, ‘Thy servant, with thy good leave,’ replied the strange being. ‘I and my people have known thee a long time. We have heard thy complainings; and because thou hast a kind heart, and lovest the flowers, and dost not wantonly pull them to pieces, am I charged to do thee a pleasure, provided thou wilt do the like for me and my people.’

“‘Indeed! you pretty little original!’ answered Maud, ‘who are thy people? I’—

“‘Hush!’ interrupted the little one, with a repelling gesture of the hand and a very impressive contraction of the brow. ‘These are questions which I cannot answer; and, what is more, cannot suffer. It is not civil to put questions of the whence and the what. If thou wilt trust me, and I

\* “*His look  
Blew audience and attention, still as night  
Or Summer's noonday air.*”—*Paradise Lost*. Book II.



should think that I have the air of a proper gentleman, then resolve without delay whether thou wilt do me a pleasure for a reasonable compensation.'

" 'Dear little sir!' replied Maud, overcome, 'I am not mistrustful, but so beset and afflicted that I really do not know how I am to understand this strange business. Do not make sport of me, good child; or, if thou art a spirit, I beseech thee have compassion on me, and let me go my way in peace. My father is waiting for me. His little bit of dinner is drying in the heat of the sun.'

" 'Silly prattle!' interrupted the little one. 'Thy old father lies under the rock side, and swears till the fern leaves waggle over him. The good man's dinner will not take much harm. However, that thou mayest see how good and honourable my intentions are, take thou my little cap. Be it the pledge which I shall redeem from thee with a compensation. (Only resolve quickly now whether thou wilt trust me. My time is short.'

" Maud hesitated still. She held the miraculous cap with its silver bell in her hand. The desire to get rid of the ~~mean~~ creature the sooner the better, and also, perhaps, a particle of female curiosity wrung from her her consent.

" 'Good!' said the little one in great glee. 'Now, hear me! This day week, upon Whitsun-eve, as you call it, do thou come here in the evening, as soon as the moon has mounted this green hill. Be not afraid; for only good will befall thee. As soon as thou hast reached this spot, ring with the little bell which I have given thee; and thou wilt not repent having been servicable to the good people.'

" 'Scarcely had the little man given Maud her direction, when the astonished maiden remarked that the ground before her feet flashed like molten gold, sunk deeper and deeper, and in this glowing gulf the extraordinary being vanished, like a silver star. The whole phenomenon lasted only a few seconds, then everything was again at rest as before. The little bell-flower only assured Matilda that she did not dream, and that something unusual had really taken place.

" Possessed with her feelings, she took her father his meal; and found him, in sooth, fast asleep under the wall of rock. Of her adventure she said nothing, but carried the pledge of the little man well secured in her bosom. And yet how was it possible for her to persevere in her silence? It is true, Maud knew not if the communication of the incident was permitted her. She put her trust, however, in the pledge; and, since she had not been commanded to silence, she hoped to be justified in making Albert acquainted with what had happened.

" She did it with fear and trembling, and produced to her astonished lover, as witness, the flower which had withered in the warmth of her bosom. Singularly enough, let her shake it as often as she would, the little bell could not be made to ring.

" 'And you really mean to go?' asked Albert, when he had a little recovered from his surprise. 'I should like to see you! To get flirting with ghosts and hobgoblins, or whatever else the devils may be. No! go you don't. You will throw that stupid thing into the running stream. There it won't hurt you; and upon that confounded Sun's hill you will please never to set foot more.'

" 'I have given my word, Albert; and I must keep my word let what will happen.'

" 'Very well,' said the youngster, 'that's enough! Then every thing's at an end between us—clean at an end!'

" 'How you take on now! For whom else, but for you, have I accepted this pledge? For whom else have I so long endured—so long borne my father's upbraidings? Dost thou think that, had I wished it, I could not long since have wedded? And is it my fault that I am a Sunday's child? Is it not said that all Sunday's children are born to good-luck? If you hinder me from keeping my word with this miraculous being—and the luck that is decreed me is meanwhile scattered to all the four winds—you may settle it with the spirit and face his anger; for I wash my hands in innocence.'

" Maud began to cry, kissed the shrunken leaf, and hid it again in her bosom. Albert was not at ease. He was annoyed at the untoward cu-

counter, a touch of jealousy disquieted and distressed his soul, and yet he could not say that the girl was in the wrong. At length he said, dispiritedly—

“ ‘Go through with your folly then. I will, however, be near you, and if the moon-spun rascal takes improper liberties, I will snap his neck, though mine too should crack for it.’ ”

“For the first time in his life, Albert parted with Maud in an ill-humour, and the poor girl herself passed a bad and restless night.

“ ‘Mother,’ said Maud a few days afterwards, whilst she was getting the father’s dinner ready for her, ‘did you ever see a fairy?’ ”

“ ‘God forbid, girl!’ cried the worthy and somewhat timid woman, crossing herself. ‘How came that into thy head? What hast thou to do with fairies and elves, dwarfs and wights? A good Christian has no business with such things of nothing, or worse.’ ”

“ ‘Why, aunt Nelly was telling the other day such surprising stories of the people!’ Matilda replied; ‘but she did not drop a hint of our having reason to fear any harm from them. She even called them the GOOD PEOPLE.’ ”

“ ‘Daughter!’ the mother seriously rejoined, ‘we call them so that they may do us no mischief. It is safer for us to leave them quite alone.’ ”

“ ‘Can it be true, mother, that they have buried themselves under the Sun’s hill, and keep house and home there? Aunt Nelly would have it that in the still of the night, by bright moonlight, you may hear them singing wonderful tunes.’ ”

“The mother fixed her eyes upon Maud, set the old man’s morsel of food upon the hearth stone, and, taking her daughter by the hand, led her to the stove, and seated her upon the family bench.

“ ‘Listen!’ she said, ‘and take thou heed to my words. The good people, or the fairies, which is their proper name, although they do not like to be called so, do indeed live, though few have the gift of beholding

them, in all the mountains and valleys round about. Very, very seldom, and only upon the most extraordinary occasions, do they ever show themselves. When they do, it betokens luck to him that sees them, and brings it, if he quietly fulfill their wishes. These are certainly often out of the way, just like the people, who are strange and incomprehensible enough. Thank Goodness, they never crossed my path! but your godmother Helen, she had many, many years ago, a curious adventure with the fairies.’ ”

“ ‘Really, mother! Aunt Nelly spoken to the fairies! O pray, dear mother, tell me quickly and fully the whole story!’ ”

“ ‘First run to the quarry, and take your father his dinner,’ said the mother. ‘I will try in the meanwhile to remember all about it; and if you will promise me to say not a word to any one—not even to your godmother, you shall hear what your aunt told me at that time.’ ”

“Maud very naturally promised every thing, took herself off, and was back again as quickly as possible. She did not loiter for a moment upon the road, did not even notice the signals which her Albert made as he came towards her from the distance. She could think only of her mother’s story.

“ ‘Here I am again, mother!’ she said breathless. ‘I call that running! I should say that the king’s trained runners could do no better. But now begin, dear mother. I will listen to you as if you were saying mass.’ ”

“ ‘As well as I can remember,’ proceeded the mother, ‘the case of the fairies is a very singular one. Your godmother Helen disclosed to me, it is true, just the chief particulars only; but they were quite enough to let you understand something of the good people. They told her that, once in every fifty or a hundred years, they have a kind of church meeting, which from old time they call a Sabbath. For you must know, child, that the fairies are properly Jews,\* right down

\* The fairies themselves hardly can have imparted to godmother Helen the two irreconcilable derivations of their order: that they were Jews, and that they were fallen angels. But the poet DRAMATICALLY joins, upon the mother’s lip, the  
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old chaffering Jews, from Olm's time.\*

"O bless me! Jews!" cried Maud, frightened out of her wits.

"Yes, yes, Jews and nothing else," repeated the mother warmly; "and that's the very reason why, up to this day, they are so given to trafficking in precious stones, pearls, gold, silver, and artful jewellery. And when they give themselves a holiday, they go running about above-ground, making presents to new-born babies if they are very lovely, and playing all kinds of odd pranks. According to your godmother Helen, the history of the fairies runs thus:—The whole people, and their name is *LAGION*, were formerly in heaven."

"In heaven!" cried Maud, interrupting her mother, "then why didn't the silly creatures stay there? Where else do they hope to be more snug and comfortable than in heaven! seated under the fur-cap of father Abraham!"

"How you prate!" said the mother, checking her. "If you do not instantly tie up your tongue, and think more respectfully of the good people, I shall not tell you another syllable."

"O pray! I will be quite quiet!"

"Very well. Then the fairies were a long while ago in heaven," continued the mother. "At that time they were part of the angelic host, were fine handsome people, went about in glittering robes, and sat at God's right hand. Now, it befell that the chief angel of all got dissatisfied with the old management of affairs in heaven, stirred up discontent, tampered with the half of all the angels, and tried, with their help, to thrust out the old rightful Master of heaven and earth from his bright throne. But it fared with him as it does with most rebels, and rightly should with all. Our Father, in his glory, got the better of Satan, took him by the hair of his head, and pitched him head foremost out of heaven into the pit of darkness, and his whole sharkish band followed after him. Amongst those, however, a good many had given ear

to his fine tales, and had followed him thoughtlessly, although they were not properly wicked at heart. They repented their hasty work, even whilst they were falling deeper and deeper into gloom. They put up a prayer of repentance to their Lord, and implored his forgiveness; and because God saw that they were not rotten at the core, he hearkened to their petition, and rescued them out of the claws of Satan. But since they were not worthy to be received into heaven again, the Lord banished them back to the earth, with leave given them to dwell either within it, or in upper air, upon the hills and rocks. You must know that, during their fall, a surprising change had gone on in the transgressors. They had kept their forms of light—dwindled in size, however, immensely. And since they could not now become men,† and had soiled away their celestial bills, the Lord granted them a clear field, with power, until the last day, to make themselves worthy by good deeds of being readmitted into heaven. And thus they have their abodes all about the open hills and the meadow flats; and only once in every fifty or a hundred years, upon Whitsun-eve, are they permitted, in their own way, to keep the Sabbath. And then they can only do it by loading a truly good human being with the blessings of fortune. For thus only can they hope to expiate their great offence in the sight of Heaven."

"And did godmother Helen hear this from the good people themselves?" asked Maud, as her mother ceased. "Was she, then, lucky?"

"No," said the mother, "Nelly was not lucky, because she did not observe the commandment of the fairies."

"Well, if one of the creatures came to me, and should lay a command upon me, I would keep a quiet tongue within my head, and do readily what he wished."

"Foolish chatter!" said the mother chidingly. "Thou dost offend the quiet people with thy empty bab-

ble current traditions. With her, fallen angel and Jew are synonymous, as being both opposed to the faith of the cross.

\* Who is this unknown Olm? Our old friend perchance, the Latin adverb, "*Olm*," of yore—gradually slipped from the mouths of scholars into the people's, and soon in dignity as it descended.

† *Sto.*



bling, for they can hear every thing that human lips utter.'

"Maud went singing to her work, and long mused upon her timid mother's narrative. What she had heard filled her with so eager a curiosity that she could scarcely wait for Whitsun-eve, although she took care to let no one observe it. From time to time she stole a glance at her bell-flower, tried to make it ring with shaking, but failed to bring, by any means, one sound from the delicate little bell.

"With a longing dread, Maud saw the promised Whitsun-eve draw near. It was not easy to leave the parental roof at nightfall. The enamoured maiden, however, found a becoming excuse which placed a few hours at her disposal. She went her way with the fairy cap in her bosom, ascended the green summit of the Sun's hill, now glimmering in the moonlight, and drew from its hiding-place the pledge that had been entrusted to her. As if by a miracle, the little flower, touched by the moon's silvery glow, expanded in an instant. Almost spontaneously it began to oscillate in her hand; and shrill and clear the little bell rang, so that it resounded into the adjacent wood, whence a soft echo melodiously responded.

"The voice of Albert, who with vigorous strides was ascending the hill to look close after the adventure of his beloved, reached her ear. But the senses of Matilda were engrossed by the fairies, and to his repeated calls she gave no answer. And she had good reason. For scarcely had the little bell rung, when a flash, like a sparkling snake, darted here and there upon the grass, and out of the quivering light there arose a small and exceedingly beautiful creature, whom Maud immediately recognised for the lord of the bell-flower. The little fellow was in Spanish costume. He wore a doublet of sky-blue butterflies' wings, over which dropped a magnificent lace collar woven of the gossamer. The delicate feet were covered with transparent shoes, made of dew-drops.

"Maud stood mute with astonishment, as well at the tiny smallness of the fairy, as at his truly classical beauty. The little creature was, in his way, a perfect Adonis.

"Now, my trembler, art thou re-

solute to follow me?' whispered the fairy in a note that came to her like a note of the harmonicon. Restore me the pledge, for we have no time to lose.

"Maud gave back the bell-flower; the elf seized it in his little diaphanous alabaster floral hands, waved it three times round his dazzling head, so that the little bell sent a peal round the hills, and then threw it upon the ground. It dilated immediately, took the shape of a galley with masts and yards, although no larger than the moon's disk as we see it from the earth. In the same instant the elf sat in the little vessel, which trembled at every step, drew a rush from his girdle, and steered with it in the air.

"Now, come, step in!' he called to Maud.

"In that!' exclaimed the maiden astounded. 'Heaven love you, there's hardly room for my two feet! Besides, it will tear under me like a poppy-leaf, for I verily believe it is made of mere air.'

"Spare your remarks, Miss Pert!' returned the fairy, 'and step in. I pledge my honour, and will give up my hope of salvation, if this bark of our master's do not carry thee safely over half the earth half in less than no time.'

"It might be that Maud now stood under the mysterious power of a spell, or that she was urged by an invincible curiosity. Enough: she placed her feet in the quaking gondola, which swelled aloft like an air-balloon until it reached the maiden's shoulders. Now the ground sank away, and Matilda's senses failed her in the dizzy speed with which she was hurried down into the bowels of the earth. At this precise moment Albert reached the top of the hill. He had only the pleasure of looking after them, and hardly that; for it appeared to him as if every thing about him was immersed in a sea of azure so resplendently clear, that he was for several minutes robbed of his sight.

"From the magical slumber into which the child had fallen during her descent into the kingdom of the fairies, she was awakened by a witching harmony of sounds. She opened her eyes, and observed, with not a little wonder, that she was lying upon a bed or mat, or whatsoever else it

might be called, of costly emerald. Over her head nodded marvellous flowers of the most glowing colours; butterflies, of unseen splendour, flitted on cooling pinions around her couch, and fanned her with an air so sweet, so invigorating, that the maiden had never breathed before with such delight. But with all the magnificence, all the spirit and splendour, every thing was quite other than upon the sunny earth above. The flowers and herbs glittered indeed, but they seemed to be juiceless, and looked as if formed of crystal. Even the butterflies had a peculiar motion, like that of an involuntary sleepwalker. Only the harmonious strains, which now rang louder and louder, more and more ravishing, were so ecstatic, so inviting to joyous devotion, that Maud would fain have shouted aloud for joy; but she felt that she could not speak, could not cry out, and sight, touch, and hearing, were more alive than ever.

"Thus she lay for some time motionless, pleasingly intent upon the nodding flowers, the swarming butterflies. At length the winged multitude dispersed, and two slender fairy-forms approached her bed, and beckoned her to arise and follow them.

"Maud arose; and the fairies, who hardly reached up to her knee, taking her between them, conducted her through a gate of mother-of-pearl into an illimitable space, through which a throng of countless millions of elves confusedly moved. The converse of these semi-spirits sounded in the distance harmonious, like perfect music. Notwithstanding the immense multitude, there was nothing of tumult, nothing of uproar. They stood all in the finest concord, and, bent, waving their flower-caps gracefully, towards the abashed, astonished maiden. It bewildered Maud to see that not only overhead arched a star-bespangled sky, but likewise underneath her feet the same solemn starry splendour was revealed, as if the slight fairy people walked, between two heavens, upon the milkwhite vapour which rolled on under them like clouds. Every fairy had on glass or crystal shoes, if that which they wore on their feet might be so called. It is, however, possible that the exquisitely made limbs of these perplexing beings only

deluded the eyes of the poor girl with such an appearance.

"Nearly in the middle of the immeasurable arena rose a temple of gold, silver, and precious stones, which, with its lofty pillars reaching to the sky, was emblazoned in so wondrous a light, that, notwithstanding the extreme refulgence, it did not dazzle. Within this, upon a ceaselessly revolving sun-orb, stood the most beautiful and tallest of the fairies. In her golden hair gleamed stars. Joy and ecstasy radiated like a glory from her lovely pale face, and vapoury raiment concealed, but as with a breath, her incomparable figure. Towards her pressed the innumerable host; for the sublime creature might be the priestess of the united elfin race. Maud was carried forwards with them, that she might be a witness of the singular worship that was here solemnized. Not a word was spoken, no hymn was sung; there was but a looking-up of supplication, of trustfulness, in which all the fairies, turning round upon their sparkling little feet, took part. After a few minutes a joyful expression in the countenance of the worshippers proclaimed the happy issue of the Sabbath. The stars of the upper sky shot down like silver spangles, and hung suspended in the luminous hair of the fairies, giving them the appearance of carrying dancing lights on their heads. A loud, melodious, strain of rejoicing thrilled through the vast room. The radiant structure heaved and sank. Overhead a verdurous canopy of leaves vaulted itself; the elves, entwining arms and legs, flew in a lightning whirl around the high priestess and the dazzled Maud, who, unawares, had come close upon the lovely fairy.

"In a little while the slender body-chain of elves gave way; they grouped themselves into numberless rows; every one took off the star from his head, and, tripping up, deposited it at the feet of the priestess, where they at length all united in composing themselves into a great gold-bright sphere, exactly resembling that upon which the high, officiating fairy had been borne round in the temple.

"The elfin now extended her hand to Maud and said—

"We thank thee for the readiness

with which thou hast followed my messenger into this our hidden kingdom. Thou hast, by thy presence, prospered our Sabbath festival. Receive, for thy reward, the gratitude of all the fairies; and bear with thee this gift in remembrance of this day.

"So speaking, she plucked the coronal of stars from her hair, stretched it out with both her hands, and hung it upon the head and neck of Matilda.

"Whenever thou art in trouble," she continued, "think of the good people; pull one of these stars, throw it in the air by the light of the moon, and whatsoever thou wishest, provided it be lawful, shall be granted thee."

"Maud would have stammered forth her thanks, but she felt herself still powerless to speak. A kiss of the fairy upon her forehead was the signal for breaking up. The good people once more waved their caps. The gondola floated by, Maud mounted it, and, as quickly as she had descended, was lifted up upon the earth again.

"There!" said the little pilot fairy, tying the supple rudder about the wrist of Maud, "that is my wedding gift to you and Albert. Give him the half of it if he pouts; and—have a care—no blabbing!"

"With that the gondola dissolved like a cloud in the air. The fairy vanished; and Maud lay alone upon the fragrant dewy grass of the Sun's hill.

"Still all-amazed at what had happened, and not yet come rightly to herself, she slowly rose, intending to go home. It was then she perceived Albert, who, with folded arms, was staring wildly and savagely into the wood below. Matilda coughed.

"Why where, in the name of all that is holy, have you been dancing to?" was the not very tender greeting of her lover. "I saw you standing there as I came up the hill; and then lightning and streams of fire were all about me, and here I have been full five minutes, running about in all directions, without being able to find a trace of you."

"Only five minutes," exclaimed Maud; "that is exact."

"Yes; and, no matter to you, not altogether right," said Albert. "Did I not beg of you to wait for me?"

"That you might wring the fairy's

neck for him?" said the maiden, laughing. "Set yourself at ease, Albert; it is much better as it is."

"What is?" screamed the youngster.

"Never mind! It is all done now; and indeed, dear boy, we shall neither of us repent it. Come, let us go home."

"O ho!—dear boy!—Mighty wise and patronizing truly!"

"Well, then, good Albert," said Matilda coaxingly; "only come away, and don't be angry. In four weeks we shall be married."

"In fo—ur wee—eks!" stuttered Albert.

"Yes, and in three, if you like it better," prated the overjoyed Maud.

The good people," she added, almost inaudibly, "have enabled us to marry. Therefore behave pretty, be quiet, and don't quarrel—or else—*every thing is at an end between us—clean at an end!*" Don't you know that I am a Sunday's child, and am under the especial protection of these kind, little, powerful creatures?"

The jealous youth followed the maiden with reluctance. Whilst he walked, murmuring in an under-tone at her side, he noticed by the light of the full moon something flickering in Matilda's hair. He examined it more closely, and then stood still.

"What new fashion do you call that?" he asked in a voice of chagrin. "The idea of hanging dried mushrooms in one's hair! If you will only walk with that finery by daylight down to the brook, the children will run after you, and point at you with their finger."

"Mushrooms!" replied Maud. "Why, where are your eyes again?"

"Well, I suppose you don't mean to call them silver crowns? Thank Heaven, my eyes are good enough yet to see the difference between dried funguses and coined money!"

"They are glittering stars, sir," said Maud, short and decided.

"O, indeed!" returned Albert. "Well, then, the next time I would recommend you to select some that shine rather brighter."

The lovers had, in the meanwhile, reached the hut of the stone-mason. Albert entered with Matilda. The father lay asleep by the stove. The mother turned her spinning-wheel,



"'Good-evening, mother!' said Albert. 'Have the goodness to tell that conceited girl there, that her headgear is the most miserable that ever was seen.'

"'What!' said the old lady wondering, and with a shake of the head: 'Maud has no other gear that I see, but her own beautiful hair, which may God long preserve to her!'

"Instead of giving any answer, Albert would have set the daughter before her mother's eyes.\* But Maud had already, in the doorway, pulled off the fairy's gift, and turned pale as she saw that she had actually worn dried mushrooms on a string, twisted of withered rushes. Albert observed her perplexity, and laughed. He bantered her, and snatched two or three mushrooms from the chain, to hoard up for future sport. This was the token of their reconciliation. Maud, although very calmly, assured her lover, over and over again, that within a month their nuptials should take place. That the tired old man might not be disturbed, Albert went home early; and Maud hastened to put carefully away, for a while, the very meagre-looking fairy gifts.

"On the following morning, Albert was off betimes to his work. Putting on his jacket, he heard something chinking within. His surprise was naturally great, knowing that he had no money there. He dived at once into his pocket, and drew out two large old gold pieces. Then he suddenly remembered, that the evening before he had pocketed the mushrooms which he had snatched away from Maud, and the most extravagant joy possessed him. He forgot his work and every thing else; started off, and ran, as fast as his legs could carry him, to the house of the stone-mason.

"Maud stood at the brook, before the door, washing her small white hands in the clear stream.

"'Good-morrow, dear Maud, and a thousand blessings on thy sweet head!' cried Albert to her, as he came running. 'Look, look, how

thy mushrooms have changed! If the others turn out as well, I am afraid that, after all, I must forgive that little shrimp that was so killingly polite to you!'

"'Delightful! delightful!' exclaimed Matilda, gazing at the gold pieces. 'Mine have not changed yet—but that doesn't matter; for in the night, a little rush band, with which the fairy steered me into his kingdom of wonders, has bloomed into precious pearls and brilliants, and two sparkling wreaths are now lying upstairs in my drawer.'

"Joyful surprise choked Albert's words in his throat; but Maud drew him on, and displayed to him her glories from the fairy world.

"'Let us leave nothing undone that may help our luck. Do you take the little wreath for the present. Such is the wish of the mysterious being, who required my attendance at the Fairies' Sabbath.'

"Albert received the gift with a softened heart. He begged Maud's forgiveness of his fault; she granted it willingly, and before four weeks had passed by, the lovers were man and wife.

"Of her adventure on Whitsun-eve, Maud never spoke. So much the more had her godmother Helen to say about it; for it was not difficult to guess that the fairies had had their prospering hand in the marriage of her godchild. The stone-mason now gave up his laborious calling. Albert became the master of a moderate property, which he diligently cultivated with his beloved Maud; and, as fair child after child was born to them, the happy mother laid upon the breast of each a shriveled leaf from the elfin chain, for so had her little guide counseled her, when she once, in a doubtful hour, had summoned him to her aid. Albert and Matilda reached a good old age; their children thrived, and carefully preserved, like their parents, the gifts received from the subterranean folk, who continued their favour to them and to all their posterity."

## COLUMBUS.

*(A Print after a Picture by Parmeggiani.)*

By B. SIMMONS.

## I.

RISE, VICTOR, from the festive board  
 Flush'd with triumphal wine,  
 And lifting high thy beaming sword,  
 Fired by the flattering Harper's chord,  
 Who hymns thee half divine.  
 Vow at the glutt'd shrine of Fate  
 That dark-red brand to consecrate!  
 Long, dread, and doubtful was the fray  
 That gives the stars thy name to-day.  
 But all is over; round thee now  
 Fame shouts, spoil pours, and captives bow,  
 No stormier joy can Earth impart,  
 Than thrills in lightning through thy heart.

## II.

GAY LOVER, with the soft guitar,  
 Hie to the olive-woods afar,  
 And to thy friend, the listening brook,  
 Alone reveal that raptur'd look;  
 The maid so long in secret loved—  
 A parent's angry will removed—  
 This morning saw betroth'd thine,  
 That Sire the pledge, consenting, blest,  
 Life bright as motes in golden wine,  
 Is dancing in thy breast.

## III.

STATESMAN astute, the final hour  
 Arrives of long-contested Power;  
 Each crafty wile thine ends to aid,  
 Party and principle betray'd;  
 The subtle speech, the plan profound,  
 Pursued for years, success has crown'd;  
 To-night the Vote upon whose tongue,  
 The nicely-poised Division hung,  
 Was thine—beneath that placid brow  
 What feelings throb exulting now!  
 Thy rival falls;—on grandeur's base  
 Go shake the nations in his place!

## IV.

FAME, LOVE, AMBITION! what are Ye,  
 With all your wasting passions' war,  
 To the great Strife that, like a sea,  
 O'erswept His soul tumultuously,  
 Whose face gleams on me like a star—  
 A star that gleams through murky clouds—  
 As here begirt by struggling crowds  
 A spell-bound Loiterer I stand,  
 Before a print-shop in the Strand?  
 What are your eager hopes and fears  
 Whose minutes wither men like years—

Your schemes defeated or fulfill'd,  
 To the emotions dread that thrill'd  
 His frame on that October night,  
 When, watching by the lonely mast,  
*He saw on shore the moving light,*  
 And felt, though darkness veil'd the sight,  
 The long-sought World was his at last ? \*

## V.

How Fancy's boldest glances fail,  
 Contemplating each hurrying mood  
 Of thought that to that aspect pale  
 Sent up the heart's o'erboiling flood  
 Through that vast vigil, while his eyes  
 Watch'd till the slow reluctant skies  
 Should kindle, and the vision dread,  
 Of all his livelong years be read !  
 In youth, his faith-led spirit doom'd  
 Still to be baffled and betray'd,  
 His manhood's vigorous noon consumed  
 Ere Power bestow'd its niggard aid ;  
 That morn of summer, dawning grey, †  
 When, from Huelva's humble bay,  
 He full of hope, before the gale  
 Turn'd on the hopeless World his sail,  
 And steer'd for seas untrack'd, unknown,  
 And westward still sail'd on—sail'd on—  
 Sail'd on till Ocean seem'd to be  
 All shoreless as Eternity,  
 Till, from its long-loved Star estranged,  
 At last the constant Needle changed, ‡

\* October 11, 1492.—“As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin, on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety ; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, *he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance.* Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bedchamber, and enquired whether he saw a light in that direction ; the latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same enquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the roundhouse, the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them ; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.”—*IRVING'S Columbus*, vol. i.

† “It was on Friday, the 3d of August 1492, early in the morning, that Columbus set sail on his first voyage of discovery. He departed from the bar of Saltes, a small island in front of the town of Huelva, steering in a south-westerly direction,” &c.—*IRVING*. He was about fifty-seven years old the year of the Discovery.

‡ “On the 13th September, in the evening, being about two hundred leagues from the island of Ferro, he, for the first time, noticed the variation of the needle, a phenomenon which had never before been remarked. Struck with the circumstance, he observed it attentively for three days, and found that the variation increased as he advanced. It soon attracted the attention of the pilots, and filled them with consternation. It seemed as if the very laws of nature were changing as they advanced, and that they were entering another world subject to unknown influences.”—*Ibid.*



And fierce amid his murmuring crew  
 Prone terror into treason grew ;  
 While on his tortured spirit rose,  
 More dire than portents, toils, or foes,  
 The awaiting World's loud jeers and scorn  
 Yell'd o'er his profitless Return ;  
 No—none through that dark watch may trace  
     The feelings wild beneath whose swell,  
 As heaves the bark the billows' race,  
     His Being rose and fell !  
 Yet over doubt, and pride, and pain,  
 O'er all that flash'd through breast and brain,  
 As with those grand, immortal eyes  
     He stood—his heart on fire to know  
 When morning next illumed the skies,  
     What wonders in its light should glow—  
 O'er all one thought must, in that hour,  
 Have sway'd supreme—Power, conscious Power—  
 Tho' lofty sense that Truths conceived,  
     And born of his own starry mind,  
 And foster'd into might, achieved  
     A new Creation for mankind !  
 And when from off that ocean calm  
     The Tropic's dusky curtain clear'd,  
 And those green shores and banks of balm  
     And rosy-tinted hills appear'd  
 Silent and bright as Eden, ere  
 Earth's breezes shook one blossom there—  
 Against that hour's proud tumult weigh'd,  
 LOVE, FAME, AMBITION, how ye fade !

## VI.

Thou LUTHER of the darken'd Deep !  
     Nor less intrepid, too, than He  
 Whose courage broke EARTH's bigot sleep  
     Whilst thine unbarr'd the SEA—  
 Like his, 'twas thy predestined fate  
     Against your grim benighted age,  
 With all its fiends of Fear and Hate,  
     War, single-handed war, to wage,  
 And live a conqueror, too, like him,  
 Till Time's expiring lights grow dim !  
 O, Hero of my boyish heart !  
 Ere from thy pictured looks I part,  
 My mind's maturer reverence now  
 In thoughts of thankfulness would bow  
 To the OMNISCIENT WILL that sent  
 Thee forth, its chosen instrument,  
 To teach us hope, when sin and care,  
     And the vile siblings that degrade  
 Our dust, would bid us most despair—  
     Hope, from each varied deed display'd  
 Along thy bold and wondrous story,  
     That shows how far one steadfast mind,  
 Serene in suffering as in glory,  
     May go to deify our kind,

## TO SWALLOWS ON THE EVE OF DEPARTURE.

BY THE SAME.

"The day before V——'s departure for the last time from the country—it was the 4th of August, one of the hottest days of the season—as evening fell, he strolled with an old school-fellow through the cool green avenues and leafy arches of the neighbouring park, where his friend amused him by pointing out to his attention vast multitudes of Swallows that came swarming from all directions to settle on the roofs and gables of the manor-house. This they do for several days preparatory to their departing, in one collected body, to more genial climates."—*MS. Memoir.*

## I.

Joyous Birds! preparing  
In the clear evening light  
To leave our dwindled summer day  
For latitudes more bright!  
How gay must be your greeting,  
By southern fountains meeting,  
To miss no faithful wing of all that started in your flight!

## II.

Every clime and season  
Fresh gladness brings to you,  
Howe'er remote your social throngs  
Their varied path pursue;  
No winds nor waves dis sever—  
No dusky veil'd FOR EVER,  
Frowneth across your fearless way in the empyrean blue.\*

## III.

Mates and merry brothers  
Were ye in Arctic hours,  
Mottling the evening beam that sloped  
Adown old Gothic towers!  
As blythe that sunlight dancing  
Will see your pinions' glancing  
Scattering afar through Tropic groves the spicy bloom in showers!

## IV.

Haunters of palaced wastes!†  
From king-forlorn Versailles  
To where, round gateless Thebes, the winds  
Like monarch voices wail,  
Your tribe capricious ranges,  
Rockless of glory's changes,  
Love makes for ye a merry home amid the ruins pale.

## V.

Another day, and ye  
From knoop and turret's brow  
Shall, with your fleet of crowding wings,  
Air's viewless billows plough,  
With no keen-fang'd regretting  
Our darken'd hill-sides quitting,  
—Away in fond companionship as cheerily as now!

\* "They all quit together, and fly for a time east or west, possibly in wait for stragglers not yet arrived from the interior—they then take directly to the south, and are soon lost sight of altogether for the allotted period of their absence. Their rapidity of flight is well known, and the 'border-swing eye' of the most experienced sportsman will seldom avail against the swallow; hence they themselves seldom fall a prey to the raptorial birds."—*Cuvier, edited by Griffiths.* Swallows are long-lived; they have been known to live a number of years in cages.

† In the fanciful language of Chateaubriand, "This daughter of a king (the swallow) still seems attached to grandeur; she passes the summer amid the ruins of Versailles, and the winter among those of Thebes."

## VI.

Woe for the Soul-endued—  
The clay-enthralled Mind—  
Leaving, unlike you, favour'd birds !  
Its all—its all behind.

Woe for the exile mourning,  
To banishment returning—  
A mateless bird wide torn apart from country and from kind !

## VII.

This moment blest as ye,  
Beside his own home-trees,  
With friends and fellows girt around,  
Up springs the western breeze,  
Bringing the parting weather—  
Shall all depart together ?  
Ah, no !—he goes a wretch alone upon the lonely seas.

## VIII.

To him the mouldering tower—  
The pillar'd waste, to him  
A broken-hearted music make  
Until his eyelids swim.  
None heeds when he complaineth,  
Nor where that brow he leaneth  
A mother's lips shall bless no more sinking to slumber dim.

## IX.

Winter shall wake to spring,  
And 'mid the fragrant grass  
The daffodil shall watch the rill  
Like Beauty by her glass.  
But woe for him who pineth  
Where the clear water shineth,  
With no voice near to say—How sweet those April evenings pass !

## X.

Then while through Nature's heart  
Love freshly burns again,  
Hither shall ye, plumed travellers,  
Come trooping o'er the main ;  
The selfsame nook disclosing  
Its nest for your reposing  
That saw you revel years ago as you shall revel then.\*

## XI.

—Your human brother's lot !  
A few short years are gone—  
Back, back like you to early scenes—  
Lo ! at the threshold-stone,  
Where ever in the gloaming  
Home's angels watch'd his coming,  
A stranger stands, and stares at him who sighing passes on.

## XII.

Joy to the Travail-worn !  
Omnific purpose lies  
Even in his bale as in your bliss,  
Careerers of the skies !  
When sun and earth, that cherish'd  
Your tribes, with you have perish'd,  
A home is his where partings more shall never dim the eyes.

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\* " However difficult to be credited, it seems to be ascertained beyond doubt, that the same pair which quitted their nest and the limited circle of their residence here, return to the very same nest again, and this for several successive years ; in all probability for their whole lives."—*Griffiths' Cuvier*.



## THE DILIGENCE.

## A LEAF FROM A JOURNAL.

A DILIGENCE is as familiar to our countrymen as a stage-coach; and, as railroads flourish more amongst us than with our less commercial and enterprising neighbours, it is probable that, to many English travellers, it is even more familiar. There is no need, therefore, to describe the portentous vehicle. Suffice it to say, that, of the three compartments into which it is divided, I found myself lodged—not in the *coupée* which looks out in front, and which has the appearance of a narrow post-chaise that has been flattened and compressed in the effort to incorporate it with the rest of the machine—nor in the *rotunde* behind, where one rides omnibus-fashion—but in the central compartment, the *interieur*, which answers to the veritable old English stage-coach, and carries six. I was one of the central occupants of this central division; for I had not been so fortunate as to secure a corner seat. Now, for the convenience of the luckless person who occupies this position, there depends from the roof of the coach, and hangs just before his face, a broad leathern strap, with a loop through which he can, if so disposed, place his arms; and, when his arms are thus slung up, he can further rest his head upon them or upon the strap, and so seek repose. Whether he finds the repose he seeks, is another matter. One half of the traveller swings like a parrot on his perch, the other half jolts on stationary—jolts\* over the eternal stones which pave the roads in France. Perhaps there are who can go to roost in this fashion. And if it is recorded of any one that he ever slept in this state of demi-suspension—all swing above, all shake below—I should like very much to know, in the next place, what sort of dreams he had. Did he fancy himself a griffin, or huge dragon, beating the air with his wings, and at the same time trotting furiously upon the ground? Or, in order to picture out his sensations, was he compelled to divide himself into two several creatures, and be at once the captured and half-strangled goose, with all its

feathers outstretched in the air, and the wicked fox who is running away with it, at full speed, upon its back? As to myself, in no vain expectation of slumber, but merely for the sake of change of position, I frequently slung my arms in this loop, and leaning my head against the broad leathern strap, I listened to the gossip of my fellow-travellers, if there was any conversation stirring; or, if all was still, gave myself up to meditations upon my own schemes and projects.

And here let me observe, that I have always found that a journey in a stage-coach is remarkably favourable to the production of good resolutions and sage designs for the future; which I account for partly on the ground that they cannot, under such circumstances, demand to be carried into immediate execution, and therefore may be indulged in the more freely; and partly on this other ground, that one who has become a traveller has loosened himself from his old customary moorings, and so gives himself, as it were, a new starting-point in life, from which he may, if the spirit of delusion is still happily strong within him, draw a mathematically straight line in the given direction A B, to be the faithful index of his future career.

What a generous sample of humanity it is that a well filled diligence carries out of the gates of Paris! The mountain of luggage upon the roof, consisting of boxes of all shapes and sizes, does not contain in its numerous *strata* of stuffs, and implements, and garments, rags and fine linen, a greater variety of dead material, than does the threefold interior, with its complement of human beings, of living character and sentiment. As to the observation not unfrequently made, that Frenchmen have less variety of character than ourselves, it is one which seems to me to have little or no foundation. Something there doubtless is of national character, which pervades all classes and all classifications of men; and this colouring, seen diffused over the mass, makes us apprehend, at first view, that there is

in the several parts a radical similarity which, in fact, does not exist. We have only to become a little more intimate with the men themselves, and this national colouring fades away; while the strong peculiarities resulting from social position, or individual temperament, stand out in sharp relief. And, in general, I will venture to say of national character—whatever people may be spoken of—that one may compare it to the colour which the sea bears at different times, or which different seas are said to be distinguished by: view the great surface at a distance, it is blue, or green, or grey; but take up a handful of the common element, and it is an undistinguishable portion of brackish water. It is French, or Flemish, or Spanish nature in the mass, and at a distance; looked at closer, and in the individual, there is little else than plain human nature to be seen.

But I did not open my journal to philosophize upon national character; but to record, while it is still fresh in my memory, some part of the conversation to which I was, as I travelled along, of necessity, and whether willingly or unwillingly, a listener. To the left of me the corner seats were occupied by two Englishmen—would it be possible to enter into a diligence without meeting at least two of our dear compatriots? They were both men in the prime of life, in the full flush of health, and apparently of wealth, who, from allusions which they dropt, could evidently boast of being of good family, and what follows of course—of having received an university education; and whom some one of our northern counties probably reckoned amongst its most famous fox-hunters. All which hindered not, but that they proved themselves to belong to that class of English travellers who scamper about the Continent like so many big, boisterous, presumptuous school-boys, much to the annoyance of every one who meets them, and to the especial vexation of their fellow-countrymen, who are not, in general, whatever may be said to the contrary, an offensive or conceited race, and are by no means pleased that the name of Englishmen should be made a by-word and a term of contempt. Opposite to me sat a Frenchman, of rather formal and grave demeanour, and

dressed somewhat precisely. He was placed in a similar position in the diligence to myself; he had, however, curled up his leathern strap, and fastened it to the roof. Apparently he did not think the posture to which it invited one of sufficient dignity; for during the whole journey, and even when asleep, I observed that he maintained a certain becomingness of posture. Beside me, to the right, sat a little lively Frenchwoman, not very young, and opposite to her, and consequently in front also of myself, was another lady, a person of extreme interest, who at once riveted the eye, and set the imagination at work. She was so young, so pale, so beautiful, so sad, and withal so exceeding gentle in her demeanour, that an artist who wished to portray Our Lady in her virgin purity and celestial beauty, would have been ravished with the model. She had taken off her bonnet for the convenience of travelling, and her dark brown hair hung curled round her neck in the same simple fashion it must have done when she was a child. She was dressed in mourning, and this enhanced the palor of her countenance; ill-health and sorrow were also evidently portrayed upon her features; but there was so much of lustre in the complexion, and so much of light and intelligence in the eye, that the sense of beauty predominated over all. You could not have wished her more cheerful than she was. Her face was a melody which you cannot quarrel with for being sad—which you could not desire to be otherwise than sad—whose very charm it is that it has made the tone of sorrow ineffably sweet.

Much I mused and conjectured what her history might be, and frequently I felt tempted to address myself in conversation to her; but still there was a tranquillity and repose in those long eyelashes which I feared to disturb. It was probable that she preferred her own reflections, melancholy as they might be, to any intercourse with others, and out of respect to this wish I remained silent. Not so, however, my fellow-traveller of her own sex, who, far from practising this forbearance, felt that she acted the kind and social part by engaging her in conversation. And so perhaps she did. For certainly, after some time, the beautiful

and pensive girl became communicative, and I overheard the brief history of her sufferings, which I had felt so curious to know. It was indeed brief—it is not a three-volume novel that one overhears in a stage-coach—but it had the charm of truth to recommend it. I had been lately reading Eugene Sue's romance, *The Mysteries of Paris*, and it gave an additional interest to remark, that the simple tale I was listening to from the lips of the living sufferer bore a resemblance to one of its most striking episodes.

The shades of evening were closing round us, and the rest of the passengers seemed to be preparing themselves for slumber, as, leaning forward on my leathern supporter, I listened to the low sweet voice of the young stranger.

"You are surprised," she said in answer to some remark made by her companion, "that one of our sex, so young and of so delicate health, should travel alone in the diligence; but I have no relative in Paris, and no friend on whose protection I could make a claim. I have lived there alone, or in something worse than solitude."

Her companion, with a woman's quickness of eye, glanced at the rich toilette of the speaker. It was mourning, but mourning of the most costly description.

"You think," she continued, replying to this glance, "that one whose toilette is costly ought not to be without friends; but mine has been for some time a singular condition. Wealth and a complete isolation from the world have been in my fate strangely combined. They married me"—

"What! are you a married woman and so young?" exclaimed the lady who was addressed.

"I have been; I am now a widow. It is for my husband that I wear this mourning. They took me from the convent where I was educated, and married me to a man whom I was permitted to see only once before the alliance was concluded. As I had been brought up with the idea that my father was to choose a husband for me, and as the Count D—— was both handsome and of agreeable manners, the only qualities on which I was supposed to have an opinion, there was no room for objection on my part.

The marriage was speedily celebrated. My husband was wealthy. Of that my father had taken care to satisfy himself; perhaps it was the only point on which he was very solicitous. For I should tell you that my father, the only parent I have surviving, is one of those restless unquiet men who have no permanent abode, who delight in travelling from place to place, and who regard their children, if they have any, in the light only of cares and encumbrances. There is not a capital in Europe in which he has not resided, and scarcely a spot of any celebrity which he has not visited. It was therefore at the house of a maiden aunt—to whom I am now about to return—that I was married.

"I spent the first years of my marriage, as young brides I believe generally do, in a sort of trouble of felicity. I did not know how to be sufficiently thankful to Heaven for the treasure I found myself the possessor of; such a sweetness of temper and such a tenderness of affection did my husband continually manifest towards me. After a short season of festivity, spent at the house of my aunt, we travelled together without any other companion towards Paris, where the Count had a residence elegantly fitted up to receive us. The journey itself was a new source of delight to one who had been hitherto shut up, with her instructress, in a convent. Never shall I forget the hilarity, the almost insupportable joy, with which the first part of this journey was performed. The sun shone out upon a beautiful landscape, and there was I, travelling alone with the one individual who had suddenly awoke and possessed himself of all my affections—travelling, too, with gay anticipations to the glorious city of Paris, of which I had heard so much, and in which I was to appear with all the envied advantages of wealth.

"As we approached towards Paris, I noticed that my husband became more quiet and reserved. I attributed it to the fatigue of travelling, to which my own spirits began to succumb; and as the day was drawing to a close, I proposed, at the next stage we reached, that we should rest there, and resume our journey the next morning. But in an irritable and impetuous manner, of which I had never seen the



least symptom before, he ordered fresh horses, and bade the postilion drive on with all the speed he could. Still as we travelled he grew more sullen, became restless, incommunicative, and muttered occasionally to himself. It was now night. Leaning back in the carriage, and fixing my eye upon the full moon that was shining brightly upon us, I tried to quiet my own spirit, somewhat ruffled by this unexpected behaviour of my husband. I observed, after a short time, that his eye also had become riveted on the same bright object; but not with any tranquillizing effect, for his countenance grew every minute more and more sombre. On a sudden he called aloud to the postilion to stop—threw open the carriage-door, and walked in a rapid pace down towards a river that for some time had accompanied our course. I sprang after him. I overtook, and grasped him as he was in the very act of plunging into the river. O my God! how I prayed, and wept, and struggled to prevent him from rushing into the stream. At length he sat down upon the bank of the river; he turned to me his wild and frenzied eye—he laughed—O Heaven! he was mad!

“They had married me to a madman. Cured, or presumed to be cured, of his disorder, he had been permitted to return to society; and now his malady had broken out again. He who was to be my guide and protector, who was my only support, who took the place of parent, friend, instructor—he was a lunatic!

“For three dreadful hours did I sit beside him on that bank—at night—with none to help me—restraining him by all means I could devise from renewed attempts to precipitate himself into the river. At last I succeeded in bringing him back to the carriage. For the rest of the journey he was quiet; but he was imbecile—his reason had deserted him.

“We arrived at his house in Paris. A domestic assisted me in conducting him to his chamber; and from that time I, the young wife, who the other morning had conceived herself the happiest of beings, was transformed into the keeper of a maniac—of a helpless or a raving lunatic. I wrote to my father. He was on the point of setting out upon one of his rambling

expeditions, and contented himself with appealing to the relatives of my husband, who, he maintained, were the proper persons to take charge of the lunatic. They, on the other hand, left him to the care of the new relations he had formed by a marriage, which had interfered with their expectations and claims upon his property. Thus was I left alone—a stranger in this great city of Paris, which was to have welcomed me with all its splendours, and festivities, and its brilliant society—my sole task to soothe and control a maniac husband. It was frightful. Scarcely could I venture to sleep an hour together—night or day—lest he should commit some outrage upon himself or on me. My health is irretrievably ruined. I should have utterly sunk under it; but, by God's good providence, the malady of my husband took a new direction. It appeared to prey less upon the brain, and more upon other vital parts of the constitution. He wasted away and died. I indeed live; but I, too, have wasted away, body and soul, for I have no health and no joy within me.”

Just at this time a low murmuring conversation between my two fellow-countrymen, at my left, broke out, much to my annoyance, into sudden exclamation.

“By God! sir,” cried one of them, “I thrashed him in the *Grande Place*, right before the hotel there—what's its name?—the first hotel in Petersburg. Yes, I had told the lout of a postilion, who had grazed my britska against the curbstone of every corner we had turned, that if he did it again I would *punish* him; that is, I did not *exactly tell* him—for he understood no language but his miserable Russian, of which I could not speak a word—but I held out my fist in a significant manner, which neither man nor brute could mistake. Well, just as we turned into the *Grande Place*, the lubber grazed my wheel again. I jumped out of the carriage—I pulled him—boots and all—off his horse, and how I cuffed him! My friend Lord L—— was standing at the window of the hotel, looking out for my arrival, and was a witness to this exploit. He was almost dead with laughter when I came up to him.”

“I once,” said his interlocutor,



"thrashed an English postilion after the same fashion; but your Russian, with his enormous boots, must have afforded capital sport. When I travel I always look out for *fun*. What else is the use of travelling? I and young B——, whom you may remember at Oxford, were at a ball together at Brussels, and what do you think we did? We strewed cayenne pepper on the floor, and no sooner did the girls begin to dance than they began incontinently to sneeze. Ladies and gentlemen were curtsying, and bowing, and sneezing to one another in the most ludicrous manner conceivable."

"Ha! ha! ha! Excellent! By the way," rejoined the other, "talking of Brussels, do you know who has the glory of that famous joke practised there upon the statues in the park? They give the credit of it to the English, but on what ground, except the celebrity they have acquired in such feats, I could never learn."

"I know nothing of it. What was it?"

"Why, you see, amongst the statues in the little park at Brussels are a number of those busts without arms or shoulders. I cannot call to mind their technical name. First you have the head of a man, then a sort of decorated pillar instead of a body, and then, again, at the bottom of the pillar, there protrude a couple of naked feet. They look part pillar and part man, with a touch of the mummy. Now, it is impossible to contemplate such a figure without being struck with the idea, how completely at the mercy of every passer-by are both its nose—which has no hand to defend it—and its naked toes, which cannot possibly move from their fixed position. One may tweak the one, and tread upon the other, with such manifest impunity. Some one in whom this idea, no doubt, wrought very powerfully, took hammer and chisel, and shied off the noses and the great toes of several of these mummy-statues. And pitiful enough they looked next morning."

"Well, that was capital!"

"And the best of it is, that even now, when the noses have been put on again, the figures look as odd as if they had none at all. The join is so manifest, and speaks so plainly of past mutilation, that no one can give to these creatures, let them exist as long

as they will, the credit of wearing their own noses. The jest is immortal."

The recital of this excellent piece of *fun* was followed by another explosion of laughter. The Frenchman who sat opposite to me—a man, as I have said, of grave but urbane deportment, became curious to know what it was that our neighbours had been conversing about, and which had occasioned so much hilarity. He very politely expressed this wish to me. If it was not an indiscretion, he should like to partake, he said, in the wit that was flowing round him; adding, perhaps superfluously, that he did not understand English.

"Monsieur, I am glad of it," I replied.

Monsieur, who concluded from my answer that I was in a similar predicament with respect to the French language, bowed and remained silent.

Here the conversation to my left ceased to flow, or subsided into its former murmuring channel, and I was again able to listen to my fair neighbours to the right. The lively dame who sat by my side had now the word; she was administering consolations and philosophy to the young widow.

"At your age health," said she, "is not irretrievable, and, sweet madam, your good looks are left you. A touch of rouge upon your cheek, and you are quite an angel. And then you are free—you will one day travel back again to Paris with a better escort than you had before."

And here she gave a sigh which prepared the hearer for the disclosure that was to follow.

"Now I," she continued, "have been married, but, alas! am *not* a widow. I have a husband standing out against me somewhere in the world. In the commercial language of my father, I wish I could cancel him."

"What! he has deserted you?" said her fair companion, in a sympathizing tone.

"You shall hear, my dear madam. My father, you must know, is a plain citizen. He did not charge himself with the task of looking out a husband for his girls; he followed what he called the English plan—let the girls look out for themselves, and contented

himself with a *veto* upon the choice, if it should displease him. Now, Monsieur Lemaire was a perfect Adonis; he dressed, and danced, and talked to admiration; no man dressed, danced, or talked better; his mirth was inexhaustible—his good-humour unfailing."

Well, thought I to myself, what is coming now? This lady, at all events, chose with her own eyes, and had her own time to choose in. Is her experience to prove, that the chance of securing a good husband is much the same, let him be chosen how he may?

"No wonder, then," continued the lady, "that I accepted his proposal. The very thought of marrying him was paradise; and I *did* marry him."

"And so were really in paradise?" said the widow, with a gentle smile.

"Yes, yes! it *was* a paradise. It was a constant succession of amusements; theatre, balls, excursions—all enjoyed with the charming Lemaire. And he so happy, too! I thought he would have devoured me. We were verily in paradise for three months. At the end of which time he came one morning into the room swinging an empty purse in the air—'Now, I think,' said he with the same cheerful countenance that he usually wore, 'that I have proved my devotion to you in a remarkable manner. Another man would have thought it much if he had made some sacrifice to gain possession of you for life; I have spent every farthing I had in the world to possess you for three months. Oh, that those three months were to live over again! But every thing has its end.' And he tossed the empty purse in his hand."

"I laughed at what I considered a very pleasant jest; for who did not know that M. Lemaire was a man of ample property? I laughed still more heartily as he went on to say, that a coach stood at the door to take me back to my father, and begged me not to keep the coachman waiting, as in that case the fellow would charge for time, and it had taken his last sou to pay his fare by distance. I clapped my hands in applause of my excellent comedian. But, gracious Heavens! it was all true! There stood the

coach at the door, the fare paid to my father's house, and an empty purse was literally all that I now had to participate with the gay, wealthy, accomplished Lemaire."

"What!" I exclaimed with rage and agony, as the truth broke upon me, "do you desert your wife?"

"Desert my charming wife!" he replied. "Ask the hungry pauper, who turns his back upon the fragrant *restaurant*, if he deserts his dinner. You are as beautiful, as bright, as lovely as ever—you cannot think with what a sigh I quit you!"

"But"—and I began a torrent of recrimination.

"'But,' said he, interrupting me, 'I have not a sou. For you,' he continued, 'you are as charming as ever—you will win your way only the better in the world for this little experience. And as for me—I have been in Elysium for three months; and that is more than a host of your excellent prudent men can boast of, who plod on day after day only that they may continue plodding to the end of their lives. Adieu! my adorable—my angel that will now vanish from my sight!' And here, in spite of my struggles, he embraced me with the greatest ardour, and then, tearing himself away as if he only were the sufferer, he rushed out of the room. I have never seen him since."

"And such men really exist!" said the young widow, moved to indignation. "For so short a season of pleasure he could deliberately compromise the whole of your future life."

"Is it not horrible? His father, it seems, had left him a certain sum of money, and this was the scheme he had devised to draw from it the greatest advantage. *Mais, mon Dieu!*" added the lively Frenchwoman, "of what avail to afflict one's-self? Only if he would but die before I am an old woman! And then those three months"——

Here the diligence suddenly stopped, and the conductor opening the door, invited us to step out and take some refreshment, and so put an end for the present to this medley conversation.

## WHO WROTE GIL BLAS?

In the year 1783, Joseph Francisco De Isla, one of the most eminent of modern Spanish writers, published a Spanish translation of *Gil Blas*. In this work some events were suppressed, others altered, the diction was greatly modified, the topographical and chronological errors with which the French version abounded were allowed to remain, and the Spanish origin of that celebrated work was asserted on such slender grounds, and vindicated by such trifling arguments, as to throw considerable doubt on the fact in the opinion of all impartial judges. The French were not slow to seize upon so favourable an occasion to gratify their national vanity; and in 1818, M. le Comte François de Neufchateau, a member of the French Institute and an Ex-minister of the Interior, published a dissertation, in which, after a modest insinuation that the extraordinary merit of *Gil Blas* was a sufficient proof of its French origin, the feeble arguments of Padre Isla were triumphantly refuted, and the claims of Le Sage to the original conception of *Gil Blas* were asserted, to the complete satisfaction of all patriotic Frenchmen. Here the matter rested, till, in 1820, Don Juan Antonio Llorente drew up his reasons for holding the opinion of which Isla had been the unsuccessful advocate, and, with even punctilious courtesy, transmitted them before publication to M. Le Montey, by whose judgment in the matter he expressed his determination to abide. M. Le Montey referred the matter to two commissioners—one being M. Raynouard, a well-known and useful writer, the other M. Neufchateau, the author whom Llorente's work was intended to refute.

This literary commission seems to have produced as little benefit to the public as if each of the members had been chosen by a political party, had received a salary varying from £1500 to £2000 a-year, and been sent into Ireland to report upon the condition of the people, or into Canada to discover why French republicans dislike the institutions of a Saxon monarchy. To be sure, the advantage is on the

side of the French academicians; for, instead of sending forth a mass of confused, contradictory, and ill-written reports, based upon imperfect evidence, and leading to no definite conclusion, the literary commission, as Llorente informs us, was silent altogether; whereupon Llorente attributing, not unnaturally, this preternatural silence on the part of the three French savans, to the impossibility of finding any thing to say, after the lapse of a year and a half publishes his arguments, and appeals to literary Europe as the judge “en dernier ressort” of this important controversy. Llorente, however, was too precipitate; for on the 8th of January 1822, M. de Neufchateau presented to the French Academy an answer to Llorente's observations, on which we shall presently remark.

It is maintained by the ingenious writer, Llorente—whose arguments, with such additions and remarks as have occurred to us upon the subject, we propose to lay before our readers,

1st, That *Gil Blas* and the *Bachiller de Salamanca* were originally one and the same romance.

2dly, That the author of this romance was at any rate a Spaniard.

3dly, That his name was Don Antonio de Solis y Iribadueira, author of *Historia de la Conquista de Méjico*.

4thly, That Le Sage turned the single romance into two; repeating in both the same stories slightly modified, and mixing them up with other translations from Spanish novels.

As the main argument turns upon the originality of Le Sage considered as the author of *Gil Blas*, we shall first dispose in a very few words of the third proposition; and for this purpose we must beg our readers to take for granted, during a few moments, that *Gil Blas* was the work of a Spaniard, and to enquire, supposing that truth sufficiently established, who that Spaniard was.

Llorente enumerates thirty-six eminent writers who flourished in 1665, the period when, as we shall presently see, the romance in question was written. Of these Don Louis de



Guevarra, author of the *Diablo Cojuelo*, Francisco de Santos, José Pellicer, and Solís, are among the most distinguished. Llorente, however, puts all aside—and all, except Pellicer perhaps, for very sufficient reasons—determining that Solís alone united all the attributes and circumstances belonging to the writer of *Gil Blas*. The writer of *Gil Blas* was a Castilian—this may be inferred from his panegyric on Castilian wit, which he declares equal to that of Athens; he must have been a dramatic writer, from his repeated criticisms on the drama, and the keenness with which he sifts the merit of contemporary dramatic authors; he must have been a great master of narrative, and thoroughly acquainted with the habits and institutions of his age and country; he must have possessed the art of enlivening his story with caustic allusions, and with repartees; he must have been perfectly conversant with the intrigues of courtiers, and have acquired from his own experience, or the relation of others, an intimate knowledge of the private life of Olivarez, and the details of Philip IV.'s court. All these requisites are united in Solís:—he was born at Alcalá de Henares, a city of Castile; he was one of the best dramatic writers of our day, the day of Calderon de la Barca. That he was a great historical writer, is proved by his *Conquista de México*; his comedies prove his thorough knowledge of Spanish habits; and the retorts and quiddities of his *Graciosos* flash with as much wit as any that were ever uttered by those brilliant and fantastic denizens of the Spanish stage. He was a courtier; he was secretary to Oropezo, viceroy successively of Navarre and of Valencia, and was afterwards promoted by Philip IV. to be “*Oficial de la Secretaría*” of the first minister Don Louis de Haro, and was allowed, as an especial mark of royal favour, to dispose of his place in favour of his relation. This happened about the year 1654—corresponding, as we shall see, exactly with the mission of the Marquis de Lionne. Afterwards he was appointed *Cronista Mayor de las Indias*, and wrote his famous history. These are the arguments in favour of Solís, which cannot be offered in behalf of any of his thirty-six competi-

ters. It is therefore the opinion of Llorente that the honour of being the author of *Gil Blas* is due to him; and in this opinion, supposing the fact which we now proceed to investigate, that a Spaniard, and not Le Sage, was the author of the work, is made out to their satisfaction, our readers will probably acquiesce.

The steps by which the argument that *Gil Blas* is taken from a Spanish manuscript proceeds, are few and direct. It abounds in facts and allusions which none but a Spaniard could know: this is the first step. It abounds in errors that no Spaniard could make—(by the way, this is much insisted upon by M. de Neuchateau, who does not seem to perceive that, taken together with the preceding proposition, it is fatal to his argument;) this is the second step, and leads us to the conclusion, that the true theory of its origin must reconcile these apparent contradictions. \*

A Spanish manuscript does account for this inconsistency, as it would furnish the transcriber with the most intimate knowledge of local habits, names, and usages; while at the same time it would not guard him against mistakes which negligence or haste, or the difficulty of deciphering a manuscript in a language with which the transcriber was by no means critically acquainted, must occasion. Still less would it guard him against errors which would almost inevitably arise from the insertion of other Spanish novels, or the endeavour to give the work a false claim to originality, by alluding to topics fashionable in the city and age when the work was copied.

The method we propose to follow, is to place before the reader each division of the argument. We shall show a most intimate knowledge with Spanish life, clearly proving that the writer, whoever he is, is unconscious of any merit in painting scenes with which he was habitually familiar. Let any reader compare the facility of these unstudied allusions with the descriptions of a different age or time, even by the best writers of a different epoch and country, however accurate and dramatic they may be—with *Quentin Durward* or *Ivanhoe*, for instance; or with Barante's *Histoire des Ducs de Bourgogne*, and they will see

the force of this remark. In spite of art, and ability, and antiquarian knowledge, it is evident that a resemblance is industriously sought in one case, and is spontaneous in the other; that it is looked upon as a matter of course, and not as a title to praise, by the first class of writers, while it is elaborately wrought out, as an artist's pretension to eminence, in the second. If Le Sage had been the original author of *Gil Blas*, he would have avoided the multiplication of circumstances, names, and dates; or if he had thought it necessary to intersperse his composition with them, he would have contented himself with such as were most general and notorious; the minute, circuitous, and oblique allusions, which it required patient examination to detect, and vast local knowledge to appreciate, could not have fallen within his plan.

Secondly—We shall point out the mistakes, some of them really surprising even in a foreign writer, with regard to names, dates, and circumstances, oversetting every congruity which it was manifestly Le Sage's object to establish. We shall show that the Spanish novels inserted by him do not mix with the body of the work; and moreover we shall show that in one instance, where Le Sage hazarded an allusion to Parisian gossip, he betrayed the most profound ignorance of those very customs which, in other parts of the work passing under his name, are delineated with such truth of colouring, and Dutch minuteness of observation.

If these two propositions be clearly established, we have a right to infer from them the existence of a Spanish manuscript, as on any other hypothesis the claims of an original writer would be clashing and contradictory.

M. Neufchateau, as we have observed, reiterates the assertion that the errors of *Gil Blas*, are such as no Spaniard could commit, leaving altogether unguarded against the goring horn of the dilemma which can only be parried by an answer to the question—how came it to pass that Le Sage could enumerate the names of upwards of twenty inconsiderable towns and villages, upwards of twenty families not of the first class; and in every page of his work represent, with the most punctilious fidelity, the

manners of a country he never saw? Nay, how came it to pass that, instead of avoiding minute details, local circumstances, and the mention of particular facts, as he might easily have done, he accumulates all these opportunities of mistake and contradiction, descends to the most trifling facts, and interweaves them with the web of his narrative (conscious of ignorance, as, according to M. Neufchateau, he must have been) without effort and without design.

Let us begin by laying before the readers the *pièces du procès*. First, we insert the description of Le Sage given by two French writers.

“Voici ce que disoit Voltaire à l'article de Le Sage, dans la première édition du *Siècle de Louis XIV.* :—

“‘Son roman de *Gil Blas* est demeuré, parcequ'il y a du naturel.’

“Dans les éditions suivantes du *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, Voltaire ajoute un fait qu'il se contente d'énoncer simplement, comme une chose hors de doute; c'est que *Gil Blas* est pris entièrement d'un livre écrit en Espagnol, et dont il cite ainsi le titre—*La vida de lo Escudero Don Marco d'Obrego*—sans indiquer aucunement la date, l'auteur, ni l'objet de cette vie de l'écuyer Don Marco d'Obrego.”

“Extrait du Nouveau *Porte-feuille historique, poétique, et littéraire de Bruzen de La Martinière*.

“‘Baillet n'entendoit pas l'Espagnol. Au sujet de Louis Velés de Guovarra, auteur Espagnol, dans ses jugements des savants sur les poètes modernes, § 1461, il dit : On a de lui plusieurs comédies qui ont été imprimées en diverses villes d'Espagne, et une pièce facétieuse, sous le titre *El Diabolo Cojuelo*, novella de la otra vida : sur quoi M. de La Monnoye fait cette note. Comment un homme qui fait tant le modeste et le réservé a-t-il pu écrire un mot tel que celui-là ? Cette note n'est pas juste. Il semble que M. de La Monnoye veuille taxer Baillet de n'avoir pas soutenu le caractère de modestie, qu'il affectoit. Baillet ne faisoit pas le modeste, il l'étoit véritablement par état et par principe; et s'il eût entendu le mot immodeste, ce mot lui auroit été suspect; il eût eu recours à l'original, où il auroit trouvé *Diablo*, et non *Diabolo*, *Cojuelo* et non *Cojudo*, et auroit bien vite corrigé la faute. Mais comme il n'entendoit ni l'un ni l'autre de ces derniers mots, il lui fut aisé, en copiant ses extraits, de

prendre un *el* pour un *d*, et de changer par cette légère différence Cojuelo, qui vout dire boîteux, en Cojudo, qui signifie quelqu'un qui a de gros testicules, et sobrino l'exprime encore plus grossièrement en François. M. de La Monnoye devoit moins s'arrêter à l'immodestie de l'épithète, qu'à la corruption du vrai titre de Guevarra."

"Au reste, c'est le même ouvrage que M. Le Sage nous a fait connoître sous le titre du *Diablo Boiteux*; il l'a tourné, à sa manière, mais avec des différences si grandes que Guevarra ne se reconnoitroit qu'à peine dans cette prétendue traduction. Par exemple, le chapitre xix de la seconde partie contient une aventure de D. Pablos, qui se trouve en original dans un livre imprimé à

Madrid en 1729, (sic.) L'auteur des lectures amusantes, qui ne s'est pas souvenu que M. Le Sage, en avoit inséré une partie dans son *Diablo Boiteux*, l'a traduite de nouveau avec assez de liberté, mais pourtant en s'écartant moins de l'original, et l'a insérée dans sa première partie à peu près telle qu'elle se lit dans l'original Espagnol. Mais M. Le Sage l'a traitée avec de grands changements, c'est sa manière d'embellir extrêmement tout ce qu'il emprunte des Espagnols. C'est ainsi qu'il en a usé envers *Gil Blas*, dont il a fait un chef-d'œuvre inimitable."—(Pagos 336-339, édition de 1757, dans les *Passtemps Politiques, Historiques, et Critiques*, tome 11, in 12.)

As an example of the accuracy with which Le Sage has imitated his originals, we quote the annexed passages from *Marcos de Obregon*—Page 3.

"En leyendo el villete, dixo al que le train: Dezilde a vuestro amo, quo di goyo, que para cosas, quo me importan mucho gusto no me suelo leuautar hasta las doze del dia: que porque quiere, que para matarme me leuante tan mañana? y boluiendose del otro lado, se tornô a dormir."

"No quereys que siêta ofensa hecha a un corderillo, como este? a una paloma sin hiel, a un morito tan humilde, y apazible que, aun quexarse no sabe de una cosa tan mal hecha? cierto y quisiera ser hombre en este punto para végarle."

After this we think we are fairly entitled to affirm, that Le Sage was not considered by his contemporaries as a man of original and creative genius; although he possessed, in an eminent degree, the power of appropriating and embellishing the works of others, that his style was graceful, his allusions happy, and his wit keen and spontaneous. If any one assert that this is to underrate Le Sage, and that he is entitled to the credit of an inventor, let him cite any single work written by Le Sage, except *Gil Blas*, in proof of his assertion.\* Of course *Gil Blas* is out of the question. Nothing could be more circular than an argument that Le Sage, because

"Don Mathias prit le billet, l'ouvrit, et, après l'avoir lu, dit au valet de Don Lope. 'Mon enfant, je ne me leverois jamais avant midi, quelque partie de plaisir qu'on me pût proposer; j'ago si jo me leverai à six heures du matin pour me battre. Tu peux dire à ton maître que, s'il est encore à midi et demi dans l'endroit où il m'attend, nous nous y verons: va, lui porter cette réponse.' A ces mots il s'enfonça dans son lit, et ne tarda guère à se rendormir."

"'Pourquoi,' s'écria-t-elle avec emportement—pourquoi ne voulez-vous pas que je ressente vivement l'offense qu'on a fait à ce petit agneau, à cette colombe sans fiel, qui ne se plaint seulement pas de l'outrage qu'il a reçu? Ah! que ne suis-je homme en ce moment pour le venger!"

he possessed an inventive genius, might have written *Gil Blas*; and that because he might have written *Gil Blas*, he possessed an inventive genius. This being the case, let us examine his biography. Le Sage was born in 1668 at Sargan, a small town near Vannes in Bretagne; at twenty-seven he published a translation of *Aristænæus*; and declining, from his love of literature, the hopes of advancement, which, had he taken orders, were within his reach, he came to Paris, where he contracted an intimate friendship with the Abbé de Lyonne, who settled a pension on him, taught him Spanish, and bequeathed to him his library—consist-



ing, among other works, of several Spanish manuscripts—at his death. His generous benefactor was the third son of Hugo, Marquis de Lyonne, one of the most accomplished and intelligent men in France. In 1656 he was sent on a secret mission to Madrid; the object of this mission was soon discovered in the peace of the Pyrenees 1659, and the marriage of Maria Thoresa of Austria, eldest daughter of Philip IV., with Louis XIV. During his residence in Spain the Marquis de Lyonne lived in great intimacy with Louis de Haro, Duke of Montoro. The Marquis de Lyonne was passionately fond of Spanish literature; he not only purchased all the printed Spanish works he could procure, but a vast quantity of unprinted manuscripts in the same language, all which, together with the rest of his library, became at his death the property of his son, the Abbé de Lyonne—the friend, patron, and testator of Le Sage. To these facts must be added another very important circumstance, that Le Sage never entered Spain. Of this fact, fatal as it is to Le Sage's claims, Padre Isla was ignorant; but it is stated with an air of triumph by M. Neufchateau, is proved by Llorente, and must be considered incontestable. The case, then, as far as external evidence is concerned, stands thus. Le Sage, a master of his own language, but not an inventive writer, and who had never visited Spain, contracts a friendship which gives him at first the opportunity of perusing, and afterwards the absolute possession of, a number of Spanish manuscripts. Having published several elegant paraphrases and translations of printed Spanish works, he published *Gil Blas* in several volumes, at long intervals, as an original work; after this, he published the *Bachelier de Salamanque*, which he calls himself a translation from a Spanish manuscript, of which he never produces the original. Did the matter rest here, much suspicion would be thrown upon Le Sage's claims to the authorship of *Gil Blas*; but we come now to the evidence arising, "ex visceribus cause," from the work itself, and the manner of its publication.

The chief points of resemblance be-

tween *Gil Blas* and the *Bachelier de Salamanque*, are the following:—

1. The *Bachelier de Salamanque* is remarkable for his logical subtilty—so is *Gil Blas*.

2. The doctor of Salamanque, by whom the bachelor is supported after his father's death, is avaricious—so is *Gil Blas*'s uncle, the canon of Oviedo, Gil Perez.

3. The doctor recommends the bachelor of Salamanque to obtain a situation as tutor—the canon gives similar advice to *Gil Blas*.

4. The bachelor is dissuaded from becoming a tutor—Fabricio dissuades *Gil Blas* from taking the same situation.

5. A friar of Madrid makes it his business to find vacant places for tutors—a friar of Cordova, in *Gil Blas*, does the same.

6. The bachelor is obliged to leave Madrid because he is the favoured lover of Donna Lucia de Padilla—*Gil Blas* is obliged to leave the Marquise de Chaves for the same reason.

7. Bartolome, the comedian, encourages his wife's intrigues—Melchior Zapata does the same.

8. The lover of Donna Francisca, in Granada, is a foreign nobleman kept there by important business—the situation of the Marquis de Mari-alva is the same.

9. The comedian abandons an old and liberal lover, for Fonseca, who is young and poor—Laura prefers Louis de Alaga to his rival, for the same reason.

10. Bartolome, to deceive Francisca, assumes the name of Don Pompeio de la Cueva—to deceive Laura, *Gil Blas* pretends to be Don Fernando de Ribera.

11. *Le Bachelier* contains repeated allusions to Dominican friars, and particularly to Cirilo Carambola—similar allusions abound in *Gil Blas*, where Louis de Aliaga, confessor of Philip III., is particularly mentioned.

12. The character of Diego Cintillo, in the *Bachelier de Salamanque*, is identical with that of Manuel Ordoñez in *Gil Blas*.

13. An aunt of the Duke of Uzeda obtains for the bachelor the place of secretary in the minister's office—*Gil Blas* obtains the same post by means of an uncle of the Count of Olivarez.

14. The bachelor, whilst secretary at Uzeda, assists in bringing about

his patron's daughter's marriage—*Gil Blas* does the same whilst secretary of the Duke of Olivarez.

15. Francisca, the actress, is shut up in a convent at Carthagena, because the corregidor's son falls in love with her—Laura, in *Gil Blas*, is shut up in a convent, because the corregidor's only son falls in love with her.

16. The adventures of Francisca and Laura resemble each other.

17. So do those of Toston and Scipio.

18. Toston and Scipio both lose their wives; and both disbelieve in reality, though they think proper to accept, the excuses they make on their return.

19. Finally, In *Gil Blas* we find a vivid description of the habits and manners prevalent in the European dominions of Spain during the reigns of Philip III. and Philip IV. But in no part of *Gil Blas* do we find any allusion to the habits and manners of the viceroy's canons, nuns, and monks of America; and yet Scipio is dispatched with a lucrative commission to New Spain. It may fairly be inferred, therefore, that so vast a portion of the Spanish monarchy did not escape the notice of the attentive critic who wrote *Gil Blas*; and the silence can only be accounted for by the fact, that the principal anecdotes relating to America, were reserved to make out the *Bachelier de Salamanque*, from the remainder of which *Gil Blas* was taken.

Now, the dates of *Gil Blas* and the *Bachelier de Salamanque* were these:—the two first volumes of *Gil Blas* were published in 1715, the third volume in 1724, which, it is clear, he intended to be the last. First, from the Latin verses with which it closes; and secondly, from the remark of the nuachronism of Don Pompeyo de Castro, which he promises to correct if his work gets to a new edition. In 1735 he published a fourth volume of *Gil Blas*, and, in 1738, the two volumes of the *Bachelier de Salamanque* as a translation. Will it be said that Le Sage's other works prove him to have been capable of inventing *Gil Blas*? It will be still without foundation. All his critics agree, that, though well qualified to embellish the ideas of others, and master of a flowing and

agreeable style, he was not an inventive or original writer. Such is the language of Voltaire, M. de la Martinière, and of Chardin, and even of M. Neufchateau himself; and yet, it is to a person of this description that the authorship of *Gil Blas*, second only to *Don Quixote* in prose works of fiction, has been attributed.

Among the topics insisted upon by the Comte de Neufchateau as most clearly establishing the French origin of *Gil Blas*, an intimate acquaintance with the court of Louis XIV., and frequent allusions to the most remarkable characters in it, are very conspicuous. But to him who really endeavours to discover the country of an anonymous writer, such an argument, unless reduced to very minute details, and contracted into a very narrow compass, will not appear satisfactory. He will recollect that the extremes of society are very uniform, that courts resemble each other as well as prisons; and that, as was once observed, if King Christophe's courtiers were examined, the great features of their character would be found to correspond with those of their whiter brethren in Europe. The abuses of government, the wrong distribution of patronage, the effects of clandestine influence, the solicitations and intrigues of male and female favourites, the treachery of confidants, the petty jealousies and insignificant struggles of place-hunters, are the same, or nearly so, in every country; and it requires no great acuteness to detect, or courage to expose, their consequences—the name of Choiseul, or Uzeda, or Buckingham, or Brühl, or Kaunitz, may be applied to such descriptions with equal probability and equal justice. But when the Tiers Etat are portrayed, when the satirist enters into detail, when he enumerates circumstances, when local manners, national habits, and individual peculiarities fall under his notice; when he describes the specific disease engendered in the atmosphere by which his characters are surrounded; when, to borrow a lawyer's phrase, he condescends to particulars, then it is that close and intimate acquaintance with the scenes and persons he describes is requisite; and that a superficial critic falls, at every step, into errors the most gla-

ring and ridiculous. There are many passages of this description in *Gil Blas* to which we shall presently allude; in the mean time let us follow the advice of Count Hamilton, and begin with the beginning—

“Me voilà donc hors d’Oviédo, sur le chemin de Peñafior, au milieu de la campagne, maître de mes actions, d’une mauvaise mule, et de quarante bons ducats, sans compter quelques réaux que j’avois volés à mon très-honoré oncle.

“La première chose que je fis, fut de laisser ma mule aller à discrétion, c’est-à-dire au petit pas. Je lui mis la bride sur le cou, et, tirant mes ducats de ma poche, je commençai à les compter et recompter dans mon chapeau. Je n’étois pas maître de ma joie; je n’avois jamais vu tant d’argent; je ne pouvois me lasser de le regarder et de le manier. Je la comptois peut-être pour la vingtième fois, quand tout-à-coup ma mule, levant la tête et les oreilles, s’arrêta au milieu du grand chemin. Je jugeai que quelque chose l’effrayoit; je regardai ce que ce pouvoit être. J’aperçus sur la terre un chapeau renversé sur lequel il y avoit un rosaire à gros grains, et en même temps j’entendis une voix lamentable qui prononça ces paroles: Seigneur passant, ayez pitié, de grâce, d’un pauvre soldat estropié: jetez, s’il vous plaît, quelques pièces d’argent dans ce chapeau; vous en serez récompensé dans l’autre monde. Je tournai aussitôt les yeux du côté d’où partoient la voix. Je vis au pied d’un buisson, à vingt ou trente pas de moi, une espèce de soldat qui, sur deux batons croisés, appuyoit le bout d’une escopette, qui me parut plus longue qu’une pique, et avec laquelle il me couchoit en joue. A cette vue, qui me fit trembler pour le bien de l’église, je m’arrêtai tout court; je sortai promptement mes ducats; je tirai quelques reaux, et, m’approchant du chapeau, disposé à recevoir la charité des fidèles effrayés, je les jetai dedans l’un après l’autre, pour montrer au soldat que j’en usois noblement. Il fut satisfait de ma générosité, et me donna autant de bénédictions que je donnois de coups de pieds dans les flancs de ma mule, pour m’éloigner promptement de lui; mais la maudite bête, trompant mon impatience, n’en alla pas plus vite; la longue habitude qu’elle avoit de marcher pas à pas sous mon oncle, lui avoit fait perdre l’usage du galop.”

In France, the custom of travelling

on mules was unknown, so was the coin ducats, so was that of begging with a rosary, and of extorting money in the manner in which *Gil Blas* describes. In fact, the “useful magnificence,” as Mr Burke terms it, of the spacious roads in France, and the traffic carried on upon them, would render such a manner of robbing impossible. How then could Le Sage, who had never set his foot in Spain, hit upon so accurate a description? Again, Rolando explains to *Gil Blas* the origin of the subterraneous passages, to which an allusion is also made by Raphael; now such are in France utterly unknown.

Rolando, giving an account of his proceedings, says, that his grandfather, who could only “dire son rosaire,” “rezar su rosario.” This is as foreign to the habits of a “vieux militaire François,” as any thing that can be imagined; and, on the other hand, exactly conformable to those of a Spanish veteran:—

“Nous demeurâmes dans le bois la plus grande partie de la journée, sans apercevoir aucun voyageur qui pût payer pour le religieux. Enfin nous en sortîmes pour retourner au souterrain, bornant nos exploits à ce risible événement, qui faisoit encore le sujet de notre entretien, lorsque nous découvrîmes de loin un carrosse à quatre mules. Il venoit à nous au grand trot, et il étoit accompagné de trois hommes à cheval qui nous parurent bien armés.”

In this statement are many circumstances irreconcilable with French habits. 1st, A whole day passing without meeting a traveller on the high-road of Leon, an event common enough in Spain, but in France almost impossible; 2d, the escort of the coach, a common precaution of the Spanish ladies against violence—the fact that the coach is drawn by mules, not horses, of which national trait six other instances may be found in the same story:—

“Plusieurs personnes me voulurent voir par curiosité. Ils venoient l’un après l’autre se présenter à une petite fenêtre par où le jour entroit dans ma prison; et lorsqu’ils m’avoient considéré quelque temps, ils s’en alloient. Je fus surpris de cette nouveauté: depuis que j’étois prisonnier, je n’avois



pas vu un seul homme se montrer à cette fenêtre, qui donnoit sur une cour où regnoient le silence et l'horreur. Je compris par là que je faisais du bruit dans la ville, mais je ne savais si j'en devois concevoir un bon ou mauvais presage."

"La dessus le jugo se retira, en disant qu'il alloit ordonner au concierge de m'ouvrir les portes. En effet, un moment après, le geolier vint dans mon cachot avec un de ses guichetiers qui portoit un paquet de toile. Ils m'ôtèrent tous deux, d'un air grave et sans me dire un seul mot, mon pourpoint et mon haut-de-chausses, qui étoit d'un drap fin et presque neuf; puis, m'ayant revêtu d'une vieille souquenille, ils me mirent dehors par les épaules."

This is an exact description of the manner in which prisoners were treated in Spain, but bears not the slightest resemblance to any abuse that prevailed at that time in France:—

"Une fille de dix ans, que la gouvernante faisoit passer pour sa nièce, en dépit de la médisance, vint ouvrir; et comme nous lui demandions si l'on pouvoit parler au chanoine, la dame Jacinte parut. C'étoit une personne déjà parvenue à l'âge de discrétion, mais belle encore; et j'admirai particulièrement la fraîcheur de son teint. Elle portoit une longue robe d'un étoffe de laine la plus commune, avec une large ceinture de cuir, d'où pendoit d'un côté un trousseau de clefs, et de l'autre un chapelet à gros grains"—"Rosario de cuentas gordas."—*Lib. II. c. 1.*

This is an exact description of a class of women well known in Spain by the name Beata, but utterly unknown in France till the *Sœurs de Charité* were instituted:—

"Pendant qu'ils étoient ensemble j'entendis sonner midi. Comme je savais que les secrétaires et les commis quittoient à cette heure la leurs bureaux, pour aller diner où il leur plaisoit, je laissai là mon chef-d'œuvre, et sortis pour me rendre, non chez Monteser, parcequ'il m'avoit payé mes appointemens, et que j'avois pris congé de lui, mais chez le plus fameux traiteur du quartier de la cour."—*Lib. III.*

During the reign of Philip III. and Philip IV., and even till the time of Charles IV., twelve was the common hour of dinner, and all the public offi-

ces were closed: this is very unlike the state of things in Paris during the reign of Louis XV., when this romance was published.

In Spain, owing in part to the hospitality natural to unsettled times and a simple people, in part to the few strangers who visited the Peninsula, inns were for a long time almost unknown, and the occupation of an innkeeper, who sold what his countrymen were delighted to give, was considered degrading: so dishonourable indeed was it looked upon, that where an executioner could not be found to carry the sentence of the law into effect upon a criminal, the innkeeper was compelled to perform his functions: therefore the innkeepers, like usurers and other persons, who follow a pursuit hostile to public opinion, were profligate and rapacious. Don Quixote teems with instances to this effect; and there are other allusions to the same circumstance in *Gil Blas*. It must be observed that if M. Le Sage stumbled by accident upon so great a peculiarity, he was fortunate; and if it was suggested to him by his own enquiries, they were more profound in this than in most other instances. The Barber, describing his visit to his uncle's, (1, 2, 7.) mentions the narrow staircase by which he ascended to his relation's abode. Here, again, is a proof of an intimate acquaintance with the structure of the hotels of the Spanish grandees: in all of them are to be found a large and spacious staircase leading to the apartments of the master, and a small one leading to those of his dependents. So the hotel in which Fabricio lives, (3, 7, 13,) and that inhabited by Count Olivarez, are severally described as possessing this appurtenance. It is singular that Le Sage, who seems to have been almost as fond of Paris as Socrates was of Athens, should have picked up this intimate knowledge of the hotels of Madrid. The knowledge of music and habit of playing upon the guitar in the front of their houses, is another stroke of Spanish manners which no Frenchman is likely to have thought of adding to his work (1, 2, 7.) Marcelina puts on her mantle to go to mass. This custom prevailed in Spain till the

sceptre passed to the Bourbons—in many towns till the time of Charles III., and in small villages till the reign of Charles IV. Gil Blas joins a muleteer, (1, 3, 1,) with four mules which had transported merchandise to Valladolid—this method of carrying goods is not known in France. The same observation applies to 3, 3, 7. Rolando informs Gil Blas, (1, 3, 2,) “Lorsqu’il eut parlé de cette sorte, il nous fit enfermer dans un cachot, où il ne laissa pas languir mes compagnons; ils en sortirent au bout de trois jours pour aller jouer un rôle tragique dans la grande place.”

This exactly corresponds with the Spanish custom, which was to allow prisoners, capitally convicted, three days to prepare for a Christian death. Rolando continues, “Oh ! je regrette mon premier métier, j’avoue qu’il y a plus de sûreté dans le nouveau; mais il y a plus d’agrément dans l’autre, et j’aime la liberté. J’ai bien la mine de me defaire de ma charge, et de partir un beau matin pour aller gagner les montagnes qui sont aux sources du Tage. Je sais qu’il y a dans cet endroit une retraite habitée par une troupe nombreuse, et remplie de sujets Catalans : c’est faire son éloge en un mot. Si tu veux m’accompagner, nous irons grosser le nombre de ces grands hommes. Je serai dans leur compagnie capitaine en second; et pour t’y faire recevoir avec agrément, j’assurerais que je t’ai vu dix fois combattre à mes côtés.”

The chain of mountains of Cuenca Requena Aragon y Abaracin, in which the Tagus rises, does contain such excavations as Rolando employed for such purposes as Rolando mentions, (1, 3, 11.) The grace of Carlos Alfonso de la Ventolera in managing his cloak, was an Andalusian accomplishment, and an accomplishment which ceased to prevail when the Bourbons entered Spain. It could not have been applied to describe a Castilian, as it was confined to the inhabitants of Murcia, Andalusia, Valencia, and la Mancha. How could Le Sage have known this? When the Count Azumar lines with Don Gonzalo Pacheco, the conversation turns on bull-fights, (2, 4, 7.)

“Leur conversation roula d’abord

sur une course de taureaux qui s’étoit faite depuis peu de jours. Ils parlèrent des cavaliers qui y avoient montré le plus d’adresse et de vigueur; et la-dessus le vieux comte, tel que Nestor, à qui toutes les choses présentes donnoient occasion de louer les choses passées, dit en soupirant—Hélas ! je ne vois point aujourd’hui d’hommes comparables à ceux que j’ai vus autrefois, ni les tournois ne se font pas avec autant de magnificence qu’on les faisoit dans ma jeunesse.”

This alludes to the “Caballeros de Plaza,” as they were called, gentlemen by birth animated by the love of glory, very different from the hired Picadors. This custom of the Spanish gentlemen, which many of our fox-hunting and pheasant-shooting squires will condemn for its cruelty, was very common during the reigns of Philip III. and IV., but gradually declined, and was at last only prevalent at the *Fiestas Reales*. The last example known was in 1789, to celebrate the *jura* of the Prince of Asturia, afterwards the pious and exemplary Ferdinand VII. This must have been before his attempted parricide. Ambrosio de Lancla, in order to accomplish his designs on Simon. (2, 6, 1,) purchases articles at Chelva in Valencia, among others—

“Il nous fit voir un manteau et une robe noire fort longue, deux pourpoints avec leurs hauts-de-chausses, une de ces écritaires composées de deux pièces liées par un cordon, et dont le cornet est séparé de l’étui où l’on met les plumes; une main de beau papier blanc un cadenas avec un gros cachet, et de la cire verte; et lorsqu’il nous eut enfin exhibé toutes ses emplettes, Don Raphaël lui dit en plaisantant: Vive Dieu! Monsieur Ambroise, il faut avouer que vous avez fait là un bon achat.”

Now this is a faithful portrait of the inkstand, called *Tintero de Escribano*, which the Spanish scribes always carry about with them, and which it is most improbable that M. Le Sage should ever have seen in his life, or indeed have heard of but through the medium of a Spanish manuscript. The account proceeds; and the distinction, which the reader will find taken with so much accuracy, between the inquisitor and

familiar of the holy office, is one which, however familiar to every Spaniard, it is not likely a Frenchman should be acquainted with. In France the inquisitor was confounded with the commissary, and all were supposed to be Dominican friars.

"Là, mon garçon barbier étala ses vivres, qui consistoient dans cinq ou six oignons, avec quelques morceaux de pain et de fromage: mais ce qu'il produisit comme la meilleure pièce du sac, fut une petite outre, remplie, disoit-il, d'un vin délicat et friand," (2, 6.)

This custom of carrying wine in a leathern bag, is a peculiar trait of Spanish manners.

Catalena, the chambermaid of Guevarra, nurse of Philip IV., obtains from her mistress, for Ignatio, the archdeaconry of Granada, which, as "pais de conquista," was subject to the crown's disposal:—

"Cetle soubrette, qui est la même dont je me suis servi depuis pour tirer de la tour de Segovie le seigneur de Santillane, ayant envie de rendre service à Don Ignacio, engagea sa maîtresse à demander pour lui un bénéfice au Duc de Lerme. Ce ministre le fit nommer à l'archidiaconat de Grenade, lequel étant en pays conquis; est à la nomination du roi."

Now, that Le Sage should have been acquainted with this fact, for fact it unquestionably is, does appear astonishing. Till the concordat of 1753. the kings of Spain could only present to dignities in churches subject to the royal privilege, among which was this of Granada, by virtue of particular bulls issued at the time of its conquest. This is a fact, however, with which very few Spaniards were acquainted. Antonio de Pulgar, in his *Cronica de Los Reyes Catholicos*, c. 22, tells us that Isabella, "En el prouer de las yglesias que vacaron en su tiempo, ouo respecto tan recto, que pospuesta toda aflicion siempre suplico al Papa por hombres generosos, y grandes letrados, y de vida honesta; lo que no se lee que con tanta diligencia oulesse guardando ningun roy de los passados." Another remarkable passage, and to us almost conclusive, is the following—

"Je le menai au comte-duc, qui le reçut très poliment, et lui dit qu'il

s'étoit si bien conduit dans son gouvernement de la ville de Valence, que le roi, le jugeant propre à remplir une plus grande place, l'avoit nommé à la vice-royauté d'Aragon. D'ailleurs, ajouta-t-il, cette dignité n'est point au-dessus de votre naissance, et la noblesse Aragonoise ne sauroit murmurer contre le choix de la cour."

This alludes to a dispute between the Spanish government and the Aragonese, which had continued from the days of Charles V. The Aragonese claimed either that the king himself should reside among them, or be represented by some person of the royal blood. Charles V. appointed, as viceroy of Aragon, his uncle, the Archbishop of Zaragoza, and then Don Fernando de Aragon, his cousin. Philip II. appointed a Castilian to that dignity. This produced great disturbances in Aragon, and the dispute lasted till 1692, when the Aragonese settled the matter by putting the Castilian viceroy, Inigo de Mendoza, to death. His successor was an Aragonese, Don Miguel de Luna, Conde de Morata, and he was succeeded by Don John of Austria, his brother. It is most improbable that M. Le Sage, whose knowledge of Spanish literature was very superficial, and whose ignorance of Spanish history was complete, should have understood this allusion. This, therefore, leads to the conclusion that it must have been taken from a Spanish manuscript.

In conformity with this we find Mariana saying, in the days of Ferdinand and Isabella—"Los Aragoneses no querian recebir por Virrey a D. Ramon Folch, Conde de Cardona, que el rey tenia señalado para este cargo; decian era contra sus fueros poner en el gobierno de su reyno hombre extrangero. Hobo demandas y respuestas, mas al fin el rey temporizo con ellos, y nombro por Virrey a su hijo D. Alonso de Aragon, Arzobispo de Zaragoza."

Can any one doubt that the writer of the following passage had seen the spot he describes?

"Il me fit traverser une cour, et monter par un escalier fort étroit à une petite chambre qui étoit tout au haut de la tour. Je ne fus pas peu surpris, en entrant dans cette chambre, de voir sur



une table deux chandelles, qui bruloient dans des flambeaux de cuivre, et deux couverts assez propres. Dans un moment, me dit Tordesillas, on va nous apporter à manger : nous allons souper ici tous deux. C'est ce réduit que je vous ai destiné pour logement. Vous y serez mieux que dans votre cachot ; vous verrez de votre fenêtre les bords fleuris de l'Eréma, et la vallée délicieuse qui, du pied des montagnes qui séparent les deux Castilles, s'étend jusqu'à Coca. Je suis bien que vous serez d'abord peu sensible à une si belle vue, mais quand le temps aura fait succéder une douce mélancolie à la vivacité de votre douleur, vous prendrez plaisir à promener vos regards sur des objets si agréables."

These notices of reference, taken at random, are all adapted to the places at which they are found—the narrative leads to them by regular approximation, or they are suggested by the subject and occasion which it draws forth. To introduce a given story into the body of a writing without abruptness, or marks of unnatural transition,

"Ut per lævo moventes,  
Effundat junctura ungues."

is, as Paley observes, one of the most difficult artifices of composition ; and here are upwards of a hundred Spanish names, circumstances, and allusions, incorporated with the story written, as M. Nenfchateau assures us, by a Frenchman concerning the count of Louis XIV. A line touching on truth in so many points, could never have been drawn accidentally ; it is the pencil thrown luckily full upon the horse's mouth, and expressing the foam which the painter, with all his skill, could not represent without it. Let the reader observe how difficult Le Sage has found the task of connecting the anecdotes taken from Marcos de Obregon, and put into the mouth of Diego, with the main story. How awkward is this transition ? "Le *seigneur* Diego de La Fuente me raconta d'autres aventures encore, qui lui étoient arrivées depuis ; mais elles me semblent si peu dignes d'être rapportées, que je les passerai sous silence."

The next branch of the argument which we are called upon to consider, relates to the Spanish words in *Gil*

*Blas*, which imply the existence of a Spanish manuscript. The names Juan, Pedro, often occur in Le Sage's work, and Pierre, Jean, are sometimes used in their stead. The word *Don* is prefixed by the Spaniards to the Christian, and never to the surname, as Don Juan, Don Antonio, not Don Mariana, Don Cervantes. In France, *Dom*, its synonyme, is, on the contrary, prefixed to the surname—as Dom Mabillon, Dom Calmet. Le Sage always adheres to the Spanish custom. The robber who introduces Gil Blas to the cavern, says, "Tenez, Dame Leonarde, voici un jeune garçon," &c. Again, "On dressa dans le salon une grande table, et l'on me renvoya dans la cuisine, où la Dame Leonarde m'instruisit de ce que j'avais à faire."

Et comme depuis sa mort c'étoit la *Senora Leonarda* qui avoit l'honneur de présenter le noctar à ces diex infernaux," &c. This expression "*Señora Leonarda*," is much in favour of a Spanish original ; why should not Le Sage have repeated the expression "*Dame Leonarde*," on which we have a few observations to offer, had it not been that he thought the word under his eyes at the moment would lend grace and vivacity to the narrative. A French writer would have said, "Tenez, Leonarde," or perhaps, "Tenez, Madame Leonarde ;" but such a phrase as "*Tenez, Dame Leonarde*," in a French writer, can be accounted for only by the translation of "*señora*." So we have "*la Señora Catalena*," (7, 12)—"*la Señora Sirena*," (9, 7)—and "*la Señora Mencia*," (8, 10) of the French version, and instead of "*une demoiselle*," "*une jeune dame*," which is a translation of "*señorita*." In giving an account of his projected marriage with the daughter of Gabriel Salero, Gil Blas says, (9, 1)—"C'étoit un bon bourgeois qui étoit comme nous disons poli hasta porfiar. Il me présenta la Señora Eugenia, sa femme, et la jeune Gabriela, sa fille." Here are three Spanish idioms—"hasta porfiar," which Le Sage thinks it necessary to explain, "*la Señora Eugenia*," "*Gabriela*." Diego de la Fuente tells his friend, "J'avois pour maître de cet instrument un vieux '*señor escudero*,' à qui je faisois la barbe. Il se nommoit Marcos Dobregeon." A

French author, instead of "señor escudero," would have said, "vieux écuyer;" a Spanish transcriber would have written "Marcos de Obregon." We have (x. 8, 11) "Señor Caballero des plus lestes," "romances" instead of "romans," (1, 5,) "prado" instead of "pré," twice, (4, 10; 7, 13.)

Laura says—"Un jour il nous vint en fantaisie à Dorothee et à moi d'aller voir jouer les comédiens de Seville. Ils avaient affiché qu'ils représentaient *la famosa comedia*, et Embajador de si mismo, de Lope de Vega Carpio. . . . En fin le moment que j'attendais étant arrivé, c'est-à-dire, la fin de *la famosa comedia*, nous nous en allâmes." We have "hidalgo" instead of "gentilhomme" three times; "contador mayor" twice, once used by Chinchillo, again by the innkeeper at Snescas, "oidor" instead of "juge" or "membre de la cour royale," "escribano" instead of "notaire," (8, 9.) "Hospital de niños" instead of "hospice des enfans orphelins," "olla podrida" three times "marmalada de berengaria," (9, 4,) and "picaro" instead of "fripon," (4, 10, 12.) Scipio says, "un jour comme je passais auprès de l'église de los reyes." There is at Toledo a church named "San Juan de los Reyes." How could Le Sage, who never had been in Spain, know this fact? *Gil Blas* thus relates an event at Valencia—"Je m'en approchai pour apprendre pourquoi je voyois là un si grand concours d'hommes et de femmes, et bientôt je fus au fait, en lisant ces paroles écrites en lettres d'or sur une table de marbre noir, qu'il y avait au-dessus de la porte, '*La posada de los representantes*,' et les comédiens marquaient dans leur affiche qu'ils joueraient ce jour-là pour la première fois une tragédie nouvelle de Don Gabriel Triaguero." This passage is an attestation of the fact, that during the reign of Philip IV. the buildings of the Spanish provinces in which dramatic performances were represented were at the same time the residence, "posada," of the actors—a custom even now not altogether extinguished; but which Le Sage could only know through the medium of a Spanish manuscript. *Gil Blas*, imprisoned in the tower of Segovia, hears

Don Gaston de Cavallos sing the following verses—

"Ayde nie un año felice  
Parece un soplo ligero  
Pero sin duda un instante  
Es un siglo de tormento."

Where did Le Sage find these verses, sweet, gracious, and idiomatic as they are? The use of the word "felice" for "feliz" is a poetical license, and displays more than a stranger's knowledge of Spanish composition. It has been said that Smollett has left many French words in his translation of *Gil Blas*, and that too strong an inference ought not to be drawn from the employment of Spanish phrases by Le Sage. But what are the words? Are they words in the mouth of every one, and such as a superficial dilettante might easily pick up; or do they, either of themselves or from the conjunctures in which they are employed, exhibit a consummate acquaintance with the dialect and habits of the people to which they refer? Besides, it should be remembered that French is a language far more familiar to well-educated people in England, than Spanish ever was to the French, and that Smollett had lived much in France; whereas Le Sage knew from books alone the language which he has employed with so much colloquial elegance and facility. We now turn to the phrases and expressions in French which Le Sage has manifestly translated.

The first word which occurs in dealing with this part of the subject is "seigneur" as a translation for "señor;" "seigneur" in France was not a substitute for "monsieur," which is the proper meaning of "señor." On the use of the word "dame" we have already commented. Instead of Dame Leonarde and Dame Lorenzo Sephora, a French writer would have put "Madame" or "la cuisinière," or "la femme de chambre," as the case might be. So the exclamation of the highwayman, "Seigneur passant," &c., must be a translation of "Señor pasajero." Describing the parasite at Peñafior, *Gil Blas* says, "le cavalier portait une longue raplère, et il s'approcha de moi d'un air empressé, Seigneur écolier, me dit-il, je viens d'apprendre que vous êtes le seigneur

Gil Blas de Santillana. Je lui dis, seigneur cavalier, je ne croyois pas que mon nom fût connu à Penafior." "Le cavalier" means a man on horseback, which is not a description applicable to the parasite; "chevalier" is the French word for the member of a military order. "Cet homme," or "ce monsieur," would have been the expression of Le Sage if "este caballero" had not been in the manuscript to be copied. "Carillo" for "Camille," "betancos" for "betangos," "rodillas" for "revilla;" and yet M. Le Sage is not satisfied with making his hero walk towards the Prado of Madrid, but goes further, and describes it as the "pré de Saint Jerome"—Prado de S<sup>te</sup> Geronimo, which is certainly more accurate. Again he speaks of "la Rue des Infantes" at Madrid, (8, 1)—"De los Infantes is the name of a street in that city—and in the same sentence names "une vieille dame, Inesilla Cantarille." Inesilla is the Spanish diminutive of Ines, and Cantarilla of Cantaro. The last word alludes to the expression "mozas de Cantaro," for women of inferior degree. Philip III. shuts up Sirena "dans la maison des repenties." This is also the name of a convent at Madrid, called "casa de las arrepentidas." But a still stronger argument in favour of the existence of a Spanish manuscript, is to be found in the passage which says that Lucretia, the repentant mistress of Philip IV., "quitte tout à coup le monde, et se ferme dans le monastère de la Incarnation;" that having been founded by Philip III. in compliance with the will of Doña Margarita, his wife, it was reserved expressly for nuns connected in some way with the royal family of Spain; and that therefore Lucretia, having been the mistress of Philip IV., was entitled to become a member of it.

"Nous aperçûmes un religieux de l'ordre de Saint Domingue, monté, contre l'ordinaire de ces bons pères, sur une mauvaise mule." *Dieu soit loué, s'écria le capitaine.*" In this sentence all the passages in Italics are of

Spanish origin. "Seigneur cavalier, vous êtes bien heureux qu'on se soit adressé à moi plutôt qu'à un autre: je ne veux point décrier mes confrères; à Dieu ne plaise que je fasse le moindre tort à leur réputation: mais, entre nous, il n'y en a pas un qui ait de la conscience—ils sont tous plus durs que des Juifs. Je suis le seul fripier qui ait de la morale: je me borne à un prix raisonnable; je me contente de la livre pour son, je veux dire du sou pour livre. Grâces au ciel, j'exerce rondement ma profession." Here we find "Seigneur cavalier," "à Dieu ne plaise," which is the common Spanish phrase, "no permita Dios," "Grâces au ciel," instead of "Dieu merci," from "Gracias a Dios." A little further we find the phrase "Seigneur gentilhomme," which can only be accounted for as a translation of "Señor hidalgo;" "garçon de famille," (1, 17,) "bénéfice simple," (11, 17,) are neither of them French expressions. "The virtuous Jacintha," says Fabricio, "mérite d'être la gouvernante du patriarche des Indes." Now, it is impossible that the existence of such a dignity as this should have been known at Paris. It was of recent creation, and had been the subject of much conversation at Madrid. "Garçon de bien et d'honneur," (1, 2, 1.) "un mozo, hombre de bien y de honor." "Je servis un potage qu'on auroit pu présenter au plus fameux directeur de Madrid, et deux entrées qui auroient eu de quoi plquer la sensualité d'un riceroi." It is impossible not to see that the first of the phrases in italics is a translation "del director mas famoso de Madrid;" first, because a Frenchman would have used "célèbre," and secondly, because the word "director" in a different sense from that of confessor was unknown at Madrid. The allusion to the Viceroy, a functionary unknown to the French government, also deserves notice. The notaire, hastening to Cedillo, takes up hastily "son manteau et son chapeau." This infers a knowledge on

\* So in Don Quixote the friars are described "Estando en estas razones, salieron por el camino dos Frayles de la Orden de san Benito, Cavalleros sobre dos Dromedarios, que no eran mas pequeñas dos mulas en que venian."



the part of the writer that the Spanish scrivener never appeared, however urgent the occasion, without his "capa." We have the word "laboureurs" applied to substantial farmers, (1, 2, 7.) This is a translation of "labradores," to which the French word does not correspond, as it means properly, men dependent on daily labour for their daily bread. "J'ai fait élever," says the schoolmaster of Olmedo, "un théâtre, sur lequel, Dieu aidant, je ferai représenter par mes disciples une pièce que j'ai composée. Elle a pour titre les jeunes amours de Muley Bergentuf Roi de Moroi." "Disciples" is a translation of "discipulos." A French writer would have said "élèves." Again, the title of the Pedant's play is thoroughly Spanish. It was intended to ridicule the habit which prevailed in Spain, after the expulsion of the Moriscos in 1610, of adapting for the stage Moorish habits and amusements, by making a stupid pedant in an obscure village, select them as the subject of his tragedy.

Describing the insolence of the actors, Gil Blas says, "Bien loin de traiter d'excellence les seigneurs, elles ne leur donnoient pas même de la seigneurie." This would hardly be applicable to the manners of the French. The principal of Lucinde's creditors, "se nommoit Bernard Astuto, qui meritoit bien son nom." The signification of the name is clear in Spanish: but in French the allusion is totally without meaning. This probably escaped Le Sage in the hurry of composition, or it would have been easy to have removed so clear a mark of translation. The following mark is still stronger. Speaking of Simon, the bourgeois of Chelva, he says—"Certain Juif, qui s'est fait Catholique, mais dans le fond de l'âme il est encore Juif comme Pilate." Now, the lower classes of Spain perpetually fall into this error of calling Pilate a Jew; and this is a trait which could hardly have occurred to a foreign writer, however well acquainted with Spain, much less to a writer who had never set his foot in that country. Here we cannot help observing, that the whole scene from which this passage is taken is eminently Spanish. In Spain only was such a proceeding possible

as the scheme for deprecating Simon, executed by Lucinda and Raphael. The character of the victim, the nature of the fraud, the absence of all suspicion which such proceedings would necessarily provoke in any other country, are as conclusive proofs of Spanish origin as moral evidence can supply. Count Guliano is found playing with an ape, "pour dormir la siesta." Lucretia says to Gil Blas, "Je vous rends de très humbles grâces," "doy a usted muy umildes gracias." A French writer would have said, "Je vous remercie infiniment." Melendez is described as living "à la Porte du Soleil du coin de la Rue des Balustrées," "esquina de la Calle de Cofreros." There is such an alley as this, but it is unknown to ninety-nine Spaniards in a hundred. Beltran Moscada tells Gil Blas, "Je vous reconnois bien, moi—nous avons joué mille fois tous deux à la Gallina ciega." This Le Sage thinks it necessary to explain by a note, to inform his readers that it is the same as "Colin Maillard." From all these various phrases and expressions, scattered about in different passages of *Gil Blas*, and taken almost at random from different parts of the work, the conclusion that it was copied from a Spanish manuscript appears inevitable.

Le Sage has named Sacedon, Bucendia, Puencarrat, Madrid, Campillo, Aragon, Penafior, Castropot, Asturias; Salcedo, Alava; Villafior, Cebaderos, Avila; Tardajos, Kevilla, Puenteadura, Burgos; Villar-de-saz; Almodovar, Cuenca; Almoharin, Monroy, Estremadura; Adria, Gavia, Vera, Granada; Mondojar, Guadalajara; Vierzo, Pouserrada, Cacabelos, Leon; Calatrava, Castilblanco, Manchob; Chinchilla, Lorque, Murcia; Duernas, Palencia; Cobuenar, Coca, Segovia; Carmona, Mairena, Sevilla; Cobisa, Gálvez, Illescas, Loeches, Maqueda, Kodillas, Villarejo, Villarrubia, Toledo; Bunol, Chelva, Chiva; Gerica, Liria Paterna, Valencia; Ataquines, Benavente, Mansilla, Mojados, Olmedo, Penafiel, Puente de Duero, Valdestillas, Valladolid.

The story of *Gil Blas* contains the names of no less than one hundred and three Spanish villages and towns of inferior importance, many of them are unknown out of Spain—such as

Albarracín, Antequera, Betanzos, Ciudad Real, Coria, Lucena, Molina, Mondonedo, Monzon, Salsón, Trujillo, Ubeda.

There are also cited the names of thirteen dukes—Alba, Almeida, Braganza, Frias (condestable de Castilla,) Lerma, Medina-celi, Medina de Blossoco, (almirante de Castilla,) Medina-Sidonia, Medina de las Tarres (Marques de Toral,) Mantua, Osuna, Sanlucar la Mayor y Uceda. Eleven marquises—De Alménara, Carpia, Chaves, Laguardia, Leganes, Priego, Santacruz, Toral, Velez, Villa-real y Zenete. Eight condes—De Azufar, Galiano, Lemos, Montanos, Niebla, Olivares, Pedrosa y Polan. Of these four only are fictitious. It is remarkable also, that one title cited in *Gil Blas*, that of Admirante de Castilla, did not exist when Le Sage published his romance—Felipe V. having abolished it, to punish the holder of that dignity for having embraced the cause of the house of Austria. Nor are there wanting the names of persons celebrated in their day among the inhabitants of the Peninsula. Such are Fray Luis Aliago, confessor of Philip III., Archimandrite of Sicily, and inquisitor-general, Don Rodrigo Calderon, secretary of the king, Calderon de la Barca, Antonio Canero, secretary of the king, Philip IV., Cervantes, Geronimo de Florencia, Jesuit preacher of Philip IV., Fernando de Gamboa, one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, Luis de Gongora, Aña de Guevarra, his nurse, Maria de Guzman, only daughter of Olivarez, Henry Philip de Guzman, his adopted son, Baltasar de Zuniga, uncle of Olivarez, Lope de Vega Carpio, Luis Velez de Guevarra, Juana de Velasco, making in all nineteen persons. There are the names of not only thirty-one families of the highest class in Spain, as Guzman, Herrera, Mendoza, Aenna, Avila, Silva, &c., but twenty-five names belonging to less illustrious, but still distinguished families; and twenty-nine names really Spanish, but applied to imaginary characters. This makes a list of eighty-five names, which it seems impossible for any writer acquainted only with the lighter parts of Spanish literature to have accumulated. Nor should it be forgotten that there are forty-five

names, intended to explain the character of those to whom they are given, like Mrs Shiplop and Parson Trulliber, retained by *Gil Blas*, notwithstanding the loss of their original signification. Doctor Andros don Añibal de Chinchilla, Alcacer, Apuntador, Astuto, Asarini, Padre Alejos y Don Abel, Benagarra, Brutandof, Campanario Chilindron, Chinchilla, Clarin, Colifichini, Cordel, Coscolina, Padre Cristomo, Doctor Cuchillo, Descomulgado, Deslenguado, Escipion, Forero, Guyomar, Ligero, Majuelo, Mascariui, Melancia, Mogicon, Montalban, Muscada, Nisana, Doctor Oloroso, Doctor Oquetos, Penafiel, Pinares, Doctor Saugrado, Stheimbach, Samuel Simon, Salero, Talego, Tonto, Toribio, Triaquero, Ventolera, Villaviciosa, are all names of this sort. Who but a Spaniard, then, was likely to invent them? Were there no other argument, the case for Spain might almost safely be rested on this issue. But this is not all, since the mistakes, orthographical and geographical, which abound in the French edition of *Gil Blas*, carry the argument still further, and place it beyond the reach of reasonable contradiction. The reader will observe, that much of the question depends upon the fact, admitted on all sides, that Le Sage did not transcribe his version from any printed work, but from a manuscript. Had Le Sage merely inserted stories here and there taken from Spanish romances, his claims as an original writer would hardly be much shaken by their discovery, supposing the plot, with which they were skilfully interwoven, and the main bulk and stamina of the story, to be his own. But where the errors are such as can only be accounted for by mistakes, not of the press, but of the copies of a manuscript, and are fully accounted for in that manner—where they are so thickly sown, as to show that they were not errors made by a person with a printed volume before his eyes, but by a person deciphering a manuscript written in a language of which he had only a superficial acquaintance, no candid enquirer will hesitate as to the inference to which such facts lead, and by which alone they can be reconciled with the profound and inti-

mãte knowledge of Spanish literature, habits, and manners, to which we have before adverted. The innkeeper of Peñaflor is named *Corcueto* in the French version, an appellation utterly without meaning. The real word was *Corzuelo*, a diminutive from *corzo*, which carries a very pointed allusion to the character of the person. It was usual to write instead of the *z*—*c* with a cedilla, and this was probably the origin of the mistake. The innkeeper of Burgos is called in the French text *Manjuelo*, which is not Spanish, and is equally unmeaning. The original undoubtedly was *Majuelo*, the diminutive of *Majo*, which is very significant of the class to which the person bearing the name belonged. The person to whom Gil Blas applies for a situation at Valladolid, is called in the French text *Londona*. The real word is *Londollo*, the name of a village near Orduña, in Biscay. *Inesile* is the name given to the niece of Jacinta. This is instead of *Inesilla*, and corresponds with the French *Agnès*. Castel Blargo is used for Castel Blanco. Rodriguez says to his master, “Je ne touche pas un maravedis de vos finances.” The word in the manuscript was *marivedi*. Le Sage has used the plural for the singular. “Segnier,” a proper name, is used for “Segniar.” “De la Ventilera” is the unmeaning name given to a frivolous coxcomb, instead of “De la Ventilera.” Le Sage, speaking of the same person, sometimes calls her “Doña Ximena de Guzman,” and sometimes “Doña Chimena,” a manifest proof that “Doña Ximena” was written in the work from which he transcribed; as the French substitute sometimes *k* and sometimes *ch*, for the Spanish *x*.

Pedros is used for Pedroga, (the name of a noble family.)

Moyades for Miagades, (a village.)

Zendero for Zenzano, (do.)

Salceda for Salcedo, (do.)

Calderone for Calderon.

Oliguera for Lahiguera.

Niebles for Niebla.

Jutella for Antella.

Leiva for Chiva.

After Gil Blas's promotion, he says that his haughty colleague treated him with more respect; and this is expressed in such a way as to show that

Le Sage was ignorant of Spanish etiquette, and did not understand thoroughly the meaning of what he transcribed. “Il Don Rodrigo de Calderone ne m'appela plus que Seigneur de Santillane, lui qui jusqu'alors ne m'avoit traité que de *vous*, sans jamais se servir du terme de seigneurie,” supposing the meaning equivalent—whereas, in fact, though Gil Blas might complain of not being addressed in the third person, which would draw with it the use of *señor*, and was a common form of civility—it would have been ridiculous to represent him as addressed by a name, *señoría*, to which none but people of high station and illustrious rank were entitled. But Le Sage supposed that every one addressed as *señor*, might also be spoken of by the term *señoría*; a mistake against which a very moderate knowledge of Spanish usages would have guarded him. We may illustrate this by a quotation from Navarrete:—

“En este estado enviaron a decir a Magallanes. . . . Que si se queria avenir a lo que cumpliese, al servicio de S. M. estarian a lo que les mandase, y que si hasta entonces le dieron tratamiento de merced, *en adelante se lo darian de senoria*, y le besarian pies y manos.”

This was intended as a proof of the greatest reverence by the mutineers, whom, notwithstanding this submission, Magallanes took an early opportunity to destroy.

Gil Blas relates the absurd resolution of the Conde Duque D'Olivarez, to adopt the son of a person with whom he, among others, had intrigued as his own. This anecdote was well known in Spain. The supposed father of this youth was an alcalde de corte, called Valcancel; and he had been rivaled by an alguazil. The son was called in the early part of his life Julian Valcancel. When adopted by Olivarez, he took the name of Enrique Felipe de Guzman, which the people said ought to be exchanged for that of Del Alguazil del Alcalde de Corte. Olivarez divorced him from the woman to whom he was certainly married, and obliged him to marry the daughter of the Duca de Frias. He was called by the people of Madrid a man with two names, the son of three



fathers, and the husband of two wives. Le Sage, by substituting the name of Valdésar for that of Valcaneel, proves that he was ignorant of the whole transaction. In the *auto da fé* which Gil Blas sees at Toledo, and in which his old friends terminate their adventures in so tragical a manner—some of the guilty are represented as wearing *carochas* on their heads. This is a word altogether without meaning; the real word was *corozas*, a cap worn by criminals as a badge of degradation.

Another mistake deserves attention as supplying the strongest proof of an inaccurate transcriber. "J'espère," says Maître Joachim to his master, "que je vous servirai tantôt un ragout digne d'un *cantador mayor*." The word was not "*cantador*," but "*contador mayor*," the "*ministro de hacienda*," or chancellor of the exchequer; a situation under a despotic government of the highest dignity and opulence. So Don Annibal de Chinchilla exclaims—"Me croit-elle un *contador mayor*," when repelling a demand of a rapacious prostitute. But Le Sage mistook the *c* of his manuscript for an *a*, and turned a phrase very intelligible into nonsense. We now come to the passage which M. Neufchateau quotes as decisive in favour of Le Sage's claims. It certainly was to be found in no Spanish manuscript.

"Don Louis nous mena chez un jeune gentilhomme de ses amis, qu'on appeloit don Gabriel de Pedros. Nous y passâmes le reste de la journée; nous y soupâmes même, et nous n'en sortîmes que sur les deux heures après minuit pour nous en retourner au logis. Nous avions peut-être fait la moitié du chemin, lorsque nous rencontrâmes sous nos pieds dans la rue deux hommes étendus par terre. Nous jugeâmes que c'étoient des malheureux qu'on venoit d'assassiner, et nous nous arrêtâmes pour les secourir, s'il en étoit encore temps. Comme nous cherchions à nous instruire, autant que l'obscurité de la nuit nous le pouvoit permettre, de l'état où ils se trouvoient, la patrouille arriva. Le commandant nous prit d'abord pour des assassins, et nous fit environner par ses gens; mais il eut meilleure opinion de nous lorsqu'il nous eut entendus parler, et qu'à la faveur d'une lanterne sourde, il vit les

traits de Mendocce et de Pacheco. Ses archers, par son ordre, examinèrent les deux hommes que nous nous imaginions avoir été tués; et il se trouva que c'étoit un gros licencié avec son valet, tous deux pris de vin, ou plutôt ivres-morts. 'Messieurs,' s'écria un des archers, 'je reconnols ce gros vivant. Eh! c'est le seigneur licencié Guyomar, recteur de notre université. Tel que vous le voyez, c'est un grand personnage, un génie supérieur. Il n'y a point de philosophe qu'il ne terrasse dans une dispute; il a un flux de bouche sans pareil. C'est dommage qu'il aime un peu trop de vin, le procès, et la grisetle. Il revient de souper de chez son Isabella, où, par malheur, son guide s'est enivré comme lui. Ils sont tombés l'un et l'autre dans le ruisseau. Avant que le bon licencié fut recteur, cela lui arrivoit assez souvent. Les honneurs, comme vous voyez, ne changent pas toujours les mœurs.' Nous laissâmes ces ivrognes entre les mains de la patrouille, qui eut soin de les porter chez eux. Nous regagnâmes notre hôtel, et chacun se songea qu'à se reposer."

Now this story pierces to the heart the theory which M. Neufchateau cites it in order to establish. It is an anecdote incorporated by Le Sage with the rest of the work; and how well it tallies with a Spanish story, and the delineation of Spanish manners, let the reader judge. The rector of the university of Salamanca was required to unite a great variety of qualifications. In the first place, his birth must have been noble for several generations; not perhaps as many as a canon of Strasburg was required to trace, but more than it was possible for the great majority even of well born gentlemen to produce. The situation, indeed, was generally conferred upon the members of the second class of nobility, and very often upon those of the first. He was a judge, with royal and pontifical privileges, exempt from the authority of the bishop in ecclesiastical, and from the royal tribunals in secular, matters. His morals were sifted with the strictest scrutiny; and yet this dignified ecclesiastic is the person whom Le Sage represents as lying in the streets stupified with intoxication, and this not from accident, but from habitual indulgence in a vice which, throughout Spain, is considered infamous, and

which none but those who are below the influence of public opinion, and even those but in rare instances, are ever known to practise. To call a man a drunkard in Spain, is considered a worse insult than to call him a thief; and the effect of the story is the same as if a person, pretending to describe English manners, were to represent the Lord Chancellor as often in custody on a charge of shoplifting, and permitted, in consideration of his abilities, still to remain in office and exercise the duties of his station.

The principal topographical errors are the following:—Doña Mencía names to *Gil Blas* two places on the road near Burgos—these she calls Gofal and Rodillas; the real names are Tardagal and Revilla, (1, 11;) Ponte de Mula is put for Puente Duro, (1, 13;) Linceno for Luyego; Villardera for Villar del Sa, (5, 1;) Ahmerim for Ahmoharia, (5, 1;) Sliva for Chiva, (7, 1;) Obisa for Cóbisa, (10, 10;) Sinas for Linas; Mililla for Melilla; Arragon for Aragon. Describing his journey from Madrid to Oviedo, *Gil Blas* says they slept the first night at Alcalá of Henares, and the second at Segovia. Now Alcalá is not on the road from Madrid to Segovia, nor is it possible to travel in one day from one of these cities to the other—probably Galapagar was the word mistaken. Ponatiel is mentioned as lying on the road from Segovia to Valladolid, (10, 1;) this is for Portillo. Now, if Le Sage had invented the story, and clothed it with names of Spanish cities and villages, taken from printed books, can any one suppose that he could have fallen into all these errors?

A thread of Spanish history winds through the whole story of *Gil Blas*, and keeps every circumstance in its place; therefore the date of the hero's birth may be fixed with the greatest precision. He tells us he was fifty-eight at the death of the Count Duke of Olivarez, that is, 1646; *Gil Blas* was therefore born 1588, and this corresponds altogether with different allusions, which show that when the romance was written the war between Spain and Portugal was present to the author's mind, and the subject of his constant animadversion. Portugal, as our readers may recollect, be-

came subject to the Spanish yoke in 1580, the Duke of Braganza was raised to the throne of that kingdom in 1640; and the war to which that event gave rise was not terminated till 1668, when Charles II. acknowledged Alphonso VI. as the legitimate ruler of Portugal. That when the work was written the war between Spain and Portugal continued, may be inferred from the fact, that the mention of Portugal is perpetually accompanied with some allusion to hostilities which were then carried on between the two countries. The romance must therefore have been written between the disgrace of the Count Duke, 1646, and the recognition of Portuguese independence, 1668. But we may contract the date of the work within still narrower limits. It could not have been written before 1654, as the works of Don Augustini Moreto, none of which were published before 1654, are cited in it—it is not of later date, because there is no allusion in any part of the work to the death of Philip IV., to the peace of the Pyrenees, or to any other ministers but Lerma, Uzeda, and Olivarez. Don Louis de Haro, Marquis of Carpio, and Duke of Montara, is not mentioned moreover. *Gil Blas*, describing himself to Laura, says that he is the only son of Fernando de Ribera, who fell in a battle on the frontiers of Portugal fifteen years before. This is a prolepsis; for the battle was fought in 1640. But this manifest anachronism, which entirely escaped Le Sage, was intended by the author as an autograph, a sort of "chien de Bassano," to point out the real date of the work. Bearing in mind, then, that *Gil Blas* was born in 1588, that Portugal was annexed to Spain in 1580 without a struggle, and remained subject to its dominion till 1640; let us consider the anachronisms in which Le Sage has plunged himself, partly through his ignorance of Spanish history, partly from the attempt to interpolate other Spanish novels with the main body of the work he has translated. One of these is confessed by Le Sage himself, and occurs in the story of Don Pompeio de Castro, inserted in the first volume. Don Pompeio is supposed to relate this story at Ma-

did in 1607; in it a king of Portugal is spoken of at that time as being an independent sovereign. Now in the third volume of the seventh book, in the year 1608, Pedro Zamora tells Laura, with whom he has eloped, that they were in security in Portugal, a foreign kingdom, though actually subject to the crown of Spain. Now this is quite correct, and here Le Sage's attention was called to the anachronism above cited in his preceding volume, which he undertakes to correct in another edition—a promise which he fulfilled by the clumsy expedient of transferring the scene from Portugal to Poland. But how comes it to pass that Le Sage, who singles out with such painful anxiety the error to which we have adverted, suffers others of equal importance to pass altogether unnoticed? For instance, in the twelfth book, eighth chapter, Olivarez speaks of a journey of Philip IV. to Zaragoza; which took place indeed, but not until two years after the disgrace of Olivarez. Cogollos, speaking in 1616, alludes to a circumstance connected with the revolt of Portugal in 1640; Olivarez, sixteen months afterwards, mentions the same circumstance, saying to Cogollos—"Your patron, though related to the Duke of Braganza, had, I am well assured, no share in his revolt." In 1607, Gil Blas, being the servant of Don Bernardo de Castel Blanco, says, that some suppose his master to be a spy of the king of Portugal, a personage who at that time did not exist. Now, if Le Sage intended to leave to posterity a lasting and unequivocal proof of his plagiarism, how could he do so more effectually than by dwelling on one anachronism as an error which he intended to correct, in a work swarming in every part with others equally flagrant, of which he takes no notice? We have mentioned these mistakes, particularly as being mistakes into which the original author had fallen, and which, as his object was not to give an exact relation of facts, he probably disregarded altogether. And here again we must repeat our remark, that these perpetual allusions indicate a writer not afraid of exposing himself by irretrievable blunders, and certain of being under-

stood by those whom he addressed. A Spaniard writing for Spaniards, would of course take it for granted that his countrymen were acquainted with those very facts and allusions which Le Sage sometimes formally endeavours to explain, and sometimes is unable to detect; while a writer conscious, as the French author was, of a very imperfect acquaintance with the language and usages of Spain, would never indulge in those little circumstantial touches which a Spaniard could not help inserting.

We now come to errors of Le Sage himself. Doña Mencía speaks of her first husband dying in the service of the king of Portugal, five or six years after the beginning of the seventeenth century. Events are described as taking place in the time of Philip II., under the title of *Le Mariage de Vengeance*, which happened three hundred years before, at the time of the Sicilian Vespers, 1283. Gil Blas, after his release from the tower of Segovia, tells his patron, Alouzo de Leyva, that four months before he held an important office under the Spanish crown; while he tells Philip IV. that he was six months in prison at Segovia. But the following very remarkable error almost determines the question, as it discovers demonstrably the mistake of a transcriber. Scipio, returning to his master in April 1621, informs Gil Blas that Philip III. is dead; and proceeds to say that it is rumoured that the Cardinal Duke of Lerma has lost his office, is forbidden to appear at court, and that Gaspar de Guzman, Count of Olivarez, is prime minister. Now, the Cardinal Duke of Lerma had lost his office since the 4th October 1618, three years before the death of Philip III. How is this mistake explained? By the transcriber's omission of the words "Duke of Uzeda, son of," which should precede the cardinal duke, &c., and which makes the sentence historically correct; for the Duke of Uzeda was the son of the Cardinal Duke of Lerma, did succeed his father, and was turned out of office at the death of Philip III., when he was succeeded by Olivarez. If there was no other argument but this, it would serve materially to invalidate Le Sage's



claims to originality; as the omission of these words makes nonsense of a sentence perfectly intelligible when corrected, and causes the writer, in the very act of alluding to a most notorious fact in Spanish history, with which, even in its least details, he appears in other places familiar, to display the most unaccountable ignorance of the very fact he makes the basis of his narrative. Surely if plagiarism can ever be said "*digito monstrari et dicier hic est*," it is here.

If we consider the effect of all these accumulated circumstances—the travelling on mules, the mode of extorting money, the plunder of the prisoners by the jailer, the rosary with its large beads carried by the Spanish *Tartuffe*, instead of the "haire and the discipline" mentioned by Molière, the description of the hotels of Madrid, the inferior condition of surgeons, the graceful bearing of the cloak, the notary's inkstand, the posada in which the actors slept as well as acted, the convent in which Philip's mistress is placed with such minute propriety, the *Gallina Ciega*, the lane in Madrid, the dinner hour of the clerks in the minister's office, the knowledge of the ecclesiastical rights of the crown over Granada, and of the Aragonese resistance to a foreign viceroy, the number of words left in the original Spanish, and of others which betray a Spanish origin, the names of cities, villages, and families, that rise spontaneously to the hand of the writer, and the perpetual mistakes which their enumeration occasions, among which we will only here specify that of *Cantador* for *Contador*, and the omission of the words "*Duc d'Uzeda*," which can alone set right a flagrant anachronism—if we consider the effect of all these circumstances, we shall look in vain for any reason to doubt the result which such a complication of probabilities conspires to fortify.

The objections stated by M. Neufchateau to this overwhelming mass of evidence, utterly destructive as it is to the hypothesis of which he was the advocate, are so feeble and captious, that they hardly deserve the examination which Llorente, in the anxiety of his patriotism, has condescended to bestow on them. M. Neufchateau objects to the minute references on

which many of Llorente's arguments are built; but he should remember that, in an examination of this sort, it is "one thing to be minute, and another to be precarious;" one thing to be oblique, and another to be fantastical. On such occasions the more powerful the microscope is that the critic can employ, the better; not only because all suspicion of contrivance or design is thereby further removed, but because proofs, separately trifling, are, when united, irresistible; and the circumstantial evidence to which courts of justice are compelled, by the necessity of human affairs, to recur, in matters where the lives and fortunes of individuals are at stake, is not only legitimate, but indispensable, before tribunals which have not the same means of investigation at their command. In this, however, the evidence is as full, positive, and satisfactory as any evidence not appealing to the senses or mathematical demonstration for its truth, can possibly be; and any one in active life who was to forbear from acting upon it, would deserve to be treated as a lunatic. Let us, however, consider the admissions of M. Neufchateau. He admits, 1st, That *Le Sage* was never in Spain. 2dly, *Le Sage*, in 1735, acknowledged the chronological error into which he had fallen, from inserting the story of *Don Pompeyo de Castro*, and announced his intention to correct it. 3dly, He allows, in 1724, when the third volume of *Gil Blas* was published, *Le Sage* annexed to it the Latin distich, implying that the work was at an end—

"*Inveni portum, spes et fortuna, valet;  
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios.*"

He allows, therefore, that the publication of the fourth volume, eleven years after the third volume of *Gil Blas* was published, was as far from the original intention of the author as it was from the expectation of the public. 4thly, That, from the introduction of the Duke of Lerma on the stage at the close of the work, the history of Spain is adhered to with exact fidelity. 5thly, He allows that the description of Spanish inns, (10, 12,) is taken from the "*Vida del Escudero Marcos de Obregon*." 6thly, He allows that the novel of "*Le Mariage de*

Vengeance," related by Doña Elvira, is inconsistent with all the rest of the story of *Gil Blas*. The anachronisms in which Le Sage is entangled, by applying a story to the seventeenth century that relates to the thirteenth, prove his ignorance of Spanish history. On this M. Neufchateau remarks as usual, that no Spaniard would have fallen into such an error. True; but how does it happen that the person making it is so intimately acquainted with the topography and habits of Spain? and how can this contradiction be solved, but by supposing that Le Sage incorporated a Spanish story which caught his fancy

Doña Mencia de Mosquera, contained in 1st book, 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th chapters,

Of the story of Diego de la Fuente, contained in the 2d book, 7th chapter,

— Don Bernardo de Castelblanco, contained in the 2d book, 1st chapter,

— Don Pompeyo de Castro, contained in the 2d book, 7th chapter,

— Doña Anrora de Guzman, contained in the 4th book, 2d, 3d, 5th, and 6th chapters,

— Matrimonio por Venganza, contained in the 4th book, 4th chapter,

— Doña Serafina de Polan and Don Alfonso de Leiva, contained in 10th book,

— Rafael and Lucinda, contained in 5th book, 1st chapter,

— Samuel Simon en Chelva, contained in 6th book, 1st chapter,

— Laura, contained in 7th book, 7th chapter,

— Don Alibál de Chinchilla, contained in 7th book, 12th chapter,

— Valerio de Luna and Inesilla Cantarilla, contained in 8th book, 1st chapter,

— Andres de Tordosillas, Gaston de Cogollos, and Elena de Galisteo, contained in 9th book, 4th, 11th, and 13th chapters,

— Scipio, contained in 10th book, 10th, 11th, and 12th chapters,

— Laura and Lucrecia, contained in 12th book, 1st chapter,

— And the Histories of Lerma and Olivarez, contained in 11th book, 5th, 6th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th; and 2d book, 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and 13th chapters.

Composing more than two-thirds of *Gil Blas*—are taken from the Spanish. Such are the admissions of Le Sage's advocates.

Even after these important deductions, there remains enough to found a brilliant reputation. To this remainder, however, Le Sage is not

with the manuscript before him? 7thly, He allows that the story of Doña Laura de Guzman is taken from a Spanish comedy entitled, "Todo es enredos amor y el diablo sin las mugeres." 8thly, He allows that the expression, "et je promets de vous faire tirer pitié ou aile du premier ministre,"\* is not French; it is in fact the translation of a Spanish proverb, "Agarrar pata o alon." 9thly, He admits that the intimate acquaintance with the personal history of the Count Duke, displayed by Le Sage, is astonishing. 10thly, He admits that the stories of—

entitled. It is, we trust, proved to every candid reader, that, with the exception of one anecdote, entertaining in itself, but betraying the greatest

\* It occurs, however, in Madame de Sevigné's letters. But that most charming of all letter-writers understood Spanish, which Anne of Austria had probably made a fashionable accomplishment at the court of France. The intrigue for which Vardes was exiled, shows, that to write in Spanish was an attainment common among the courtiers of Louis XIV.

ignorance of Spanish manners, two or three allusions to the current scandal and topics of the day, and the insertion of several novels avowedly translated from other Spanish writers; all the merit of Le Sage consists in dividing a manuscript placed by his friend, the Abbé de Lyonno, in his possession, into two stories—one of which was *Gil Blas*, and the other, confessed by himself to be a translation and published long after the former, was the *Bachelier de Salamanca*. To the argument of chronological error, the sole answer which M. Neufchateau condescends to give is, that they are incomprehensible; and on his hypothesis he is right. As to the Spanish words and phrases employed in *Gil Blas*, the names of villages, towns, and families which occur in it, he observes that these are petty circumstances—so they are, and for that very reason the argument they imply is irresistible. The story of the examination of Gaspar, the servant of Simon, in the Inquisition scene, is gravely urged by M. Neufchateau as a proof that the writer was a Frenchman, as no Spaniard would dare to attack the Inquisition. This is strange confusion. Not a word is uttered against the Inquisition in the scene. Some impostors disguise themselves in the dress of inquisitors to perpetrate a fraud. If a French novel describe two or three swindlers, assuming the garb of members of the old Parliament of Paris in execution of their design, is this an attack on the Parliament of Paris? Is the “Beaux’ Stratagem” an attack on our army and peerage? The argument, however, may be retorted; for had a Frenchman been the author of the story, it is more than probable that he would have introduced some attack upon the Inquisition, and quite certain that the characters brought forward would have deviated from the strict propriety they now preserve. Some confusion would have been made among them—an error which M. Neufchateau, in the few lines he has written upon the subject, has not been able to avoid. We may add that this whole scene was printed in Spanish, under the eye of the Inquisition, without any interference on the part of that venerable body,

who, though tolerably quick-sighted in such matters, were not, it should seem, aware of the attack upon them which M. Neufchateau has been sagacious enough to discover. To the argument drawn from the geographical blunders, M. Neufchateau mutters that they are excusable in a writer who had never been in Spain. The question, how such a writer came wantonly to incur them, he leaves unanswered. M. Neufchateau asserts, that there is in Spanish no proverb that corresponds to the French saying, “A quelque chose le malheur est bon.” But a comedy was written in the time of Philip IV., entitled, “No hay mal que por bien no venga.” He argues that *Gil Blas* is not the work of a Spaniard, because it does not, like *Don Quixote*, abound with proverbs; by a parity of reasoning, he might infer *The Silent Lady* was not written by an Englishman, as there is no allusion to Falstaff in it.

But it may be said, if Le Sage was so unscrupulous as to appropriate to himself the works of another writer in *Gil Blas*, how came he to acknowledge the *Bachelier de Salamanca* as a translation?

This is a fair question, but the answer we can give is satisfactory. The originals of all his translations, except *Gil Blas* and the *Bachelier de Salamanca*, were printed; and therefore any attempt at wholesale plagiarism must have been immediately detected. The *Bachelier de Salamanca*, it is true, was in manuscript; but it had been long in the possession of the Marquis de Lerma and his son, before it became the property of Le Sage; and although tolerably certain that it had never been diligently perused, Le Sage could not be sure that it had not attracted superficial notice, and that the name was not known to many people. Now, by eviscerating the *Bachelier de Salamanca* of its most entertaining anecdotes, and giving them a different title, and then publishing the mutilated copy of a work, the name of which, with the outline of its story, was known to many people as an acknowledged translation, he took the most obvious means of disarming all suspicion of plagiarism, and setting, as it seems he did, on



a wrong track the curiosity of enquirers. How came the original manuscript not to be printed by its author? Because it could not be printed with impunity within the jurisdiction of the Spanish monarchy: the allusions to the abuses of the court and the favourites of the day are so obvious—the satire upon the imbecility of the Spanish government so keen and biting—the personal descriptions of Philip III. and Philip IV. so exact—the corruption of its ministers of justice, and the abuses practised in its prisons, branded in terms so lively and vehement—the attacks upon the influence of the clergy, their hypocrisy, their ambition, and their avarice, so frequent and severe—that while Philip IV. and Don John of Austria, the fruit of his intrigue with the actress Marie Calderon, so carefully pointed out, were still alive, and before the generation to which it alludes had passed away, its publication, in Spain at least, was impossible. The *Bachelier de Salamanque* was not published for the same reason; and for the same reason, even in a country with perhaps more pretensions to freedom than Spain possessed, no one has yet acknowledged himself the writer of *Junius*. But why do you not produce the Spanish manuscript, and set the question at rest? exclaims with much naïveté M. Nenfchatean. Does such an argument deserve serious refutation? That is, why do not you Spaniards produce a manuscript given to one Frenchman by another at Paris, in the 18th century, which of course, if our theory be true, he had the strongest temptation to destroy? Rather may the Spaniards ask, why do not *you* produce the original manuscript of the *Bachelier de Salamanque*, which would overthrow at least one portion of our hypothesis?

The object of *Gil Blas* is to exhibit a vivid representation of the follies and vices of the successive administrations of Lerma, Uzeda, and Olivarez; to point out the actual state of the drama in Spain under the reign of Philip IV., who, indolent as he was, possessed the taste of a true Spaniard for dramatic representation; to criticise the absurd system pursued by the physicians, abuses of subordinate officers of justice, the follies of false pretenders to

philosophy, the disorders and corruptions which swarm in every department of a despotic and inefficient government, the multitude of sharpers and robbers in the towns and high-ways, the subterranean habitations in which they found shelter and security, the ingenuity of their frauds, and daring outrages of their violence—in short, to hold up every species of national error, and every weakness of national folly, to public obloquy and derision. In dwelling upon such topics the writer will, of course, describe scenes and characters common to every state of civilized society. The broad and general features of the time-serving courtier, of the servile coxcomb, of the rapacious mistress, of the expecting legatee, the frivolous man of fashion, and the still more frivolous pedant, will be the same, whatever be the country in which the scene is laid, and by whatever names they happen to be distinguished. France had, no doubt, her Sangrados and Ochetos, her Matthias de Silva and Rodrigo, her Lauras and her Archbishops of Granada.

“ Pictures like these, dear madam, to design,  
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;  
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,  
Some flying stroke, alone can hit 'em right.”

Where the touches are more exact and delicate, where the strokes are laid on with the painful labour of a Flemish pencil, where the business and the bosoms of men are addressed more directly, there it is we shall find proofs of the view and purpose of the author; such traits are the key with the leather strap that verified the judgment of Sancho's kinsmen. To what purpose should a Frenchman, writing in the time of Louis XIV., censure the rapacity of innkeepers, and the wretchedness of their extorted accommodation, when France, from the time of Chaucer to the present hour, has been famous for the civility of the one and the convenience of the other? To what purpose, if the French government were to be criticised, enumerate the danger of high-roads, and the caverns unexplored by a negligent administra-

tion, in which bandits found a refuge? If France was aimed at, how does it happen that the literature of its golden age is the subject of attack, and a perverted and fantastic style of writing assigned to an epoch remarkable for the severity and precision of its taste? If Spain is meant, the attack is perfectly intelligible, as the epoch is exactly that when Spanish taste began to degenerate, and the style of Spanish writers to become vicious, inflated, and fantastic, in imitation of Gongora, who did so much to ruin the literature of his country; as other writers of much less ability, but who addressed themselves to a public far inferior in point of taste to that of Gongora, have recently done in England. Nothing could be worse chosen than such a topic. As well might England be attacked now for its disregard of commerce and its enthusiastic love of genius, or France for its contempt of military glory. When *Gil Blas* was published, France was undoubtedly the model of civilized Europe, the fountain from whence other stars drew light. To ridicule the bad taste of the age of Malebranche, the master of Addison, and of Boileau, the master of Pope, will appear ridiculous to an Englishman. To accuse the vicious style which prevailed in the age of Bossuet, Fénelon, and Pascal, will appear monstrous to every one with the least tincture of European literature.

Let us apply this mode of reasoning to some instance in which national prejudice and interest cannot be concerned. Let us suppose that some one were to affirm that the *Adelphi* of Terence was not a translation from Menander; among the incorrigible pedants who think Niebuhr a greater authority on Roman history than Cicero, he would not want for proselytes. Let us see what he might allege—he might urge that Terence had acknowledged obligations to Menander on other occasions, and that on this he seemed rather studiously to disclaim it, pointing out Diphilus as his original—he might insist that Syrus could only have been the slave of a Roman master, that Sannio corresponded exactly with our notions of a Roman pander, that Æschinus was the picture of a dissolute young patrician—in short, that through the transparent

veil of Grecian drapery it was easy to detect the sterner features of Roman manners and society; nay more, he might insist on the marriage of Micio at the close of the drama, as Neufchateau does upon the drunkenness of Guyomar, as alluding to some anecdote of the day, and at any rate as the admitted invention of Terence himself. He might challenge the advocates of Menander to produce the Greek original from which the play was borrowed; he might reject the Greek idioms which abound in that masterpiece of the Roman stage with contempt, as beneath his notice; and disregard the names which betray a Grecian origin, the allusions to the habits of Grecian women, to the state of popular feeling at Athens, and the administration of Athenian law, with supercilious indifference. All this such a reasoner might do, and all this M. Neufchateau has done. But would such a tissue of cobweb fallacies disguise the truth from any man of ordinary taste and understanding? Such a man would appeal to the whole history of Terence; he would show that he was a diligent translator of the Greek writers of the middle comedy, that his language in every other line betrayed a Grecian origin, that the plot was not Roman, that the scene was not Roman, that the customs were not Roman; he would say, if he had patience to reason with his antagonist, that a fashionable rake, a grasping father, an indulgent uncle, a knavish servant, an impudent ruffian, and a timid clown, were the same at Rome, at Thebes, and at Athens, in London, Paris, or Madrid. He would ask, of what value were such broad and general features common to a species, when the fidelity of an individual likeness was in question? He would say, that the incident quoted as a proof of originality, served only, by its repugnance to Grecian manners, and its inferiority to the work in which it was inserted, to prove that the rest was the production of another writer. He would quote the translations from fragments still extant, which the work, exquisite as it is, contains, as proofs of a still more beautiful original. Lastly, he would cite the “*Dimidiata Menander*” of Caesar, as a proof of the opinion

entertained of his genius by the great writers of his own country; and when he had done this, he might enquire with confidence whether any one existed capable of forming a judgment upon style, or of distinguishing one author from another, who would dispute the position for which he contended.

The sum and substance of all M. Neufchateau's argument is the slight assumption, that every allusion to a man eminent for wit and genius, must be intended for a Frenchman. Of this nature is the affirmation that Triaquero is meant for Voltaire; and the still more intrepid declaration, that Lope de Vega and Calderon de la Barca are cited, not as Spanish authors, but as types by which Corneille and Racine are shadowed out. It is true that the passage is exactly applicable to Calderon and Lope de Vega; and for that reason, as they are great comic writers, can hardly apply equally well to Corneille and Racine. But such trifling difficulties are as dust when placed in the balance with the inveterate opinion to which we have already alluded.

According to the principles adopted by M. Neufchateau, *Gil Blas* might be adapted to any court, or age, or country. For instance, if Triaquero, meaning a charlatan. (which, by the way, it does not,) refers of necessity to Voltaire, might not any Englishman, if the work had been published recently, insist that the work must have been written by an Englishman, as the allusion could apply to no one so well as him, who, having been a judge without law, and a translator of Demosthenes without Greek, had, to his other titles to public esteem, added that of being an historian without research?

The difference between Dr Sanguado and our hydropathists is merely that between hot and cold water, by no means excluding an allusion to the latter, under the veil, as M. Neufchateau has it, of Spanish manners. Would it be quite impossible to find in St James's Street, or in certain

buildings at no great distance from the Thames, the exact counterparts of Don Matthias de Silva and his companions? Gongora, indeed, in spite of his detestable taste, was a man of genius; and therefore to find his type among us would be difficult, if not impossible, unless an excess of the former quality, for which he was conspicuous, might counterbalance a deficiency in the latter. Are our *employés* less pompous and empty than *Gil Blas* and his companions? oursquires less absurd and ignorant than the *hidalgoes* of Valencia? Let any one read some of the pamphlets on Archbishop Whately's Logic, or attend an examination in the schools at Oxford, and then say if the race of those who plume themselves on the discovery, that Greek children cried when they were whipped is extinct? To be sure, as the purseproud insolence of a *nouveau riche*, and indeed of *parvenus* generally, is quite unknown among us, nobody could rely on those points of resemblance. But with regard to the other topics, would it not be fair to say, in answer to such an argument—All this is mere commonplace generality; such are the characters of every country where European institutions exist, or European habits are to be found? Something more tangible and specific is requisite to support your claim. You are to prove that the picture is a portrait of a particular person—and you say it has eyes and a nose; so have all portraits. But where are the strokes that constitute identity, and determine the original?—There is no mention of Crockford's or of the Missionary Society, of the Old Bailey or the Foundling Hospital; and if Ordonez is named, who gets rich by managing the affairs of the poor, this can never be meant for a satire on the blundering pedantry of your Somerset-house commissioners.—Here is no hint that can be tortured into a glance at fox-hunters, or game-preservers, of the society for promoting rural deans, at your double system of contradictory law, at special pleading at quarter-sessions,\* at the technical ri-

\* We call ourselves a *practical* people! A man incurred, a few months ago, an expense of £70, for saying that he was "ready," instead of saying that he was "ready and willing" to do a certain act. The man's name was Granger. Another



gour of your institutions, at the delay, chicanery, and expense of your judicial proceedings, at the refinement, ease, wit, gayety, and disinterested respect for merit, which, as every body knows, distinguish your social character; nothing is said of the annual meeting of chemists, geologists, and mathematicians, so beneficial to the real interests of science, by making a turn for tumid metaphor and the love of display necessary ingredients in the character of its votaries, extirpating from among them that simplicity which was so fatal an obstacle to the progress of Newton,—and turning the newly discovered joint of an antediluvian reptile into a theme of perennial and unblushing declamation; nothing is said about those discussions on baptismal fonts, those discoveries of trochees for iambs, or the invention of new potatoe boilers, which in the days of Hegel, Berryer, Schlasser, Savigny, and Cousin, are the glory and delight of England; in short, there is nothing to fix the illusions on which you rely on to distinguish them from those which might be applicable to Paris, Vienna, or Madrid.

There are no people less disposed than ourselves to detract from the merit of eminent French writers; they are always clear, elegant, and judicious; often acute, eloquent, and profound. There is no department of prose literature in which they do not equal us: there are many in which they are unquestionably our superiors. Unlike our authors, who, on those subjects which address the heart and reason jointly, adopt the style of a treatise on the differential calculus; and when pure science is their topic, lead us to suppose (if it were not for their disgusting pomposity) they had chosen for their model the florid confusion of a tenth-rate novel;—the French write on scientific subjects with simplicity and precision, and on moral, æsthetic, and theoretical questions with spirit,

earnestness, and sensibility. Having said so much, we must however add, that a liberal and ingenious acknowledgment of error is not among the shining qualities of our neighbours. When a question is at issue in which they imagine the literary reputation of their country to be at stake, it is the dexterity of the advocate, rather than the candour of the judge, that we must look for in their dissertations. He who has argued on the guilt of Mary with a Scotchman, or the authenticity of the three witnesses with a newly made archdeacon, and with a squire smarting under an increasing poor-rate or the corn-laws, may form a just conception of the task he will undertake in endeavouring to persuade a French critic that his countrymen are in the wrong. The patient, if he does not, as it has sometimes happened in the cases to which we have referred, become "*pingil et medicum urget*," is sure, as in those instances, to triumph over all the proofs which reason can suggest, or that the hellebore of nine Anticyras could furnish him with capacity to understand. Of this the work of M. Neufchateau is a striking proof. Truth is on one side, Le Sage's claim to originality on the other; and he supports the latter: we do not say that he is willing, rather than abandon his client, to assert a falsehood; but we are sure that, in order to defend him, he is ready to believe absurdities.

The degree of moral guilt annexed to such conduct as that which we attribute to Le Sage, is an invidious topic, not necessarily connected with our subject, and upon which we enter with regret.

Lessing accused Wieland of having destroyed a palace, that he might build a cottage with its materials. However highly we may think of the original, we can hardly suppose such an expression applicable to *Gil Blas*. Of the name of the author whose toil Le Sage thus appropriated, charity

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unfortunate creature incurred costs to the amount of £3000, by one of the most ordinary proceedings in our courts, called a motion, of course, and usually settled for a guinea. A clergyman libelled two of his parishioners in a Bishop's Court. The matter never came to be heard, and the expense of the written proceedings was upwards of £800! Can any system be more abominable than one which leads to such results?

obliges us to suppose that he was ignorant; but we should not forget that the case of Le Sage is not precisely that of a person who publishes, as an original, a translation from a printed work, as Wieland did with his copy of Rowe's *Lady Jane Grey*, and Lord Byron with his copy of the most musical lines in Goethe. The offence of Le Sage more resembles that imputed (we sincerely believe without foundation) to Raphael; namely, that after the diligent study of some ancient frescoes, he suffered them to perish, in order to conceal his imitation. But we hasten to close these reflections, which tenderness to the friend and companion of our boyhood, and gratitude to him who has enlivened many an hour, and added so much to our stock of intellectual happiness, forbid us to prolong. Let those who feel that they could spurn the temptation, in comparison with which every other that besets our miserable nature is as dross—the praise yielded by a polished and fastidious nation to rare and acknowledged genius—denounce as they will the infirmity of Le Sage. But let them be quite sure, that instead of being above a motive to which none but minds of some refinement are accessible, they are not below it. Let them be sure that they do not take dulness for integrity, and that the virtue, proof to intellectual

triumphs, and disdaining “the last infirmity of noble minds,” would not sink if exposed to the ordeal of a service of plate, or admission in some frivolous coterie. For ourselves we will only say, “*Amicus Plato sed magis amica veritas.*”

For these reasons, then, which depend on the nature of the thing, and which no testimony can alter—reasons which we cannot reject without abandoning all those principles which carry with them the most certain instruction, and are the surest guides of human life—we think the main fact contended for by M. Morente, that is, the Spanish origin of *Gil Blas*, undeniable; and the subordinate and collateral points of his system invested with a high degree of probability; the falsehood of a conclusion fairly drawn from such premises as we have pointed out would be nearer akin to a metaphysical impossibility; and so long as the light of every other gem that glitters in a nation's diadem is faint and feeble when compared with the splendour of intellectual glory, Spain will owe a debt of gratitude to him among her sons who has placed upon her brow the jewel which Franco (as if aggression for more material objects could not fill up the measure of her injustice towards that unhappy land) has kept so long, and worn so ostentatiously.

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## MICHAEL KALLIPHOURNAS.

Few of the events of our life afford us greater pride than revisiting a well-known and celebrated city after many years' absence. The pleasure derived from the hope of enjoyment, the self-satisfaction flowing from the presumption of our profound knowledge of the place, and the feeling of mental superiority attached to our discernment in returning to the spot, which, at the moment, appears to us the particular region of the earth peculiarly worthy of a second visit—or a third, as the case may be—all combine to stuff the lining of the diligence, the packsaddle of the Turkish post-horse, or the encumbrance on the back of the camel which may happen to convey us, with something softer than swadown. Time soon brings the demon of discontent to our society. The city and its inhabitants appear changed—rarely for the better, always less to our taste. Ameliorations and improvements seem to us positive evils; we sigh for the good old times, for the dirty streets of Paris, the villanous odours of Rome, the banditti of Naples, the obsequiousness of Greece, and the contempt, with the casual satisfaction of being spit upon, of Turkey. In short, we feel the want of our youth every where.

I enjoyed all the delights and regrets which mere local associations can call up, a few months ago, on revisiting Athens after many years' absence. On the 6th of May 1827, I had witnessed the complete defeat of the Greek army. I had beheld the delhis of Kutayia sabring the flying troops of Lord Cochrane and General Church, and seen 1500 men slain by the sword in less than half an hour, amidst the roll of an ill-sustained and scattered fire of musketry. The sight was heartbreaking, but grand. The Turkish cavalry came sweeping down to the beach, until arrested by the fire of the ships. Lord Cochrane and his aide-de-camp, Dr Goss, themselves had been compelled to plunge more than knee-deep in the Ægean ere they could gain their boat. On the hill of the Phalerum I had heard General Gue-

henetic criticise the manœuvres of the commander-in-chief, and General Heideck disparage the quality of his coffee. As the Austrian steamer which conveyed me entered the Piræus, my mind reverted to the innumerable events which had been crowded into my life in Greece. A new town rose out of the water before my eyes as if by enchantment; but I felt indignant that the lines of Colonel Gordon, and the tambouria of Karaiskaki, should be effaced by modern houses and a dusty road. As soon as I landed, I resolved to climb the Phalerum, and brood over visions of the past. But I had not proceeded many steps from the quay, lost in my sentimental reverie, ere I found that reflection ought not to begin too soon at the Piræus. I was suddenly surrounded by about a dozen individuals, who seemed determined to prevent me from continuing my walk. On surveying them, they appeared dressed for a costume ball of ragamuffins. Europe, Asia, and Africa had furnished their wardrobe. The most prominent figure among them was a tall Arab, in the nizami of Mehemet Ali, terminated with a Maltese straw hat. His companions exhibited as singular a taste in dress as himself. Some wore sal-low Albanian petticoats, carelessly tied over the wide and dusky nether garments of Hydriots, their upper man adorned by sailors' jackets and glazed hats; others were tightly buttoned up in European garments, with their heads lost in the enormous fez of Constantinople. This antiquarian society of garments, fit representatives to a stranger of the Bavaro-Hellenick kingdom of Otho the gleaner, and the three donative powers, informed me that it consisted of charioteers. Each member of the society speaking on his own account, and all at the same time—a circumstance I afterwards found not uncommon in other antiquarian and literary societies at Athens—asked me if I was going to Athens: *elc 'Aθῖνα;* was the phrase. The Arab and a couple of Maltese alone said “Ees teen Atheena.” Entrapped into



a reply by the classic sound, I unwittingly exclaimed "Malista—Vérily I am."

The shouts my new friends uttered on hearing me speak Greek cannot be described. Their volubility was suddenly increased a hundredfold; and had all the various owners of the multitudinous garments before me arisen to reclaim their respective habiliments, it could hardly have been greater. I could not have believed it possible that nine Greeks, aided by two Maltese and a single Arab, could have created such a din. The speakers soon perceived that it was utterly impossible for me to hear their eloquent addresses, as they could no longer distinguish the sounds of their own voices; so with one accord they disappeared, and ere I had proceeded many steps again surrounded me, rushing forward with their respective vehicles, into which they eagerly invited me to mount. If their habiliments consisted of costumes run mad, their chariots were not less varied, and afforded an historical study in locomotion. Distant capitals and a portion of the last century must have contributed their representatives to the motley assemblage. The tall Arab drove a superb *fiacre* of the days of hoops, a vehicle for six inside; phaetons, chaises, droschies, and britskas, Strong's omnibus, and Radhart's stoblwagen, gigs, cars, tilburies, cabriolets, and dogcarts, were all there, and each pushing to get exactly before me. Lord Palmerston's kingdom is doubtless a Whig satire on monarchy; the scene before me appeared a Romanic satire on the Olympic games. I forgot my melancholy sentiment, and resolved to join the fun, by attempting to dodge my persecutors round the corners of the isolated houses and deep lime-pits which King Otho courteously terms streets. I forgot that barbarians were excluded from the Olympic games, not on account of the jealousy of the Greeks, but because no barbarian could display the requisite skill. The charioteers and their horses knew the ground so much better than I did, that they blockaded me at every turn; so, in order to gain the rocky ground, I started off towards the hill of the Phalerum pursued by the *panco-mium* of vehicles. On the first pre-

elevation I turned to laugh at my pursuers, when, to my horror, I saw Strong's omnibus lumbering along in the distance, surrounded by a considerable crowd, and I distinguished the loud shouts of the mob:—*Ποῦ εἶναι ὁ τρεῖς ὁ ἄγγλος;* "Where is the mad Englishman?" So my melancholy was conducting me to madness.

My alarm dispelled all my reminiscences of Lord Cochrane, and my visions of the Olympic games. I sprang into the droschky of a Greek sailor, who drove over the rocks as if he only expected his new profession to endure for a single day. We were soon on the Piræus road, which I well knew runs along the foundations of one of the long walls; but I was too glad to escape, like Lord Palmerston and M. Thiers, unscathed from the imbroglio I had created, to honour even Themistocles with a single thought. My charioteer was a far better specimen of the present, than foundations of long walls, ruined temples, and statues without noses, can possibly be of the past. He informed me he was a sailor: by so doing, he did not prove to me that he estimated my discernment very highly, for that fact required no announcement. He added, however, what was more instructive: *to wit*, that he had received the droschky with the horses, that morning, from a Russian captain, in payment of a bad debt. He had resolved to improvise the coachman, though he had never driven a horse before in his life—*εὐχολον εἶναι*—"it is an easy matter;" and he drove like Jeku, shouted like Stentor, and laughed like the Afrite of Caliph Vathek. He ran over nobody, in spite of his vehemence. Perhaps his horses were wiser than himself. Indeed I have remarked, that the populace of Greece is universally more sagacious than its rulers. In taking leave of this worthy tar at the Hotel de Londres, I asked him gravely if he thought that, in case Russia, England, or France should one day take Greece in payment of a bad debt, they would act wisely to drive her as hard as he drove his horses? He opened his eyes at me as if he was about to mask his head, and began to reflect in silence; so, perceiving that he entertained a very high opinion of my wisdom, I availed myself of the op-

portunity to advise him to moderate his pace a little in future; if he wished his horses to survive the week.

During my stay at Athens, King Otho was absent from his capital; so that, though I lost the pleasure of beholding the beautiful and graceful queen, I escaped the misfortune of being dishonoured by receiving the cross of an officer of the order of the Redeemer. His Hellenic majesty takes a peculiar satisfaction in hanging this decoration at the buttonholes of those who served Greece during the revolutionary war; while he suspends the cross of Commander round the necks, or ornaments with the star of the order the breasts, of all the Bavarians who have assisted him in relieving Greece of the Palmerstonian plethora of cash gleaned from the three powers. For my own part, I am not sure but that I should have made up my mind to return the cross, with a letter full of polite expressions of contempt for the supposed honour, and a few hints of pity for the donor; as a very able and distinguished friend of Greece, whose services authorized him so to act, did a few days before my arrival.

On attempting to find my way through Bavarian Athens, I was as much at a loss as Lady Francis Egerton, and could not help exclaiming, "*Voilà des rues qui ont bien peu de logique!*" After returning two or three times to the church Kawkarea, against whose walls half the leading streets of the new city appear to run bolt up, I was compelled to seek the assistance of a guide. At length I found out the dwelling once inhabited by my friend Michael Kalliphournas. A neat white villa, with green Venetian blinds, smiling in a court full of ruins and rubbish, had replaced the picturesque but rickety old Turkish kouak of my former recollections. I enquired for the owner in vain; the property, it was said, belonged to his sister; of the brother nobody had heard, and I was referred for information to the patriotic and enterprising Demarch, or mayor, who bears the same name.

In the end my enquiries were successful, and their result seemed miraculous. To my utter astonishment I learned that Michael had become a monk, and dwelt in the monastery of Pentelicus; but I could obtain no explanation of the mystery. His relations referred me to the monk himself—strangers had never heard of his existence. How often does a revolution like that of Greece, when the very organization of society is shaken, compress the progress of a century within a few years! There remained nothing for me but to visit the monastery, and seek a solution of the singular enigma from my friend's own mouth; so, joining a party of travellers who were about to visit the marble quarries of Pentelicus, and continue their excursion to the plain of Marathon, I set out on such a morning as can only be witnessed under the pure sky of Attica.

The scenery of our ride is now familiar to tourists. Parnes or Parnethus with its double top,\* Brilessus or Pentelicus with its numerous fountains and fountains, and Hymettus with its balmy odours, have been "hymned by loftier harps than mine." My companions proved gay and agreeable young men. They knew every body at Athens, and every thing, and willingly communicated their stores of knowledge. I cannot resist recounting some of the anecdotes I heard, as they do no discredit to the noble princes to whom they relate.

When an English prince visited Athens, King Otho, who it seems is his own minister, and conducts business quite in a royal way, learned that he was no Whig, and instantly conceived the sublime idea of making use of his royal highness's services to obtain Lord Palmerston's dismissal from office. The monarch himself arranged the plan of his campaign. The prince was invited to a *fête champêtre* at Phyle, and when the party was distributed in the various carriages, he found himself planted in a large barouche opposite the king and queen. King Otho then opened his

\* The *par*, which indicates the double or equal summit, is only found in Latin, though unquestionably *Æolic*; the other two derivations are classic Greek. *Pargos*, *Parnottus*, *Parnassus*. The name of the two mountains is precisely the same.

intrigue; he told the prince of the notes in favour of constitutional government and economical administration which Lord Palmerston had written, and Sir Edmund Lyons had presented; and he exclaimed, "I assure you, my dear prince, all this is done merely to vex me, because I would not keep that speculating charlatan Armandsparg! Lord Palmerston cares no more about a constitution, nor about economy, than Queen Victoria, or you and I. When the Duc de Broglie, who has really more conscience than our friend the Viscount, proposed that Greece should be pestered with a constitution and such stuff, Palmerston answered very judiciously, 'Greece—bah!—Greece is not fit for a constitution, nor indeed for any other government but that of my nabob!' Now, my dear prince, Queen Victoria can never mean to offend me, the sovereign of Greece, when the Ottoman empire is so evidently on the eve of dismemberment; and," quoth Otho the gleaner, "I am deeply offended, at which her British majesty must feel grievously distressed." The prince doubtless thought her majesty's distress was not inconsolable; but he only assured his Hellenic majesty that he could be of no possible use to him in his delicate intrigue at the court of St James's. He tried to get a view of the scenery, and to turn the conversation on the state of the country; but Otho was not so easily repulsed. He insisted that the prince should communicate his sentiments to Queen Victoria; and, in spite of all the assurances he received of the impossibility of meddling with diplomatic business in such a way, his Hellenic majesty, to this very day, feels satisfied that Lord Palmerston was sent to the right-about for offending him; and he is firmly persuaded that, unless Lord Aberdeen furnish him with as many millions as he demands to secure his opposition to Russia, the noble earl will not have a long tenor of office.

A young Austrian of our party shouted, "Ah, it requires to be truly *bon garçon*, like the English prince, to submit to be so bored, even by a king! But," added he, "our gallant Fritz managed matters much better. The Archduke Frederick, who be-

haved so bravely at Acre, and so amiably lately in London, heard, it seems, of the treatment the prince had met with, and resolved to cure his majesty of using his guests in such style. Being invited to a party at Pentelicus, he was aware that he would be placed alone on the seat, with his back to the horses, and deprived of every chance of seeing the country, if it were only that the diplomatic intrigue at the court of Queen Victoria might remain concealed from the lynx-eyed suspicion of the *corps diplomatique* of Athens; for King Otho fancies his intrigues always remain the profoundest secrets. When the archduke handed the lovely queen into the carriage, politeness compelled King Otho to make a cold offer to the young sailor to follow; the archduke bowed profoundly, sprang into the carriage, and seated himself beside her majesty. The successor of Agamemnon followed, looking more grim than Hercules Furens: he stood for a moment bolt upright in the carriage, hoping his guest would rise and vacate his seat; but the young man was already actively engaged in conversation. The Emperor of the East—in expectancy—was compelled to sit down with his back to the horses, and study the landscape in that engaging manner of viewing scenery. Never was a fête given by a sulkier host than King Otho that day proved to be. In returning, the archduke had a carriage to himself. When questioned on the subject of his ride, he only remarked that he always suffered dreadfully from sickness when he rode with his back to the horses. He was sure, therefore, that King Otho had placed him beside the queen to avoid that horrible inconvenience.

Other anecdotes were recounted during our ride, and our opinion of his Hellenic majesty's tact and taste did not become more favourable, when it was discovered that his proceedings had utterly ruined the immense quarries of Pentelicus—

"Still in its beam Pentele's marbles glow,"

can now only be said of the ruins, not of the quarries. In order to obtain the few thousand blocks required for the royal palace at Athens, millions of square feet of the purest statuary marble have been shivered to atoms



by the random process of springing mines with gunpowder. If King Otho had done nothing worse in Greece than converting the marble quarries of Pentelicus into a chaos of rubbish, when he found them capable of supplying all Europe for ages with the most beautiful material for the sculptor, he would have merited the reputation he so justly bears, of caring as little about the real welfare of Greece as Lord Palmerston himself. My companions quitted me at the quarries, making pasquinades on the royal palace and its royal master; while I put up my horse and walked slowly on to the ancient monastery of Pentele, not Mendelee, as Lord Byron has it.

I was soon sitting alone in the cell of Michael, and shall now recount his history as I had it from his own mouth. Michael Kalliphournas was left an orphan the year the Greek revolution broke out. He was hardly fourteen years old, and yet he had to act as the guardian and protector of a sister four years younger than himself. The storm of war soon compelled him to fly to Ægina with the little Euphrosyne. The trinkets and gold which his relations had taught him to conceal, enabled him to place his sister in a Catholic monastery at Naxos, where she received the education of a European lady. Michael himself served under Colonel Gordon and General Fabvier with great distinction. In 1831, when the Turks were about to cede Attica to Greece, Michael and Euphrosyne returned to Athens, to take possession of their family property, which promised to become of very great value. At that time I had very often seen Phrôssa, as she was generally called; indeed, from my intimacy with her brother, I was a constant visitor in the house. Her appearance is deeply impressed on my memory. I have rarely beheld greater beauty, never a more elegant figure, nor a more graceful and dignified manner. She was regarded as a fortune, and began to be sought in marriage by all the young aristocracy of Greece. It was at last conjectured that a young Athenian, named Nerio, the last descendant of the Frank dukes of Athens, had made some impression on her heart. He was a gay and spirited young man, who had behaved very bravely when shut up with the troops

\* in the Acropolis during the last siege of Athens, and he was an intimate friend of her brother. I had left Athens about this time, and my travels in the East had prevented my hearing any thing of my friends in Greece for years.

There is a good deal of society among the Greek families at Athens for a few weeks before the Carnival. They meet together in the evenings, and amuse themselves in a very agreeable way. At one of these parties the discourse fell on the existence of ghosts and spirits; Michael, who was present, declared that he had no faith in their existence. With what groans did he assure me his opinion was changed, and conjured me never to express a doubt on the subject. All the party present exclaimed against what they called his free-masonry; and even his sister, who was not given to superstition, begged him to be silent lest he should offend the *ncraïdhes*, who might punish him when he least expected it. He laughed and ridiculed Phrôssa, offering to do any thing to dare those redoubted spirits which the company could suggest. Nerio, a far greater sceptic than Michael, suddenly affected great respect for the invisible world, and by exciting Michael, gradually engaged him, amidst the laughing of his companions, to undertake to fry a dozen of eggs on the tomb of a Turkish *santon*, a short distance beyond the Patissia gate—to leave a pot of charcoal, to be seen next morning, as a proof of his valour, and return to the party with the dish of eggs.

The expedition was arranged, in spite of the opposition of the ladies; four or five of the young men promised to follow at a little distance, unknown to Michael, to be ready lest any thing should happen. Michael himself, with a *zemбил* containing a pot of charcoal, a few eggs and a flask of oil in one hand, and a frying-pan and small lantern in the other, closely enveloped in his dusky capote, proceeded smiling to his task. The tomb of the Turk consisted of a marble cover taken from some ancient sarcophagus, and sustained at the corners by four small pillars of masonry—the top was not higher than an ordinary table, and below the marble slab there was an empty space between the columns.

It has long since disappeared; but that is not wonderful, since King Otho and his subjects have contrived to destroy almost every picturesque monument of the past in the new kingdom. The thousands of Turkish tombs which not many years ago gave a historic character to the desert environs of Negropont, and the splendid *sérail* of Zeitouni, with its magnificent marble fountains and baths, have almost disappeared—the storks have bid adieu to Greece—nightly bonfires, caused by absurd laws, destroy the few trees that remain; and in short, unless travelers make haste and visit Greece quickly, they will see nothing but the ruins which King Otho cannot destroy nor Pittaki delace, and the curiosities which Ross cannot give to Prince Pückler, added to the pleasure they will derive from beholding King Otho's own face and the façade of his new palace.

The night was extremely dark and cold, so that the friends of Michael, familiar as they were with their native city, found some difficulty in following him without a lantern through the ~~ruins~~ of ruins Athens then presented. As they approached the tomb, they perceived that he had already lighted his charcoal, and was engaged in blowing it vigorously, as much to warm his hands as to prepare for his cooking operations. Creeping as near to him as possible without risking a discovery, they heard, to their amazement, a deep voice apparently proceeding from the tomb, which exclaimed, "Bou gedje kek sohuk der adamlera.—It must be a cold night for mankind." "To pis-evo effendi," said Michael in a careless tone, but nervously proceeded to pour a whole bottle of oil into the frying-pan. As soon as the oil was boiling and bubbling, the voice from the tomb again exclaimed, "Gaïour ne apayorsun, mangann pisheriorsun—yuckle buradam—aiyer yikle-massun ben seni khab edorem, tahamun yerine seni yerim," signifying pretty nearly, "Infidel, what are you doing here? You appear to be cooking; fly hence, or I will eat my supper of thy carrion." And at the instant a head covered by an enormous white turban protruded itself from under the tombstone with open mouth. Michael, either alarmed at

the words and the apparition, or angry at the suspicion of a premeditated trick on the part of his companions, seized the panful of boiling oil, and poured the whole contents into the gaping mouth of the spectre, exclaiming, "An echeis toson orexin, na to ladhi, Scheitan oglou!—If you are so hungry, take the oil, son of Satan!" A shriek which might have awakened the dead proceeded from the figure, followed by a succession of hideous groans. The friends of Michael rushed forward, but the innip had fallen to the ground and was extinguished in the confusion. Some time elapsed ere it was found and lighted. The unfortunate figure was dragged from the tomb, suffocated by the oil, and evidently in a dying state, if indeed life was not already extinct. Slowly the horrible truth became apparent. Nerio had separated himself from the rest of the party unperceived, disguised himself, and gained the tomb before the arrival of Michael, who thus became the murderer of his sister's lover. I shall not attempt to describe the feelings of Michael in recounting this dreadful scene.

The affair never made much noise. The Turks did not consider themselves authorized to meddle in the affairs of the Greeks. Indeed, the infamous murder of the Greek *bakal-bushi*, a short time before by Jussuf-bey, with his own hand, had so compromised their authority, that they were in fear of a revolution. The truth was slowly communicated to Euphrosyne by Michael himself—she bore it better than he had anticipated. She consoled her brother and herself by devoting her life to religious and charitable exercises; but she never entered a monastery nor publicly took the veil. She still lives at Athens, where her charity is experienced by many, though few ever see her. When I left Greece on a visit to Mount Athos, my friend Michael insisted on accompanying me; and, after our arrival on the holy mountain, he exacted from me a promise that I would never discover to any one the monastery into which he had retired, nor even should we by chance meet again, address him as an acquaintance, unless he should speak to me. His sister alone is entrusted with his secret,

## AFRICA—SLAVE TRADE—TROPICAL COLONIES.

THE readers of this magazine will readily remember the part which it took, at an early period, in discussing and in delineating the geographical features of Africa. In the number for June 1826 there is an article, accompanied by a map, showing from undoubted authorities the course and termination of the great river Niger in the sea in the Bight of Benin, where, from similar authorities, it was placed by me in 1820 and 1821, and where actual observation by Englishmen has lately clearly established the fact that it does terminate. In the upper and middle parts of its course the longitudes were erroneous, having adopted Major Rennell's delineation of Western Africa as a guide; but in 1839 the whole of that quarter of Africa was narrowly examined, and the courses of the western rivers reduced to their proper positions, as delineated in my large map of Africa constructed in that year, to which, with the "Geographical Survey of Africa," for which it was made, the reader is referred for further and particular information on all these subjects.

With these observations, I proceed to bring before the reader geographical information concerning eastern and central Africa of the highest and most gratifying importance, and obtained by the researches of different voyagers and travellers within the last four years. Foremost amongst these ranks, the expedition sent by the present Viceroy of Egypt to explore the Bahr-el-Abiad, or White River, above its junction with the Blue River, from Khartoum upwards and southwards; after it, the interesting travels of Messrs Krapf and Isenberg, two missionaries from the Church Missionary Society, from Tajura to Ankobar, from Ankobar south-west to the neighbourhood of the sources of the Hawash; and after that, Mr Krapf's journey from Ankobar north by Lake Haik, through Lasta to Antalaw, and thence to Massouah on the Red Sea. Next, the interesting accounts collected by M. Lefebvre and M. D'Abbadie, concerning the countries in some parts of the more eastern horn of Africa;

and last, and the most specific and important of the whole, the accounts received of the country of Adel, and the countries and rivers in and south of Shoa, and those from the Blue Nile in Gojam and Damot to the sea at the mouth of the Jub, under the equator, by Major Harris, late British ambassador to the King of Shoa.

As the present article is accompanied by a map, constructed after great labour, and engraved most carefully by Mr Arrowsmith, the general outline of the whole may here be deemed sufficient, without lengthened discussion and observation.

The Egyptian expedition alluded to started from Khartoum (now become a fine town) at the close of the wet season in 1839. It consisted of four or five small sailing vessels, some passage boats, and four hundred men from the garrison of Sennar, the whole commanded by an able officer, CAPTAIN SELIM. They completed their undertaking, and returned to Khartoum at the end of 135 days, during which time, in obedience to the commands of their master, they explored the Bahr-el-Abiad to the distance southwards of 1300 miles, (turnings and windings included,) to three degrees thirty minutes north latitude, and thirty-one east longitude, from Greenwich, where it divided into two streams; the smaller, and it is very small, coming from the south-west, and the larger, still even at the close of the dry season a very considerable river, which came from the south-east, upwards from the east, and still more upwards from the north-east. A subsequent voyage in 1841 gained the information that the stream descended past Barry, and there can be no doubt that another, if not the chief branch, comes from the south-east, in the bearing which Ptolemy gave it, and, as he states, from amongst mountains covered with perpetual snow, of which Bruce also heard, and which we now learn from Major Harris really stand in that quarter of Africa.

The longitude of the river at the bifurcation is exactly the same as Ptolemy has given it, which is very



remarkable. The sources of the White River will therefore be found where Ptolemy and Bruce have placed them. The latter, in his notes, states expressly that the Bahr-el-Abiad rose to the south of Enarea, not far from the equator, and that it had no great western branch, nor was any necessary to give the river its magnitude. (Vol. vii. App. p. 92.)

The expedition in question found no very large affluents from the west side; but they found two of very considerable magnitude on the east side—one the Blue River, and the other the Red River, or Bahr-Seboth, which latter they navigated upwards of 150 miles in a direct line, and left it a considerable stream, nearly as large as the eastern branch of the White River, where they had left it. The banks of the Bahr-Seboth were precipitous and high, whereas those of the Bahr-el-Abiad were low, and on both sides covered with lakes, the remains probably of the preceding inundation. Scarcely a hill or mountain was in sight from the river till approaching the bifurcation, when the country became mountainous, the climate more cool, and the vegetation and trees around those of the temperate zone. The country on both sides is a high table-land, the scenery every where very beautiful, well peopled by different tribes, copper-coloured, and some of them even fair. Every where the banks are covered and ornamented with beautiful trees, and cattle, sheep, goats, elephants, &c., are numerous and abundant. Amongst the Bhours, they found Indian goods brought from the shores of the Indian ocean. Day by day, the breadth, depth, and current of the river were observed and marked. For a considerable distance above Khartoum, the breadth was from one and a half to one and a quarter mile, the depth three or four fathoms, and the current about one and a half mile per hour. Above the parallel of nine degrees, the river takes a remarkable bend due west for about 90 miles, when it passes through a large lake, the waters of which emitted an of-

fensive smell, which might proceed from marshy shores.\* Above the lake, the breadth decreases to one-third or one-fourth of a mile, the depth to twelve or thirteen feet, with a current of one and a half mile per hour, the bottom every where sand, with numerous islands interspersed in the stream. The mountainous country around the upper part abounds with iron mines.

Going eastward, we come to the elevated mountainous ranges which give birth to the Bahr-el-Abiad to the south, the Gochob, the Kibbee, and their numerous tributary streams to the east and south-east, and the Tonmat, the Yabous, the Maleg, and other rivers which flow north into the Abay. This vast chain is very elevated, and in many places very cold, especially to the west of Enarea, and to the west and south of Kaffa. From the sources of the Kibbee and the Yabous, it stretches eastwards to Gurague, and thence, still eastward, by the Amosi, Galla, and Hurrar or Harrar, to Cape Guardafui, approaching in some places to within sixty miles or less of the sea of Babel-Mandeb; the elevation to the east of Berbera decreases to about 5000 feet, and from which numerous streams flow both to the north and to the south. Eastward of the meridian of Gurague, a branch from the chain strikes off due north through Shoa, by Ankobar and Lake Haik, to the northward of which it separates, and runs one branch N.N.W. to Samen, and another by Angot, N.E. by east, to the Red Sea, at Assab, and the entrance of the straits of Babel-mandeh. The whole of this chain is very elevated; near Ankobar some peaks being 14,000 feet high, and constantly white with snow or hail; and round the sources of the Tacazzé and the Bashilo, near the territory of the Edjow Galla, the mountains are covered with snow. Mr Krapf, in his journey more to the east, found the cold exceedingly keen, the elevation exceeding 10,000 feet; and still more eastward, near the little Assanghe lake, Pearce found hoar frost in the

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\* This bend is represented in a map constructed in Paris, and said to be from information obtained in a second voyage; but no such bend is indicated in the journal of the original voyage by Captain Selim.

mornings in the month of October. From the ranges mentioned, numerous other ranges branch off in different directions, forming the divisions between tribes and rivers, the latter of which are very rapid, and their borders or banks very high and precipitous, and rugged.

From the province of Bulga of Fat-tigar, this chain, running northwards, rises to a great height, springing like the walls of a fortification from the western bank of the Hawash, from whence numerous small streams descend to increase that river. All to the eastward of that river is comparatively low, (called Kôlla, or the low hot country,) and to the sea-shore is one continued sheet of volcanic strata and extinct volcanoes, dry and poor, especially during the dry season, when travelling is difficult and dangerous owing to the want of water. It is inhabited chiefly by wild beasts and by fierce tribes of the wandering Dancali, and, more to the south-east, by the Mohammedan Somaali. In early times this country, however, was rich and powerful, from being the channel of commerce between Abyssinia when powerful, and the countries to the east, Arabia, Persia, and India. From Zeila and Erur southward, the country improves, and becomes fertile and well watered.

Before turning our attention to the interesting countries round the sources of the Gochob and its tributary streams, and those through which it subsequently flows, so clearly brought to our knowledge by Major Harris, (he is certainly the first who has done so,) and the survey of the coast near its mouth by Lieutenant Christopher of the Indian navy, and by him given to the gallant major—it is necessary, for the better understanding of our subject, to turn our attention to the explanation of the names of some countries and places given so differently by different informants, and which, thus given and not sufficiently attended to, create great confusion and great errors in African geography.

By the aid of Mr Bruce, Mr Krapf, Major Harris, and information collected from native travellers, (see *Geographical Bulletins of Paris*, Nos. 78 and 98,) we are enabled to rectify

these points, and clear away heaps of inaccuracies and confusion.

First, then, Enarea and Limmu are the same. The country is called Enarea by the Abyssinians, and Limmu by the Gallas, having been conquered by a Galla tribe of that name, which tribe came originally from the south-west. There is another Limmu, probably so named from another portion of the same tribe. It is near or the same as Sibou, which, according to Bruce, is ten days' journey from the capital of Enarea, and, according to the French Geographical Bulletin, (No. 114,) not far from Horro and Fazoglo. But the first Limmu is the Limmu of Jomard's Galla Oware, because he states distinctly that Sobitche was its capital; that, in marching northwards from it, he crossed the Wonelmae river; and that Gingiro, to which he had been, lay to the right, or east, of his early route; and further, that the river which passed near Sobitche ran to the south. Enarea is not very extensive, but a high table-land, on every side surrounded by high mountain ranges, and is situated (see *Geographical Bulletin*, 1839) at the confluence of two rivers, the Gibe and the Dibe.

Kaffa, in its restricted sense, is a state on the upper Gochob; but, in its ancient and extended meaning, it is a large country, extending from north to south a journey of one month, and includes in it several states known by separate names, although the whole of these are often referred to in the name Kaffa by native travellers. It is known also by the names of Sidama and Susa, and the people of Dauro call it Gomara; but the Christians in Southern Abyssinia call it Kaffa, and Sidama or Susa, which latter, properly speaking, forms its southern parts.

Dawro, Dauro, or Woreta, are the same; it is a large country, and divided into three states—namely, Metzo or Metcho, Kulloo, and Goba; and is a low and hot, but fertile country, situated to the east of Kaffa, and to the west of the Gochob.

Major Harris is the only individual who has given us the bearings and distances connected with this portion of Africa, and without which the geo-

graphical features of the country could not have been fixed with any precision; but which, having been obtained, act as pivots from which the correct positions of other places are ascertained and fixed with considerable accuracy.

Let us now attend to the sources and the courses of the principal rivers. The Kibbee, or Gibe, has three sources. The chief branch springs to the west of Ligamara, and southwards of that place it runs east, (*Geographical Bulletin*, No. 105, and also No. 78.) when suddenly turning upon itself, as it were, it bends its course westward to Limmu, having below Leka received the Gwadah, coming from the west and passing to the south of Lofe. The Kibbee waters the small but elevated country of Nono, and passes very near Sakka. Westward of Sakka it is joined by two other branches coming from the north-west and west, one called Wonelmae, the Wonelmae of Oware, and the other Dibe. From thence it flows eastward, and bounds Gingiro on the north. The early Portuguese travellers expressly state, that six days' journey due east from Sakka, and at one day's journey from the capital of Gingiro, having first crossed a very high mountain, they crossed the Kibbee, a rapid rocky stream, and as large as the Blue River where they had crossed it in the country of the Gougas. On the third day after leaving the capital of Gingiro, pursuing their course due east to the capital of Cambat, they again crossed the Zebee, or Kibbee, *larger* than it was to the westward of Gingiro, but less rapid and rocky; its waters resembling *melted butter*, (hence its name,) owing, no doubt, to the calcareous ridges through which it flowed. From thence it bends its course to the southward, and is soon after joined by the Gochoh, which bounds the empire of Gingiro to the south. Bruce particularly and emphatically mentions the extraordinary angle which the Kibbee here makes.

To the north of Gingiro the Kibbee is joined by the Dedhasa, (pronounced Nassal,) and which is considered to be the same as Danaza or Danesa, which, according to Lieutenant Christopher,

is a Galla name for the Jub or Gochoh. This river is passed (see *Geographical Bulletin* of 1839) before coming to Ligamara and Chelea, and one and a half day's journey from Gönna, in the route from Gooderoo to Enarea. In its lower course it abounds with crocodiles. Below the junction with the Dedhasa, the Kibbee receives the Gala river, coming from the north-east, and from the confines of Gurague and Kortshassie.

The separation of the waters in these parts takes place to the north of Gonea and Djinma, or Gonnin. The rivers that flow to the Blue Nile or Abay, with the exception of the Yabons, which is, according to Bruce, a considerable stream descending from the south and south-east, are all small streams. Shat, the province where the tea-plant is produced, is situated to the north of Enarea, and is watered by the river called Giba, the fish of which are said to be poisonous, (*Bruce*, vol. iii. p. 254.) Bruce states most pointedly that the capital of Enarea is fifty leagues distant from the passage of the Abay at Mine, "due south, a little inclining to the west," (Vol. iii. page 324;) and which bearing and distance corresponds very correctly with several very clear and satisfactory itineraries lately obtained. Without any high peaks or mountains, the country round the sources of these rivers is very elevated, and from the grain and fruits which they produce, cannot be less than 7500 feet above the level of the sea.

The Tounat is a small stream. Above Cassan, says the *Geographical Bulletin*, No. 110, it has water all the year, thus indicating that below that place the water falls in the dry season. It runs between two high chains of mountains; the east Bank, that chain being known as the country called Bertat. The rains, according to Bruce, (the *Geographical Bulletin* agrees in this,) commence in April; but they do not fall heavy at that time, and but little affect the rivers. Beyond the chain, on the western bank of the Tounat, the country is level to Denka and the banks of the White River, which is stated to be eleven days' journey due west from Fazoglo. Iron is very abundant in the countries round



the Toumat and the Yabous, and caravans of Arabian merchants regularly traverse the country from Gaujar near Kuara, and two days' journey south of Kas-el-Fael, by Fazoglo and Fadessi, to Kaffa and Bany; the road, as the latter places are approached, being described as hilly and very woody, with numerous small streams.

The Gochob rises in Gainvou, a high, wild, and woody country, part of Linnin; and bending its course south-east, next east, and then south-east, it forms the lake Tchocha, and afterwards rolls over the great cataract Dounharo, soon after which it joins the Kibbee, when the united stream takes the name of the Gochob, or Jub, by which it is known till it enters the sea. Where crossed in the road from Sakka to Bonga, it is described as larger than any other stream which flows to join it from the country more to the south; much larger, indeed, than either the Gitché or Omo, its subsequent tributaries. These are the principal rivers of Kaffa, which is described as a high, cold country, as cold as Samen, or Simien, as Major Harris writes it, in Abyssinia. Bonga, the capital of Kaffa, or Sussa, is one of the largest cities in these parts, and coffee of superior quality is produced every where, both in Kaffa and Enarea, in the greatest abundance. So also is civet and ivory.

The Omo, where crossed in the road to Tufte, is passed by a bridge of wood sixty yards in length, which shows that it is not a very large river, nor can it be, this place being so near the district where its sources must lie. In the dry season it is described as a very small stream. The mountains in the south of Kaffa or Sussa, are covered with snow, and to the south of this place they are said to rise to a stupendous height, "to reach the skies," and are clothed with eternal snow!

Malo, or Malee, (as Major Harris spells it,) is westward from Koocha, and not far from Jajo, (certainly the Jedo of Salt,) and which is at a considerable distance from the sea, (*Geographical Bulletin*, No. 114.) Malee touches upon both Goba and Doko, and the latter again touches upon Kulloo.

It is in Malee that the Omo, now a considerable stream, joins the Gochob, after having received from the mountains of Souro and valleys of Sasa the Toreesh or Gotze, a considerable stream. Doko and Malee, like Danro or Worota, are very hot low countries, abounding in cotton. In Doko, bamboo forests are frequent and extensive. The population are represented to be of a diminutive stature, exceedingly rude and ignorant, and are a prey to all their surrounding neighbours, who invade their country at pleasure, and carry off the wretched people into slavery. In this portion of Africa, or very near it, the early Arab writers and Portuguese navigators placed a nation of pigmies; and in this it would appear that they were correct. After the junction of the Omo, the Gochob pursues its way by Ganana to the sea at Juha, a few miles to the south of the equator. The western bank is inhabited by Galla tribes, and the eastern by Somauli. In this part of its course it is called Jub by the Arabians, Gowend or Govend by the Somauli, Yumbu by the Sonahilis, and Danesa by the Gallas.

The Gochob below Wolana is joined on the east side by a considerable stream called the Una, which rises to the south of Gurague; and in Koocha and on the same side by a still larger stream, which comes from the country of the Ara or Ala Galla to the east of Gurague, and near the western sources of the Wabbe or Webbe. Koocha is thirty days' navigation upwards and fifteen downwards from the sea, with which it has a considerable trade; white or fair people coming up the river to that place; but these are not allowed to proceed further inland. The inhabitants of Koocha carry on a great trade by means of the Gochob with Danro in slaves, ivory, coffee, &c.; the Galla of Danro bringing these down the Gochob in rafts with high gunwales, which indicates that the Gochob is a river of considerable magnitude, and may become of great importance in the future communications with Africa; the soil and climate around it being very fine, particularly in the lower parts near the sea, where the land is level, and the soil a fine deep red mould,

After Bruce, Salt had delineated with considerable accuracy the source of the Webbe and the countries around it; but, except his map, we had no further particulars. These are, however, supplied by Major Harris and Mr Krapf in the countries south-east of Shoa, about Harrar and its sources; and further by accounts collected by D'Abbadie at Berbera from intelligent natives, travellers regarding the countries more to the south, and over the remainder of the north-eastern coast of Africa.

The principal source of the Webbe is to the east of the Aroosi mountains, and in the country of the Ala Galla; whence, running eastward, it passes Imi and Karaule, (the Karain of Krapf;) it runs south-east and afterwards south in a winding course towards the Indian ocean. To the north of six degrees of latitude, it is joined by several streams from the neighbourhood of Harrar and places more to the east; and in about six degrees of latitude, by a large stream which rises near Lake Souaie, and runs through the country of Bergama or Bahr Gama. The various countries through which the Webbe and his tributaries flow, are distinctly marked on the map. The country around its sources is very hilly and cold, the mountains resembling in height and appearance the boldest in Abyssinia; and to the eastward of its middle course, the mountains in Howea are very high and cold. In these springs the river Doaro, which flows into the sea, a considerable river during the rains; but at other times its mouth is nearly blocked up with sand, which is the case with some streams more to the northward.

North of Mount Anot the country is fine and well watered, and during the rains a very large river, according to Christopher, flows through it, descending from the range to the south-east of Berbera, and entering the sea in about eight degrees thirty minutes north latitude. Around Capes Halfoon and Guardafui the country is fine and well watered with small streams, and the climate delicious, as is the coast from Cape Guardafui westward to Berbera.

Harrar stands in a beautiful, fertile, and well-watered valley, surrounded

with hills, the soil rich, and producing fine coffee abundantly. It is strictly Mahommedan, and, comparatively speaking, a considerable place, though much shorn of its dominion and power from those days when it had become the capital of that portion of eastern Africa ruled by the Mahommedans; and when under Mahommed *Gragne*, (left-handed,) it overran and desolated the whole Abyssinian empire, then under that unfortunate sovereign King David. In the country south of Berbera there is abundance of fine wells of excellent water. Waggadeyn is a very beautiful country, and produces abundance of myrrh and frankincense, as in fact every portion of the eastern horn, from Enarea inclusive, also does. It is the great myrrh and frankincense country, from which Arabia, Egypt, Judea, Syria, and Tyre were supplied in early days of Scripture history. The Webbe is only six fathoms broad and five feet deep in the dry season in Waggadeyn; but in the rainy season the depth is increased to five fathoms. It is navigated by rafts lower down. Incense, gum, and coffee, are every where abundant around the Webbe and its tributary streams. Harrar contains about 14,000 inhabitants, and Berbera 10,000; Sakku about 12,000.

All the early Arabian writers pointedly state, and so also do the Portuguese discoverers, that the Webbe entered the sea near *Mukdishu* or Magadoxo. This was no doubt the fact; but from what cause we know not, the river, after approaching within a short distance of Magadoxo to the north, turns south-west, and approaching in several places very near the sea, from which it is only separated by sandhills, it terminates in a lake about halfway between Brava and the Jub. This is Christopher's account; but my opinion is, that this lake communicates with the sea during the rainy season, and even in a small stream in the dry season also. Christopher pointedly states, that besides filtrating through the sandhills, it communicates with the sea in two places, between Merka and Brava; and that this is correct, is proved from the fact, that while the river near Merka is 175 feet broad, it is reduced to seventy-five feet near Brava; while the *Geographical Bull.*, No. 98, p. 96,

states, that a small river enters the sea to the south of Brava, a branch unquestionably from the Webbe.

The country between Magadoxo and the Jub is called Ber-el-Banader, and north of Magadoxo, and situated between the Webbe and the Doaro, is the considerable province called Hamer. Christopher describes the Somanli inhabiting the lower Webbe as civil and obliging, the soil fine and fruitful, and the climate the most delicious he had ever visited. The inhabitants offered to conduct him in safety to Abyssinia, and into very remote districts in the interior. The name of England is beginning to be well known, respected, and feared in this fine portion of Africa; and it is not a little to be regretted and lamented that this has not been the case at a much earlier period.

The early Arabian writers, such as Batouta, write Magadoxo, Mukdishu; Christopher states that it is now divided into two parts, in a state of hostilities with each other, and that the southern part is called Mukutshu, and the northern Munkudeesha.

According to the *Geographical Bulletin*, No. 98, p. 98, the word *ganam* signifies *quene*, or tail, which explains at once the river which Christopher makes enter the Webbe near Galwen, coming from the north-westward, to be in reality a branch flowing off from the Jub at that place. It is a thing unknown to find a river rising in a low alluvial country.

To the east of the Webbe the country is inhabited by Somanli tribes, who are Mahomedans and considerable traders. The country seems every where to have a considerable population; and instead of being a blank and a waste, as hitherto supposed and represented on maps, it is found to be one of the finest portions of Africa, or of the world. Grain of every kind known in the temperate zones, especially wheat of superior qualities, is most abundant, and so cheap that the value of a dollar can purchase as much as will maintain a man for a whole year!

The sources of the Hawash approach within about thirty miles of the Abay. The lake Souaje in Guragne is about thirty miles in circumference, and contains numerous

islands. In these are lodged some ancient and valuable Abyssinian records. It is fed by five small rivers, and empties itself into the Hawash, (see *Ludolf*.) Gurague is a Christian state, but reduced to great misery and poverty by the Galla tribes which surround it on every side. The elevation of Ankobar above the sea is 8200 feet, and of Angollalla about 200 more; so that the climate is very moderate. The country is every where very mountainous; but at the same time is in many places well cultivated. The rivers run in deep valleys or dells, and are very rocky and rapid. The present kingdom of Shoa contains about 2,500,000 of inhabitants, chiefly Christians of the Alexandrian Church.

In March 1842, Mr Krapf set out from Ankobar, to proceed to Egypt, by way of Gondar and Massuah; but, after traversing the mountainous parts of Northern Shoa, and the countries of the Woollo-Galla, and reaching a short distance beyond the Bushilo, (then only five days' journey from Gondar,) he was compelled, from hostilities prevailing among the chiefs in that quarter, to retrace his steps to Gatera. In the journey which he had so far accomplished, Mr Krapf traversed the country near the sources of the numerous rivers which flow to form the Jimma and the Bashilo. The mountains were high and cold, (especially in the province of Mana,) and exceedingly precipitous, ascending and descending 3000 feet in the course of a few hours. The soil in the valleys was good, and tolerably well cultivated. Sheep, with long black wool, were numerous; the population in general rude and ignorant. From Gatera he took his course to Lake Ilalik, and from thence, pursuing his route north-eastward, he crossed the numerous streams which rise in the mountainous range to the westward, and pursue their course to the country of Adel, north of Aussa. Crossing the very elevated range on the western frontier of modern Angot, he pursued his journey to Antalaw, leaving at last the Tacazzé four days' journey to the west, and crossing in his course the numerous streams, such as the Tarir, the Ghebia, Sumshato, and the Tyana, (this last a considerable river,) which flow northward from the moun-



tains of Angot and Woggerat to form the Areequa, a large tributary to the Tacazzè. Mr Krapf's route lay a little to the westward of Lake Assanghe, and considerably in this portion thereof to the west of the route of Alvaracz, who passed on the south side of Mount Ginnamora, from whence the stream descended to the south-east.

Lake Haik is a fine sheet of water about forty-five miles in circumference, with an island near the north-west corner, and an outlet in the west, which runs to the Berkona. On the east and the south sides it is surrounded with high mountains. Mount Ambassel or Amba Israel, the celebrated mountain in Geshen where the younger branches of the royal family of Abyssinia were imprisoned in early times, is a little to the north of Lake Haik, and beyond the Mille. It runs north and south, in length about twelve or thirteen miles, and is exceedingly high and steep, the sides thereof being almost perpendicular. Mr Krapf, amongst the most considerable rivers which he passed in this quarter, mentions the Ala, which he states runs to, and is lost in, the deserts of the country of Adel. This is important, and this river is no doubt the Wuli of Bruce, which he mentions (vol. iii. p. 248) as the scene of a remarkable engagement between the sovereigns of Abyssinia and Adel in 1576, during the reign of the Abyssinian king Sertza Denghel. The Abyssinian army descended from Angot, and crossing the Wuli, a considerable river, cut off the army of Adel from Aussa, drove a portion thereof into the stream, where they were drowned, while the remainder flying crossed the stream lower down, and thus effected their escape to Aussa. This confirms in a remarkable manner the position of this river, and would almost go to establish the fact that it cannot unite with Lake Aussa, the termination of the Hawash.

At the Ala Mr Krapf states that he was then seven days' journey from Aussa. Aussa, according to Bruce, or rather the capital of Aussa, was in former times situated on a rock on the bank of the river Hawash. It is called Aussa Gurel in the old Portuguese maps, and is no doubt the Aussa Gu-

raiel of Major Harris, laid down on the Arabic map which he obtained from a native of that place. When low, the termination of the Hawash may be said to form three lakes; but during the rainy season the land is flooded round to a great extent, the circumference of the lake then extending to 120 geographical miles. When the waters retire they leave, like the Nile in Egypt, a quantity of fine mud or silt, which, cultivated as it immediately is, produces abundant crops, and on this account the valley of Aussa is, and always has been, the granary of Adel. From the southern boundary of the lake to the place where the Hawash finally extricates itself from the mountainous ranges, the distance is about five days' journey, or from sixty to seventy miles. The length of the fine valley of Aussa is about one hundred miles.

From the summit of the chain which separates the waters which flow south-east to Adel, and north-west to the Tacazzè, Mr Krapf says, that looking over Lasta to the towering snow-clad peaks of Samen or Simien, the whole country had the appearance of the raging waves of the sea in a terrible tempest. The soil around the upper branches of the Tacazzè is very good, especially in Wofila, Boora, and Endera, adjoining the fine river Tyana; but it is only indifferently cultivated, owing to the perpetual wars and feuds amongst the chieftains and tribes in these parts, and the bad and unsettled governments which now exist in Tigre, and, in fact, in all Abyssinia. Travelling in these parts is difficult and insecure, owing to the plundering dispositions of the people, and the rapacity of the chiefs, who live beyond the control of any commanding or great sovereign power. At Gatera Mr Krapf was robbed of every thing that he had by the ferocious Woollo-Gulla chief, *Adara Bille*, from whose clutches he escaped with some difficulty.

But time and space forbids me going more at length into the interesting journeys of these late eastern travellers, amongst which those of Major Harris is certainly the most important. He has accurately determined, and been the first to determine, the longitude and latitude of Tajoura, Lake Assal or the Salt Lake, and Ankober,

&c., and thus given correct starting points from which to regulate the bearings and distances of the other very interesting places in the interior. The bay of Tajoura affords good anchorage; but the best point to start for the interior is Zeila, the route thence to Shoa running along the edges of the watered and more cultivated districts.

Amongst the travellers who visited this quarter of Africa lately is Dr T. C. Beke. He, however, went over the same ground as the others in his journey from Tajoura to Ankobar, (Messrs Krapf and Isenberg had preceded him a considerable time;) therefore his letters and communications, so far as yet known, contain little that is new. The only portion connected with Shoa which the others had not visited, is about thirty-five miles of the lower course of the Jimma, near its junction with the Abay, where the latter stream is about 600 feet broad, and from three to five feet deep. His subsequent travels in this part of Africa were confined to Gojam, Damot, and part of Agaw Medre, and to the source of the Nile; but except being more minute in minor details regarding these provinces and their numerous small streams and rivers, they add little to the information given by Bruce. Still his journey, when given to the world, may supply us with some interesting particulars regarding what he actually saw.

Dr Beke travelled individually for information; but, in aid of his laudable enterprise, received some pecuniary assistance from the African Civilization Society and the Royal Geographical Society. Being a member of the former society, and while engaged in constructing the maps for the journals of the Church Missionary Society in the summer of last year—not for personal gain, but solely to benefit Africa—the communications and maps which from time to time came from Dr Beke to that society, were readily put into my hands to use, where they could be used, to advance the cause of Africa. Amongst the maps there was one of the countries to the south of the Abay, including Enarea, Kaffa, and Gingiro, constructed at and sent from Yansh in Gojam, September 6, 1842, together with some of the autho-

rities on which it had been made. In that map the whole of the rivers, even to the south of Enarea and Kaffa, the Gojob, (as the Doctor writes it,) the Omo, the Kibbeo or Gibe, the Dedhasa, and Baro, are all made, though rising beyond, that is, to the south of Gingiro and to the south and south-east of Kaffa and Woreta, (Woreta is placed to the south of Kaffa,) to run north-westward into the Abay. In fact, the Gojob is represented on that map to be the parent stream of the Bahr-el-Azreek or Blue River, and quite a distinct stream from the Abay, which it is made to join by the Tounat, having from the south-east received in its middle course the Geba, the Gibe, the Dedhasa, and the Baro, and from the south-west the Omo or Abo. The whole delineation, a copy of which I preserved, presented a mass so contrary to all other authorities, ancient and modern, that to rectify or reduce it to order was found impracticable, or where attempted only tended to lead into error.

The error of bringing such an influx of water as the rivers mentioned, and so delineated, would bring to the Blue Nile, is evident from the fact, that this river at Senaar in the dry season is, according to Bruce, only about the size of the Thames at Richmond. His words are specific and emphatic, (Vol. vii. App. p. 89)—“The Nile at Babosch is like, or greater than the Thames at Richmond”—“has fine white sand on its banks”—“the water is clear, and in some places not more than two feet deep.” Dumbaro (or Tzamburo, as the Doctor calls it in the map alluded to) is laid down between eight degrees and nine degrees north latitude, and west of Wallega; Tuttee is placed more to the north on the river designated the Blue River, and Gobo still further north upon it, in fact adjoining to its junction with the Abay. Doko is not noticed on the map.

The intelligent native Abyssinian Gregorius, without referring to numerous other credible, early, and also modern authorities, determines this important point quite differently and accurately; for he assured Ludolf, (A.D. 1650, see *Ludolf*, p. 38,) that all those rivers that are upon the borders of Ethiopia, in the countries of

"Cambat, Gurague, Enarea, Zandera, Wed, Waci, Gaci, and some others," do not flow into the Nile or any of his tributaries, but "enter the sea, every one in his distinct region," that is, the Indian ocean.

Since his return to England Dr Beke has, I have reason to believe, found out his great error; and will alter the course of all these rivers in Enarea and Kaffa, and bend their courses to the south-east and south.\*

With these observations I proceed to a more important portion of my subject; namely, the position and capabilities of Africa, as these connect themselves with the present position and prospects of the British Tropical possessions, and the position and prospects of the Tropical possessions of other powers.

The support of the power and the maintenance of the political preponderance of Great Britain in the scale of nations, depend upon colonial possessions. To render colonies most efficient, and most advantageous for her general interests, it is indispensably necessary that these should be planted in the Tropical world, the productions of which ever have been, are, and ever will be, eagerly sought after by the civilized nations of the temperate zones.

One of the greatest modern French statesmen, Talleyrand, understood and recommended this fact to his master. In his celebrated memorial addressed to Bonaparte in 1801, speaking specially of England and her colonies, he says:—

"Her navy and her commerce are at present all her trust. France may add Italy and Germany to her dominions with less detriment to Great Britain than will follow the acquisition of a navy and the extension of her trade. Whatever gives colonies to France supplies her with ships, sailors, manufactures, and husbandmen. Victories by land can only give her mutinous subjects, who, instead of augmenting the national force by their riches or numbers, contribute only to disperse and

enfeeble that force; but the growth of colonies supplies her with zealous citizens, and the increase of real wealth; and increase of effective numbers is the certain consequence."

"What could Germany, Italy, Spain, and France, combining their strength, do against England? They might assemble in millions on the shores of the Channel, but there would be the limits of their enmity. Without ships to carry them over, and without experienced mariners to navigate these ships, Britain would only deride the pompous preparation. The moment we leave the shore her fleets are ready to pounce upon us, to disperse and to destroy our ineffectual armaments. There lies her security; in her insular situation and her navy consists her impregnable defence. Her navy is in every respect the offspring of her trade. To rob her of that, therefore, is to beat down her last wall, and to fill up her last moat. To gain it to ourselves is to enable us to take advantage of her deserted and defenceless borders, and to complete the humiliation of our only remaining competitor."

These are correct opinions, and merit the constant and most serious attention of every British statesman. The increased cultivation and prosperity of foreign Tropical possessions is become so great, and is advancing so rapidly the power and the resources of other nations, that these are embarrassing this country in all her commercial relations, in her pecuniary resources, and in all her political relations and negotiations.

During the fearful struggle of a quarter of a century, for her existence as a nation, against the power and resources of Europe, directed by the most intelligent but remorseless military ambition against her, the command of the productions of the torrid zone, and the advantageous commerce which that afforded, gave to Great Britain the power and the resources which enabled her to meet, to combat, and to overcome, her numerous and reckless enemies in every battle-field,

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\* Under date Yaush, September 21, 1842, Dr Beke states the curious and important fact, that the people of Enarea and Kaffa communicate with the west coast of Africa, and that one of the articles of merchandise brought from that coast to these places was salt. \*



whether by sea or by land, throughout the world. In her the world saw realized the fabled giant of antiquity. With her hundred hands she grasped her foes in every region under heaven, and crushed them with resistless energy.

Who, it may be asked, manned those fleets which bore the flag, and the fame, and the power, of England over every sea and into every land—who swept fleets from the sea, as at Aboukir, and navies from the ocean, as at Trafalgar?

It may pointedly and safely be stated—the seamen supplied by the colonial trade, and chiefly by the West Indian colonial trade of Great Britain. About 2000 seamen, for example, were every year drawn into the West Indian trade of the Clyde from the herring fisheries on the west coast of Scotland, and just as regularly transferred from that colonial trade into British men-of-war, such men being the best seamen that they had, because they were men accustomed to every climate from the arctic circle to the equator.

In the event of any future war, men of this description will more than ever be wanted; because the torrid regions are become more populous and more powerful, either in themselves or as connected with great nations in the temperate zones, and consequently the sphere of European conflicts will be more extended in them.

The world, especially Europe and America, is vastly improved since 1815. Great Britain must look at and attend to this. She must march and act accordingly. The world will not wait for her if she chooses to stand still; on the contrary, other nations will “go ahead,” and leave her behind to repent of her folly.

“England,” said her greatest warrior, “cannot have a little war;” neither can she exist as a little nation.

The natives of the torrid zone can only labour in the cultivation of the soil of that zone. In no other zone can the special productions of the torrid zone be produced in perfection.

There now remains no portion of the tropical world *where labour can be had on the spot*, and whereon Great Britain can so conveniently and safely plant her foot, in order to accomplish

the desirable object—extensive Tropical cultivation—but Tropical Africa. Every other part is occupied by independent nations, or by people that may and will soon become independent.

British capital and knowledge will abundantly furnish the means to cultivate her rich fields. This is the only rational and lasting way to instruct and to enlighten her people, and to keep them enlightened, civilized, and industrious. By adopting this course also, that British capital, both commercial and manufacturing, which in one way or other finds its way, and which will continue to find its way, especially while money is so cheap in this country, into foreign possessions to assist the slave trade and to support slavery—will be turned to support the cause of freedom in Africa, and at the same time to increase instead of tending to diminish the trade and the power of this country.

The principle which Great Britain has adopted in her future agricultural relations with the Tropical world is, that colonial produce must be produced, and that it can be produced in that region cheaper by free African and East Indian labour than by slave labour. This great principle she cannot deviate from, nor attempt to revoke.

If the foreign slave trade be not extinguished, and the cultivation of the Tropical territories of other powers opposed and checked by British Tropical cultivation, then the interests and the power of such states will rise into a preponderance over those of Great Britain; and the power and influence of the latter will cease to be felt, feared, and respected, amongst the civilized and powerful nations of this world.

Civilization and peace can only be brought round in Africa by the extension of cultivation, accompanied by the introduction of true religion. Commerce will doubtless prove a powerful auxiliary; but to render it so, and to raise commerce to any permanent or beneficial extent, cultivation upon an extensive scale must precede commerce in Africa.

• It is, therefore, *within* Africa, and by African hands and African exertions chiefly, that the slave trade can

be destroyed. It is in Africa, not out of Africa, that Africans, generally speaking, can and must be enlightened and civilized. Teach and show her rulers and her people, that they can obtain, and that white men will give them, more for the productions of their soil than for the hands which can produce these—and the work is done. All other steps are futile, can only be mischievous and delusive, and terminate in disappointment and defeat. To eradicate the slave trade will not eradicate the passions which gave it birth.

In attempting to extinguish the African slave trade and to benefit Africa, Great Britain has, in one shape or other, expended during the last thirty-six years above £20,000,000; yet, instead of that traffic being destroyed, it has, as regards the possessions of foreign powers, been trebled, and is now as great as ever, while Africa has received no advantage whatever. Since 1808, about 3,500,000 slaves have been transported from Africa to the Brazils and Cuba. The productions of what is technically denominated colonial Tropical produce has, in consequence, been increased from £15,000,000 to £60,000,000 annually, augmented in part, it is true, from the natural increase of nearly one million slaves more in the United States of America.

In abolishing slavery in the West Indies, Great Britain has besides expended above £20,000,000; still that measure has hitherto been so little successful, that £100,000,000 of fixed capital additional, invested in these colonies, stand on the brink of destruction; while, in addition to the former sums, the people of Great Britain have, from the enhanced price of produce, paid during the last six or seven years £10,000,000 more, and which has gone chiefly, if not wholly, into the pockets of the negro labourers in excessive high wages, the giant evil which afflicts the West Indies.

When the emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies was carried amidst feeling without judgment, the nation was so ready to pay £20,000,000, and the West Indians, especially those in England, so anxious to receive it, each considering that act all that was requisite to be done, that neither

party ever thought for a moment of what foreign nations had done, were doing, and would do, in consequence. The warnings and advice of local knowledge were scouted in England, till these evils, which prudence might and ought to have prevented, now stare all parties in the face with a strength that puzzles the wisest and appals the boldest.

Instead of supplying her own wants with Tropical produce, and next nearly all Europe, as she formerly did, it is the fact that, in some of the most important articles, she has barely sufficient to supply her own wants; while the whole of her colonial possessions, east, west, north, and south, are at this moment supplied with—and, as regards the article of sugar, are consuming—foreign slave produce, brought direct, or, refined in bond, exported and sold in the colonies at a rate as cheap, if not really cheaper, than British muscovado, the produce of these colonies.

Such a state of things cannot continue, nor ought it any longer to be permitted to continue, without adopting an effectual remedy.

The extent of the power and the interests which are arrayed against each other, in this serious conflict, must be minutely considered to be properly understood in a commercial and in a political point of view. Unless this is done the magnitude of the danger, and the assistance which is necessary to be given, and the exertions which are requisite in order to bring the contest to a successful issue, cannot be properly appreciated or correctly understood.

The value of what is technically called colonial produce at present produced in the British colonial possessions, the East Indies included, is about £10,000,000 yearly, from a capital invested to the extent of £150,000,000. The trade thus created employs 800 ships, 300,000 tons, and 17,000 seamen yearly. This is the yearly value of the property and produce of the British Tropical agricultural trade, now dependent upon free labour.

Against this we have opposed, in the western world alone, nearly £60,000,000 of agricultural produce, exportable and exported yearly, requiring a trade in returns equal to

£56,000,000, and a proportionate number of ships' tonnage and seamen. In the trade with Cuba and Port-Rico alone, the United States have 1600 vessels employed yearly; (230,000 tons of shipping,) making numerous and speedy voyages, and from which trade only, these states, in case of emergency, could man and maintain from twenty to thirty sail of the line.

On the part of foreign nations there has, since 1808, been £800,000,000 of fixed capital created in slaves, and in cultivation wholly dependent upon the labour of slaves. On the other hand, there stands on the part of Great Britain, altogether and only, about £130,000,000 (deducting the

value paid for the slaves) vested in Tropical cultivation, and formerly dependent upon slave labour, and which has in part been swept away, while the remainder is in danger of being so.

Let us have recourse to a few returns and figures, in order to show what is going on, especially by slave-labour in other countries, as compared with British possessions, in three articles of colonial produce, namely, sugar, (reducing the foreign clayed sugar into muscovado to make the comparison just,) coffee, and cotton; and as regards a few foreign countries only, nearly three-fourths of which produce, he it observed, has been created within the last thirty years.

## SUGAR—1812.

<i>British possessions.</i>			<i>Foreign possessions.</i>		
		cwts.			cwts.
West Indies,	.	2,508,552	Cuba,	.	5,800,000
East Indies,	.	940,452	Brazils,	.	2,400,000
Mauritius, (1841,) .	.	514,767	Java,	.	1,105,757
			Louisiana,	.	1,400,000
Total,		3,993,771	Total,		10,705,757

## COFFEE—1842.

		lbs.			lbs.
West Indies,	.	9,186,555	Java,	.	134,842,715
East Indies,	.	18,206,448	Brazils,	.	135,000,800
			Cuba,	.	33,589,325
Total,		27,393,003	Venezuela,	.	34,000,000
			Total,		337,432,840

## COTTON—1840.

		lbs.			lbs.
West Indies,	.	427,529	United States,	.	790,479,275
East Indies,	.	77,015,917	Java,	.	165,504,800
To China from do.,	.	60,000,000	Brazils,	.	25,222,828
Total,		137,443,446	Total,		981,206,903

The above figures require only to be glanced at, to learn the increased wealth and productions of foreign nations, in comparison with the portion which England has in the trade and value of such articles, now become absolutely necessary for the manufactures, the luxuries, and the necessities of life amongst the civilized nations of the world.

In the enormous property and traffic thus created in foreign possessions, by the continuance and extension of the slave trade, British merchants and manufacturers are interested in the

cause of their lawful trade to a great extent. The remainder is divided amongst the great civilized nations of the world, maintaining in each very extensive, very wealthy, very powerful, and, as opposed to Great Britain, very formidable commercial and political rival interests.

Further, it is the very extensive and profitable markets which the above-mentioned yearly creation of property gives to the manufacturers of foreign countries, that have raised foreign manufactures to their present importance, and which enables these,



in numerous instances, to oppose and to rival our own.

The odds, therefore, in agricultural and commercial capital and interest, and consequently in political power and influence, arrayed against the British Tropical possessions are very fearful—SIX TO ONE.

This is a most serious but correct state of things. Alarming as it is to contemplate, still it must be looked at, and looked at with firmness; for even yet it may be considered without terror or alarm.

The struggle, both national and colonial, is clearly therefore most important, and the stake at issue incalculably great.

It is by the assistance of African free labour, and by the judicious and just application thereof, both in Africa and in the West Indian colonies, that the victory of free labour over slave labour, freedom over slavery, can be achieved and maintained.

The abundant population of Africa, properly directed, and a small portion gradually taken from judiciously selected districts of that continent, and under proper regulations, will be found sufficient to cultivate, not only her own fertile fields, but also to supply in adequate numbers free labourers to maintain the cultivation of the British West Indian colonies. It must always be borne in mind, that in the maintenance of cultivation, civilization, and industry, in those possessions, the cultivation, industry, and civilization of Africa depend. *The cause of both is henceforth the same, and cannot, and ought not, and must not be separated.* Whatever sources the West Indian colonies may and must look to for immediate relief, it is in civilized and enlightened Africa that they can only depend for a future and permanent support. Abandon this principle and this course, and the error committed will, at an early day, be fatal and final.

Yet if the labour of Africa is continued to be abstracted to any considerable extent by Europeans, and from any points except from free European settlements in Africa, in order to cultivate other quarters of the world, all hope of improving the condition of Africa is at an end; because the abstraction of such labour can

only be obtained by the continuation of internal slavery and a slave trade within Africa; because labour, if generally abstracted from Africa as heretofore, whether in freemen or slaves, will tend to enhance the cost of that which remains to such an extent, as will render it all but impossible for any industrious capitalist, whether European or native, to extend and maintain successfully cultivation in Africa.

Had the 9,000,000 of slaves which, from first to last, have been torn from Africa to cultivate America, been employed in their native land, supported by European (British) capital, and guided by British intelligence, how much more beneficial and secure than it is, would every thing have been to Africa, to England, and to the world?

Europe has been acting wrong: let her not continue in error; and, at the same time, let England meet and grapple with the question with enlarged and liberal views—views that look to future times and future circumstances—views such as England ought to entertain, and such as Great Britain only can yet see carried into effect.

We first established cultivation in the West Indies by a population not natives of the soil, but which required to be imported from another and distant quarter of the globe. This, politically and commercially speaking, was a great error; but it has been committed, and it would be a greater error to leave those people, now free British subjects, and the large British capital there vested, to decay, misery, and general deterioration. They must be supported, and it is fortunate that they can be supported, through their present difficulties, without inflicting a grievous wrong on Africa, by taking her children from her by wholesale to cultivate distant and foreign lands.

If European nations generally adopt the system of transporting labourers as freemen from Africa, then Africa would continue to be as much distressed, tortured, and oppressed, as ever she has been; while with the great strength of slave labour which those vast and fertile countries, Brazil, Cuba, &c., possess, they would, by the unlimited introduction of

people called free from Africa, but which, once got into their power, they could coerce to labour for stated hire, overwhelm by increased production all the British colonies both in the west and in the east.

Such abstraction of the African population from their country, would give a fearful impulse to an internal slave trade in Africa. The unfeeling chiefs on the coast, the most profligate, debased, and ferocious of mankind, would by fraud, force, or purchase, in the character of emigration agents, drag as many to the coast as they pleased and might be wanted; and while they did not actually sell, nor the European, technically speaking, buy, the people so brought from interior parts, these chiefs, by simply fixing high port charges and fiscal regulations for revenue purposes, would obtain from the transfer of the people—a transfer which these people could not resist or oppose—a much higher income than they before received from the *bona fide* sale of slaves; and with which income they could, and they would, purchase European articles from European traders, to enable them to furnish additional and future supplies.

In this way, millions after millions of Africans—for millions after millions would most unquestionably be demanded—would certainly be carried away. The poor creatures, unable to pay their own passage, would no more be their own masters from the moment they got on board the foreign ship, than if they were really slaves.

Such a traffic as this on the part of foreign nations, Great Britain could neither denounce nor oppose while she herself resorted to a similar course. In one way only she could reasonably resist and oppose it; namely, by urging that she only took people from her own African settlements, which are free, to her West Indian settlements, which are free also; while foreign nations, such as Brazil, had no possessions of any kind on the coast of Africa, and at the same time retained slavery in their dominions. Great Britain could only urge this plea in opposition to such proceedings on the part of other powers; but would such reasoning, however proper and just, be admitted or listened to? I do not think that it would. The consequences of the adoption of such a course by the nation alluded to, or

by any other European power which has Tropical colonies, (France, Spain, Denmark, and Holland have,) will prove fatal to the best interests of Great Britain.

Already the people in the Brazil have begun to moot the question—that they ought in sincerity to put an end to the African slave trade, and in lieu thereof to bring labourers from Africa as free people. The supply of such that will be required, both to maintain the present numbers of the black population and to extend cultivation in that country, will certainly be great and lasting. The disparity of the sexes in Brazil is undoubtedly great. In Cuba it is in the proportion of 275,000 males to 150,000 females, and, amongst the whole, the number of young persons is small. To keep up the population only in these countries will probably require 130,000 people from Africa yearly; while interest will lead the agricultural capitalist in those countries to bring only effective labourers, and these as a matter of course chiefly males; which will tend to perpetuate the evils arising from the inequality of the sexes, and thus continue, to a period the most remote, the demand from Africa, and consequently a continued expense, equal perhaps to £30 each, for every effective free labourer brought from that continent.

It is thus obvious that African immigration in any shape, and to any nation, is a most serious matter. Unless the subject is considered in all its bearings, with reference not only to the present but to future times, and above all with reference to the steps which France, Portugal, or any other European power, may take in Africa, and also with reference to the steps which Great Britain may or may not take with regard to that great continent—most embarrassing results must follow; while, on the steps which may be taken by other nations, the British colonial interests henceforward depend.

There remains but one certain and efficient way to prevent fatal evils and destructive results, and that is the simple, and ready, and rational course; namely, to oppose free labour *within* Africa, and the West Indies and the East Indies, to African labour, whether free or bond, abstracted from her soil and carried by foreign nations to distant parts of the globe. In

Africa, where the soil, the climate, the productions are equal and the same, *one-sixth* part of the capital in labour would obtain labour equally efficient, nay more efficient, because removing Africans from their own country, either as slaves or freemen, even to other Tropical climates, must be attended with considerable risk and loss.

Produce, supplied cheaper from Africa than it can be obtained from the places above alluded to, would speedily and completely terminate, not only the foreign African slave trade, but the slave trade and slavery in Africa itself. This is the only safe, secure, and certain way to accomplish the great object. It is safe because it is just; it is secure because it is profitable to all concerned, the giver as well as the receiver of the boon.

It is neither prudent, patriotic, nor safe, to attempt to confine the productions of colonial commodities to the present British Tropical possessions; while the production of these in other countries and places will be increased by the capital and industry of other nations, and even by British capital and skill, more especially while capital cannot find room for profitable employment in England. During the war, Great Britain exported to the continent of Europe colonial produce to the extent of five millions yearly; and which in every case, but especially in bad seasons, when large supplies of continental grain were necessary for the food of her population, always secured a large balance of trade in her favour, and which would again be the case if she adopts the course here pointed out.

Adopting the course recommended, Great Britain at an early day would be able to supply, not only her own extensive markets, both home and colonial, with sugar, coffee, cotton, and dye-stuffs, &c. &c., but, in every other market of the world, she would come in for a large share of the external traffic. Her ships and her seamen would carry, both to her own and to foreign markets, the productions raised by British subjects and British capital, instead of carrying from foreign port to foreign port, as her ships and her seamen do at this moment, the productions raised by foreign people, capital, and industry. Great additional wealth would thus be drawn to this country; Tropical pro-

duce of every description would be obtained at a reasonable, yet remunerating rate; new, extensive, and profitable markets would be opened up to our manufactures. They would become and remain prosperous; and all classes of the community would be benefited and relieved. Prosperity would increase the power of the people to consume; increased consumption would produce increased revenue; and the government would be relieved from unceasing applications for relief, which, under existing circumstances, they have it not in their power to give.

The point under consideration also, important as it is, becomes still more important when the fact is considered, that if Great Britain does not set about the work to raise that produce in Africa, and command the trade proceeding from it, other nations must assuredly will; when she will lose, not only the advantages which that cultivation and trade would give her, but that trade also which she at present holds with her own colonies; for it is plain that the proceedings of foreign countries, such as have been adverted to, both in Africa, America, and other places, would cover the British colonies with poverty and ruin.

The geographical position of Africa is peculiarly favourable for commerce with all other countries, and especially with Great Britain and her vast and varied possessions. Africa, or rather Tropical Africa, is equally distant from America, and Europe, and the most civilized parts of Asia, besides her proximity to Arabia, and, by means of the Red Sea, with Egypt and the Mediterranean. Africa, whether we look to the Cape of Good Hope or the Red Sea, is the impregnable halfway house to India—the quarter to make good the loss of an Indian empire. She has numerous good harbours, many navigable rivers, a most fruitful soil, valuable productions of every kind, known in every other quarter of the Tropical world, besides some peculiarly her own; and a climate and a country, take it all in all, equal, if not superior, to any other Tropical quarter of the world in point of salubrity. Her population are indeed ignorant and debased; but generally speaking, and especially over large portions of her surface, they are even more active, and intelligent, and industrious, than the Indians of America, or the people in some parts of



Asia are, or than the population of Europe was, before the arms of Rome coerced and civilized them. Why, then, is Africa overlooked, and neglected?

Let us attend to the following facts. They are, both in a political and commercial point of view, of great importance, as showing the progress of the opinions and efforts of foreign nations as directed towards Africa.

The great energies of France are, it is well known, at present strongly directed to the more important points of Tropical Africa, for the purpose of extending colonization, cultivation, and commerce therein, in order that she may thereby obtain supplies of colonial produce from the application of her own capital, and at the same time, and by this measure, to raise up a more extensive commercial marine, and consequently a more powerful and commanding navy.

Under such circumstances, the real question to be solved is—Shall Great Britain secure and keep, as she may do, the superiority in Tropical cultivation, commerce, and influence? or, Shall foreign countries be suffered to acquire this supremacy, not only as regards themselves specifically, but even to the extent of supplying British markets with the produce of their fields, their labour, and their capital, to the abandonment and destruction of her own?

This is the true state of the case; and the result is a vital question as regards the future power and resources of Great Britain.

France is already securely placed at the mouth of the Senegal, and at Goree, extending her influence eastward and north-eastward from both places. She has a settlement at Albreda, on the Gambia, a short distance above St Mary's, and which commands that river. She has just formed a settlement close by Cape Palmas, and another at the mouth of the Gaboon, and a third by this time near the chief mouth of the Niger, in the Bight of Benin. She has fixed herself at Massuah and Bure, on the west shore of the Red Sea, commanding the inlets into Abyssinia. She is endeavouring to fix her flag at Brava, and the mouth of the Jub; and she has just taken permanent possession of the important island of Johanna, situated in the centre of the northern outlet of the Mozambique channel, by

which she acquires the command of that important channel. Her active agents are placed in Southern Abyssinia, and are traversing the borders of the Great Bahr-el-Ablad; while the northern shores of Africa will speedily be her own.

Spain has planted herself in the island of Fernando Po, which commands all the outlets of the Niger, and the rivers from Cameroons to the equator; and from which she can readily obtain at any time any number of people from the adjacent coasts for her West Indian possessions, either as slaves or freemen.

About six years ago, the government of Portugal appointed a commission to enquire into the state and condition of her once fine and still important colonies in Tropical Africa, and to report upon the best course to adopt to render them beneficial to the mother country. They have reported and wisely recommended, that Portuguese knowledge and capital should, as far as possible, be again sent to Africa, in order to instruct, enlighten, and cultivate these valuable possessions; and instead of allowing, as heretofore, labour in slaves to be abstracted from Africa, that native labourers should be retained and employed in Africa itself; and further, that it should to the utmost be aided and directed by European skill, capital, and labour. Thus, fourteen degrees of latitude on the east coast, and twenty degrees of latitude on the west coast, will, at an early day, be set free from the slave trade. From these points the Brazil markets were chiefly supplied with slaves; but Brazils being now separated from Portugal, the latter has and can have no interest in allowing the former to carry on the slave trade from her African dominions, but quite the reverse.\*

The discovery of the route to India by the Cape of Good Hope changed the course of eastern commerce. The exertions of Portugal in the manner proposed, will now, and most certainly and severely, affect Tropical productions and commerce in every market. In this case, England ought to encourage and support Portugal, and, by following her footsteps in other eligible parts of Africa, share in the advantages which such a state of things, and the cultivation and improvement of Africa, is certain to produce. \* The Imam of Muscat, the sovereign

of Zanzibar, has lately put an end to the slave trade in his dominions in Africa, extending northwards from the Portuguese boundary eight degrees of latitude on the eastern coast. His envoy, who was lately in England, was so delighted with the treatment which he received, and with all that he heard and saw here, that he has influenced his master to carry out sincerely the views and objects recommended by England. I have in my possession a most interesting account of the country, extending into the interior of Africa, from the coast opposite Zanzibar all the way to the great lake Maravi. The country is intersected with noble rivers, one especially which issues out of the lake; is generally healthy and well cultivated, especially as the lake is approached. The population are generally of Arabian descent, industrious, and clothed. A wide field, therefore, for commercial operations is open in this quarter.

The powerful sovereign of Dahomey has agreed to abolish the slave trade. Independent of his considerable dominions, his fine country was one of the greatest high-roads for the slave caravans from the interior. He has received, welcomed, and encouraged the Wesleyan missionaries lately sent to that quarter. The missionaries from this society, and also one from the Church Missionary Society, have penetrated to Abekuta, a town containing 40,000 inhabitants, and about 106 miles north-east of Lagos, and north of Benin. The country, immediately after quitting the coast, becomes most fertile, pleasant, and healthy, as all that country to the north of the Formosa is well known to be. The population are eager for instruction; they are comparatively industrious and civilized; they manufacture all their necessary agricultural implements, bits for bridles, hoes, &c., from their own iron; they tan their own leather, and manufacture therefrom saddles, bridles, shoes, &c.

The great sovereign of Ashantee has also received with royal honours, and welcomed, the ministers of the gospel, encouraged them, and listened to them in the most gratifying manner. The Almanay of Teembo—a state which commands the fine districts around the Niger in its early course, and the roads from populous interior parts on the east to the western coast—has lately evinced the

strongest desire to extend cultivation and commerce in lieu of the slave trade, and to have a ready communication with Europeans, and especially with the English. In other portions of Africa important movements are also going on, most gratifying to the friends of humanity and religion.

The United States of America, as a nation, is about to incorporate with her dominions the whole coast of Africa from Cape Palmas to the borders of the Gallinas—a fertile and healthy part of that continent, and wherein several settlements have of late years been made by the free people of colour from those states. This effected, there will hardly remain a spot of any consequence in Tropical Africa worth looking after for Great Britain to plant her foot, either for the purpose of obtaining labourers for her West Indian colonies, or to extend agriculture and commerce with Africa. The present British Tropical African possessions have been, and are, very badly selected for any one of the purposes alluded to, or for extending political power and influence in Africa. Still much more may be made of them than has ever hitherto been done.

But there is a still higher and more important consideration as regards Africa alone—the eternal salvation of her people. This consideration is addressed to the rulers of a Christian nation. The appeal cannot fall on deaf ears. The debt which Great Britain owes to Africa, it is undeniable, is incalculably great. The sooner it is put in course of liquidation the better. To spread Christianity throughout Africa can only atone for the past. Our duty as Christians, and our interests as men, call on us to undertake the work. It is the cause, the safety, the improvement, and the salvation of a large portion of the human race; it is the cause of our country, the cause of our colonies, the cause of truth, the cause of justice, the cause of Christianity, the cause and the pleading of a Christian nation—and a cause like this cannot plead in vain.

To secure these important objects no great or immediate expenditure is necessary; nay, if properly gone about, a saving in the present African expenditure may be effected.

JAMES MACQUEEN.

LONDON, 3d May 1844.

NARRATION OF CERTAIN UNCOMMON THINGS THAT DID FORMERLY HAPPEN  
TO ME, HERBERT WILLIS, B.D.

It had pleased Heaven in the year 1672, when I had finished my studies in Magdalen College, Oxford, whereof I was a Demy, and had taken my degree of bachelor of arts in the preceding term, to visit me with so severe an affliction of fever, which many took at first for the commencement of the small-pox, that I was recommended by the physicians, when the malady had abated, to return to my father's house and recover my strength by diet and exercise. This I was fain to do; and having hired a small horse of Master John Nayler in the corn market, to take me as far as to the mansion of a gentleman, an ancient friend of my father's, who had a house near unto Reading in Berkshire, and in those troubled times, when no man knew whereunto things might turn from day to day, did keep himself much retired. I bade adieu to the university with a light heart but a weakened habit of body, and turned my horse's head to the south. I performed the journey without accident in one day; but the exertion thereof had so exhausted my strength, that Mr Waller, (which was the name of my father's friend, and of kin to the famous poet Edmund Waller, Esquire, who hath been ever in such favour with our governors and kings,) perceiving I was nigh discomfited, did press me to go to my chamber without delay. He was otherwise very gracious in his reception of me, and professed great amity to me, as being the son of his fast friend and companion; but yet I marked, as it were, a cloud that lay obscure behind his external professions, as if he was uneasy in his mind, and was not altogether pleased with having a stranger within his gates. Howbeit I thanked him very heartily for his hospitality, and betook myself to the chamber that was assigned for my repose. It was a pretty, small room, whereof I greatly admired the fashion; and the furnishing thereof was extreme gay, for the bed hangings were of bright crimson silk, and on a table was placed a mirror of true Venetian glass.

Also, there were chests of mahogany wood, and other luxurious devices, which my weariness did not hinder me from observing; but finally I was overcome by my weakness, and I threw myself on the bed without removing my apparel, and sustained as I believe, though I have no certain warranty thereof, an access of deliquium or fainting. When I did recover my senses after this interval of suspended faculty, (whether proceeding from sleep or the other cause above designated,) I lay for many minutes revolving various circumstances in my mind. I resolved, if by any means my bodily powers were thereunto sufficient, to depart on the morrow, and borrow one of Mr Waller's horses to convey me on my way, for I was uneasy to be thought an intruder; but when I had settled upon this in my mind, a new incident occurred which altered the current of my thoughts, for I perceived a slight noise at the door of my chamber as of one stealthily turning the handle, and I lay, without making any motion, to watch whereunto this proceeding would tend. The door was put gently open, and a figure did enter the room, so disguised with fantastical apparel, that I was much put to it to guess what the issue would be. It was of a woman, tall and majestic, with a red turbaund round her head, and over her shoulders a shawl much bedizened with needlework. Her gown was of green cloth, and I was made aware by the sound, as she passed along the floor, that the heels of her shoes were more than commonly high. With this apparition, of which I took only a very rapid observation through my half-closed eyelids, I was greatly astonished; for she was an exact resemblance to those bold Egyptian queans who were, at first called Bohemians, but are nothing better than thieves and vagabonds, if indeed they be not the chosen people of the prince of darkness himself. She looked carefully all round the room, and after opening one of the drawers of mahogany wood, and taking something



therefrom which I could not discern, she approached to the side of my bed, and looked earnestly upon me as I lay. I could not keep up the delusion any longer, and opened my eyes. She continued gazing steadfastly upon me without alteration of her countenance or uttering any word, whether of apology or explanation; and I was so held in by the lustre of her large eyes, and the fixed rigidity of her features, that for some time I was unable to give utterance to my thoughts.

"Woman," I said at last, "what want you with me?"

"Your help, if you will be gracious to poor mourners such as we."

I interrogated her much and curiously as to what service she required at my hands; for I had a scrupulosity to promise any thing to one whose external made me think her a disciple of Mahomet, as those gipsies are said to be. After much hesitating, she could not conceal from me that she was in this disguise for some special and extraordinary purpose; nevertheless, she condescended on no particulars of her state or condition; but when I finally promised to satisfy her demand, if it might be done by a Christian gentleman, and a poor candidate for the holy ministry, she cautioned me not to be startled by whatever I should see, and beckoned me to follow her—the which I did in no easy frame of mind. Opening a little door which I had not seen when I took observation of the apartment, she disappeared down two or three steps, where I pursued the slight sound of her footfall: for there was great darkness, so that I could see nothing. We went, as I conjectured, through several passages of some length, till finally she paused, and knocked very gently three times at a door. The door was speedily opened; and in answer to a question of my guide, whether godly Mr Lees was yet arrived, a voice answered that he was there, and expecting us with impatience. When I passed through the door, I found myself in a small chamber, dimly lighted by one small lamp, which was placed upon a table by the side of a bed; and when I looked more fixedly I thought I per-

ceived the figure of a person stretched on the bed, but lying so fixed and still, that I marvelled whether it was alive or dead. At the foot of the bed stood a venerable old man, in the dress of a clergyman of our holy church, with a book open in his hand, and my strange guide led me up to where he was standing, and whispered to him, but so that I could hear her words, "This gentleman hath promised to assist us in this matter."

But hereupon I interposed with a few words to the same reverend divine. "Sir," I said, "I would be informed wherefore I am summoned hither, and in what my assistance is needful?"

"He hath not then been previously informed?" he said to the Egyptian; and receiving some sign of negation from her, he closed the book, and leading me apart into a corner of the apartment, discovered the matter in a very pious and edifying manner.

"It is to be godfather in the holy rite of baptism, to one whom it is our duty, as Christian men, to rescue from the dangerous condition of worse than unregenerate heathenism."

"The child of that Egyptian woman?" I asked; but he said, "No. She who is now disguised in that attire is no Egyptian, but a true Samaritan, who hath been the means of working much good in the evil times past, and is likely to be a useful instrument in the troubled times yet to come. If this dissolute court, and Popish heir-presumptive, do proceed in their attempts to overthrow our pure Reformed church, depend on it, young man, that that woman will not be found wanting in the hour of trial. But for the matter in hand, will you be godfather to the person now to be received into the ark?"

I told him I could not burden my conscience with so great and important duties, without some assurance that I should be able to fulfil them. Whereto he replied, that such scrupulosities, however praiseworthy in calmer times, ought now to yield to the paramount consideration of saving a soul alive.

A faint voice, proceeding from the bed, was here heard mournfully asking if the ceremony was now to begin, for death was near at hand.

I went up to the bed and saw the face of a pale dying woman, whose eyes, albeit they encountered mine, had no sense of sight in them, for the shadows of the Great King were already settled upon her countenance. "Begin then," I said to the clergyman; and on a motion from him, the woman who had conducted me went out, and shortly returned, leading by the hand a child of two, or haply three years of age, exceeding beautiful to look on, and dressed in the same style of outlandish apparel as her conductor. I had little time to look attentively at her, for her hand was put into mine, while the other was held by the Egyptian, (as I still call her, notwithstanding I knew she was a devout woman,) and another person, whom I guessed to be an attendant on the sick lady, stationed herself near; whereupon the clergyman commenced from our book of common prayer the form of baptism. The lady seemed to acquire strength at the sound of his low solemn voice, and half raised herself in the bed, and looked anxiously towards where we were; when the name was given, which was Lucy Hesseltime, she stretched herself back on her pillow with a faint smile. The ceremony was soon over, and the Egyptian took the new Christian to the side of the bed, and whispered in the lady's ear, "Jessica, the child is now one of the Christian flock; she prays your blessing." She waited for an answer, during which time the clergyman took me apart, and had again entered into discourse. But the Egyptian came to us. "Hush!" she said, "the ways of God are inscrutable; our friend is gone to her account." Hereupon she hurried me through the same passages by which we had come, and bidding me God-speed at the hidden door of my chamber, told me to keep what I had seen a secret from all men, yea, if possible, to forget it myself, as there might be danger in having it spread abroad.

Tormented with many thoughts, and uneasy at the great risk I ran of bringing guilt on my own soul by having made sponsorial promises which I could not execute, I rested but indifferently that night. The next day I pursued my journey home in the

manner I had proposed, and was glad to avoid the chance of being interrogated by Mr Waller as to what had occurred. In a short time my good constitution and home restored me to my former strength, and the memory of that strange incident grew more faint as other things came to pass which made deeper impressions on my heart and mind. Among these is not to be forgotten the death of my father, which happened on the 14th of June in the following year, *viz.* 1673; and the goodness of the lord bishop of Oxford in giving me priests' orders on my college Demyskip, whereby I was enabled to present myself to this living, and hold it, having at that time attained the canonical age. My courtship also and marriage, which befell in the year 1674, had great effect in obliterating past transactions. I was married on Thursday, the 24th day of June.

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(Here several pages are omitted as irrelevant, containing family incidents for some years.)

Howbeit things did not prosper with us so much as we did expect; for the payers of tithes were a stiff-necked generation, as were the Jews of old, and withheld their offerings from the priest at the very time when Providence sent a plentiful supply of mouths to which the offerings would have been of use. Charles was our only son, and was now in his third year—the two girls, Henrietta and Sophia, were six and seven—my eldest girl was nine years past, and I had named her, in commemoration of my father's ancient friend, by the prenomens of Waller. It hath been remarked by many wise men of old, and also by our present good bishop, that industry and honesty are the two Herculeses that will push the heaviest waggon through the mire; and more particularly so, if the waggoner aids also, by putting his shoulder to the wheel. And easy was it to see, that the wheel of the domestic pladstram—wherein, after the manner of the ancient Parthians, I included all my family, from the full beauty of my excellent wife to the sun-lighted hair of my prattling little Charles, (the which reminds me of those beautiful lines which are contained in a translation of the *Iliad* of

Homer by Mr Hobbes, descriptive of the young Astyanax in his mother Andromache's arm—

“ And like a star upon her bosom lay  
His beautiful and shining golden  
head ”—

It was easy, I say, to see, that with such an additional number of passengers, the domestic plaustrum would sink deeper and deeper in the miry ways of the world. And consultations many and long did my excellent wife and I hold over the darkening prospect of our future life. At last she bethought her of going to take counsel of her near friend and most kind godfather, Mr William Snowton of Wilts, which was a managing man for many of the nobility, and much renowned for probity and skilful discernment. He was steward on many great estates, and gave plentiful satisfaction to his employers, without neglecting his own interest, which is a thing that does always go with the other, namely, a care for your master's affairs; for how shall a man pretend to devote his time and services to another man's estate, and take no heed for himself? The thing is contra the nature of man, and the assertion thereof is fit only for false patriots and other evil men. It was with much weariness of heart and anxious tribulation that I parted from that excellent woman, even for so short a period of time; but Master George Sprowles of this parish having it in mind to travel into the village where the said Mr William Snowton kept his abode, I availed myself of his friendly offer to conduct my wife thither upon a pillion; and thereupon having sent forward her luggage two days before by a heavy waggon which journeyeth through Sarum, I took leave of the excellent woman, commending her heartily unto the care of Providence and Master George, which (Providence I mean) will not let a sparrow fall to the ground, much less the mother of a family, which moreover was riding on a strong sure-footed horse, which also was bred in our parish, and did sometimes pasture on the glebe. It was the first time we had been separated since our wedding-day. I took little Charles into my room that night, and did

carefully survey the other children before I went to rest. They did all sleep soundly, and some indeed did wear a smile upon their innocent faces as I looked upon them, and I thought it was, perhaps, the reflection of the prayers which their mother, I well knew, was pouring out for them at that hour. That was on a Tuesday, and as the distance was nearly sixty miles, I could not hear of her safe arrival till the return of Master George, which could not be till the following Monday; not being minded, (for he was a devout man, and had imbibed his father's likings in his youth, which was a champion for the late Man,) and would rather have done a murder on a Thursday than have travelled on the Sabbath-day. “ Better break heads,” he was used to say, “ than break the Sabbath.” I did always find him, the father I mean, a sour humd at a bargain; and when he was used to drive me hard upon his tithes and agistments, I could fancy he took me for one of the Amalekites, or one of the Egyptians, whom he thought it a meritorious Christian deed to spoil. The Monday came at last, and Master George Sprowles, before he rode to his own home, trotted his horse up our church avenue, and delivered into my hands a packet of writing carefully sealed with a seal, whereof the device was a true-love knot. Great was my delight and great my anxiety to read what was written therein, and all that evening I pored over the manuscript, on which she had bestowed great pains, and crossed all the t's without missing one. But it is never an easy task to decipher a woman's meaning, particularly when not addicted to penmanship; and although my excellent wife had attended a penman's instructions, and had acquired the reputation, in her native place, of being an accomplished clerk, still, since her marriage, she had applied her genius to the making of tarts and other confections, rather than to the parts of scholarship, and it was difficult for me to make out the significance of her epistle in its whole extent. Howbeit, it was a wonderful effort of calligraphy, considering she had only had two days wherein to compose and write it, and she had been so little used to this manner of communica-



tion, and it consisted of three whole sides of a large sheet of paper. She said therein that Mr Snowton was a father unto her in his affection and urbanity, and that he highly approved the motion for us to make provision of the meat that perishes, seeing it is indispensable for young children and also for adults; and that he had already bethought him of a way wherein he might be serviceable to us—viz. in procuring for me certain youth of the upper kind, to be by me instructed in the learned tongues, and such other branches as I had proficiency in; and, in addition thereto, he said, that peradventure he might obtain a similar charge for my excellent wife in superintending the perfectionment of certain young ladies of his acquaintance in samplers, and millinery, and cookery, and such other of the fine and useful arts as she was known to excel in; and he subjoined thereto, that the charges for each pupil would be so large, being only those of consideration which he recommended unto me, that a few years would be sufficient wherein to consolidate portions for all my children. Such, with some misgivings touching my own interpretation, did I make out to be the substance of my excellent wife's letter; and I rejoiced greatly that such an opening was made for me, by the which I might attain to such eminence of estate that I might place my Charles in the first ranks of the law, yea, might live to see him raised to the fulness of temporal grandeur, and sitting, as Lord High Keeper, among the peers and princes of the land, with a crown of pure gold upon his head. But there was no crown but a heavenly one, that fadeth not nor groweth dim, that could have added a fresh beauty to the fair head of my Charles. But the sweetest part of her missive was contained in the *post scriptum*. Therein she said, and in this I could not be wrong, that Mr Snowton had undertaken to forward her in his light wheeled cart, by reason of the conveniency it would be of to her in the transportation of herself and luggage, and also of Miss Alice Snowton, of Mr Snowton's kindred, a young lady which he had adopted, (being the only child of his only brother, Mr Richard Snowton,

deceased,) and advised my wife to accept the care of her as a beginning, and for the charges of the same he would be answerable for fifty golden Caroluses at Ladyday and Michaelmas. A hundred Caroluses each year! My heart bounded with joy. Great were my preparations for the reception of my new inmate, and busy were we all from my busy Weller down to Charles. He with much riotousness did superintend all, and rejoiced greatly at the noise caused by the hammering, and taking down and putting up of bed-hangings, and did in no slight measure add thereto by strange outbreaks of riotous mirth, such as whooping and screaming; causing confusion, at the same time, by various demonstrations of his enjoyments, such as throwing nails against the windows, beating on the floor with the poker, and occasionally interrupting our operations by tumbling down stairs, and causing us for a moment to believe him killed outright, or at least maimed for life. But there is a special providence over happy children; and save that he fell on one occasion into the bucket of soap and water, wherewith a domestic was scowering the chintz room floor, and suffered some inconvenience from the hotness thereof, he escaped in a manner truly miraculous from any accident affecting life or limb. When the time drew near in the which I expected the return of my excellent wife, I took all the children to the upper part of the church field which faces the high-road, upon which the large stones have recently been laid down, in the manner of a causeway, but which, at that period, was left to the natural hardness, or rather softness, of the soil, and was, in consequence thereof, dangerous to travel on by reason of the ruts and hollows; to that portion, I say, of the church field I conveyed all my little ones, to give the gratulations necessary on such an occasion to their excellent mother. The spot whereon we were stationed commanded a view of the hill which superimpends our village, and we were therefore gratified to think that we should have an early view of the expected travellers; and many quarrels and soft reconcilements did take place between my younger ones, upon

the point of who would be the first to see their approach. In the midst of these sweet contentions, whilst I was in the undignified and scarcely clerical act of carrying little Charles upon my shoulder, having decorated his head with my broad-brimmed hat, in order to enable him—vain imagination, which pleased the boy's heart—to see over and beyond the hill, there did pass, in all her wonted state and dignity, with two outriders in the Mallerden livery, two palfreniers at her side, and four mounted serving-men behind, the ancient Lady Mallerden, which was so famous an upholder of our venerated church in the evil days through which it so happily passed; and with no little perturbation of mind, and great confusion of face, did I see the look of astonishment, not to say disdain, with which she regarded my position; more particularly as little Charles, elevated, as I have said, upon my shoulders, with his legs on each side of my neck, did lift up the professional hat, which did entirely absorb his countenance, with great courtesy, and made a most grave and ceremonious obeisance unto the lofty lady. She pursued her path, returning the salutation with a kind of smile, and at the same easy ambling pace as was her wont, proceeded up the hill. Just as she reached the summit thereof our eyes were gladdened with the sight, so long desired, of the light equipage on two wheels of the kind Mr Snowton, containing my excellent wife and her young charge, and also various boxes of uncommon size, in which were laid great store of bodily adornment for both the ladies; as was more fully seen thereafter, on the opening of the boxes, by reason of Mr Snowton having privily conveyed into them various changes of apparel for the use of my excellent wife, as also for each of the three girls. To Charles he also sent the image of an ass, which, by touching a certain string, did open its mouth and wave its ears in a manner most curious to behold, wherewith the infant was infinitely delighted, as was I, without enquiring at that time into the exquisite mechanism whereby the extraordinary demonstrations were produced. But in the course of little more than a month he was led, by his

enquiring turn of mind, to pry into the mystery; and in the pursuit of knowledge—landable surely in a person of his years, and demonstrative of astonishing sagacity and research—he did take the animal entirely to pieces, and saw the inward parts thereof. The great lady, with all the retinue, stopped short as she encountered with my excellent wife at the top of the hill, and did most courteously make tender enquiries of her state of health, and also of her plans—whereof she seemed some little instructed—and expressed her satisfaction therein, and did make many sweet speeches to her, and also to the pupil, and trusted that she would be good and dutiful, and an earnest and affectionate daughter of the Church of England. To all which my excellent wife replied in fitting terms, and Alice Snowton—so was she named—made promise so to do, God being her helper and I her teacher; and thereupon the great lady bended her head with smiles, and rode on. When they got down to where we stood in the church field, the flush of modesty, and perhaps of pride, at being spoken to in such friendly guise by the haughty Lady Mallerden, had not yet left the cheek of my excellent wife, upon which I impressed a kiss of true love, and held up little Charles as high as I could, to enable him to do likewise, which he did, with a pretty set speech which I had taught him, in gratulation of her return. Alice Snowton also did blush, and held out her cheek, whereon I pressed my lip, with fervent prayers for her advance in holiness and virtue, and also in useful learning, under my excellent wife's instructions. She was a short girl, not much taller than my Waller, though she seemed to be three or even four years more advanced in age. She was a sweet engaging child of thirteen, and I loved her as one of my flock from the moment I saw her, as in duty bound. My children were divided between joy at seeing their excellent mother, and wonder at the stranger. But a short period wore off both these sentiments of the human mind, or rather the outward manifestation of them; and I will venture to assert that the quietude of night, and the clearness of the starry heavens,

fell on no happier household on that evening than the parsonage of Wolding. And next day it was the same; and next, and next, and a great succession of happy, useful days. Alice was a dear girl, and we loved her as our own; and she loved Charles above all, and was his friend, his nurse, his playfellow. Their gambols were beautiful to behold; and, to complete the good work which was so well begun, good Mr Snowton did send to my care, at the same remuneration, two young gentlemen of tender years, Master Walter Mannering and Master John Carey—the elder of them being eight and the other seven; and, as if fortune never tired of raining down on us her golden favours, the great Lady Mallerden herself did use her interest on my behalf, and obtained for me the charge of a relative of her noble house—the honourable Master Fitzoswald, of illustrious lineage in the north, of the age of nine years. But doubtless, as the philosopher has remarked, there is no sweet without its bitter, or, as the poet has said, “no rose without its thorn,” or, better perhaps, as another great poet of antiquity has clothed the sentiment—

—“Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid;”

for it was made an express stipulation of the latter office—namely, the charge of the honourable young gentleman, being the second son of the noble Earl Fitzoswald, in Yorkshire—that the great Lady Mallerden should have joint superintendence of his studies with me, and the direction of his conduct, and also his religious education. And this was a sore drawback to the pleasure I experienced, for I knew her to be proud and haughty beyond most women, or even men; and also that she was of so active and inquisitive a turn of mind, that she would endeavour to obtain all power and authority unto herself, whereto I determined by no means to submit. Two hundred golden guineas was the *honorarium per annum* for his education; and my excellent wife, who was addicted, like the most of her sex, to dreams and omens, did very often have a vision in the night, of the Right Hon. the Earl Fitzoswald presenting me to a great office

in the church—yea, even a seat among the right reverend the lord bishops of the Upper House of Parliament. Nor were portents and auguries wanting, such as this—which made an uncommon impression on my excellent wife's mind—*videlicet*, it chanced that Alice Snowton did make a hat of paper, to be placed on Charles's head when he was more than usually naughty, to be called the fool's-cap out of derision; but this same paper hat, which was of a fantastic shape, being conical and high, the boy with scissors did dexterously mutilate and nearly destroy, and, coming quietly behind me when I was meditating the future with my excellent wife, he placed it on my head; and, to all our eyes, there was no mistaking the shape into which, fortuitously, and with no view or knowledge of such emblems, he had cut the paper-cap. It was evidently a mitre, and nothing else! But this, and various other concurring incidents, I pass over, having frequently rebuked my excellent wife for thinking more highly of such matters than she ought to think.

The course pursued in our studies was the following, which I particularly write down, having had great experience in that sort, and considering it may be useful, if perchance this account should fall into the hands of any who follow the honourable and noble calling of educating the rising generation. The *Colloquies* of Corderius, as also the *Fables* of Æsopus, with those also of Phædrus his Roman continuator . . . . .

(Many pages are here omitted as irrelevant.)

. . . . . And my excellent wife, after much entreaty, consented thereto. Accordingly, on the very next Sunday, the great Lady Mallerden attended at my house after church, and did closely question, not only the young gentlemen on the principles of their faith, but also Alice Snowton, and did, above all, clearly and emphatically point out to them the iniquities of the great Popish delusion; and exhorted them, whatever might be their future fate or condition, to hold fast by the pure Reformed church. And so much did my eldest daughter, who was now a great tall girl of twelve



years of age, win upon the heart of the great lady, that she invited her to come up for several days and reside with her at Mallerden Court, which was a great honour to my daughter, invitations not being extended to any to enter that noble mansion under the degree of nobility. Nor did her beneficence end here; for she did ask Alice Snowton, who was now a fine young woman of fifteen or thereby, to be her guest at the same time. Alice was not so stout in proportion to her years as my Waller; but there was a certain gracefulness about her when she moved, and a sweet smile when she spoke, which was very gainful on the affections, as Charles could testify; for he loved her, and made no secret thereof, better than any of his sisters, and also, I really and unfeignedly believe, better than that excellent woman his mother. And so great was the impression made on the great lady by my Waller's cleverness and excellent manner of conducting herself, that, on her return at the end of three days, a letter, in the noble lady's own hand, bore testimony to her satisfaction, and a request, or rather a command, was laid on me, to send her, under charge as she expressed it, of Alice Snowton, to the Court for a longer period the following week. And such was the mutual happiness of the noble lady, and of that young girl, (my Waller, I mean,) who could now write a beautiful flowing hand, and spell with uncommon accuracy and expedition, that ere long it was an arranged thing, that three days in each week were spent by the two children at Mallerden Court; and a horse at last, on every Wednesday, was in waiting to convey them, on a double pillion, to the stately mansion.

I have not alluded to the state of public affairs, of which I was far from cognizant, saving that the writhings and strugglings which this tortured realm did make, shook also the little personage of Welding. We heard, at remote intervals of time, rumours of dangers and difficulties hanging over this church and nation; but were little alarmed thereof, putting faith in the bill of exclusion, and the honour of our most gracious and religious lord the king. Nor did I anticipate great harm even if the Duke

of York, in the absence of lawful posterity of his brother, should get upon the throne, trusting in the truth of his royal word, and the manifold declarations of favour and amicable-ness to the church, which he from time to time put forth. But *Æsopus* hath it, when bulls fight in a marsh the frogs are crushed to death. It was on the tenth day of February, in the year of our Lord 1685, I was busy with my dear friends, the youths under my charge, in the Campus Martins, (which was a level space of ground in one of the glebe fields by the side of the river, whereon we performed our exercises of running, jumping, wrestling, and other athletic exertations,) when we were startled by the hearing the sound of many horses galloping up the hill above the village; and looking over the hedge on to the road, we saw a cavalier going very fast on a fine black horse, which had fire in its eyes and nostrils, as the poet says, followed by a goodly train of serving-men, all well mounted, and proceeding at the same rate. We went on with our games for an hour or two, when all at once I was peremptorily sent for to go to my house without delay; and accordingly I hurried homewards, much marvelling what the summons could portend. I went into my study, and sitting in my arm-chair I saw the great Lady Mallerden; but she was so deep in thought, that for some minutes she kept me standing, and waiting her commands. At last she started to herself, and ordered me to be seated, and in her rapid glancing manner began to speak—

"I have been visited by my son, who rode post haste from London to tell me the king was dead. He has been dead four days."

I was astonished and much saddened at the news.

"Sorry—yes—but there is no time for sorrow," said the noble lady; "we must be up and doing. We are betrayed."

"Did your son, the noble Viscount Mallerden, tell you this?"

"He is one of the betrayers—know you not what manner of man he is?—Then I will tell you." And here a strange light flashed from her eyes, and her lips became compressed till all the colour disappeared—"He is a

viper that stung me once—and would sting me again if I took him to my bosom, and laid it open for his poisonous tooth. I tell you the Lord Malterden is a godless, hopeless, faithless, man—bound hand and foot to the footstool of the despotic, cruel monster—the Jesuit who has now his foot upon the English throne. He is a Papist, fiercer, bitterer, crueller, because he has no belief neither in priest nor pope—but he is ambitious, reckless, base, a courtier. He prides himself in his shame, and says he has openly professed. It is to please the hypocritical master he serves. And he boasts that our late king—defender of the faith—was shrived on his deathbed by a Popish friar.”

“I cannot believe it, my lady.”

“You are a good man—a good simple man, Master Willis,” she said; and although the words of her designation were above my deserts, seeing that simplicity and goodness are the great ornaments of the Christian character, still the tone in which she spoke did not partake of the nature of a compliment, and I bowed, but made no observation in reply.

“But it needs men of other minds in these awful times which I see approaching—men of firmness, men of boldness—yea, who can shed blood and shudder not; for great things are at stake.”

“I trust not, my lady—albeit the shedding of blood”——

“I know, is generally condemned; yet be there texts which make it imperative, and I think I foresee that the occasion for giving them forth is at hand. All means in their power they will try; yes, though James of York has been but four days a king, he had already made perquisition for such as may be useful to him, not in settling the crown upon his head, but in carrying off this people and kingdom, a bound sacrifice to the blind idol which he worshippeth at Rome. You know not the history of that man; no, nor of my son. Alas! that a mother’s lips should utter such words about her own flesh and blood! The one of them I tell you is a bigot, a pursuer, a persecutor—the other a sensualist, a Gallio, a tool. For many years he has never beheld his mother’s face; he married in his youth; he

injured, deserted, yea, he killed his wife—not with his own hand or with the dagger, but by the surer weapons of hatred, neglect, unkindness. And she died. He has but one child; that child was left in charge of my honoured and loving daughter, the Lady Pevensy of Notts, and hath been brought up in a Christian manner; but now, he—this man of Belial—wishes to get this infant in his own hands; nay, he boldly has made a demand of her custody both on me and Pevensy, my daughter. We will not surrender her; he is now great and powerful. The king will back his efforts with all the weight of the crown; and we have considered, if we could confide the persecuted dove to the hands of some assured friend—some trueson of our holy church—some steady, firm-hearted, strong-nerved man, who in such cause would set lord and king at defiance”——

Here she paused, and looked upon me with her eyes dilated, and her nostrils panting with some great thought which was within her; and I availed myself of the pause to say—

“Oh, my lady! if you did mean me for such charge, I confess my deficiency for such a lofty office; for I do feel in me no stirrings of an ambitious spirit. Sufficient is it for me to take care of the innocent flock committed to my care, in the performance of which charge I have the approbation of my own heart, and also, I make bold to hope it, of your ladyship, seeing that I have instructed them in the true principles both of faith and practice; and although there are shortcomings in them all, by reason the answers in the Catechism are not adapted to the capacities of the younger ones, especially of Charles, (who, notwithstanding, has abilities and apprehensions above his years,) yet are they all imbued with faithful doctrine, from Alice Snowton, which is the most advanced in stature, to the honourable Master Fitzoswald, which is somewhat deficient in growth, being only three inches taller than my little Charles.”

The great lady looked at me while I spoke, and made no answer for a long time. At last she said with a sort of smile, which at the same

time was not hilarious or jocular in its nature—

“Perhaps ’tis better as it is. There is a providence in all things, and our plans and proposals are all overruled for the best—for which may God be praised! Therefore I will press you no more on the subject of the guardianship of my grandchild. But Mallden will move heaven and earth to get her into his power—yes, though he has neglected her so long, never caring to see her since her childhood; yet now, when he sees ’twill gain him the treasureship of the royal household to sell the greatest heiress and noblest blood in England to the Papists, he will make traffic of his own child, and marry her to some prayer-mumbler to a wooden doll. Let us save her, good sir—but I forgot. No—I will save her myself. I, that have steered her through so many quicksands, will not let her make shipwreck at last. I will guard her like the apple of my eye, and possess my soul in patience until this tyranny be overpast.” And so ended the interview, during which my heart was tossed to and fro with the utmost agitation, and my whole frame so troubled that I various times lost all mastery of myself, and only saw before me a great black gulf of ruin, into which some invisible power was pushing me and all my little ones. Great, therefore, was my delight, and sweet the relief to my soul, when the great lady left me unconnected with her quarrels. For, in the crash of such contending powers, there was no chance of escape for such a weak instrument as I was; and fervent were my hopes, and deep my prayers, that the perils and evils prognosticated by the religious fears of my great protectress might be turned aside, and all good subjects and sincere churchmen left each under his own vine and his own fig-tree, with nobody to make them afraid. But vain are the hopes of men. We read in no long time in all men’s looks the fate we were condemned to; for it seemed as if a great cloud, filled with God’s wrath, was spread out over this realm of England, and the faces of all men grew dark. We heard the name of Jeffreys whispered in corners, and trembled as if it had been a witch’s spell to make our

blood into water. The great lady kept herself much in solitude in the ancient Court, and saw not even her favourite companion, my daughter Waller, for many months; but did ever write affectionate letters to her, and sent presents of rich fruits, and other delectations in which the young take pleasure. There was much riding to and fro of couriers, but whither, or whence, she did never tell, and it was not my province to enquire; but at last an order came for me to send up my Waller and her friend to the mansion. And at evening they were conveyed on horseback as before; but on this occasion their escort was not Master Wilkinson the under butler, but no less a person than my lady’s kinsman, the senior brother of my honourable pupil, the honourable Master Fitzoswald of Yorkshire, a stately young cavalier as could be seen, strong and tall, and his style and title was the Lord Viscount Lessingholm—being the eldest son and heir to that ancient earldom. He was an amiable and pleasant gentleman, full of courtesies and kindness, and particularly pleased with the newfangled fashion of a handsome cap which formed the headpiece of my excellent wife. He said also many handsome things about the brightness of my Waller’s eyes, and assured my excellent wife that he saw so promising an outshoot of talent in my Charles, that he doubted not to see him one of the judges of the realm, if so be he applied his intellectuals to the bar. He was also extreme civil to Alice Snowton, which answered his civilities in like manner; and seldom in so short a space as half an hour has any person made so favourable an impression as he did, particularly on his brother, by reason of his bestowing on him a large Spanish doubloon, and promising him a delicate coloured maneged horse immediately on his return to Yorkshire. It is a pleasant sight to see (and reflected some credit on my ministration of the moralities in this particular instance) the disinterested love of brethren, one towards another; and I failed not to ascertain that the Lord Lessingholm had been boarded in the house of an exemplary divine, to wit, Mr Savage of Corpus Christi College, Oxford—a fact which I think it proper to men-



tion to the honour of that eloquent member of our church—inasmuch as any man might be proud of having had the training up in the way he should go, of so excellent and praiseworthy a youth.

It was many days before my young ones came back, (I would be understood to include in this Alice Snowton, whom I looked upon with the tenderness of a father and the pride of a teacher all in one;) and when they returned to me, I thought I perceived that they were both more sorrowful than of wont. Alice (and my Waller also) looked oppressed with some secret that weighed upon their hearts, and I was fearful the great lady had made them partakers of her cares in the matter of her son and her grandchild. Yet did I not think such a thing possible as that either of them should have been taken into her confidence on so high and momentous a concernment, by reason of my Waller being so young, though thoughtful and considerate, and also fuller grown than persons much more advanced in life; and Alice Snowton was of so playful and gentle a disposition, that she seemed unfitted for the depository of any secret, unless those more strictly appertaining to her youth and sex, and moreover was a stranger to this part of the country, being of a respectable family, as I have observed, in Wills—namely, a brother of Mr Snowton, my kind patron and friend. I called them into my study, after my labours were over with the other pupils, and I said to them—

“Dear children, ill would it become me to pry into the secrets of my honoured lady, the Lady Mallerden; yet may there arise occasions wherein it is needful for one in my situation, (parent to the one of you, and *in loco parentis* to the other,) to make perquisition into matters of weight and importance to your well-being, even at the risk of appearing intrusive into other peoples’ affairs. Answer me, therefore, Alice, my dear child, has the Lady Mallerden instructed you in any portion of her family story?”

“She has in some degree, sir,” said Alice Snowton, “but not deeply.”

“You know of her disagreement on certain weighty points with her son, the Lord Viscount, and how that

he is a wicked man, seeking to break into the pasture of the Lord, and tear down the hedges and destroy the boundaries thereof; and that in this view he is minded to get his daughter into his power, to use her as an instrument towards his temporal elevation?”

“Something of all this we have heard, but not much,” said Alice Snowton.

“And furthermore, I must tell you that overtures were made to me to aid and assist in the resistance to be offered to this man of sin, and I did, for deep and wholesome reasons, refuse my assent thereto, and in this refusal I meant you, my children, to be included; therefore, whatever propositions may be made to you, to hear, or know, or receive, or in any manner aid, in the concealment of the Lord Viscount’s daughter—which is at present in charge of an honourable lady in the north—I charge you, refuse them; they may bring ruin on an unambitious and humble household, and in no case can do good. We must fear God ever, and honour the king while he is entrusted with the sword of power; and family arrangements we must leave to the strong hands and able head of the great Lady Mallerden herself. In this caution I know I fulfil the intentions of my honoured friend, your esteemed uncle, Mr William Snowton, which is concerned with too many noble families to desire to get into enmity with any—and therefore be grateful for all the kindness you experience from my honoured lady; but if perchance she brings her grandchild to the Court, and wishes to make you of her intimates, inform me thereof; and greatly as it would be to be regretted, I would break off the custom of your visits to the noble house, for even that honour may be too dearly purchased by the enmity of powerful and unscrupulous men—if with sceptres in their hands, so much the more to be held in awe.” And I ended with *Æsopus* his fable of the frogs and lulls. This discourse (whereof I had prepared the heads in the course of the morning) I delivered with the full force of my elocution, and afterwards I dismissed them, leaving to my excellent wife the duty of enlarging on the same topic, and also of giving such advice to Alice, which

was now a full grown young woman, and very fair to look on, in respect of the young cavaliers she might see at the great house, particularly the noble lord, the Lord Lessingholm. Such advice I considered useless in regard to my Waller, she being only about fourteen years of age, but in other respects a fair and womanly creature to see; for her waist was nearly twice as large as Alice Snowton's, and her shoulders also, and in weight she would have been greatly an overmatch; and certes, putting aside all parental fondness, which we know to be such a beautifier of one's own kindred as to make the crow a more lovely animal than the dove, (in the eyes of the parent crow,) I will confess that in my estimation, and also in that of my excellent wife, there was no comparison between the two fair maidens, either in respect of fullness of growth or redness of complexion, the advantage being, in both these respects, on the side of the junior. Some sentiment of this sort I saw at the time must have possessed the honourable breast of the Viscount Lessingholm; for although he made much profession of visiting at the parsonage for the sake of seeing his juvenile brother, still there were certain looks and tokens whereby I was clearly persuaded that the magnet was of a different kind; and whereas it would have been vain and ambitious in me to lift my eyes so high, in view of matrimonial proposals, as to nearly the topmost branch in the peerage of England, (the Earls Fitzoswald being known to have been barons of renown at the period of the Norman Conquest;) still it would ill have become me to prevent my daughter from gathering golden apples if they fell at her foot, because they had grown on such a lofty bough of the tree; and I will therefore confess, that it was with no little gratification I saw the unfoldings of a pure and virtuous disposition in the honourable young nobleman. And I will further state, that it seemed as if his presence when he came, (and that was often, nay, sometimes twice in one day,) did make holiday in the whole house; and Charles was by no means backward in his friendship—receiving the fishing-rods presented unto him by

the right honourable with so winning an eagerness, and pressing Alice (his constant friend) to go with him and the noble donor with so much zeal to the brook, therein to try the virtues of the gift, that I found it impossible to refuse permission; and therefore did those three often consume valuable hours, (yet also I hope not altogether wasted)—*videlicet*, Alice and Charles, and the honourable Viscount—in endeavouring to catch the funny tribe, yet seldom with much success. But whatever was the result of their industry—yea, though it was but a minnow—it was brought and presented to my Waller by the honourable hands of the young man, with so loving an air, that it was easy to behold how gladly he would have consented, if she had been the companion of their sports, if by any means Charles could have been persuaded to have exchanged Alice Snowton for her. But the very mention of such an idea did throw the child into such wrathful indignation, that the right honourable was fain to bestow on him whole handfuls of sugar-plums, and promise that Alice should not be left behind. So faded the time away; and at last I began to hope that the fears of the great lady were unfounded, and that nothing would occur to trouble her repose. The manner of living had been resumed again, with the difference that, on the days the young maidens did not visit the noble mansion, the honourable viscount was, as it were, domiciled in the parsonage; and I perceived that, by this arrangement, the great lady was highly pleased; perhaps because the presence of a kinsman, a courageous gentleman, gave her some security against the rudenesses she seemed to be afraid of on the part of her own son—a grievous state of human affairs when the fifth commandment is not held in honour, and reducing us below the level of puppy-dogs and kittens, to whom that commandment, along with the rest of the decalogue, is totally unknown. Sundry times I did observe symptoms of alarm; and care did write a sad story of mental suffering on the brow of the great lady, which was a person of the magnanimity of an ancient matron, and bore up in a

manner surprising to behold in one who stood, as it were, with one hand upon her coffin, while her other stretched backward through the shadow of fourscore years to touch her cradle. And ever, from time to time, couriers came to the noble mansion, while others flew in various directions on swift horses at utmost speed; and looking up into that lofty atmosphere, we saw clouds and ominous signs of coming storms, before we could hear the voice of the thunder. And once a royal messenger (called a pursuivant-at-arms) came down in person, and carried the great lady to London, and there she stayed many days, and was threatened with many things and great punishments, yea, even to be tried by the Lord Jeffreys for high treason, in resisting the king's order to deliver up her grandchild to its natural guardian—which was its father, the Viscount Mallerden, now created by royal favour Marquis of Danfield. But even this last danger she scorned; and after months of confinement near the royal court, her enemies gave up persecuting her for that season, and at last she came back to Mallerden Court. In the meanwhile, we went on in a quiet and comfortable manner in the parsonage—the Viscount Lessingholm frequently with us, (almost as if he were a pupil of the house;) and on one or two occasions we had a visit for an evening from my honoured friend, Mr William Snowton of Wilts. He was pleased to use great commendations, both of my excellent wife and me, for the mode in which we attended to the mind and manners of his niece, the culinary and other accomplishments, and the rational education wherein he saw her advanced. He never stayed later than day-dawn on the following morning, and kept himself reserved, as one used to the intimacy of the great, and not liking to make his news patent to humble people such as we; and he would on no account open his mouth on the quarrels of our great lady and her son, the new Marquis of Danfield, but kept the conversation in equable channels of everyday matters, and expounded how my glebe lands might be made to yield a greater store of provision by newer modes of cultiva-

tion—the which I considered, however, a tampering with Providence, which gives to every field its increase, and no more. But by this time my glebe was not the only land on which I could plant my foot and say, Lo, thou art mine! for I had so prospered in the five years during which I had held a ladder for my pupils to the tree of knowledge, that much golden fruit had fallen to my share, (being kicked down, as it were, by their climbing among the branches;) so that I had purchased the fee simple of the estate of my friend, Master George Sprowles, who had taken some alarm at the state of public affairs, and gone away over the seas to the plantation called, I think, Massachusetts, in the great American continent.

It was in the beginning of October 1688, that another call was made on the great lady to make her appearance within a month from that time in the city of London, to give a final answer for her contumacy in refusing obedience to the King and the lord high Treasurer. I felt in hopes the object of their search (namely, the young maiden his daughter, for it was bruited they rummaged to find her out in all directions) was safe with some foreign friends which the great lady possessed in the republic of Holland, where the Prince of Orange was then the chief magistrate; but of this I had no certain assurance. For some days no preparations were made at the noble mansion for so momentous a journey; but at length there were great signs of something being in prospect. First of all, the Viscount Lessingholm rode up from Yorkshire, whither he had been gone three weeks, attended by near a score of fine dressed serving-men, and took up his abode at Mallerden Court; then came sundry others of the great lady's kinsfolk, attended also by their servants in stately liveries; and we did expect that the proud imperial-minded lady was to go up with such great escort as should impress the king with a just estimate of her power and dignity. With this expectation we kept ourselves ready to see the noble procession when it should start on its way; but far other things were in store for me, and an instrument called a pea-



spitter, wherewith Charles had provided himself for the purpose of saluting various of the serving-men as they passed, was rendered useless. It was on the first day of November that the Lord Viscount Lessingholm, (who had conveyed the young maidens, *videlicet* Alice Snowton and my Waller, to the Court on the previous day,) did ride post haste up to my door, making his large grey horse jump over the gate at the end of the walk, as if he had been Pegasus flying on his winged steed to the rescue of Andromeda, (as the same is so elegantly described in the ancient poet,) and did summon me to go that moment to the noble mansion on matter of the highest import. Much marvelling, and greatly out of breath, I followed the noble gentleman's motions as rapidly as was becoming one in my responsible situation, in regard to the spiritual ministrations in the parish, while in sight of any of my flock; for nothing detracts more from the dignity of the apostolical character than rapid motions—such as running, or jumping, or an unordered style of apparel, without hatband or cassock. When out of the village street, I put (as the vulgar phrase expresses it) my best foot foremost, and enacted the part of a running serving-man in the track of my noble conductor; and finally I arrived, in such state as may be conceived, at the entrance-hall of the noble mansion. In the court-yard were numerous serving-men mounted in silent gravity, and ranged around the wall. Each man was wrapped up in a dark-coloured cloak; and underneath it I saw, depending from each, the clear polished extremity of a steel sword-sheath. They did bear their reins tightened, and their heels ornamented with spurs, as if ready to spring forth at a word, and great tribulation came-over my soul. Howbeit I mounted the grand staircase, and, following the western corridor, I opened the door of the green-damask withdrawing-room, and found myself in the middle of a large and silent company. There were, perhaps, a dozen persons there assembled—motionless in their chairs; and at the further end of the apartment sat the great lady in whispered conversation with a tall dark gentleman of mature

years, say fifty or thereabouts, and with a wave of her hand, having instructed me to be seated, she pursued her colloquies in the same under tones as before. When I had placed myself in a chair, and was in somewhat recovering my breath, which much hurrying and the surprising scene I saw had greatly impaired, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I turned round, and, sitting in the next chair to me, I beheld my honoured friend Mr William Snowton of Wilts.

"Good Master Willis," he said, "you little expected to see me here, I do well believe; but it was but lately I was summoned."

"And know you wherefore we are here assembled?" I enquired.

"Somewhat I know, but not all. The persons here be men of great power, some of them being those by whom I am employed in managing their worldly affairs, and shortly we shall hear what is determined on."

"On what subject do they mean to consult us? I shall be ready," said I, "to give what advice may be needed, if peradventure it suits with my sacred calling."

"I fear they will hardly consult a person of your holy profession," said Mr Snowton with a sober kind of smile. "It is of life or death we are now to take our choice."

A great fear fell upon me, as a great shadow falls upon the earth before a thunder storm. "What mean ye?" I whispered. "There is no shedding of blood."

"There will be *much* shedding of blood, good Master Willis; yea, the rivers in England will run red with the same, unless some higher power interferences to deliver us."

"And wherefore am I summoned to such fearful conference? I am no man of blood. I meddle not with lofty matters. I"—

But here I was interrupted by Mr Snowton in a low grave tone. "Then you have not heard that the wicked man of sin, the false Papist, the Marquis of Danfield, hath discovered his child?"

"No, I have not been informed thereof. And hath he gained possession of her?"

"No, nor shall not!" and hereupon he frowned a great frown, and let his

sword-sheath strike heavily upon the floor. All the company looked sharply round; but seeing it was by hazard, they took no notice of what occurred.

"And where, then, is the maiden bestowed?" I demanded.

"In this house; you shall see her soon."

"And what have I to do with these matters? They are above my concernment!" I exclaimed, in great anguish of mind.

"You have to unite her in the holy hands of wedlock."

"Nay, that is clearly impossible! Where, I pray thee, is the license?"

"All that has been cared for by means of a true bishop of our church. There can be no scruple on canonical grounds; and if there be hesitation in obeying the Lady Mallerden's orders, (provided she finally makes up her mind to deliver the same,) I would not answer for the recusant's life, no, not for an hour."

"But wherefore in such secrecy, with such haste?" I said, in dreadful sort.

"Because we know that the father slept at Oxford last night with store of troops, and that he will be here this night with a royal warrant to enforce his right to the bestowal of his child; and he hath already promised her to the leader of the malignant Papists."

"And are we here to resist the king's soldiers and the mandate of the king?"

"Yea, to the death!" he said, and sank into gloomy thoughts and said no more.

I looked around among the assembly, and recognized no other faces that I knew, and in a short space the great lady, having finished her colloquy with her next neighbour, rose up and said—"My lords, I believe ye be all of kin to this house, and the other gentlemen be its friends—a falling house, as represented by a feeble woman of fourscore years and five. Yet in the greatness of the cause, may we securely expect a gift of strength even to so frail an instrument as I am. I have consulted with you all, and finally I have taken counsel with my kind cousin and sweet friend, the Earl of Fitzoswald, now at my side, and he hath agreed to what I have

proposed. It now, then, but remains to carry our project into effect; and for that purpose I have summoned hither a good man and excellent divine, Master Willis of this neighbourhood, to be efficacious in that behalf."

I started up, and said in great agitation—"Oh, my lady!"—but had not proceeded further when I was broken in upon by a voice of thunder—

"Silence, I say! What, is it for the frailness of a reed like you that such noble enterprise must perish? Make no remonstrance, sir, but do what is needed, or"——

Although the great lady did not finish her words, I felt an assurance steal like ice over my soul that my hours were numbered if I hesitated, and I bowed low, while Mr William Snowton did privily pull me down into my seat by the hinder parts of my cassock.

"You—*you*, Master Willis, of all men, should least oppose this godly step. For the noise thereof will sound unto the ends of the earth, and make the old Antichrist on his seven hills quake and tremble, and shake the pitiful spirit of the apostate of Whitehall. Say I not well, my lords?"

"You say well," ran round the room in a murmur of consent.

"And you—*you*, Master Willis," she went on, "least of all, should object to keep a lamb within the true fold—yea, a lamb which you did see with your own eyes introduced into the same. Remember you nought of godly Master Waller's in Berkshire, or of the scene you saw in a certain chamber, where the baptismal waters were poured forth, and murmured like a pleasant fountain in the dying ears of a devout Christian woman?"

I was so held back with awe that I said not a word, and she went on—

"Oh, if good Master Lees had yet been spared,\* we should not have asked for the ministry of trembling and unwilling hands like yours! And now, my lords—and you, kind gentlemen, my plan as arranged with good Lord Fitzoswald is this:—I give my grandchild's hand where her heart has long been bestowed; I then go with her through lanes and byways, under good escort, to the city of Exeter, where ere long we shall cast in our lot

with certain friends. The bridegroom shall see nought of his bride till happier days arrive, except at this altar; and you shall go directly to your respective stations, and be ready at the first blowing of the horns before which the walls of this Jericho are to fall. In the next chamber I have made preparation for the ceremony, and in a few minutes, when I have arranged me for the journey, I will summon you."

Something of this I heard—the sense namely forced its way into my brain; but I was confused and panic-stricken. The whole sad scene enacted so many years before, at the house of good Master Waller, on my way home from Oxford, came back upon my heart, and I marvelled at the method whereby the great lady had acquired a knowledge of the secret. I was deep sunk in these cogitations when the door of the inner library was at last thrown open, and such light flashed upon us from the multitude of candles, which were illuminated in all parts of the chamber, that my eyes were for some time dazzled. When I came to myself I looked, and at a table under the eastern window, on which was spread out a golden-clasped prayer-book, opened at the form of solemnization of matrimony, I saw, along with two young men of about his own age, (all girt with swords, and booted and spurred,) the right honourable the Viscount Lessingholm, which I at once concluded was acting as bridegroom's man to one of the other youths. The company, which had been assembled in the withdrawing-room, placed themselves gravely, as if some solemn matter was in hand, at the side of the table; and I took my place by a motion from the Earl Fitzoswald, and laid my hand upon the prayer-book, as ready to begin. The door at the other end of the room, which leadeth to the outer staircase, was opened, and there came noiselessly in a tall woman, dressed in the same fantastical apparel, like the apparel of the Bohemians or gipsies, which I remembered so well on the fatal night of the christening; and, when she cast her eyes on me, I could not have thought an hour had passed since that time, and I recognised in her, with awe and wonderment, the features of the great

lady, the Lady Mallerden herself. In each hand she led a young person, in her left my daughter Waller, and I will not deny that at the sight my heart leapt up with strange but not unpleasing emotion, as, remembering the habitudes of the noble Viscount Lessingholm, I thought there was a possibility of a double wedding; and in her other hand, dressed as for a journey, with close fitting riding-coat, and a round hat with sable feathers upon her head, she conducted Alice Snowton, the which looked uncommon lovely, though by no means so healthy or stout-looking as her other companion—*videlicet*, my Waller. They walked up to the place whereof we stood, and the Lord Viscount springing forward, did give his hand to Alice Snowton, and did not let it go for some time; but looked upon her with such soft endearing looks that she held down her head, and a red blush appeared upon her cheek, as if thereupon there had been reflected the shadow of a rose. For it was not of the deep tinge which formed the ornament of the complexion of my Waller.

"This is no time for useless dalliance," said the great lady; "let us to work. By no other means can we root out for ever the hopes of our enemies."

"Where then, madam," I said, "is the bride?—and who, I pray you, is the bridegroom?"

"The bridegroom is the Viscount Lessingholm. This maiden is the bride."

"But Alice Snowton, my lady. I did think it was your honourable grandchild who was to be united to this noble gentleman."

"And so it is—and so it is! She is Alice Snowton no longer. Our good friend, Master Snowton, the steward on my daughter Pevensy's Wiltshire manor, was good enough to adopt her as his niece; and for her better concealment we placed her in the charge of a person whose character for meekness and simplicity was too notorious to raise suspicion of his being concerned in such a plot. Even to herself, till lately, her parentage was unknown, as Master Snowton kept well the secret."

"And one other question," I said;



the child to whom I became bound as godfather?"

"'Tis the same. This is the poor Lucy Hesseltime, whose orphanship you witnessed in that lone and yet comfortable death."

The lady Lucy Hesseltime, or rather Alice Snowton, for by that name I loved her best, did throw her arms about my neck, and kissed my cheek, and said I had been a kind godfather to her, yea, had been a father to her, and my excellent wife a mother. At this my heart was much moved, and I saw tears come to the eyes of several of the bystanders, but no tear came to the eyes of the great lady herself.

"Let this be enough," she said. "Let us finish what we have yet to do."

And thereupon, all being ready and in their due places, I began; but when I came to the question—"Lucy Hesseltime, wilt thou have this man to be thy lawful husband?"—a sudden noise in the court-yard under the window made me pause; but the great lady commanded me with a frown to go on, and I concluded the question, and received in reply a sweet but audible "yes." But the noise was again repeated, and the assistants sprang to their feet, for it was the sound of the sharp shooting off of pistols.

"Stir not for your lives till the ceremony is over!" cried the great lady; and I hurried with trembling lips over the remainder of the service. A loud voice in the yard was heard amid the trampling of much horse. "In the king's name, surrender!" the voice said. "We have a warrant here, and soldiers!"

"For as much as Frederick and Lucy Hesseltime," (I said as calmly as I could, though with my heart quaking within me) "have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth either to other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving of a ring, and by joining of hands—I pronounce that they be man and wife together!"

"Now then, my lords and gentlemen," cried the great lady, springing to her feet, "to the defence! We are witnesses of this marriage, and clashing swords must play the wed-

ding peel. If need be, fear not in such quarrel to do your best; yea, to the shedding of blood! Though the blood were my son's, it were well shed in such a holy cause. Now then, Lucy, come! Guard the front entrance but an hour, and we shall be beyond pursuit."

And so saying she glided rapidly, with the nearly fainting bride, towards the hidden stairs, while Viscount Lessingham rushed rapidly with drawn sword down the grand flight, and sprang on his grey horse. In the confusion my Waller had disappeared, and in great agonies of fear I slipped into the court-yard. Oh, what a sight met my eyes! There were several men lying dead, which had been shot or otherwise killed, and their horses were galloping hither and thither with loose reins and stirrups flapping; other men were groaning, and writhing in great pains, tearing the ground with bleeding hands, and dragging themselves, if such were possible, away from the *mêlée*. Meanwhile, horsemen drawn up on either side were doing battle with sword and pistol; and the trampling and noise of the shouting, the groans and deep execrations, all resounding at once in that atmosphere of smoke and approaching night, were fearful to listen to, and I bethought me of some way of escape. I slipped within the piazza of the servants' court, and made my way towards the gate; but here the battle raged the fiercest, the noble Viscount Lessingham being determined to keep it closed, and the furious Marquis resolute to force it open, whereby an accession of men might come to him which were shut out on the other side—the warder of the door having only admitted the marquis himself, and about fifty of the king's dragoons. The retainers which I had seen on my entrance amounted to seventy or more; and seeing they had most of them been soldiers, yea, some which had grizzled locks, having been among the shouters at Dunbar, and on many fields besides, under the cruel eye of the ferocious Oliver himself, they did cry "Ha, ha! at the spear of the rider, and smelt the battle afar off." The Marquis of Danfield did spur his black war-horse, with his sword poised high in air

towards the noble Viscount of Lessingholm, and with fierce cries the noble viscount raised also his sword, and was in act to strike the undefended head of his assailant. "Stop, Frederick!" cried a voice, which proceeded from the Earl Fitzoswald; "it is Danfield himself!" whereupon the young gentleman did ward off the blow aimed at him by the marquis, and passed on. All this I saw ere I gave up hopes of getting out by the gate; but seeing this was hopeless, I pursued my way back again, with intent to get out by one of the postern windows, and hurry homeward across the fields; and having opened a window near unto the buttery, I hung by my hands, and then shutting my eyes and commending my soul to Heaven, I let go, and dropt safely down upon the greensward. But ere I could recover myself sufficiently, I was set upon as if I had been an armed enemy, by a large number of mounted men, which were of the company of the marquis, whereby I saw that the house was surrounded, and feared the great lady and Alice (I would say the Viscountess Lessingholm) were intercepted in their retreat. Howbeit, I gave myself up prisoner, by reason of various blows with the flats of sabres, and sundry monitions to surrender or die. I was led in great fear to the front of the court, and brought before a proud, fierce-browed commander, which interrogated me "of all that was going on, and whether the Lady Lucy Mallerden was in the Court?" Whereunto I answered, that I was so overcome with terror that I knew little of what I had seen; and, with regard to the noble lady, I was persuaded she was not within the walls. "If you answer me," he said, "truly, and tell me what road she has taken, I will send you away in safety, and secure you his majesty's pardon for any thing you may have done against his crown and dignity; but if you refuse, I will assuredly hang you on the court-yard gate the moment we gain possession thereof. Now, say which way went they?" I was sore put to it, for it was like betraying innocent blood to tell these savage men the course my godchild pursued in her escape; and yet to tell an untruth

was repugnant to my nature, and I said to the captain, "It is a hard matter for me to point out where my friends are fleeing unto."

"Then you'll be hung as high as Haman at daybreak; so you can take your choice," said he.

"If I direct you unto the place whereunto she is gone," I said, "it will be a hard matter to find her."

"That's our business, not yours. Tell us where it is."

"For, suppose she were in hiding in a city, a large busy place like Bristol, and waited for a conveyance to a foreign land"——

"In Bristol! Oho, say no more! Ensign Morley, take ten of the best mounted of the troop and scour the northern roads towards Bristol. You will overtake them ere they are far advanced."

"I pray you, captain," I said, "to observe—I have not told you she is gone towards Bristol."

"I know you haven't," he said smiling, "I will hear witness you have kept her secret well; but here we are about to enter the Court, for the firing is finished. The rebels will be on gibbets within twenty-four hours, every one."

But there was no sign of the gate being opened. Contrariwise there did appear, in the dimness of the evening-sky, certain dark caps above the outside wall, which I did recognize as being worn by the serving-men of the great lady's friends; and while we were yet talking a flight of bullets passed close over our heads, and three or four of the troopers fell off dead men, leaving their saddles empty and their horses masterless.

"Draw close my men," cried the captain, "right wheel;" and setting his men an example, he did gallop with what speed he might from the propinquity of the wall. As for myself, I was in some sort relieved by the knowledge that the noble mansion still continued in possession of the Viscount Lessingholm; and comforting myself with the assurance that no evil could befall my daughter Waller while under his protection, I did contrive to seize by the bridle one of the dragoons' horses, (a stout black horse, which, being never claimed, did do my farming work for fifteen years,) and,

climbing up into the saddle, betook me home to inform my excellent wife of all these dreadful events. All next day, and all the next—yea, for three whole days—I stayed in my quiet home, receiving information quietly by means of a note brought to me by my servants, that the mansion still held out, that Waller was quite safe, and that, provided no artillery was brought to bear against them, that they could hold out *till the time came*. What was the meaning of the latter phraseology, I did not know; but considering it desirable at that period to cut down certain trees on my recently purchased estate, I proceeded with Thomas Hodge the carpenter, and various other artificers of my parishioners, (all being friends and dependents of the great lady,) and with saws and other instruments did level the whole row of very large oaks and elm trees which bordered the only high-road from Oxford; and, by some strange accident, all the trees did fall exactly across the same, and made it utterly impossible to move thereupon with cart or waggon; so that it was much to be suspected that the guns, which we heard were ordered to come up from Wallingford, could by no means get over the obstruction. It is also to be observed that Master George Railsworth, the mason, who had contracted to repair the strong bridge over our stream, did take this opportunity of taking down two of the arches of the same, and could find no sufficient assistance to enable him to restore them, which made the road impassable for horse or man. On the following day, namely, the fifth day of November, we heard that all the king's soldiers were suddenly ordered from all parts up to London, and that the Marquis of Danfield had been left to his imprisonment in Mallerden Court. Whereupon I bethought me it would be safe to venture up once more, and bring my daughter Waller to the safer custody of my excellent wife. Next morning, at early dawn, I accordingly did go up, and was admitted, after a short parley, by the gate-keeper, which had a helmet on his head and a sword in his hand. Speedily I was in the arms of my daughter Waller, who looked as happy as if none of these scenes had been

transacted before her eyes; and moreover did refuse, in very positive terms, to leave the Court till her dear friend Alice—I would say the Lady Lucy—returned. I reasoned with her, and reprimanded her, and showed her in what a fearful state of danger we all were, by reason of the rebellion we had been guilty of against his majesty the king. Whereupon the child did only laugh, and told me, "Here she would abide until the time came." And with this enigmatical expression I was fain to be content; for she would vouchsafe me no other. And, corroborative of all which, she said, she relied on the assurances made unto her to that effect by Sir Walter Ouseley, one of the young gentlemen which had acted as bridegroom's man to the noble Viscount Lessingholm, and was now in the Court as his lieutenant in the defence of the same. A goodly young gentleman he was, and fair to look upon, and extraordinary kind to me, soothing my fears, and encouraging me to hope for better things than those my terrors made me anticipate. I enquired of the behavings of the Marquis of Danfield, and learned to my surprise that it was expected that before this day was over, if he did receive a courier, as was thought, from the Lord Churchill, one of the king's favourite officers, he would withdraw all his objections to the marriage, and rather be an encourager and advocate of the same. In these discourses the time passed away, and about three of the clock, after we had dined in the great hall, we were looking out from the battlements and saw a dust on the western road.

"It is Churchill's letter," said the noble Viscount Lessingholm, "and he has kept his promise for once."

"There is too much dust for only one courier's heels—there be twenty in company at least," replied Sir Walter Ouseley, which had the arm of my Waller closely locked in his.

"There may be a surprise intended," cried the noble viscount. "Hoist the flag, man the walls, treble the watchers, and sound for the men into the yard."

We of the peaceful professions—*videlicet*, my daughter Waller and I—did descend from the bartizan, and



betook ourselves to the great withdrawing room, to wait for the result of the approach. We had not waited long when the door opened, and no other than the great lady herself, and my loved and lovely godchild, the Viscountess Lessingholm, came into the apartment. The great lady was now appareled as became her rank, having discarded those Bohemian habiliments which were her disguise in times of danger. Oh! it was a great sight to behold, the meeting between the Lady Lucy and my daughter Waller; but when hurried steps sounded on the stairs, and the door opened, and the noble viscount rushed into her arms, it was impossible to keep from tears. My feeble pen can venture on no such lofty flights of description, and therefore I will not attempt it. Meanwhile, in the outer court, great shouting was heard. Sir Walter Ouseley came up to us, and announced that the Marquis of Danfield "presented his respects to his noble mother, and congratulated her on the glorious news."

"I knew how it would be," she said, "with base natures such as his ~~and~~ Churchill's. We accept their assistance, but despise the instrument. He will now be fierce against his benefactor, (who, though a bad king, was tender to his friends,) and bitterer against his faith than if he had never been either a courtier, or a bigot. I receive his congratulations, Sir Walter Ouseley, but I decline an interview for some time to come."

"He desired me also, my lady,"

said Sir Walter, "to convey his blessing to the bride, and his tender love to his new son, the Viscount Lessingholm."

"Well, let them not reject it. The blessing even of such a father has its value. But we must now make preparation, for the celebration of the happy nuptials, in a style fitting the rank of the parties. The prince is pleased with what we have done"—

The young man, Sir Walter Ouseley, who had been whispering in my ear, here broke in on the great lady's speech.

"If it would please you, madam, at the same time, to permit two others to be happy, I have obtained Master Willis's consent thereto, and also the consent of this fair maiden."

The viscountess took Waller in her arms, and kissed her cheek, and the great lady smiled.

"I knew not, Sir Walter Ouseley, that you were so perfect a soldier as to sustain an attack and lay siege at the same time; but since in both you have been successful, I give you my hearty good wishes. And so, dear friends and true supporters, let us be thankful for the great deliverance wrought for this land and nation, as well as for ourselves. Our defender, the noble William, landed three days ago at Torbay, and is now in Hampton Court. The king has taken flight, never to be restored. Therefore, God save the Prince of Orange and the Lady Mary, the props and ornaments of a true Protestant throne!"

## BEAU BRUMMELL.

ALL things change; ours is the age of masses and classes, the last was the age of individuals. Half a dozen remarkable men then represented the London world, in politics, poetry, bon-mots, dining out, and gaming. Pitt and Fox, the Dukes of Queensberry and Norfolk, Sheridan and General Scott, were the substitutes for mankind in the great metropolis. George Brummell was the last of the beaux. The flame of beauism was expiring; but it flamed in its socket brighter than ever, and Beau Brummell made a more conspicuous figure in the supreme *bon-ton* of elegant absurdity, than any or all his predecessors. The only permanent beau on earth is the American savage. The Indians, who have been lately exhibiting their back-wood deformities in our island at a shilling a-head, were prodigious dressers; Greek taste might probably have dissented from their principles of costume, but their could be no doubt of the study of their decoration. Their *coiffure* might not altogether supersede either the Titus or the Brutus in the eye of a Parisian, but it had evidently been twisted on system; and if their drapery in general might startle Baron Stulz, it evidently cost as dexterous cutting out, and as ambitious tailoring, as the most *recherché* suit that ever turned a "middling man" into a figure for Bond Street.

But the charm which is the very soul of European fashion, is scorned by the Indian. Change—the "Cynthia of the minute," the morning thought and midnight dream of the dilettanti in human drapery—has no captivation for the red man. He may like variety in his scalps or his squaws; but not a feather, not a stripe of yellow on one cheek, or of green on another, exhibits a sign of the common instabilities of man. He struts in the plumes which his fathers wore, is attired in the same nether garments, exhibits the same head-gear, and decorates his physio-

gnomy with the same proportion of white-wash, red-lead, bear's-grease, and Prussian blue.

Beauism, in England, scarcely goes farther back than the days of Charles II. It may be said that Elizabeth had her beaux; but the true beau brings an existence of which no man living can discover the use, and which is, in fact, wholly useless except to his tailor and the caricaturists, the chevaliers of the time of Queen Bess are not entitled to the honour of the name. Raleigh, no doubt, was a good dresser; but then he could write and fight, and was good for something. Leicester is recorded as a superb dresser; but then he dabbled in statesmanship, war, and love-making, and of course had not much time on his hands. The Sedleys, Rochesters, and their compeers, had too much actual occupation, good and bad, to be fairly ranked among those gossamery ornaments of mankind; they were idle enough in their hearts for the purpose, but their lives were *not* shadows, their sole object was *not* self. They were more nice about swords than snuff-boxes; and, if they were spend-thrifts, their profusion was not limited to a diamond ring or a Perigord pie. They loved, hated, read, wrote, frolicked and fought; they could frown as well as smile, and see the eccentricity of their own follies as well as enjoy them. But the true beau is a *hemidrol*, an abstraction substantialized only by the scissors, a concentrated essence of frivolity, infinitely sensitive to his own indulgence, chill as the poles to the indulgence of all others; prodigal to his own appetites, never suffering a shilling to escape for the behoof of others; magnanimously mean, ridiculously wise, and contemptibly clever; selfishness is the secret, the spring, and the principle of, *par excellence*, the beau.

In the brief introduction prefixed to the "Life," some of those individuals who approached closest to perfection of old times are mentioned.

One of those was Sir George Howitt, from whom Etheridge, the comic writer, sketched his Sir Fopling Flutter. This beau found a place in poetry as well as in prose,

"Had it not better been than thus to  
roam,  
To stay, and tie the cravat-string at  
home?  
To strut, look big, strike pantaloons, and  
swear  
With Hewitt—D——me, There's no  
action here!"

Wilson followed. He was a personage who first established the fashion of living by one's wits. Returning from the army in Flanders with forty shillings in his pocket, he suddenly started into high life in the most dashing style, eclipsed every body by his equipage, stud. table, and dress. As he was not known at the gaming-table, conjecture was busy on the subject of his finances; and he was charitably supposed to have commenced his career by robbing a Dutch mail of a package of diamonds. Still he glittered, until involved in a duel with Mississippi Law; the latter financier, probably jealous of so eminent a rival, ran a rapier through his body.

The next on the list is Beau Fielding. He was intended for the bar, but intending himself for nothing, his pursuit was fashion. He set up a showy equipage, went to court, and led the life of "a man about town." He was remarkably handsome, attracted the notice of Charles II., and reigned as the monarch of beauism. He was rapidly ruined, but repaired his fortune by marrying an heiress. She died; and the beau was duped by an Englishwoman, whom he married under the idea that she was a Madame Delanne, a widow of great wealth. Finding out the deception, he cast her off, and married the Duchess of Cleveland, though in her sixty-first year. For this marriage he was prosecuted, and found guilty of bigamy. He then became reconciled to his former wife, and died, in 1712, at the age of sixty-one. He was the Orlando of the *Tatler*.

Beau Edgeworth lives only in the record of Steele, in the 246th number of the *Tatler*, as a "very handsome youth who frequented the coffeehouses about

Charing-Cross, and wore a very pretty ribbon with a cross of jewels on his breast." Beau Nash completes the list of the ancient heroes, dying in 1761, at the age of eighty-eight—a man of singular success in his frivolous style; made for a master of the ceremonies, the model of all sovereigns of water-drinking places; absurd and ingenious, silly and shrewd, avaricious and extravagant. He created Bath; he taught decency to "bucks," civility to card-players, care to prodigals, and caution to Irishmen! Bath has never seen his like again. In English high life, birth is every thing or nothing. Men of the lowest extraction generally start up, and range the streets arm-in-arm with the highest. Middle life alone is prohibited to make its approach; the line of demarcation there is like the gulf of Carthage, not to be filled up, and is growing wider and wider every day. The line of George Brummell is like that of the Gothic kings—without a pedigree; like that of the Indian rajahs—is lost in the clouds of antiquity; and like that of Romulus—puzzles the sagacious with rumours of original irregularity of descent. But the most probable existing conjecture is, that his grandfather was a confectioner in Bury Street, St. James's. We care not a straw about the matter, though the biographer is evidently uneasy on the subject, doubts the trade, and seems to think that he has thrown a shade of suspicion, a sort of exculpatory veil over this fatal rumour, by proving that this grandfather and his wife were both buried, as is shown by a stone, still to be seen by the curious, in St. James's churchyard. We were not before aware that Christian burial was forbidden to confectioners. The biographer farther adds the convincing evidence of gentility, that this grandfather was buried within a few feet of the well-known ribald, Tom Dursey. Scepticism must now hang down its head, and fly the field.

We come to a less misty and remote period. In the house of this ancestor, who (*proh delectus!*) let lodgings, lived Charles Jenkinson, then holding some nondescript office under government. We still want a history of that singularly dexterous, shy, silent,



and successful man ; who, like Jupiter in Homer, did more by a god than others by a harangue—made more as a scene-shifter than any actor on the stage of Westminster—continually crept on, while whole generations of highfliers dropped and died ; and at length, like a worm at the bottom of a pool, started up to the surface, put on wings, and fluttered in the sunshine, Earl of Liverpool ! The loss of such a biography is a positive injury to all students of the art of rising. Jenkinson was struck by the neatness of the autograph in which “ Apartments to be Let ” was displayed on the door ; and probably, conscious that the “ art of letting ” was the true test of talents, made the young writer his amanuensis, and finally obtained for him a clerkship in the treasury. He was next in connexion with Lord North for the twelve years of that witty and blundering nobleman’s unhappy administration, and enjoyed no less than *three offices*, by which he netted £2500 a-year. He was abused a good deal by the party-ink of his time ; but the salary enabled him to bear spattering to any amount, and probably only increased Lord North’s sympathy for his fellow-sufferer, until that noble lord was suffocated in the public mire.

But after the crash of the minister, the man felt that his day was done ; and he retired to “ domestic virtue ” as it is termed, took a good house in the country, enjoyed himself, and in 1794 died, leaving two sons and a daughter, and £65,000 among them.

George Bryan Brummell, the second son, was born in June 1778. The biographer observes characteristically, that the beam avoided the topic of his genealogical tree with a sacred mystery. It appears that he avoided with equal caution all mention of the startling fact, that one of his Christian names was *Bryan*. It never escaped his lips ; it never slipped into his signature ; it was never suffered to “ come between the wind and his nobility.” If it had by any unhappy chance transpired, he must have fainted on the spot, have fled from society, and hid his discomfiture in

“ Deserts where no men abide.”

Brummell was a dandy by instinct, a good dresser by the force of original

genius ; a first-rate tyer of cravats on the involuntary principle. When a boy at Eton, in 1790, he acquired his first distinction not by “ longs and shorts,” but by the singular nicety of his stock with a gold buckle, the smart cut of his coat, and his finished study of manners. Others might see glory only through hexameters and pentameters ; renown might await others only through boating or cricket ; with him the colour of his coat and the cut of his waistcoat were the materials of fame. Fellows and provosts of Eton might seem to others the “ magnificoes ” of mankind—the colossal figures which overtopped the age by their elevation, or eclipsed it by their splendour—the “ *dii majorem gentium*,” who sat on the pinnacle of the modern Olympus ; but Brummell saw nothing great but his tailor—nothing worthy of respect among the human arts but the art of cutting out a coat—and nothing fit to ensure human fame with posterity but the power to create and to bequeath a new fashion.

But the name of dandy was of later date ; the age had not attained sufficient elegance for so polished a title ; it was still lunk or macaroni : the latter having been the legacy of the semi-barbarian age which preceded the eighteenth century. Brummell was called Buck Brummell when an archer at Eton—a preliminary evidence of the honours which awaited him in a generation fitter to reward his skill and acknowledge his superiority. Dandy was a thing yet to come, but which, in his instance, was sure to come.

The force of title could no further go—

The ‘dandy was the heirloom of the beau.’”

Yet even in boyhood the sly and subtle style, the Brummellism of his after years, began to exhibit itself. A party of the boys having quarreled with the boatmen of the Thames, had fallen on one who had rendered himself obnoxious, and were about to throw him into the river. Brummell, who never took part in those affrays, but happened to pass by at the time, said, “ My good fellows, don’t throw him into the river ; for, as the man is in

a high state of perspiration, it amounts to a certainty that he will catch cold." The boys burst into laughter, and let their enemy run for his life.

At Eton, however, he was a general favourite for his pleasantry, the gentleness of his manner, and the smartness of his repartee. He had attained tolerable scholarship, was in the fifth form in 1793, the year in which he left Eton, and wrote good Latin verses, an accomplishment which he partially retained to his last days. From Eton he went to Oriel, and there commenced that cutting system of which he so soon became the acknowledged master. He cut an old Eton acquaintance simply because he had entered at an inferior college, and discontinued visiting another because he had invited him to meet two students of a hall which he was pleased to consider obnoxious. In his studies he affected to despise college distinctions, but yet wrote for the Newdigate prize, and produced the second best poem. But his violation of college rules was systematic and contemptuous. He always ordered his horse at hall time, was the author of half the squibs, turned a tame jack-daw with a band on into the quadrangle to burlesque the master, and treated all proctors' and other penalties with contempt. Such, at least, is the character given him by Mr Lister in *Granby*.

But he was now to commence a new career. In 1794 he was gazetted to a cornetcy in the Tenth Hussars, the gift of its colonel the Prince of Wales. Brummell's own account of this origin of his court connexions is, that when a boy at Eton he had been presented to the Prince, and that his subsequent intimacy grew out of the Prince's notice on that occasion. But a friend of his told the biographer that the Prince, hearing of the young Etonian as a second Selwyn, had asked him to his table, and given him the commission to attach him to his service. This was a remarkable distinction, and in any other hands would have been a card of fortune. He was then but sixteen; he was introduced at once into the highest society of fashion; and he was the favourite companion of a prince who required to be amused, delighted in originality, and was fond of having

the handsomest and pleasantest men of the age in his regiment.

Brummell, though an elegant appendage to the corps, was too much about the person of the Prince to be a diligent officer. The result was, that he was often late on parade, and did not always know his own troop. However, he evaded the latter difficulty in general, by a contrivance peculiarly his own. One of his men had a large blue-tinged nose. Whenever Brummell arrived late, he galloped between the squadrons till he saw the blue nose. There he reined up, and felt secure. Once, however, it happened unfortunately that during his absence there was some change made in the squadrons, and the place of the blue nose was shifted. Brummell, on coming up late as usual, galloped in search of his beacon, and having found his old friend he reined up. "Mr Brummell," cried the colonel, "you are with the wrong troop." "No, no," said Brummell, confirming himself by the sight of the blue nose, and adding in a lower tone—"I know better than that; a pretty thing, indeed, if I did not know my own troop!"

His promotion was rapid; for he obtained a troop within three years, being captain in 1796. Yet within two years he threw up his commission. The ground of this singular absurdity is scarcely worth enquiring into. He was evidently too idle for any thing which required any degree of regularity. The command of a troop requires some degree of attention from the idlest. He had the prospect of competence from his father's wealth; and his absolute abhorrence of all exertion was probably his chief prompter in throwing away the remarkable advantages of his position—a position from which the exertion of a moderate degree of intellectual vigour, or even of physical activity, might have raised him to high rank in either the state or the army.

Of course, various readings of his resignation have been given; some referred it to his being obliged to wear hair-powder, which was then ceasing to be fashionable; others, more probably, to an original love for doing nothing. The reason which he himself assigned, was comic and characteristic. It was his disgust at

the idea of being quartered, for however short a time, in a manufacturing town. An order arrived one evening for the hussars to move to Manchester. Next morning early he waited on the Prince, who, expressing surprise at a visit at such an hour from him, was answered—"The fact is, your royal highness, I have heard that we are ordered to Manchester. Now, you must be aware how disagreeable this would be to *me*; I really could not go. *Think! Manchester!* Besides, you would not be there. I have therefore, with your permission, determined to sell out."—"Oh, by all means, Brummell!" said the Prince; "do as you please." And thus he stripped himself of the highest opportunity in the most showy of all professions before he was twenty-one.

He now commenced what is called the bachelor life of England; he took a house in Chesterfield Street, May Fair; gave small but exquisite dinners; invited men of rank, and even the Prince, to his table; and avoiding extravagance—for he seldom played, and kept only a pair of horses—established himself as a refined voluptuary.

Yet for this condition his means, though considerable, if aided by a profession, were obviously inadequate. His fortune amounted only to £30,000, though to this something must be added for the sale of his troop. His only resources thenceforth must be play, or an opulent marriage.

Nature and art had been favourable to him; his exterior, though not distinguished, was graceful, and his countenance, though not handsome, was intelligent. He possessed in a certain degree the general accomplishments, and exactly in the degree, which produce a flattering reception in society. He was a tolerable musician, he used his pencil with tolerable skill, and he wrote tolerable verses; more would have been worse than useless. He dressed admirably, and, as his *cheval de bataille*, he talked with a keenness of observation and a dexterity of language, scarcely less rare than wit, and still more exciting among the exhausted minds, and in the rapid phraseology, of fashion.

His person was well formed, and his dress was a matter of extreme

study. But it is rather libellous on the memory of this man of taste to suppose, that he at all resembled in this important matter the strutting display which we have seen in later times, and which irresistibly strikes the beholder with surprise, that any man capable of seeing himself in the glass could exhibit so strong a temptation to laughter; while to the more knowing in the affairs of costume, it betrays instantly the secret that the exhibitor is simply a walking placard for a tailor struggling for employment, and supplying the performer on the occasion with a wardrobe for the purpose. Brummell's dress was finished with perfect skill, but without the slightest attempt at exaggeration. Plain Hessian boots and pantaloons, or top boots and buckskins, which were then more the fashion than they are now; a blue coat, and a buff-coloured waistcoat—for he somewhat leaned to Foxite politics for form's-sake, however he despised all politics as unworthy of a man born to give the tone to fashion—was his morning dress. In the evening, he appeared in a blue coat and white waistcoat, black pantaloons closely fitting, and buttoning tight to the ankle, striped silk stockings, and opera hat. We may thus observe how much Brummell went *before* his age; for while he thus originated a dress which no modern refinement has yet exceeded, and which contained all that is *de bon ton* in modern equipment, he was living in the midst of a generation almost studiously barbarian—the Foxite imitators of the French republicans—where every man's principle was measured by the closeness of his approach to savagery; and nothing but the War interposed to prevent the *sans-culottism* alike of the body and the mind.

Brummell, though not possessing the patronage of a secretary of state, had the power of making men's fortunes. His principal tailors were Schweitzer and Davidson of Cork street, Weston; and Meyer of Conduit street. Those names have since disappeared, but their memory is dear to dandyism; and many a superannuated man of elegance will give "the passing tribute of a sigh" to the incomparable neatness of their



"fit," and the unrivaled taste of their scissors. Schweitzer and Meyer worked for the Prince, and the latter was in some degree a royal favourite, and one of the household. He was a man of genius at his needle; an inventor, who even occasionally disputed the palm of originality with Brummell himself. The point is not yet settled to whom was due the happy conception of the trouser opening at the ankle and closed by buttons. Brummell laid his claim openly, at least to its improvement; while Meyer, admitting the elegance given to it by the tact of Brummell, persisted in asserting his right to the invention. Yet if, as was said of gunpowder and printing, the true inventor is the man who first brings the discovery into renown, the honour is here Brummell's, for he was the first who *established* the trouser in the Bond street world.

The Prince, at this period, cultivated dress with an ardour which threatened to dethrone Brummell himself, and his wardrobe was calculated to have cost £100,000. But his royal highness had one obstacle to encounter which ultimately drove him from the field, and restricted all his future chances of distinction to wigs; he began to grow corpulent. A scarcely less formidable evil arose in his quarrelling with Brummell. In the course of hostilities, the Prince pronounced the beau a tailor's block, fit for nothing but to hang clothes on; while the retaliation came in the shape of a caricature, in which a pair of leather breeches is exhibited lashed up between the bed-posts, and an enormously fat man, lifted up to them, is making a desperate struggle to get his limbs properly seated in their capacity: another operation of a still more difficult nature, the making the waistband meet, still threatening to defy all exertion.

Brummell's style was in fact simplicity, but simplicity of the most studied kind. Lord Byron defined it, "a certain exquisite propriety of dress." "No perfumes," the Beau used to say, "but fine linen, plenty of it, and country washing." His opinion on this subject, however, changed considerably in after time; for he used perfumes, and attributed a character-

istic importance to their use. Meeting a gentleman at a ball with whom he conversed for a while, some of the party enquired the stranger's name. "Can't possibly tell," was the Beau's answer. "But he is evidently a gentleman—his perfumes are good." He objected to country gentlemen being introduced into Watier's, on the ground "that their boots always smelt of horse-dung and bad blacking."

His taste in matters of *virtu* was one of the sources of his profusion; but it always had a reference to himself. He evidently preferred a snuff-box which he could display in his hand, to a Raphael which he could exhibit only on his wall. His snuff-boxes were numerous and costly. But even in taking snuff he had his style: he always opened the box with one hand, the left. The Prince imitated him in this *tour de grace*.

A fashion always becomes more fashionable as it becomes more ridiculous. People cling to it as they pet a monkey, for its deformity. The high head-dresses of France, which must have been a burden, made the tour of Europe, and endured through a century. The high heels, which almost wholly precluded safe walking, lasted their century. The use of powder was universal until it was driven out of France by republicanism, and out of England by famine. The flour used by the British army alone for whitening their heads was calculated to amount to the annual provision for 50,000 people. Snuff had been universally in use from the middle of the seventeenth century; and the sums spent on this filthy and foolish indulgence, the time wasted on it, and the injury done to health, if they could all have been thrown into the common form of money, would have paid the national debt of England. The common people have their full share in this general absurdity. The gin drunk in England and Wales annually amounts to nearly twenty millions of pounds sterling; a sum which would pay all the poor rates three times over, and, turned to any public purpose, might cover the land with great institutions—the principal result of this enormous expenditure now being to fill the population with vice, misery, and madness.

In the matter of coats Brummell had but one rival, the Prince, whose rank of course gave him a general advantage, yet whose taste was clearly held as inferior by the royal *artistes* themselves. A baronet, who went to Schweitzer's to get himself equipped in the first style, asked him what cloth he recommended. "Why, sir," was the answer, "the Prince wears superfine, and Mr Brummell the Bath coating. Suppose, sir, we say Bath coating; I think Mr Brummell has a trifle the preference." Brummell's connexion with the Prince, his former rank in the Hussars, and his own agreeable manners, introduced him to the intercourse of the principal nobility. In the intervals of his visits to the Prince at Brighton, he visited Belvoir, Chatsworth, Woburn, &c. But he was absolutely *once* in town in the month of November, as is proved by the following note from Woburn:—

"MY DEAR BRUMMELL,—By some accident, which I am unable to account for, your letter of Wednesday did not reach me till Wednesday. I make it a rule never to lend my box; but you have the *entrée libre* whenever you wish to go there, as I informed the boxkeeper last year. I hope Beauvais and you will do great execution at Up-Park. I shall probably be there shortly after you.—Ever yours sincerely,

"BEDFORD."

At Belvoir he was *l'ami de la famille*, and at Cheveley, another seat of the Duke of Rutland's, his rooms were as sacred as the Duke of York's, who was a frequent visitor there. On the Duke of Rutland's coming of age, in 1799, great rejoicings took place at Belvoir, and Brummell was one of the distinguished party there, among whom were the Prince of Wales, the late Duke of Argyll, the Marquis of Lorn, and the other chief fashionable people of the day. This *fête* was memorable, for it was said to have cost £60,000. Brummell was not altogether effeminate; he could both shoot and ride, but he liked neither: he was never a Melton man. He said that he could not bear to have his tops and leathers splashed by the greasy galloping farmers. The Duke of Rutland raised a corps of volunteers on the renewal of the war in 1803; and as Brummell had been a soldier the

duke gave him a majority. In the course of the general inspections of the volunteer corps, an officer was sent from the Horse Guards to review the duke's regiment, the major being in command. On the day of the inspection every one was on parade except the major-commandant. Where is Major Brummell, was the indignant enquiry? He was not to be found. The inspection went on. When it was near its close, Brummell was seen coming full gallop across the country in the uniform of the Belvoir Hunt, terribly splashed. He apologized for himself by saying, that having left Belvoir quite early, he had expected to be on the parade in time, the meet being close at hand. However, his favourite hunter had landed him in a ditch, where, having been dreadfully shaken by the fall, he had been lying for an hour. But the general was inexorable, and Brummell used to give the worthy officer's speech in the following style—

"Sir, this conduct is wholly inexcusable. If I remember right, sir, you once had the honour of holding a captain's commission under his royal highness the Prince of Wales, the heir-apparent himself, sir! Now, sir, I tell you; I tell you sir, that I should be wanting in a proper zeal for the honour of the service; I should be wanting, sir, if I did not this very evening report this disgraceful neglect of orders to the commander-in-chief, as well as the state in which you present yourself in front of your regiment; and this shall be done, sir. You may retire, sir."

All this was very solemn and astounding; but Brummell's presence of mind was not often astounded. He had scarcely walked his horse a few paces from the spot, when he returned, and said in a subdued tone—"Excuse me, general; but, in my anxiety to explain this most unfortunate business, I forgot to deliver a message from the Duke of Rutland. It was to request the honour of your company at dinner." The culprit and the disciplinarian grinned together; the general coughed, and cleared his throat sufficiently to express his thanks in these words—"Ah! why, really I feel and am very much obliged to his grace. Pray, Major Brummell, tell the duke I shall be most happy;" and melo-

diously raising his voice, (for the Beau had turned his horse once more towards Belvoir,) "Major Brummell, as to this little affair, I am sure no man can regret it more than you do. Assure his grace that I shall have great pleasure in accepting his very kind invitation;" and they parted amid a shower of smiles. But Brummell had yet but half completed his performance; for the invitation was extempore, and he must gallop to Belvoir to acquaint the duke of the guest he was to receive on that day.

Brummell always appeared at the cover side, admirably dressed in a white cravat and white tops, which latter either he, or Robinson his valet, introduced, and which eventually superseded the brown ones. The subtlety of Brummell's sneers, which made him so highly amusing to the first rank of society, made him an object of alarm if not of respect to others. "Do you see that gentleman near the door?" said a woman of rank to her daughter, who had been brought for the first time to Almack's. "Yes! Who is he?" replied the young lady. "A person, my dear, who will probably come and speak to us; and if he enters into conversation, be careful to give him a favourable impression of you, for he is the celebrated Mr Brummell." The *debutante* was the daughter of a duke. It has been said that Madame de Stael considered herself as having failed to attract his approval, and that she spoke of it as the greatest *malheur* which had occurred to her during her stay in London, the next in point of calamity being that the Prince had not called on her in person. The Beau perfectly knew his own value. In reply to a nobleman who charged him with involving his son in a gaming transaction, he said—"Really I did my best for the young man: I gave him my arm all the way from White's to Watier's." However, there can be no doubt that he was very often intolerably impudent; and, as impudence is always vulgar, he was guilty of vulgarity. Dining at a gentleman's house in Hampshire, where the champagne did not happen to suit his taste, he refused his glass when the servant came to help him a second time, with—"No, thank you, I don't drink cider!" The following anecdote is

rather better known. "Where were you yesterday, Brummell?" said one of his club friends. "I think," said he, "I dined in the city." "What! you dined in the city?" said his friend. "Yes, the man wished me to bring him into notice, and I desired him to give a dinner, to which I invited Alvanley, Mills, Pierrepont, and some others." "All went off well, of course?" said the friend. "Oh yes! perfectly, except one *mal-à-propos*: the fellow who gave the dinner had actually the assurance to seat himself at the table."

Dining at a large party at the house of an opulent but young member of London society, he asked the loan of his carriage to take him to Lady Jersey's that evening. "I am going there," said his entertainer, "and will be happy to take you." "Still, there is a difficulty," said Brummell in his most delicate tone. "You do not mean to get up behind, that would not be quite right in your own carriage; and yet, how would it do for me to be seen in the same carriage with you?" Brummell's manner probably laughed off impertinences of this order; for, given without their colouring from nature, they would have justified an angry reply. But he seems never to have involved himself in personal quarrel. He was intact and intangible. Yet he, too, had his mortifications. One night, in going to Lady Duncannon's, he was actually obliged to make use of a hackney coach. He got out of it at an unobserved distance from the door, and made his way up her ladyship's crowded staircase, conceiving that he had escaped all evidence of his humiliation; however, this was not to be. As he was entering the drawing-room a servant touched his arm, and to his amazement and horror whispered—"Beg pardon, sir, perhaps you are not aware of it, that there is a straw sticking to your shoe." His style found imitations in the public prints, and one sufficiently characteristic thus set forth the merits of a new patent carriage step:—"There is an art in every thing; and whatever is worthy of being learned, cannot be unworthy of a teacher." Such was the logical argument of the professor of the art of stepping in and out of a carriage, who represented himself as much



patronised by the sublime Beau Brummell, whose deprecation of those horrid coach steps he would repeat with great delight :—

"Mr Brummell," he used to say, "considered the sedan was the only vehicle for a gentleman, it having no steps; and he invariably had his own chair, which was lined with white satin quilted, had down squabs, and a white sheepskin rug at the bottom, brought to the door of his dressing-room, on that account always on the ground-floor, from whence it was transferred with its owner to the foot of the staircase of the house that he condescended to visit. Mr Brummell has told me," continued the professor, "that to enter a coach was torture to him. 'Conceive,' said he, 'the horror of sitting in a carriage with an iron apparatus, afflicted with the dreadful thought, the cruel apprehension, of having one's leg crushed by the machinery. Why are not the steps made to fold outside? The only deduction from the luxury of a *vis à vis*, is the double distress! for both legs—excruciating idea!'"

Brummell's first reform was the neckcloth. Even his reform has passed away: such is the transitory nature of all human achievements. But the art of neckcloths was once more than a dubious title to renown in the world of Bond Street. The politics of the time were disorderly; and the dress of politicians had become as disorderly as their principles. The fortunes of Whiggism, too, had run low; and the velvet coat and embroidered waistcoat, the costly buckles and gold buttons of better days, were heavier drains on the decreasing revenues of the party than could be long sustained with impunity. Fox had already assumed the sloven—the whole faction followed; and the ghosts of the old oppositionists, in their wigs and silver-laced coats, would have been horrified by the sight of the shock-headed, leather-breeched, and booted generation who howled and harangued on the left side of the Speaker's chair from 1789 to 1806. All was *canaille*. Fox could scarcely have been more shabby, had he been the representative of a population of bankrupts. The remainder of the party might have been supposed, without any remarkable stretch of imagination, to have emerged from the workhouse. All was sincere squa-

lidness, patriotic patriotism—the unwashing principle. One of the cleverest caricaturists, the Scotchman Gilray, was his sketch of the Whigs preparing for their first levee after the Foxite accession on the death of Pitt. The title was, "*Making decent!*" The whole of the new ministry were exhibited in all the confusion of throwing off their rags, and putting on their new clothing. There stood Sheridan, half-smothered in the novel attempt to put on a clean shirt. In another corner Fox, Grey, and Lord Moira, straining to peep into the same shaving-glass, were all three making awkward efforts to use the long-forgotten razor. Others were gazing at themselves in a sort of savage wonder at the strangeness of new washed faces. Some *sans culottes* were struggling to get into breeches; and others, whose feet were accustomed to the ventilation of shoes which let their toes through, were pondering over the embarrassment of shoes impervious to the air. The minor apparatus of court costume scattered round on the chairs, the bags and swords, the buckles and gloves, were stared at by the groups with the wonder and perplexity of an American Indian.

Into this irregular state of things Brummell made his first stride in the spirit of a renovator. The prevailing cravat of the time was certainly deplorable. Let us give it in the words of history:—"It was without stiffening of any kind, and bagged out in front, *rucking* up to the front in a roll." (We do not precisely comprehend this expression, whose *precision*, however, we by no means venture to doubt.) Brummell boldly met this calamity, by slightly starching the too flexible material—a change in which, as his biographer with due seriousness and truth observes—"a reasoning mind must acknowledge there is not much objectionable."

Imitators, of course, always exceed their model, and the cravat adopted by the dandies soon became *excessively* starched; the test being that of raising three parts of their length by one corner without bending. Yet Brummell, though he adhered to the happy medium, and was moderate in his starch, was rigorous in his tie. If his cravat did not correspond to his

waist in its first arrangement, it was instantly cast aside. His waist was seen one morning leaving his chamber with an air of troubled cravats, and on being asked the cause, solemnly replied, "These are but failures."

Perfection is slow in all instances; but talent and diligence are sure to advance. Brummell's "tie" became speedily the admiration of the beau monde. The manner in which this dexterous operation was accomplished was perfectly his own, and deserves to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

The collar, which was always fixed to his shirt, was so large, that, before being folded down, it completely hid his head and face, and the neckcloth was at least a foot in height. The first *coup d'archet* was made with the shirt-collar, which he folded down to its proper size; but the delicate part of the performance was still to come. Brummell "standing before the glass, with his chin raised towards the ceiling, now, by the gentle and gradual declension of his lower jaw, creased the cravat to reasonable dimensions; the form of each succeeding crease being perfected with the shirt which he had just discarded." We were not aware of the nicety which was demanded to complete the folds of this superior swathing; but, after this development, who shall pronounce a dandy idle?

Brummell was as critical on the dress of others as he was *recherché* in his own, and this care he extended to all ranks. He was once walking up St James's Street, arm-in-arm with a young nobleman whom he condescended to patronize. The Beau suddenly asked him, "what he called those things on his feet?"—"Why, shoes."—"Shoes are they?" said Brummell doubtfully, and stooping to look at them: "I thought they were slippers?"

The late Duke of Bedford asked him his opinion of a new coat. "Turn round," said Mr Beau. When the examination was concluded in front and rear, the Beau, feeling the lapel delicately with his finger and thumb, asked in a most pathetic manner, "Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?"

Somebody told him, among a knot

of loungers at White's, "Brummell, your brother William is in town. Is he not passing here?"—"Yes," was the reply, "in a day or two; but I have recommended him, to walk the back streets till his new clothes come home."

Practical jokes are essentially vulgar, and apt to be hazardous besides; two reasons which should have prevented their performance by an individual whose object was to be the standard of elegance, and whose object at no time was to expose himself to the rougher remonstrances of mankind; but the following piece of sportiveness was at least amusing.

Meeting an *empereur* marquis at the seat of some noble friend, and probably finding the Frenchman a bore, he revenged himself by mixing some finely powdered sugar in his hair-powder. On the old Frenchman's coming into the breakfast-room next morning, highly powdered as usual, the flies, attracted by the scent of the sugar, instantly gathered round him. He had scarcely begun his breakfast, when every fly in the room was busy on his head. The unfortunate marquis was forced to lay down his knife and fork, and take out his pocket-handkerchief to repel these troublesome assailants, but they came thicker and thicker. The victim now rose from his seat and changed his position; but all was in vain—the flies followed in fresh clusters. In despair he hurried to the window; but every fly lingering there was instantly buzzing and tickling. The marquis, feverish with vexation and surprise, threw up the window. This unlucky measure produced only a general invasion by all the host of flies swarming themselves on the lawn. The astonishment and amusement of the guests were excessive. Brummell alone never smiled. At last Mr de Marquis gave way in agony, and, clapping his hands on his head, and followed by a cloud of flies, rushed out of the room. The secret was then divulged, and all was laughter.

"Poodle B—g," so well known in the world of fashion, owed his *soubriquet* to Brummell. B—g was fond of letting his hair, which was light-coloured, curl round his forehead. He was one day driving in his carriage, with a poodle by his side. The Beau hailed him with—"Ah, B—g, how do you do?—A family vehicle, I see."

Some of those oddities of expression are almost too well known now for effect; but they must have sparkled prodigiously among the exhausted circles of his West-end day.

"You seem to have caught cold, Brummell," said a leering visitor on hearing him cough. "Yes—I got out of my carriage yesterday, coming from the Pavilion, and the wretch of an innkeeper put me into the coffee-room with a damp stranger."

In a stormy August—"Brummell, did any one ever see such a summer day?"—"Yes, I did, last winter."

On returning from a country mansion, of which he happened to disapprove, he defined it—"An exceedingly good house for stopping a single night in."

On the whole, the biographer has given a tolerable selection of Brummell's *kits*, some of which, however, were so intolerably impertinent, that he must have either thoroughly "known his man," or he must have smoothed down their severity by some remarkable tone of voice or pleasantness of visage. Without those palliations, it is not easy to comprehend his occasional rudeness even to friends. One day, standing and speaking at the carriage-door of a lady, she expressed her surprise at his throwing away his time on so quiet and unfashionable a person.—"My dear friend, don't mention it: there is no one to see us."

But his admiration for the sex must have often brought him close on the edge of serious inconvenience. Once, at the house of a nobleman, he requested a moment's interview in the library, and then and there communicated the formidable intelligence, "that he must immediately leave the house—on that day."

"Why, you intended to stay a month," said his hospitable entertainer.

"True—but I must be gone—I feel I am in love with your countess."

"Well, my dear sir, I can't help that. I was in love with her myself twenty years ago," said the good-humoured husband. "But is she in love with you?"

The Beau cast down his eyes, and, in all the modesty of impudence, said faintly, "I believe she is."

"Oh! that alters the case. I shall send for your post-horses. Good morning."

His life was flirtation, a matter which could not be indulged in matrimony, and he therefore never married. Yet once he went so far as to elope with a young person of rank from a ball: the pair were, however, immediately overtaken. The affair was, of course, the talk of the clubs. But Brummell had his own way of wearing the willow. "On the whole," said he, "I consider I have reason to congratulate myself. I lately heard from her favourite maid that her ladyship had been seen—to drink beer!"

Some of the Beau's letters at this period are given; but they are not fortunate specimens of his taste: even in writing to women they are quaint, affected, and approaching to that unpardonable crime, dullness. His letters written in his wane of life, and under the realities of suffering, are much more striking, contain some pathetic and even some powerful language, and show that fashion and his own follies had obscured a mind of natural talent, if not of original tenderness.

The following letter we look upon as quite sufficient to have excluded him from the recollections of any Lady Jane on earth, if she happened to know the difference between coxcombry and common feeling:—

"MY DEAR LADY JANE,—With the miniature, it seems, I am not to be trusted even for two pitiful hours. My own memory must be then my only disconsolate expedient to obtain a resemblance.

"As I am unwilling to merit the imputation of committing myself by too flagrant a liberty in retaining your glove, which you charitably sent at my head yesterday, as you would have extended an *elemosynary sixpence* to the supplicating hat of a mendicant, I restore it to you. And, allow me to assure you, that I have too much regard and respect for you, and too little practical vanity myself (whatever appearances may be against me,) to have entertained, for one treacherous instant, the impertinent intention to defraud you of it. You are angry, perhaps irreparably incensed against me for this *petty larceny*. I have no defence to offer in mitigation but that of *frenzy*. But you know that you are an angel visiting these sublimary spheres, and therefore your first quality should be that of mercy. Yet you are sometimes wayward and volatile in your *terrible* disposition. I though



you have no wings yet you have weapons, and those are resentment and estrangement from me.—With sentiments of the deepest compunction, I am always your miserable slave,

“GEORGE BRUMMELL.”

We have not a doubt that he perused this toilsome performance a dozen times before he folded it up, advanced to his mirror to see how so brilliant a correspondent must look after so astonishing a production, moved round the room in a minuet step; and, when he sent it away at last, followed it with a sigh at the burial of so much renown in a woman's escritoire, and a regret that it could not be stereotyped to make its progress round the world. And yet, as it appeared that the lady had thrown the glove at him, and even lent him her miniature, it would be difficult to discover any ground for her wrath or his compunction. Both were evidently equally imaginary.

The Beau always regarded the city as a *terra incognita*. A merchant once asked him to dine there. Brummell gave him a look of intense enquiry. The merchant pressed him. “Well,” said the Beau, (who probably had excellent reasons for non-resistance to the man of money :) “well, if it *must* be—but you must first promise faithfully *never* to say a word on the subject.”

A visitor, full of the importance of a tour in the north of England, asked him which of the lakes he preferred. “I can't possibly remember,” was the reply; “they are a great way from St James's Street, and I don't think they are spoken of in the clubs.” The visitor urged the question. “Robinson,” said the Beau, turning in obvious distress to his valet, “Robinson, pray tell this gentleman which of the lakes I preferred.”—“Windermere, sir, I think it was,” said the valet. “Well,” added Brummell, “probably you are in the right, Robinson. It may have been. Pray, sir, will Windermere do?”

“I wonder, Brummell, you take the trouble of driving to the barracks of the 10th with four horses. It certainly looks rather superb,” said one of the officers. “Why, I dare say it does; but that is not *the* point. What could I do, when my French valet, the best dresser of hair in the uni-

verse, gave me warning that he must leave me to myself, unless I gave up the vulgarity of posting with *two*?”

We come, in the course of this goodly history, to the second great event of the Beau's life—the first being his introduction to Carlton House. The second was his being turned out of it. Brummell always denied, and with some indignation, the story of “Wiles, ring the bell!”—a version which he justly declared to be “positively vulgar,” and therefore, with due respect for his own sense of elegance, absolutely impossible for him. He gave the more rational explanation, that he had taken the part of a lady who was presumed to be the rival of Mrs Fitzherbert, and had been rash enough even to make some remarks on Mrs Fitzherbert's *sen bon point*, a matter of course never to be forgiven by a belle. This extended to a “declining love” between him and the Prince, whose foible was a horror of growing corpulent, and whom Brummell therefore denominated “Big Ben,” the nickname of a gigantic porter at Carlton House; adding the sting of calling Mrs Fitzherbert *Penina Moore*, in one of his satires on the Prince's letter of February the 13th, 1812, to the Duke of York, in which he *cut* the Whigs, thus parodies that celebrated “sentence of banishment:”—

“Neither have I resentments, nor wish there should come ill

To mortal, except, now I think on't,  
Beau Brummell,

Who threaten'd, last year, in a superfine passion,

To cut me, and bring the old king into fashion.”

Brummell now, since the sword was drawn, resolved to throw away the sheath, and his hits were keen and “damaging,” as those things are now termed. In this style he said to little Colonel McMahon, the Prince's secretary—“I made him, and I shall unmake him.”

The “fat friend” hit was more pungent in reality than in its usual form. The Prince, walking down St James's Street with Lord Moira, and seeing Brummell approaching arm-in-arm with a man of rank, determined to show the openness of the quarrel, stopped and spoke to the noble lord with an apparent unconsciousness of

ever having seen the Beau before. The moment he was turning away, Brummell asked, in his most distinct voice, "Pray, *who is your fat friend?*" Nothing could be more dexterously impudent; for it repaid the Prince's pretended want of recognition precisely in his own coin, and besides stung him in the very spot where he was known to be most thin-skinned.

It is sufficiently remarkable, that the alienation of the Prince from Brummell scarcely affected his popularity with the patrician world, or his reception by the Duke and Duchess of York. He was a frequent guest at Oatlands, and seems to have amused the duke by his pleasantry, and cultivated the taste of the duchess by writing her epigrams, and making her presents of little dogs. The Duke of York, though not much gifted with the faculty of making jests, greatly enjoyed them in others. He was a good-humoured, easy-mannered man, wholly without affectation of any kind; well-intentioned, with some sagacity—mingled, however, with a good deal of that abruptness which belonged to all the Brunswicks; and though unfortunate in his domestic conduct, a matter on which it would do no service to the reader to enlarge, yet a brave soldier, and a zealous and most useful commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards. He, too, could say good things now and then. One day at Oatlands, as he was mounting his horse to ride to town, seeing a poor woman driven from the door, he asked the servant what she was. "A beggar, your royal highness: nothing but a soldier's wife."—"Nothing but a soldier's wife! And pray, sir, what is your mistress?" Of course, the poor woman was called back and relieved.

Still Brummell continued in high life, and was one of the four who gave the memorable *fête* at the Argyll Rooms in July 1813, in consequence of having won a considerable sum at hazard. The other three were, Sir Henry Mildmay, Pierrepont, and Lord Alvanley. The difficulty was, whether or not to invite the Prince, who had quarrelled with Mildmay as well as with Brummell. In this solemn affair Pierrepont sounded the Prince, and ascertained that he would accept the invi-

tation if it were proposed to him. When the Prince arrived, and was of course received by the four givers of the *fête*, he shook hands with Alvanley and Pierrepont, but took no notice whatever of the others. Brummell was indignant, and, at the close of the night, would not attend the Prince to his carriage. This was observed, and the Prince's remark on it next day was—"Had Brummell taken the cut I gave him last night good-humouredly, I should have renewed my intimacy with him." How that was to be done, however, without lying down to be kicked, it would be difficult to discover. Brummell however, on this occasion, was undoubtedly as much in the right as the Prince was in the wrong.

Brummell, in conformity to the habits of the time, and the proprieties of his caste, was of course a gambler, and of course was rapidly ruined; but we have no knowledge that he went through the whole career, and turned swindler. One night he was playing with Combe, who united the three characters of a lover of play, a brewer, and an alderman. It was at Brookes's, and in the year of his mayoralty. "Come, Mash Tub, what do you set?" said the Beau. "Twenty-five guineas," was the answer. The Beau won, and won the same sum twelve times running. Then, putting the cash in his pocket, said with a low bow, "Thank you, alderman; for this, I'll always patronize your porter."—"Very well, sir," said Combe dryly, "I only wish every other blackguard in London would do the same."

At this time play ran high at the clubs. A baronet now living was said to have lost at Watier's L.10,000 at one sitting, at *ecarté*. In 1814, Brummell lost not only all his winnings, but "an unfortunate L.10,000," as he expressed it, the last that he had at his bankers. Brummell was now ruined; and, to prevent the possibility of his recovery at any future period, he raised money at ruinous interest, and finally made his escape to Calais. Still, when every thing else forsook him, his odd way of telling his own story remained. "He said," observed one of his friends at Caen, when talking about his altered circumstances, "that, up to a parti-

later period of his life, every thing prospered with him, and that he attributed this good luck to the possession of a silver sixpence with a hole in it, which somebody had given him some years before, with an injunction to take good care of it, as every thing would go well with him so long as he kept it, and everything the contrary if he happened to lose it." And so it turned out; for having at length, in an evil hour, given it by mistake to a hackney coachman, a complete reversal of his affairs took place, and one misfortune followed another until he was obliged to fly. On his being asked why he did not advertise a reward for it, he answered—"I did; and twenty people came with sixpences with holes in them for the reward, but not *my* sixpence." "And you never heard any more of it?" "No," he replied; "no doubt that rascal Rothschild, or some of that set, have got hold of it." But the Beau's retreat from London was still to be characteristic. As it had become expedient that he must make his escape without *éclat*, on the day of his intended retreat he dined coolly at his club, and finished his London performances by sending from the table a note to his friend Scrope Davies, couched in the following prompt and expressive form:—

"MY DEAR SCROPE,—Lend me two hundred pounds: the banks are shut, and all my money is in the 3 per cents. It shall be repaid to-morrow morning.—Yours, GEORGE BRUMMELL."

The answer was equally prompt and expressive—

MY DEAR GEORGE,—It is very unfortunate, but all my money is in the 3 per cents.—Yours, S. DAVIES."

Such is the story;

"I cannot tell how the truth may be, I tell the tale as 'twas told to me."

Nothing daunted, the Beau went to the opera, allowed himself to be seen about the house, then quickly retiring, stepped into a friend's chaise and met his own carriage, which waited for him a short distance from town. Travelling all night with four horses, he reached Dover by morning, hired a vessel to carry him over, and soon left England and his creditors behind. He was instantly pursued; but the chase stopped on reaching the sea.

Debtors could not then be followed to France, and Brummell was secure.

The little, rude, and thoroughly comfortless town of Calais was now to be the place of residence, for nearly the rest of his life, to a man accustomed to the highest luxuries of London life, trained to the keenest sensibility of London enjoyment, and utterly absorbed in London objects of every kind. Ovid's banishment among the Thracians could scarcely be a more formidable change of position. Yet Brummell's pleasantry did not desert him even in Calais. On some passing friend's remark on the annoyance of living in such a place—"Pray," said the Beau, "is it not a general opinion that a gentleman might manage to spend his time pleasantly enough between London and Paris?"

At Calais he took apartments at the house of one Lelenx, an old bookseller, which he fitted up to his own taste; and on which, as if adversity had no power to teach him common prudence, he expended the greater part of the 25,000 francs which, by some still problematical means, he had contrived to carry away with him. This was little short of madness; but it was a madness which he had been practising for the last dozen years, and habit had now rendered ruin familiar to him. At length a little gleam of hope shone across his fortunes. George IV. arrived at Calais on his way to Hanover. The Duke d'Angoulême came from Paris to receive his Majesty, and Calais was all in a tumult of loyalty. The reports of Brummell's conduct on this important arrival, of the King's notice of him, and of the royal liberality in consequence, were of every shape and shade of invention. But all of them, except the mere circumstance of the King's pronouncing his name, seem to have been utterly false. Brummell, mingling in the crowd which cheered his Majesty in his progress, was observed by the King, who audibly said, "Good heavens, Brummell!" But the recognition proceeded no further. The Beau sent his valet, who was a renowned maker of punch, to exhibit his talent in that art at the royal entertainment, and also sent a present of some excellent maraschino. But no result followed. The King was said to have transmitted to him a



hundred pound note; but even this is unluckily apocryphal. Leleux, his landlord, thus gives the version. The English consul at Calais came to Mr Brummell late one evening, and intimated that the King was out of snuff, saying, as he took up one of the boxes lying on his table, "Give me one of yours."—"With all my heart," was the reply; "but not that box, for if the King saw it I should never have it again"—implying that there was some story attached to it. On reaching the theatre the consul presented the snuff, and the King turning, said, "Why, sir, where did you get your snuff? There is only one person that I know that can mix snuff in this way!"—"It is some of Mr Brummell's, your Majesty," replied the consul. The next day the King left Calais; and, as he seated himself in the carriage, he said to Sir Arthur Paget, who commanded the yacht that brought him over, "I leave Calais, and have not seen Brummell." From this his biographer infers that he had received neither money nor message, and his landlord is of the same opinion. But slight as those circumstances are, it seems obvious that George IV. had a forgiving heart towards the Beau notwithstanding all his impertinences, that he would have been glad to forgive him, and that he would, in all probability, have made some provision for his old favourite, if Brummell had exhibited any signs of repentance. On the other hand, Brummell was a man of spirit, and no man ought to put himself in the way of being treated contemptuously even by royalty; but it seems strange that, with all his adroitness, he should not have hit upon a middle way. There could have been no great difficulty in ascertaining whether the King would receive him, in sending a respectful message, in offering his loyal congratulations on the King's arrival, or even in expressing his regret at his long alienation from a Prince to whom he had been once indebted for so many favours, and who certainly never harboured resentment against man. Brummell evidently repented his tardiness on this occasion; for he made up his mind to make a more direct experiment when the King should visit the town-hall on his return. But opportunities once thrown

away are seldom regained.

on his return did not visit the town-hall, but hurried on board, and the last chance of reconciliation was gone.

Yet during his long residence in Calais, the liberality of his own connexions in England enabled him to show a good face to poverty. He paid his bills punctually whenever the remittance came, and was charitable to the mendicants who, probably for the last thousand years, have made Calais their headquarters. The general name for him was the *Roi de Calais*. An anecdote of his pleasantry in almsgiving reached the public ear. A French beggar asked him for a two-sous piece. "I don't know the coin," said Brummell, "never having had one; but I suppose you mean a franc. There, take it." His former celebrity had also spread far and wide among the population. A couple of English workmen in one of the factories of the town, one day followed a gentleman who had a considerable resemblance to Brummell. He heard one of them say to the other, "Now, I'll bet you a pot that's him." Shortly after, one of them strolled up to him, with, "Beg pardon, sir—hope no offence, but we two have got a bet—now, a'n't you George King the Bell?" Brummell's habits of flirtation did not desert him in France; and in one instance he paid such marked attention to a young English lady, that a friend was deputed to enquire his purposes. Here Brummell's knowledge of every body did him good service. The deputy on this occasion having once figured as the head of a veterinary hospital, or some such thing, but being then in the commissariat,— "Why, Vulcan!" exclaimed Brummell, "what a humbug you must be to come and lecture me on such a subject! You, who were for two years at hide-and-seek to save yourself from being shot by Sir T. S. for running off with one of his daughters." "Dear me," said the astonished friend, "you have touched a painful chord; I will have no more to do with this business." The business died a natural death.

His dressing-table was *recherché*. Its *batterie de toilette* was curious, complete, and of silver; one part of it being a spitting-dish, he always declaring that "it was impossible to

*spit in clay.*" His "making up" every morning occupied two hours. When he first arrived in Caen he carried a cane, but often exchanged it for a brown silk umbrella, which was always protected by a silk case of remarkable accuracy of fit—the handle surmounted by an ivory head of George the Fourth, in well-curled wig and gracious smile. In the street he never took off his hat to any one, not even to a lady; for it would have been difficult to replace it in the same position, it having been put on with peculiar care. We finish by stating, that he always had the *soles* of his boots blackened as well as the upper leathers; his reason for this being, that, in the usual negligence of human nature, he never could be sure that the polish on the *edge* of the sole would be accurately produced, unless the whole underwent the operation. He occasionally polished a single boot himself, to show how perfection on this point was to be obtained. Clogs, so indispensable in the dirt of an unpaved French street, he always abhorred; yet, under cover of night, he *could*, now and then, condescend to wear them. "Theft," as the biographer observes, "in Sparta was a crime—but only when it was *discovered*."

But after this life of fantasy and frivolity, on which so much cleverness was thrown away, the unfortunate Beau finished his career miserably. On his application to the Foreign Office, representing his wish to be removed to any other consulate where he might serve more effectually, and of course with a better income; the former part of his letter was made the ground of abolishing the consulate, while the latter received no answer. We say nothing of this measure, any further than that it had the effect of utter ruin on poor Brummell. The total loss of his intellect followed; he was reduced to absolute beggary, and finally spent his last miserable hours in an hospital for lunatic mendicants. Surely it could not have been difficult, in the enormous patronage of office, to have found some relief for the necessities of a man whose official character was unimpeached; who had been expressly put into government employ by ministers for the sake of preserving him from penury; who had been the

companion, the *friend* of princes and nobles; and whose faults were not an atom more flagrant than those of every man of fashion in his time. But he was now utterly ruined and wretched. Some strong applications were made to his former friends by a Mr Armstrong, a merchant of Caen, who seems to have constantly acted the most humane part to him, and occasional donations were sent. A couple of hundred pounds were even remitted from the Foreign Office; and, by the exertions of Lord Alvanley and the present Duke of Beaufort, who never deserted him, and this is much to the honour of both, a kind of small annuity was paid to him. But he was already overwhelmed with debt, for his income from the consulate netted him but £180 a-year, the other £320 being in the hands of the banker, his creditor; and it seems probable that his destitution deprived him of his senses after a period of wretchedness and even of rags. Broken-hearted and in despair, concluding with hopeless imbecility, this man of taste and talent, for he possessed both in no common degree, was left to die in the hands of strangers—no slight reproach to the cruel insensibility of those who, wallowing in wealth, and flattering from year to year through the round of fashion, suffered their former associate, nay their envied example, to perish in his living charnel. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery of Caen, under a stone with this inscription:—

In  
Memory of  
GEORGE BRUMMELL, Esq.,  
who departed this life  
On the 29th of March 1840.  
Aged 62 years.

Mr Jesse deserves credit for his two volumes. There is a good deal in them which has no direct reference to Brummell; but he has collected probably all that could be known. The books are very readable, the anecdotes pleasantly told, the style is lively, and frequently shows that the biographer could adopt the thought as well as the language of his hero. At all events he has given us the detail of a character of whom every body had heard something, and every body wished to hear more.

## THE ACTUAL CONDITION OF THE GREEK STATE.

" Say why  
That ancient story of Prometheus chain'd?  
The vulture—the inexhaustible repast  
Drawn from his vitals? Say what meant the woes  
By Tantalus entail'd upon his race,  
And the dark sorrows of the line of Thebes?  
Fictions in form, but in their substance truths—  
Tremendous truths!—familiar to the men  
Of long past times; now obsolete in ours."—*Edinburgh.*

In an article on the bankruptcy of the Greek kingdom, (No. cccxxv., September 1843,) we gave an account of the financial condition of the new state; and we ventured to suggest that a revolution was unavoidable. That revolution occurred even sooner than we expected; for our number had hardly reached Athens ere King Otho was compelled to summon a national assembly to aid him in framing the long promised constitution.

As our former number explained the immediate causes of the discontent in Greece, we shall now furnish our readers with a description of the revolution, of its results, and of the great difficulties which still oppose serious barriers to the formation of an independent kingdom in Greece. The late revolution was distinguished by an open rebellion of the army; and as a rebellion, in which the troops have been covered with decorations, and have received a gratification of some months' pay; is not the era from which we should wish to date the civil liberty and national prosperity of a monarchy founded by Great Britain, France, and Russia, we shall use great delicacy in describing the movement, and record no fact which we cannot substantiate by legal or documentary evidence.

It is not to be supposed when we in Edinburgh were informed of the approaching storm in Greece, that the people of the country were without anxiety. The *Morning Post*, (28d September 1843,) which has generally contained very accurate information from Athens, published a letter written from that city on the 5th September. This Athenian correspondent declared "that the Greeks have so fully made up their minds to put an end to the Bavarian dynasty, as to be resolved not even to accept a constitution at the hands of the king. They

declare that they will resist from all outrage and personal violence; and that they only desire the embarkation of King Otho and his German followers, who shall be free to leave the country without the slightest injury."

We solicit the attention of her majesty's ministers to these memorable words, written before the revolution.

The danger, in short, was visible to every body but King Otho, his German camarilla, and his renegade Greek ministers. At this time Kalergy was inspector of the cavalry. He had always expressed his dissatisfaction with the system of Bavarian favouritism in the army; and his gallant and disinterested conduct during the war against the Turks, rendered him universally popular. Infinitely more of a gentleman and a man of the world than any of the court faction, it is said that he was viewed with feelings of personal as well as political aversion. It happened that, about a week before the revolution, the king reviewed the garrison of Athens, and in the order of the day which followed this review, General Kalergy was noticed in such a way that he felt himself deeply insulted. A Bavarian, Captain Hess, then marshal of the palace, was supposed to be the author of this document. As the attack on Kalergy was evidently caused by his political conduct, the whole Greek army took his part, and the cry was raised that the Bavarians must be driven out of Greece.

The prominent part which General Kalergy has taken in the late revolution, and the romantic incidents of his life, induce us to offer our readers a short sketch of his earlier career. We have known him in circumstances when intercourse ensures intimacy; for we have sat together round the same watch-fires, on the mountains of Argolis and Attica. To



parody the words of Anastasius, we saw him achieve his first deed of prowess, and we were present when he heard his first praises. Hastings's lips have long been silenced by death, but the music of his applause still rings in our ears.

Demetrius Kalergy is descended from a Cretan family, whose name is famous in the annals of Candia. He ~~was born in Candia and was studying in Germany when the Greeks took up arms against the Turks.~~ His older brothers, Nicolas and Manolis, having resolved to join the cause of their countrymen, repaired to Marseilles, where, with the assistance of their uncle, a man of great wealth in Russia, they freighted a vessel, and purchased a small train of artillery, consisting of sixteen guns, and a considerable supply of muskets and ammunition. Demetrius, though then only fifteen years of age, could not be restrained from joining them, and the three brothers arrived in Greece together. The young Kalergy soon gave proofs of courage and military talents. His second brother, Manolis, was killed during the siege of Athens; but the eldest, Nicolas, a man who unites the accomplishments of a court to the sincerest feelings of patriotism, still resides in Greece, universally respected. During the Bavarian sway he took no part in political affairs; but he was elected a member of the national assembly, which has just terminated its labours in preparing the constitution.

Demetrius Kalergy was first entrusted with an independent command in 1824, when the Peloponnesian chiefs and primates, Kolokotroni, Londos, Notaras, Deliyani, Zahmi, and Scasini, endeavoured to divide the Morea into a number of small principalities, of which they expected to secure the revenues for themselves. In spite of Kalergy's youth, he was ordered to take the field against the first corps of the rebels that had acted in open hostility to the existing government. With his usual propititude and decision, he attacked Panos Kolokotroni, the son of the old Klepht, and Staikos, a Moreote captain of some reputation, in the plain of Tripolitza, where they were posted for the desperate purpose of intercepting the

trains of mules laden with merchandise for the supply of the shops of Tripolitza, then the great market of all the central parts of the Morea.

The affair was really brilliant. The rebels were entamped on a low hill, and, not expecting that Kalergy would depart from the usual practice of carrying on a long series of skirmishes, they had paid no attention to their position. The attack opened in the usual way by a fierce fire at a very long distance; but Kalergy, on perceiving the careless arrangements of his enemy, soon induced his troops to creep up pretty close to the Moreotes, when he suddenly jumped up, and shouted to his followers, "The shortest way is the best. Follow me!" and rushed forward. His whole band was within the hostile lines in an instant. The manœuvre was so unexpected, that few of the rebels fired; many were loading their muskets, and none had time to draw their swords or yatagans. About 170 were slain, and, if report may be trusted, one of the rebel chiefs was struck down by Kalergy, and the other taken prisoner after receiving a wound in personal combat with the young hero. The faction of the Moreote barons, as these greedy plunderers of the Greek shopkeepers would fain have been called, was dissolved by this unexpected victory. Many laid down their arms, and made peace with the government.

General Kalergy was afterwards present in the town of Navarin when it was besieged by Ibrahim Pasha, and marched out with his band when the place capitulated. This defeat, though he had only held a subordinate command, afflicted him greatly, and he looked round for some means of avenging his country's loss on the Turks. He resolved at last to endeavour to make a diversion by recommencing the war in Crete; but without a strong fortress to secure the ammunition and supplies necessary for prosecuting a series of irregular attacks, it was evident that nothing important could be effected. In this difficulty, Kalergy determined to attack the impregnable island-fortress of Grubusa, as it was known that the strength of the place had induced the Turks to leave it with a very small garrison. Kalergy

having learned that the greater part of this garrison was absent during the day, disguised a few of his men in Turkish dresses, and appeared on the beach at the point from which the soldiers of the garrison crossed to this island (Gibraltar). The commander of Girabusa ordered the boat to transport them over as usual, and the Greeks entered the fort before the mistake was discovered. The place was in vain attacked by all the forces of Mohammed Ali; the Greeks kept possession of it to the end of the war. The sagacity and courage displayed by Kalerghy in this affair placed him in the rank of the ablest of the Greek chiefs.

When General Gordon (whose excellent history of the Greek revolution we recommend to our readers) attempted to relieve Athens, then besieged by Kutayhi, (Reschid Pasha,) Kalerghy and Makryani commanded divisions of the troops which occupied the Piræus. Subsequently, when Lord Cochrane and General Church endeavoured to force the Turkish lines, Kalerghy was one of the officers who commanded the advanced division. In the engagement which ensued, his adventures afford an illustration of the singular vicissitudes of Eastern warfare. The Greek troops landed at Cape Kolias during the night, and pushed forward to within a mile and a half of the Turkish lines, where they formed a slight intrenchment on some undulating hills. They threw up some ill-constructed tambouria, (as the redoubts used in Turkish warfare are termed,) and of these some remains are still visible. A ravine descending from the lower slopes of Hymettus ran in front of this position, deep enough to shelter the Turkish cavalry, and enable them to approach without exposing themselves to the Greek artillery. This movement of the Turks was distinctly seen from the Greek camp at the Piræus, and the approaching attack on the advanced posts of the army was waited for in breathless anxiety. The map of the plain of Athens is sufficiently familiar to most of our

readers to enable them to picture to themselves the scene which ensued with perfect accuracy.

The Greek troops destined for the relief of Athens amounted to about 3000 men, and of these about 600 were posted far in advance of their companions, in three small redoubts. The main body drawn up in a long line remained inactive with the artillery, and a smaller corps as a rear-guard seemed destined to communicate with the fleet of Lord Cochrane at Cape Kolias. At the Piræus, about 700 men were scattered about in all the disorder of an Eastern encampment, without making the slightest attempt to distract the attention of the Turkish troops. The French General Guichenot and the Bavarian General Heideck, both witnessed the battle.

The Turkish cavalry, to the number of about 700, having formed in the ravine, rode slowly up towards the brow of the hill on which the tambouria of the Cretans, the Saliots, and the regular regiment were placed. As soon as their appearance on the crest of the ridge exposed them to the fire of the Greeks, they galloped forward. The fire of the Greeks, however, seemed almost without effect, yet the Turks turned and galloped down the hill into the shelter of the ravine. In a short time they repeated their attack with a determination, which showed that the preceding attempt had been only a feint to enable them to examine the ground. As they approached this time very near the intrenchments, the fire of the Greeks proved more effectual than on the former occasion, and several of the Delhis, horse and man, rolled on the ground. Again the Turks fled to conceal themselves in the ravine, and prepared for another attack by dividing their force into three divisions, one of which ascended and another descended the ravine, while the third prepared to renew the assault in the old direction. The vizier Kutayhi himself moved forward to encourage his troops, and it became evident that a desperate struggle would now be

made to carry the Greek position, where the few troops who held it were left unsupported.

The Turkish cavalry soon rushed on the Greeks, assailing their position in front and flanks; and, in spite of their fire, forced the horses over the low intrenchments into the midst of the enemy.\* For the space of hardly three minutes pistol shots and sabre cuts fell so thick, that friends and foes were in equal danger. Of the Greeks engaged not one had turned to flee, and but few were taken alive. The loss of the Turks was, however, but trifling—about a dozen men and from fifteen to twenty horses.

The centre of the Greek army, on beholding the destruction of the advanced guard, showed little determination; it wavered for a minute, and then turned and fled towards the shore in utter confusion, abandoning all its artillery to the Turks. The Delhis soon overtook their flying enemies, and riding amongst them, coolly shot down and sabred those whose splendid arms and dresses excited their cupidity. The artillery itself was turned on the fugitives, who had left the ammunition undestroyed as well as the guns unspiked. But our concern with the battle of the 6th May 1827, is at present confined to following the fortunes of Kalergy. He was one of the prisoners. His leg had been broken by a rifle-ball as the Turks entered the tambouri of the Cretans, and as he received an additional sabre cut on the arm, he lay helpless on the ground, where his youthful appearance and splendid arms caught the eye of an Albanian bey, who ordered him to be secured and taken care of as his own prisoner.

On the morning after the battle, the prisoners were all brought out before the tent of Kutayhi, who was encamped at Patissia, very near the site of the house subsequently built by Sir Pulteney Malcolm. George Drakos, a Suliot chief, had killed himself during the night; and the Pasha, in consequence, ordered all the survivors to be beheaded, wishing, probably, to

afford Europe a specimen of Ottoman economy and humanity, by thus saving the lives of these Greeks from themselves. Two hundred and fifty were executed, when Kalergy, unable to walk, was carried into the circle of Turkish officers witnessing the execution, on the back of a sturdy Albanian baker. Kutayhi calmly ordered his instant execution; but the prisoner having informed his captor that he would pay 100,000 piastres for his ransom; the Albanian bey stepped forward and maintained his right to his prisoner so stoutly, that the Pasha, whose army was in arrears, and whose military chest was empty, found himself compelled to yield. As a memento of their meeting, however, he ordered one of Kalergy's ears to be cut off. The ransom was quickly paid, and Kalergy returned to Poros, where it was some time before he recovered from his wounds.

Capodistrias on his arrival in Greece named Kalergy his aide-de-camp, and as he was much attached to the president, he was entrusted with the command of the cavalry sent against Poros and Nisi, when those places took up arms against the arbitrary and tyrannical conduct of Capodistrias. We are not inclined to apologize for the disorders which the Greek cavalry then committed; they were unpardonable even during the excitement of a civil war.

The marriage of Kalergy was as romantic as the rest of his career. Two chiefs, both of the family of Notaras, (one of the few Greek families which can boast of territorial influence dating from the times of the Byzantine empire,) had involved the province of Corinth in civil war, in order to secure the hand of a young heiress. The lady, however, having escaped from the scene of action, conferred her hand on Kalergy, whose fame as a soldier far eclipsed that of the two rivals.

As soon as the Bavarians arrived in Greece, they commenced persecuting Kalergy. An unfounded charge of treason was brought against him; but he was honourably acquitted by a court-martial, of which our country-

\* The tambouria are always constructed with the ditch in the inside, in order that they may afford a better cover from artillery.



man, General Gordon of Cairness, was the president; and from that period down to the publication of the order of the day, last September, he has been constantly an object of Bavarian hatred.

About twenty-four hours before the revolution of the 15th of September broke out, the court of Greece received some information concerning the extent and nature of the plot, and orders were given by King Otho to hold a council of his trusted advisers. The Bavarians Hess and Graff, and the Greeks Rizos, Privilegios, Dzinis, and John the son of Philip, (for one of the courtly councillors of the house of Wittelsbach rejoices in this primitive cognomen,) met, and decided on the establishment of a court-martial to try and shoot every man taken in arms. Orders were immediately prepared for the arrest of upwards of forty persons.

A good deal has been said about the revolution as having been a mere military movement. This, however, is not a correct view of the matter, either with reference to the state of parties, or to the intensity of the national feeling at the time. Sir Robert Inglis most justly observed in Parliament—"That revolution in Greece had been prepared during years of intolerable despotism, and the soldiery merely shared in, and did not by any means lead, the proceedings of the great body of the nation." The fact is, that a plot for seizing the king and sending him to Trieste, had been formed by the Philorthodox or Russian party, in the early part of 1843; but the party, from some distrust of its own strength, and from the increasing unpopularity of King Otho, was induced to admit a few of the most determined of the constitutionalists into the plot, without intending to entrust them with the whole of the plan. The rising was at last fixed for the month of September. This occurred in consequence of the universal outcry raised by the Greeks, on finding that the representations of Great Britain in favour of the long-promised constitution, and the warnings which Sir Robert Peel threw out on the discussion of Greek affairs on Mr Cochrane's motion, were utterly neglected by King Otho. This indignation was reduced

to despair when it was known that Mr Tricoupis, on his recall from London, had assured the king that the English cabinet was so determined to maintain the *statu quo*, that the constitutional party would meet with no countenance from England. Every party in Greece then prepared for action, and entered into negotiations, in which the opinions of the constitutionalists prevailed, because they were actively supported by the great body of the people.

In order to prevent the country from becoming a scene of anarchy, in case a civil war proved unavoidable, it was necessary to employ all the regular authorities who could be induced to join the national cause, in their actual functions, without any reference to party feelings. This was done; and the fact that it was so, proves the intensity of the public feeling. The constitutional party decided that the recognition of Greece as a constitutional state, and the immediate convocation of a national assembly, were to be the demands made on King Otho. The Russian party allowed these two questions to be first mooted in the firm persuasion that the king would be induced by his own pride, his despotic principles, and the mistaken views of several of the foreign ministers at Athens, to refuse these demands; and, in that case, the throne would infallibly have been declared vacant.

About midnight, on the 14th of September, the *gendarmes* were ordered to surround the house of General Makriyani, an officer of irregulars on half-pay, and to arrest him on a charge of treason. On approaching the house they were warned off; but pressing forward they were fired on, and one *gendarme* was killed and one or two wounded. In consequence of the alarm given by the minister of war, for the purpose of supporting the arrests to be made, the garrison was all in readiness. In the mean time the greater part of the officers had been admitted into the secret, that a general movement of all Greece was to be made that night, and that their duty would be to maintain the strictest order and enforce the severest discipline.

Kalergy, therefore, as soon as he

was informed that the movement had been made to arrest Makriyani, assembled all the officers, and, in a few words, declared to them that the moment for saving their country from the Bavarian yoke had arrived; and that they must now, if they wished to be free, call on the king to adopt a constitutional system of government. The importance of this step, which Kalergy adopted with his usual decision, can only be understood when it is recollected, that there existed a strong party determined to avail itself of every opportunity of driving King Otho from the throne. Had Kalergy, therefore, delayed pledging the officers and the army to the constitution, or allowed them to march out of their barracks before adopting the constitution the rallying word of the revolution, there can be no doubt that the agents of the Russian and Philorthodox parties would have raised the cry of "Death to the Bavarians! down with the tyrant!" Kalergy, however, put the garrison in motion amidst shouts of *Long live the constitution*; and as the cavalry moved from their barracks, these shouts were echoed enthusiastically by the citizens who were waiting anxiously without.

As soon as Kalergy had taken the command he marched all the troops to the square before the palace. Two squadrons of cavalry, two battalions of infantry, a company of Greek irregulars, and a number of half-pay officers and pensioners, were soon drawn up under King Otho's windows. His monstrous palace had begun to produce its effects. Strong patrols were detached to preserve order in the town, and to compel the *gendarmes* to retire to their quarters. Makriyani, on being relieved from his blockade, repaired to the square, collecting on the way as large a body of armed citizens as he was able.

The king had been waiting at one of the windows of the palace in great anxiety to witness the arrest of Makriyani; and on seeing the shots fired from the house, and the suspension of the attack by the *gendarmes*, he had dispatched a Bavarian aide-de-camp, named Steinsdorff, to order the artillery to the palace. The young and inexperienced Bavarian returned without the guns; but assured his Majesty

that they would soon arrive. In the mean time, the whole garrison appeared in the square, and was ranged opposite the palace: the king, however, expected that the arrival of the artillery would change their disposition. In a short time, the guns came galloping up; but to the utter dismay of King Otho, they were ranged in battery against the palace, while the artillerymen, as soon as the manœuvre was executed, gave a loud shout of "long live the constitution."

His Majesty, after a long period of profound silence, appeared at a window of the lower story of the palace, attended by the Bavarian captain, Hoss—the most unpopular man in Greece, unless Dzinora, the agent in the celebrated cases of judicial torture, could dispute with him that "had eminence." One of the servants of the court called for General Kalergy in a loud voice; and when he approached the window the king asked—"What is the meaning of this disturbance? What am I to understand by this parade of the garrison?" To this Kalergy replied, in a loud and clear voice, "The people of Greece and the army desire that your Majesty will redeem the promise that the country should be governed constitutionally." King Otho then said, "Retire to your quarters; I shall consult with my ministers, with the council of state, and the ambassadors of the three protecting powers, and inform you of my determination." This appeared to the audience to be acting the absolute sovereign rather too strongly under the circumstances, and a slight movement of the officers, who overheard the king's words, was conveyed like lightning to the troops, so that the king received a distinct reply from the whole army in a sudden clang of sabres and noise of arms. Kalergy, however, immediately replied in the same distinct tone in which he had before spoken—"Sire, neither the garrison of Athens, nor the people will quit this spot, until your Majesty's decisions on the proposals of the council of state, which will be immediately laid before you, is known." At this moment Captain Hoss put himself forward beside the king, and said—"Colonel Kalergy, that is not the way in which it becomes you to

speak to his Majesty." But to this ill-timed lesson in politeness Kalergy replied sharply—"Draw your head back, sir: you and such as you have brought the king and the country into their present unfortunate circumstances. You ought to be ashamed of your conduct." The Bavarian hero at these words disappeared; and this was the last occasion in which this champion of Bavarianism appeared in a public character.

At this time, Count Metaxas, Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Church, and Major-General Londos, members of the council of state, who had been in the square with the troops, were engaged preparing the council for its share in the revolution. At the meeting which took place, Spiro Milios, the commandant of the military school, and an active member of the Russian party, was present as a representative of the army. It was evident that the council of state comprised three parties. One was willing to support King Otho and the actual system. This party included Kondouriotis, the president; Tricoupis, the late minister in London; and a German Greek named Theodoris. Another party was eager to drive King Otho from the throne, in order to proceed to the nomination of a regency preparatory to the choice of an orthodox prince. We are not sure that any individual is now anxious to identify his name with this party. The third party made the demand for a constitution their primary object; and as this party was led by Metaxas, Londos, Church, Palamidhis, and Mansolas, it was soon joined by the majority.

The meeting was long, and it is said that the conduct of the members was much more disorderly than that of the people and the troops in the square; but at last, a proclamation and an oath were drawn up, by which the council of state, the army, and the people, all pledged themselves to support the constitution. A committee consisting of Metaxas, Londos, and Palamidhis, was also charged to prepare an address to the king, recommending his majesty to convoke a national assembly, in order to prepare a constitution for the state; at the same time they invited his majesty to

appoint new ministers, and in the list presented they of course took care to insert their own names. As soon as this business was terminated, the council dispatched a deputation to wait on his majesty, consisting of the president and five members, who were to obtain the king's consent.

The conduct of King Otho on receiving this deputation was neither wise nor firm. He delayed returning any answer for two hours, and attempted to open a negotiation with the council of state, by means of one of the members of the camarilla. The delay excited some distrust even among the best disposed in the square, and the report was spread that the king was endeavouring to communicate with the *corps diplomatique*, in order to create a diversion. At this very time a train of carriages suddenly appeared at the gates of the palace, and the ministers of the three protecting powers—Sir Edmund Lyons, Mr Katakazy, and Mr Piscatory, accompanied by General Prokesch d'Osten, and Mr Brassier de St Simon, the representatives of Austria and Prussia—requested to be admitted to see the king. General Kalergy, however, declared that he had orders to refuse all entry to the palace, until his majesty had terminated his conference with the deputation of the council of state; and repeated, in the presence of the ministers of Austria and Prussia, the assurance he had given at an early hour of the morning to Sir Edmund Lyons, Mr Katakazy, and Mr Piscatory, that the greatest respect would be shown to the person of his majesty. Mr Katakazy, the *doyen* of the *corps diplomatique*, satisfied that any parade of foreign interference could only increase the difficulties of the king's position, accepted the answer of Kalergy and began to withdraw. The representatives of the powers which had never protected Greece, deemed the moment favourable for a display of a little independent diplomacy, and accordingly the Prussian minister asked Kalergy in a tone, neither mild nor low, if he durst refuse to admit him to see his majesty. To this Kalergy, who was extremely anxious to avoid any dispute with the foreign ministers at such a moment, politely replied that he was compelled to re-



just even the minister of Prussia. Mr Brassier, however, returned to the charge aided by his Austrian colleague; but as the Greeks place all Germans in the category of Bavarians, they gave some manifestations of their dislike to any German interference, which could not be otherwise than displeasing to the Prussian, who addressed Kalergy in a very rough tone. His words were lost to the spectators, but they were supported by General Prokosch d'Osten with a good deal of gesticulation. The patience of Kalergy gave way under these repeated attacks, and he turned to Mr Brassier, saying—"Monsieur le ministre, you are generally unlucky in your advice, and I am afraid his majesty has heard too much of it lately."

The thrust was a home one, and the Prussian minister, rather discomposed, addressed himself to Sir Edmund Lyons, who, while waiting till his carriage drew up, had been quietly contemplating the scene, and said—"Colonel Kalergy is insolent; but he only repeats what he has heard in the drawing-rooms of Athens." Sir Edmund Lyons replied—"I do not see, Mr Brassier, how that makes your case better," and withdrew to his carriage, leaving Austria and Prussia to battle out their dispute with Greece in the presence of the mob. The spectators considered the scene a very amusing one, for they laughed heartily as the *corps diplomatique* retired; but, if all the reports current in diplomatic circles be true, Mr Katakazy, the *doyen* of the Athenian diplomatists, was made to suffer severely for his prudent conduct; for it is said that his recall took place because he did not support with energy the foolish attempt of his enterprising colleagues. It is certain that any very violent support given to any feeling, in direct hostility to the national cause at the time, could hardly have failed to vacate the throne, or at least to push the people on to commit some disorders, of which the Russian court, and the friends of despotism at Vienna and Berlin, might have taken advantage.

The king, finding at last that there was no hope of his deriving any assistance from without, signed the ordinances appointing a new ministry,

and convoking a national assembly. The troops, after having remained more than thirteen hours under arms, were marched back to their barracks, as if from a review; and every thing at Athens followed its usual course. Thus was a revolution effected in the form of government in Greece without any interruption in the civil government—without the tribunals ceasing to administer justice for a single day—without the shops remaining closed beyond the usual hours, or the mercantile affairs of the country undergoing the slightest suspension. Such a people must surely be fit for a constitution.

The national assembly has now met, and terminated its labours; and Greece is in possession of a constitution made by Greeks. In three months the first representative chamber will meet. It will consist of about 120 members. The senate, which is to consist of members named by the king for life, cannot exceed one-half the number of the representatives elected by the people. Faults may be found with some of the details of the constitution; but, on the whole, it must be regarded as a very favourable specimen of the political knowledge of the Greeks; and the manner in which the different articles were discussed, and the care with which every proposal and amendment were examined, gave all those who witnessed the debates a very high opinion of the legislative capacity of the people.

The form of the Greek government, as a constitutional monarchy, may now be considered as settled. We shall therefore proceed to examine the difficulties, of a social and political nature, which still obstruct the advancement of the nation, and render its prosperity problematical. Some of our statements may appear almost paradoxical to travellers, whose hasty glance at distant countries enables them to come to rather more positive conclusions than those who devote years to study the same subject. We shall, however, strive to expose our facts in such a way as to show that we state the plain truth, nothing but the truth, and, as far as our subject carries us, the whole truth.

That Greece has not hitherto improved, either in her wealth, popula-

tion, or civilization, as fast as the energy of her people led her friends to expect would be the case after she was freed from the Turks, is universally admitted. The great bar to improvement exists in an evil rooted in the present frame of social life, but fortunately one which good and just government would gradually remove. In Greece there is no clear and definite idea of the sacred right of property in land. The god Terminus is held in no respect. No Greek, from the highest to the lowest, understands the meaning of that absolute right of property "which," as Blackstone says, "consists in the free use, enjoyment, and disposal by every Englishman of all his acquisitions, without control or diminution, save only by the laws of the land."

The appropriation of Mr Finlay's land by King Otho, without measurement, valuation, or payment, to make a garden for his palace—the formation of a great road leading to the French minister's house, by the municipality of Athens, without indemnifying the owners of the land, though a road sufficiently good already existed—and the confiscation of half the estates purchased by foreigners from the Turks by Maurocordatos, when Minister of Finance under the Bavarian Regency, in a ministerial circular deciding on rights of property, are mere trifling examples of the universal spirit. When Maurocordatos wrote his memorable declaration, "that every spot where wild herbs, fit for the pasturage of cattle, grow, is national property, and that the Greek government recognises no individual property in the soil except the exclusive right of cultivation," he only, in deference to the Bavarian policy of the time, which wished to copy Mohammed Ali's administration in Egypt, caricatured a misconception of the right of property equally strong in every Greek, whether he be the oppressor or the oppressed. Even the late National Assembly has not thought it necessary to correct any of the invasions of private property by the preceding despotism. Individuals,

almost ruined by the plunder of their land, have not even received the offer of an indemnity, though the justice of their claims is not denied.\*

The origin of this national obtuseness of mind on a question of interest, is to be found in the system of taxing the land. A Greek really views land somewhat as English labourers view game. The owner of the soil is absolute proprietor only during those months in which he is engaged in the labours of preparing the land and sowing the seed. As soon as the harvest time arrives, he ceases to be master of his estate, and sinks into the condition of a serf of the revenue officer, or of the farmer of the land revenue. It is true, that the government tax only amounts to a tenth of the gross produce of the soil; but, in virtue of this right to a tenth, government assumes the entire direction of all the agricultural operations relating to the crops, and the cultivator's nine-tenths (for it is really a misnomer to call him proprietor) become a mere adjunct of the government tenth.

Many of our readers, who are unacquainted with Eastern life, may suppose that we colour our picture too strongly. In order, therefore, to divest our statement of all ornament, we shall describe the whole of the events of an agricultural year. Our classic readers will then comprehend practically how the vulture could feast on the perpetually growing heart of Prometheus—why Tantalus tempted the gods by murdering Pelops—and they will see that the calamities of the Thetan race are an allegorical representation of the inevitable fate which awaits a people groaning under the system of taxation now in force in Greece.

The tenths in Greece are usually farmed to speculators, and, as the collection is a matter of difficulty, extraordinary powers are conferred on the farmers; hence it happens, that the social position of the cultivators and the farmers is one of constant hostility. If the cultivator has it in his power, he cheats the farmer of the

\* One English sufferer has for several years vainly attacked the king for justice, even with the assistance of the English Minister in Greece and the Foreign Office at home.

revenue, and if the farmer is able to do so he cheats the cultivator. The result is, that probably not one individual in the Greek kingdom really pays the exact tenth of the produce of his land. A few of the most active rogues contrive to cheat the farmers of the revenue; but these gentlemen, in virtue of the great powers with which the law invests them, contrive to cheat the greater part of the proprietors. As soon as the grain is ripe, the cultivator is compelled to address himself to the tax-farmer for permission to cut his crop; but as the farmer must keep a very sharp look-out after his interest, he only grants such permissions as accord with the arrangements he may have established for watching the cultivators at the smallest possible expense to himself, making the over-ripeness of the crop of the majority a very secondary consideration. It happens, consequently, that in Greece two-thirds of the grain are not gathered until it is over-ripe, and the loss is consequently very great.

When the grain is cut, it must be carried to a certain number of authorized threshing-floors collected together, in order that the tax farmer may take every possible care to secure his tenth. To these threshing-floors the whole grain of a district must be transported from the fields in the straw, though the straw may be wanted as fodder for cattle at the very spot from which it is taken, and will require to be carried back a very great distance. An immense loss of grain and labour is sustained by this regulation; but it is a glorious season for the donkeys;—long trains of these animals, lively under their heavy loads of sheaves, may be seen galloping one after the other, each endeavouring to seize a mouthful from his neighbour. The roads are strewn with grain, and the broken-hearted cultivators follow, cursing man and beast.

The grain is at last collected in immense stacks round the threshing-floors—a cultivator perched on the top of each stack, defending it from the attacks of man and beast; and a tax-gatherer, seated with his pipe cross-legged in the middle of the circle, is watching the manœuvres of the cultivators. No person who has not examined the subject with attention can

imagine the scenes of fraud and violence which a Greek harvest produces. The grain is usually kept piled round the threshing-floors under various pretexts, for at least two months, unless the cultivator pay the farmer an additional sum, to facilitate the housing of his crops. Even in the vicinity of Athens, the operations of the wheat and barley harvest generally occupy the exclusive attention of the agricultural population for three months. The grain is trodden out by cattle; and a Greek who bought a winnowing machine at Athens, was not allowed to make use of it, as the farmers of the revenue contended that the introduction of such instruments would facilitate frauds.

The farmers of the tenth likewise increase the evils of this ruinous system, by throwing every difficulty in the way of the cultivators, in order to compel them to consent to pay for each facility they may require. We have known regular contracts entered into with the peasantry, by which they agreed to pay from 3 to 5 per cent more than the legal tenth. We believe no honest man ever paid less than from 12 to 13 per cent on his crop, even in the neighbourhood of the capital. It may be supposed that some redress can be obtained, in cases of gross oppression, by applying to the courts of law; but this is not the case. A special tribunal, consisting of administrative officers of the Crown, and municipal authorities, and from which lawyers have been always carefully excluded, is appointed to judge summarily all cases relating to the tenth. The infamous conduct of these administrative tribunals excited general discontent, and an article has been inserted in the constitution abolishing them, and sending all the pending cases to the ordinary courts of law. Government, however, defended them to the last, and even pressed for decisions down to the very hour in which King Otho took his oath to the constitution. There is here, however, some ground for consolation; for it is clear that the Greek ministers fear the ordinary administration of justice as being above their control.

It is needless to say, that under such laws the improvement of agriculture in Greece is impossible. No



green crops can be grown with profit at any distance from a large town. The tenth of garden produce and green crops being generally valued and paid for in money, the disputes concerning the valuation, and the impossibility of obtaining any redress, in case of injustice, have induced the cultivators to give up such cultivation. We have known proprietors pay half the value of a crop of potatoes as the value of the tenth; and in one case, on our asking the farmer of the tenths, who after all was not a bad fellow at heart, though he wished to make his farming of the revenues turn out a good speculation in his hands, what he would recommend a proprietor to do in order not to lose money by cultivating potatoes; he looked grave, and after a few moments' thought, candidly replied—"Never to plant them as long as the present law remains in force!" Vineyards which have been planted with care, and cultivated for eight years, have been lately abandoned, as the high valuation of their produce renders them unprofitable. The only agriculture which can be pursued in Greece without loss, is that in which only the simplest and rudest methods of cultivation are followed. The land only yields a rent when it is in the immediate vicinity of a large market, or when it is of the richest quality; the employment of capital in improvements only opens new channels for the extortions of the farmers of the revenue. No money can be safely invested on mortgage in such a country, and no loans by the Three Allied powers to the Government, no national bank, no manufactory of beet-root sugar, no model farms, and no schools of agriculture can introduce prosperity into a country taxed in such a manner.

We do not intend to discuss any plan for ameliorating the condition of the Greeks; but we can easily point out what it is necessary for them to do before they can, by any possibility, better their condition. The system of selling the tenths must be abolished; for a government so inefficient as to be unable to collect them by its own officers, is incompetent to perform the functions for which it was created, and ought to be destroyed. The owners of the land

must be rendered the real masters of their property. They must be allowed to reap their crops when they are ripe, and to thresh their grain when and where they please. Until this is the case, we can assure the Three Protecting Powers, they count without the people if they suppose that they have established a permanent monarchy in Greece. We do not hesitate to say that the royal dignity, even with the support of England and France, is not worth ten years' purchase until this is accomplished.

Every traveller who visits Greece declaims against the number of coffee-houses throughout the country, and the hosts of idle people with which they are filled. But nothing else can be expected in a country where the system of agriculture keeps the cultivators idle for three months annually, and deprives the proprietor of all profit from his land. Under such circumstances the demand for labour becomes extremely irregular. Many of the lower classes turn brigands and plunder their neighbours; the educated and higher classes turn government *employés* and plunder the country. This evil has arrived at an alarming pitch; the Greek army contains almost as many officers as privates; the navy has officers enough to man a fleet twice as large as that which Greece possesses, for she has three admirals, a hundred and fifty captains, and two hundred and seventy commanders. It has been in vain pressed on every successive administration, that a list of the army, navy, and civil *employés* ought to be published, in order to put an end to the shameful system of jobbing which has always existed. No minister would, however, adopt a principle which would so effectually have put an end to his own arbitrary power of quartering his friends and relations on the public. The loans of the three powers might be doubled to-morrow, and it is evident that, unless all the population of Greece were made pensioners, no surplus would be found to employ for any public improvement.

Indeed the national revenues of the Greek kingdom, as of old those of Athens and Rome, seem to be considered the property of that body of

citizens who pursue no useful occupation, and possess no taxable property; while the unlucky proprietors are viewed as a species of serfs, existing to supply a revenue to the state. This political principle has been exemplified in a decree of the late national assembly, excluding every Greek or foreigner from public employment who happens not to be a born subject of the new kingdom, or who did not take part in the war against the Turks before the end of 1827, and perhaps even more strongly in a very unconstitutional private vote of a committee of the whole house, giving 800 drachmas to each member—this vote being in direct violation of one of the articles of the constitution, which requires that all grants of money should originate from the crown. We do not deny the necessity of allowing the deputies this small grant; many of them were poor, and their conduct had been disinterested; but we are bound to complain of the slightest infraction of constitutional principles by those who frame a constitution.

The length of this article compels us to leave a few observations we desire to make on the municipal government of the Greeks, and on the state of education, and of their judicial and

ecclesiastical affairs, to another opportunity. The late debates in the House of Commons, and the able statement which Sir Robert Peel gave of the principles of our policy with regard to Greece, render it unnecessary for to say one word on that subject. We can assure our readers that the policy of our present ministers has been applauded by every party in Greece, except the Philorthodox; and they, as they could find no fault, remained silent. We believe that no two governments ever acted more disinterestedly to a third than Great Britain and France have lately done to Greece, and that no ministers ever acted more fairly, in any international question, than Lord Aberdeen and M. Guizot have done on the subject of the Greek revolution; but for this very reason we feel inclined to warn our countrymen against the leaven of old principles, which still exists in the palace at Athens. Let us judge of the new government of Greece by its acts, and let Great Britain and France remember that they are not looked on without some suspicion.

*Ἐνιστὶ γὰρ πῶς τοῦτο τῇ τυραννίδι  
Νέσημα, τοῖς φίλοις μὴ περὶθεῖται.*

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